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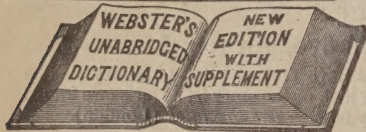
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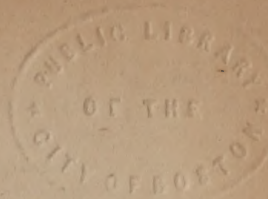
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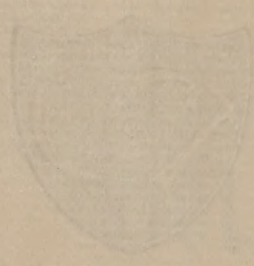
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A ROMAN SINGER.

I.

I, CORNELIO GRANDI, who tell you these things, have a story of my own, of which some of you are not ignorant. You know, for one thing, that I was not always poor, nor always a professor of philosophy, nor a scribbler of pedantic articles for a living. Many of you can remember why I was driven to sell my patrimony, the dear *castello* in the Sabines, with the good corn-land and the vineyards in the valley, and the olives, too. For I am not old yet; at least, Mariuccia is older, as I often tell her. These are queer times. It was not any fault of mine. But now that Nino is growing to be a famous man in the world, and people are saying good things and bad about him, and many say that he did wrong in this matter, I think it best to tell you all the whole truth and what I think of it. For Nino is just like a son to me; I brought him up from a little child, and taught him Latin, and would have made a philosopher of him. What could I do? He had so much voice that he did not know what to do with it.

His mother used to sing. What a piece of a woman she was! She had a voice like a man's, and when De Pretis brought his singers to the festa once upon a time, when I was young, he heard her far down below, as we walked

on the terrace of the palazzo, and asked me if I would not let him educate that young tenor. And when I told him it was one of the contadine, the wife of a tenant of mine, he would not believe it. But I never heard her sing after Serafino — that was her husband — was killed at the fair in Genazzano. And one day the fevers took her, and so she died, leaving Nino a little baby. Then you know what happened to me, about that time, and how I sold Castel Serveti and came to live here in Rome. Nino was brought to me here. One day in the autumn, a carrettiere from Serveti, who would sometimes stop at my door and leave me a basket of grapes in the vintage, or a pitcher of fresh oil in winter, because he never used to pay his house-rent when I was his landlord — but he is a good fellow, Gigi — and so he tries to make amends now; well, as I was saying, he came one day and gave me a great basket of fine grapes, and he brought Nino with him, a little boy of scarce six years — just to show him to me, he said.

He was an ugly little boy, with a hat of no particular shape and a dirty face. He had great black eyes, with ink-saucers under them, *calamai*, as we say, just as he has now. Only the eyes are bigger now, and the circles deeper. But he is still sufficiently ugly. If it were not for his figure, which is pretty good,

he could never have made a fortune with his voice. De Pretis says he could, but I do not believe it.

Well, I made Gigi come in with Nino, and Mariuccia made them each a great slice of toasted bread and spread it with oil, and gave Gigi a glass of the Serviti wine, and little Nino had some with water. And Mariuccia begged to have the child left with her till Gigi went back the next day; for she is fond of children and comes from Serviti herself. And that is how Nino came to live with us. That old woman has no principles of economy, and she likes children.

"What does a little creature like that eat?" said she. "A bit of bread, a little soup — *macchè*! You will never notice it, I tell you. And the poor thing has been living on charity. Just imagine whether you are not quite as able to feed him as Gigi is!" So she persuaded me. But at first I did it to please her, for I told her our proverb, which says there can be nothing so untidy about a house as children and chickens. He was such a dirty little boy, with only one shoe and a battered hat, and he was always singing at the top of his voice and throwing things into the well in the cortile.

Mariuccia can read a little, though I never believed it until I found her one day teaching Nino his letters out of the *Vite dei Santi*. That was probably the first time that her reading was ever of any use to her, and the last, for I think she knows the Lives of the Saints by heart, and she will certainly not venture to read a new book at her age. However, Nino very soon learned to know as much as she, and she will always be able to say that she laid the foundation of his education. He soon forgot to throw handfuls of mud into the well, and Mariuccia washed him, and I bought him a pair of shoes, and we made him look very decent. After a time he did not even remember to pull the cat's tail in the morning, so as to make her sing

with him, as he said. When Mariuccia went to church she would take him with her, and he seemed very fond of going, so that I asked him one day if he would like to be priest when he grew up, and wear beautiful robes and have pretty little boys to wait on him with censers in their hands.

"No," said the little urchin, stoutly, "I won't be a priest." He found in his pocket a roast chestnut Mariuccia had given him, and began to shell it.

"Why are you always so fond of going to church, then?" I asked.

"If I were a big man," quoth he, "but really big, I would sing in church, like Maestro de Pretis."

"What would you sing, Nino?" said I, laughing. He looked very grave and got a piece of brown paper and folded it up. Then he began to beat time on my knees and sang out boldly, *Cornu ejus exaltabitur*.

It was enough to make one laugh, for he was only seven years old, and ugly too. But Mariuccia, who was knitting in the hall-way, called out that it was just what Maestro Ercole had sung the day before at vespers, every syllable.

I have an old piano in my sitting-room. It is a masterpiece of an instrument, I can tell you; for one of the legs is gone and I propped it up with two empty boxes, and the keys are all black except those that have lost the ivory — and those are green. It has also five pedals, disposed as a harp underneath; but none of them make any impression on the sound, except the middle one, which rings a bell. The sound-board has a crack in it somewhere, Nino says, and two of the notes are dumb since the great German maestro came home with my boy one night, and insisted on playing an accompaniment after supper. We had stewed chickens and a flask of Cesanese, I remember, and I knew something would happen to the piano. But Nino would never have any other, for

De Pretis has a very good one; and Nino studies without anything — just a common tuning fork that he carries in his pocket. But the old piano was the beginning of his fame. He got into the sitting-room one day, by himself, and found out that he could make a noise by striking the keys, and then he discovered that he could make tunes, and pick out the ones that were always ringing in his head. After that he could hardly be dragged away from it, so that I sent him to school to have some quiet in the house.

He was a clever boy, and I taught him Latin and gave him our poets to read; and as he grew up I would have made a scholar of him, but he would not. At least, he was always willing to learn and to read; but he was always singing too. Once I caught him declaiming "*Arma virumque cano*" to an air from *Trovatore*, and I knew he could never be a scholar then, though he might know a great deal. Besides, he always preferred Dante to Virgil, and Leopardi to Horace.

One day, when he was sixteen or thereabouts, he was making a noise, as usual, shouting some motive or other to Mariuccia and the cat, while I was laboring to collect my senses over a lecture I had to prepare. Suddenly his voice cracked horribly and his singing ended in a sort of groan. It happened again once or twice, the next day, and then the house was quiet. I found him at night asleep over the old piano, his eyes all wet with tears.

"What is the matter, Nino?" I asked. "It is time for youngsters like you to be in bed."

"Ah, Messer Cornelio," he said, when he was awake, "I had better go to bed, as you say. I shall never sing again, for my voice is all broken to pieces;" and he sobbed bitterly.

"The saints be praised," thought I; "I shall make a philosopher of you yet!"

But he would not be comforted, and for several months he went about as if he were trying to find the moon, as we say; and though he read his books and made progress, he was always sad and wretched, and grew much thinner, so that Mariuccia said he was consuming himself, and I thought he must be in love. But the house was very quiet.

I thought as he did, that he would never sing again, but I never talked to him about it, lest he should try, now that he was as quiet as a nightingale with its tongue cut out. But nature meant differently, I suppose. One day De Pretis came to see me; it must have been near the new year, for he never came often at that time. It was only a friendly recollection of the days when I had a castello and a church of my own at Serveti, and used to have him come from Rome to sing at the festa, and he came every year to see me; and his head grew bald as mine grew gray, so that at last he wears a black skull cap everywhere, like a priest, and only takes it off when he sings the *Gloria Patri*, or at the Elevation. However, he came to see me, and Nino sat mutely by, as we smoked a little and drank the syrup of violets with water that Mariuccia brought us. It was one of her eternal extravagances, but somehow, though she never understood the value of economy, my professorship brought in more than enough for us, and it was not long after this that I began to buy the bit of vineyard out of *Porta Salara*, by installments from my savings. And since then, we have our own wine.

De Pretis was talking to me about a new opera that he had heard. He never sang except in church, of course, but he used to go to the theatre of an evening; so it was quite natural that he should go to the piano and begin to sing a snatch of the tenor air to me, explaining the situation as he went along, between his singing.

Nino could not sit still, and went

and leaned over Sor Ercole, as we call the maestro, hanging on the notes, not daring to try and sing, for he had lost his voice, but making the words with his lips.

"Dio mio!" he cried at last, "how I wish I could sing that!"

"Try it," said De Pretis, laughing and half interested by the boy's earnest look. "Try it—I will sing it again." But Nino's face fell.

"It is no use," he said. "My voice is all broken to pieces now, because I sang too much before."

"Perhaps it will come back," said the musician kindly, seeing the tears in the young fellow's eyes. "See, we will try a scale." He struck a chord. "Now, open your mouth—so—Do-o o-o!" He sang a long note. Nino could not resist any longer, whether he had any voice or not. He blushed red and turned away, but he opened his mouth and made a sound.

"Do-o-o-o!" He sang like the master, but much weaker.

"Not so bad; now the next, Re-e-e!" Nino followed him. And so on, up the scale.

After a few more notes, De Pretis ceased to smile, and cried, "Go on, go on!" after every note, authoritatively, and in quite a different manner from his first kindly encouragement. Nino; who had not sung for months, took courage and a long breath, and went on as he was bid, his voice gaining volume and clearness as he sang higher. Then De Pretis stopped and looked at him earnestly.

"You are mad," he said. "You have not lost your voice at all."

"It was quite different when I used to sing before," said the boy.

"Per Bacco, I should think so," said the maestro. "Your voice has changed. Sing something, can't you?"

Nino sang a church air he had caught somewhere. I never heard such a voice, but it gave me a queer sensation that I

liked—it was so true, and young, and clear. De Pretis sat open-mouthed with astonishment and admiration. When the boy had finished, he stood looking at the maestro, blushing very scarlet, and altogether ashamed of himself. The other did not speak.

"Excuse me," said Nino, "I cannot sing. I have not sung for a long time. I know it is not worth anything." De Pretis recovered himself.

"You do not sing," said he, "because you have not learned. But you can. If you will let me teach you, I will do it for nothing."

"Me!" screamed Nino, "you teach me! Ah, if it were any use—if you only would!"

"Any use?" repeated De Pretis half aloud, as he bit his long black cigar half through in his excitement. "Any use? My dear boy, do you know that you have a very good voice? A remarkable voice," he continued, carried away by his admiration, "such a voice as I have never heard. You can be the first tenor of your age, if you please—in three years you will sing anything you like, and go to London and Paris, and be a great man. Leave it to me."

I protested that it was all nonsense, that Nino was meant for a scholar and not for the stage, and I was quite angry with De Pretis for putting such ideas into the boy's head. But it was of no use. You cannot argue with women and singers, and they always get their own way in the end. And whether I liked it or not, Nino began to go to Sor Ercole's house once or twice a week, and sang scales and exercises very patiently, and copied music in the evening, because he said he would not be dependent on me, since he could not follow my wishes in choosing a profession. De Pretis did not praise him much to his face after they had begun to study, but he felt sure he would succeed.

"Caro Conte,"—he often calls me

Count, though I am only plain Professore, now — “he has a voice like a trumpet, and the patience of all the angels. He will be a great singer.”

“Well, it is not my fault,” I used to answer; for what could I do?

When you see Nino now, you cannot imagine that he was ever a dirty little boy from the mountains, with one shoe, and that infamous little hat. I think he is ugly still, though you do not think so when he is singing, and he has good strong limbs and broad shoulders, and carries himself like a soldier. Besides, he is always very well dressed, though he has no affectations. He does not wear his hair plastered into a love lock on his forehead, like some of our dandies, nor is he eternally pulling a pair of monstrous white cuffs over his hands. Everything is very neat about him and very quiet, so that you would hardly think he was an artist after all; and he talks but little, though he can talk very well when he likes, for he has not forgotten his Dante nor his Leopardi. De Pretis says the reason he sings so well is because he has a mouth like the slit in an organ pipe, as wide as a letter-box at the post-office. But I think he has succeeded because he has great square jaws like Napoleon. People like that always succeed. My jaw is small, and my chin is pointed under my beard — but then, with the beard no one can see it. But Mariuccia knows.

Nino is a thoroughly good boy, and until a year ago he never cared for anything but his art; and now he cares for something, I think, a great deal better than art, even than art like his. But he is a singer still, and always will be, for he has an iron throat, and never was hoarse in his life. All those years when he was growing up, he never had a love-scraper, or owed money, or wasted his time in the caffè.

“Take care,” Mariuccia used to say to me, “if he ever takes a fancy to some girl with blue eyes and fair hair, he will

be perfectly crazy. Ah, Sor Conte, *she* had blue eyes, and her hair was like the corn-silk. How many years is that, Sor Conte mio?” Mariuccia is an old witch.

I am writing this story to tell you why Mariuccia is a witch, and why my Nino, who never so much as looked at the beauties of the generone, as they came with their fathers and brothers and mothers to eat ice-cream in the Piazza Colonna, and listen to the music of a summer's evening, — Nino, who stared absently at the great ladies as they rolled over the Pincio in their carriages, and was whistling airs to himself for practice when he strolled along the Corso, instead of looking out for pretty faces, — Nino, the cold in all things save in music, why he fulfilled Mariuccia's prophecy, little by little, and became perfectly crazy about blue eyes and fair hair. That is what I am going to tell you, if you have the leisure to listen. And you ought to know it, because evil tongues are more plentiful than good voices in Rome, as elsewhere, and people are saying many spiteful things about him, — though they clap loudly enough at the theatre when he sings.

He is like a son to me, and perhaps I am reconciled, after all, to his not having become a philosopher. He would never have been so famous as he is now, and he really knows so much more than Maestro De Pretis — in other ways than music — that he is very presentable indeed. What is blood, nowadays? What difference does it make to society whether Nino Cardegna, the tenor, was the son of a vine-dresser? Or what does the University care for the fact that I, Cornelio Grandi, am the last of a race as old as the Colonnas, and quite as honorable? What does Mariuccia care? What does anybody care? *Corpo di Bacco!* if we begin talking of race we shall waste as much time as would make us all great celebrities! I am not

a celebrity — I never shall be now, for a man must begin at that trade young. It is a profession — being celebrated — and it has its signal advantages. Nino will tell you so, and he has tried it. But one must begin young, very young! I cannot begin again.

And then, as you all know, I never began at all. I took up life in the middle, and am trying hard to twist a rope of which I never held the other end. I feel sometimes as though it must be the life of another that I have taken, leaving my own unfinished, for I was never meant to be a professor. That is the way of it; and if I am sad and inclined to melancholy humors, it is because I miss my old self, and he seems to have left me without even a kindly word at parting. I was fond of my old self, but I did not respect him much. And my present self I respect, without fondness. Is that metaphysics? Who knows? It is vanity in either case, and the vanity of self-respect is perhaps a more dangerous thing than the vanity of self-love, though you may call it pride if you like, or give it any other high-sounding title. But the heart of the vain man is lighter than the heart of the proud. Probably Nino has always had much self-respect, but I doubt if it has made him very happy — until lately. True, he has genius, and does what he must by nature do or die, whereas I have not even talent, and I make myself do for a living what I can never do well. What does it serve, to make comparisons? I could never have been like Nino, though I believe half my pleasure of late has been in fancying how I should feel in his place, and living through his triumphs by my imagination. Nino began at the very beginning, and when all his capital was one shoe and a ragged hat, and certainly not more than a third of a shirt, he said he would be a great singer; and he is, though he is scarcely of age yet. I wish it had been something else than a

singer, but since he is the first already, it was worth while. He would have been great in anything, though, for he has such a square jaw, and he looks so fierce when anything needs to be overcome. Our forefathers must have looked like that, with their broad eagle noses and iron mouths. They began at the beginning, too, and they went to the very end. I wish Nino had been a general, or a statesman, or a cardinal, or all three, like Richelieu.

But you want to hear of Nino, and you can pass on your ways, all of you, without hearing my reflections and small-talk about goodness, and success, and the like. Moreover, since I respect myself now, I must not find so much fault with my own doings, or you will say that I am in my dotage. And, truly, Nino Cardegnà is a better man, for all his peasant blood, than I ever was; a better lover, and perhaps a better hater. There is his guitar, that he always leaves here, and it reminds me of him and his ways. Fourteen years he lived here with me, from child to boy and from boy to man, and now he is gone, never to live here any more. The end of it will be that I shall go and live with him, and Mariuccia will take her cat and her knitting, and her Lives of the Saints back to Servetì, to end her life in peace, where there are no professors and no singers. For Mariuccia is older than I am, and she will die before me. At all events, she will take her tongue with her, and ruin herself at her convenience without ruining me. I wonder what life would be, without Mariuccia? Would anybody darn my stockings, or save the peel of the mandarins to make cordial? I certainly would not have the mandarins, if she were gone — it is a luxury. No, I would not have them. But then, there would be no cordial, and I should have to buy new stockings every year or two. No, the mandarins cost less than the stockings — and — well, I suppose I am fond of Mariuccia.

II.

It was really not so long ago — only one year. The scirocco was blowing up and down the streets, and about the corners, with its sickening blast, making us all feel like dead people, and hiding away the sun from us. It is no use trying to do anything when it blows scirocco, at least for us who are born here. But I had been persuaded to go with Nino to the house of *Sor Ercole* to hear my boy sing the opera he had last studied, and so I put my cloak over my shoulders, and wrapped its folds over my breast, and covered my mouth, and we went out. For it was a cold scirocco, bringing showers of tepid rain from the south, and the drops seemed to chill themselves as they fell. One moment you are in danger of being too cold, and the next minute the perspiration stands on your forehead, and you are oppressed with a moist heat. Like the prophet, when it blows a real scirocco you feel as if you were poured out like water, and all your bones were out of joint. Foreigners do not feel it until they have lived with us a few years, but Romans are like dead men when the wind is in that quarter.

I went to the maestro's house and sat for two hours listening to the singing. Nino sang very creditably, I thought, but I allow that I was not as attentive as I might have been, for I was chilled and uncomfortable. Nevertheless, I tried to be very appreciative, and I complimented the boy on the great progress he had made. When I thought of it, it struck me that I had never heard anybody sing like that before; but still there was something lacking; I thought it sounded a little unreal, and I said to myself that he would get admiration, but never any sympathy. So clear, so true, so rich it was, but wanting a ring to it, the little thrill that goes to the heart. He sings very differently now.

Maestro *Ercole de Pretis* lives in the *Via Paola*, close to the *Ponte Sant' Angelo*, in a most decent little house — that is, of course, on a floor of a house, as we all do. But *De Pretis* is well to do, and he has a marble door-plate, engraved in black with his name, and two sitting-rooms. They are not very large rooms, it is true, but in one of them he gives his lessons, and the grand piano fills it up entirely, so that you can only sit on the little black horsehair sofa at the end, and it is very hard to get past the piano on either side. *Ercole* is as broad as he is long, and takes snuff when he is not smoking. But it never hurts his voice.

It was Sunday, I remember, for he had to sing in *St. Peter's* in the afternoon; and it was so near, we walked over with him. Nino had never lost his love for church music, though he had made up his mind that it was a much finer thing to be a *primo tenore assoluto* at the *Apollo Theatre* than to sing in the Pope's choir for thirty scudi a month. We walked along over the bridge, and through the *Borgo Nuovo*, and across the *Piazza Rusticucci*, and then we skirted the colonnade on the left, and entered the church by the sacristy, leaving *De Pretis* there to put on his purple cassock and his white cotta. Then we went into the *Capella del Coro* to wait for the vespers.

All sorts of people go to *St. Peter's* on Sunday afternoon, but they are mostly foreigners, and bring strange little folding chairs, and arrange themselves to listen to the music as though it were a concert. Now and then one of the young gentlemen-in-waiting from the Vatican strolls in and says his prayers, and there is an old woman, very ragged and miserable, who has haunted the chapel of the choir for many years, and sits with perfect unconcern, telling her beads at the foot of the great reading-desk that stands out in the middle and is never used. Great ladies crowd in

through the gate when Raimondi's hymn is to be sung, and disreputable artists make sketches surreptitiously during the benediction, without the slightest pretense at any devotion that I can see. The lights shine out more brightly as the day wanes, and the incense curls up as the little boys swing the censers, and the priests and canons chant, and the choir answers from the organ loft; and the crowd looks on, some saying their prayers, some pretending to, and some looking about for the friend or lover they have come to meet.

That evening when we went over together, I found myself pushed against a tall man with an immense grey mustache standing out across his face like the horns of a beetle. He looked down on me from time to time, and when I apologized for crowding him his face flushed a little, and he tried to bow as well as he could in the press, and said something with a German accent which seemed to be courteous. But I was separated from Nino by him. Maestro Ercole sang, and all the others, turn and turn about, and so at last it came to the benediction. The tall old foreigner stood erect and unbending, but most of the people around him kneeled. As the crowd sank down, I saw that on the other side of him sat a lady on a small folding stool, her feet crossed one over the other, and her hands folded on her knees. She was dressed entirely in black, and her fair face stood out wonderfully clear and bright against the darkness. Truly she looked more like an angel than a woman, though perhaps you will think she is not so beautiful after all, for she is so unlike our Roman ladies. She has a delicate nose, full of sentiment, and pointed a little downward for pride; she has deep blue eyes, wide apart and dreamy, and a little shaded by brows that are quite level and even, with a straight penciling over them, that looks really as if it were painted. Her lips are very red and

gentle, and her face is very white, so that the little ringlet that has escaped control looks like a gold tracery on a white marble ground.

And there she sat, with the last light from the tall windows and the first from the great wax candles shining on her, while all around seemed dark by contrast. She looked like an angel; and quite as cold, perhaps most of you would say. Diamonds are cold things, too, but they shine in the dark; whereas a bit of glass just lets the light through it, even if it is colored red and green and put in a church window, and looks ever so much warmer than the diamond.

But though I saw her beauty and the light of her face, all in a moment, as though it had been a dream, I saw Nino too; for I had missed him, and had supposed he had gone to the organ loft with De Pretis. But now, as the people kneeled to the benediction, imagine a little what he did! he just dropped on his knees with his face to the white lady, and his back to the procession; it was really disgraceful, and if it had been lighter I am sure every one would have noticed it. At all events, there he knelt, not three feet from the lady, looking at her as if his heart would break. But I do not believe she saw him, for she never looked his way. Afterwards everybody got up again, and we hurried to get out of the Chapel; but I noticed that the tall old foreigner gave his arm to the beautiful lady, and when they had pushed their way through the gate that leads into the body of the church, they did not go away, but stood aside for the crowd to pass. Nino said he would wait for De Pretis, and immediately turned his whole attention to the foreign girl, hiding himself in the shadow and never taking his eyes from her.

I never saw Nino look at a woman before as though she interested him in the least, or I would not have been surprised now to see him lost in admiration of the fair girl. I was close to him and

could see his face, and it had a new expression on it that I did not know. The people were almost gone, and the lights were being extinguished when De Pretis came round the corner, looking for us. But I was astonished to see him bow low to the foreigner and the young lady, and then stop and enter into conversation with them. They spoke quite audibly, and it was about a lesson that the young lady had missed. She spoke like a Roman, but the old gentleman made himself understood in a series of stiff phrases, which he fired out of his mouth like discharges of musketry.

"Who are they?" whispered Nino to me, breathless with excitement and trembling from head to foot. "Who are they, and how does the maestro know them?"

"Eh, caro mio, what am I to know?" I answered, indifferently. "They are some foreigners, some pupil of De Pretis, and her father. How should I know?"

"She is a Roman," said Nino between his teeth. "I have heard foreigners talk. The old man is a foreigner, but she—she is Roman," he repeated with certainty.

"Eh," said I, "for my part she may be Chinese. The stars will not fall on that account." You see, I thought he had seen her before, and I wanted to exasperate him by my indifference so that he should tell me; but he would not, and indeed I found out afterwards that he had really never seen her before.

Presently the lady and gentleman went away, and we called De Pretis, for he could not see us in the gloom. Nino became very confidential and linked an arm in his as we went away.

"Who are they, caro maestro, these enchanting people?" inquired the boy when they had gone a few steps, and I was walking by Nino's side, and we were all three nearing the door.

"Foreigners,—my foreigners," returned the singer, proudly, as he took a

colossal pinch of snuff. He seemed to say that he in his profession was constantly thrown with people like that, whereas I—oh, I, of course, was always occupied with students and poor devils who had no voice, nothing but brains.

"But she," objected Nino,—"she is Roman, I am sure of it."

"Eh," said Ercole, "you know how it is. These foreigners marry and come here and live, and their children are born here; and they grow up and call themselves Romans, as proudly as you please. But they are not really Italians, any more than the Shah of Persia." The maestro smiled a pitying smile. He is a Roman of Rome, and his great nose scorns pretenders. In his view Piedmontese, Tuscans, and Neapolitans are as much foreigners as the Germans or the English. More so, for he likes the Germans and tolerates the English, but he can call an enemy by no worse name than "Napoletano" or "Piemontese."

"Then they live here?" cried Nino in delight.

"Surely."

"In fine, maestro mio, who are they?"

"What a diavolo of a boy! Dio mio!" and Ercole laughed under his big mustache, which is black still. But he is bald, all the same, and wears a skull-cap.

"Diavolo as much as you please, but I will know," said Nino sullenly.

"Oh bene! Now do not disquiet yourself, Nino—I will tell you all about them. She is a pupil of mine, and I go to their house in the Corso and give her lessons."

"And then?" asked Nino impatiently.

"Who goes slowly goes surely," said the maestro sententiously; and he stopped to light a cigar as black and twisted as his mustache. Then he continued, standing still in the middle of

the piazza to talk at his ease, for it had stopped raining and the air was moist and sultry, "They are Prussians, you must know. The old man is a colonel, retired, pensioned, everything you like, wounded at Königgratz by the Austrians. His wife was delicate, and he brought her to live here long before he left the service, and the signorina was born here. He has told me about it, and he taught me to pronounce the name Königgratz, so — Conigherazzo," said the maestro proudly, "and that is how I know."

"Capperi! What a mouthful," said I.

"You may well say that, Sor Conte, but singing teaches us all languages. You would have found it of great use in your studies." I pictured to myself a quarter of an hour of Schopenhauer, with a piano accompaniment and some one beating time.

"But their name, their name I want to know," objected Nino, as he stepped aside and flattened himself against the pillar to let a carriage pass. As luck would have it, the old officer and his daughter were in that very cab, and Nino could just make them out by the evening twilight. He took off his hat, of course, but I am quite sure they did not see him.

"Well, their name is prettier than Conigherazzo," said Ercole. "It is Lira — Erre Gheraffe fonne Lira." (Herr Graf von Lira, I suppose he meant. And he has the impudence to assert that singing has taught him to pronounce German.) "And that means," he continued, "Il Conte di Lira, as we should say."

"Ah! what a divine appellation!" exclaimed Nino enthusiastically, pulling his hat over his eyes to meditate upon the name at his leisure.

"And her name is Edvigia," volunteered the maestro. That is the Italian for Hedwig, or Hadwig, you know. But we should shorten it and call her Gigia, just as though she were Luisa.

Nino does not think it so pretty. Nino was silent. Perhaps he was already shy of repeating the familiar name of the first woman he had ever loved. Imagine! At twenty he had never been in love! It is incredible to me, — and one of our own people, too, born at Serveti.

Meanwhile the maestro's cigar had gone out, and he lit it with a blazing sulphur match, before he continued; and we all walked on again. I remember it all very distinctly, because it was the beginning of Nino's madness. Especially I call to mind his expression of indifference when Ercole began to desecant upon the worldly possessions of the Lira household. It seemed to me that if Nino so seriously cast his eyes on the Contessina Edvigia, he might at least have looked pleased to hear she was so rich; or he might have looked disappointed, if he thought that her position was an obstacle in his way. But he did not care about it at all, and walked straight on, humming a little tune through his nose with his mouth shut, for he does everything to a tune.

"They are certainly gran' signori," Ercole said. "They live on the first floor of the Palazzo Carmandola, — you know, in the Corso, — and they have a carriage, and keep two men in livery, just like a Roman prince. Besides, the count once sent me a bottle of wine at Christmas. It was as weak as water, and tasted like the solfatara of Tivoli, but it came from his own vineyard in Germany, and was at least fifty years old. If he has a vineyard, he has a castello, of course. And if he has a castello, he is a gran' signore, — eh? what do you think, Sor Conte? You know about such things."

"I did once, maestro mio. It is very likely."

"And as for the wine being sour, it was because it was so old. I am sure the Germans cannot make wine well. They are not used to drinking it good,

or they would not drink so much when they come here." We were crossing the bridge, and nearing Ercole's house.

"Maestro," said Nino, suddenly. He had not spoken for some time, and he had finished his tune.

"Well?"

"Is not to-morrow our day for studying?"

"Diavolo! I gave you two hours to-day. Have you forgotten?"

"Ah,—it is true. But give me a lesson to-morrow, like a good maestro as you are. I will sing like an angel, if you will give me a lesson to-morrow."

"Well, if you like to come at seven in the morning, and if you promise to sing nothing but *solfeggi* of Bordogni for an hour, and not to strain your voice, or put too much vinegar in your salad at supper, I will think about it. Does that please you? Conte, don't let him eat too much vinegar."

"I will do all that, if I may come," said Nino, readily, though he would rather not sing at all, at most times, than sing Bordogni, De Pretis tells me.

"Meglio così,—so much the better. Good-night, Sor Conte. Good-night, Nino." And so he turned down the Via Paola, and Nino and I went our way. I stopped to buy a cigar at the little tobacco shop just opposite the Tordinona Theatre. They used to be only a baiocco apiece, and I could get one at a time. But now they are two for three baiocchi; and so I have to get two always, because there are no half baiocchi any more—nothing but centimes. That is one of the sources of my extravagance. Mariuccia says I am miserly; she was born poor, and never had to learn the principles of economy.

"Nino mio," I said, as we went along, "you really make me laugh."

"Which is to say"—He was humming a tune again, and was cross because I interrupted him.

"You are in love. Do not deny it. You are already planning how you can

make the acquaintance of the foreign *contessa*. You are a fool. Go home, and get Mariuccia to give you some syrup of tamarind to cool your blood."

"Well? Now tell me, were you never in love with any one yourself?" he asked, by way of answer; and I could see the fierce look come into his eyes in the dark, as he said it.

"Altro,—that is why I laugh at you. When I was your age I had been in love twenty times. But I never fell in love at first sight—and with a doll; really a wax doll, you know, like the Madonna in the presepio that they set up at the Ara Celi, at Epiphany."

"A doll!" he cried. "Who is a doll, if you please?" We stopped at the corner of the street to argue it out.

"Do you think she is really alive?" I asked, laughing. Nino disdained to answer me, but he looked savagely from under the brim of his hat. "Look here," I continued, "women like that are only made to be looked at. They never love, for they have no hearts. It is lucky if they have souls, like Christians."

"I will tell you what I think," said he stoutly; "she is an angel."

"Oh! is that all? Did you ever hear of an angel being married?"

"You shall hear of it, Sor Cornelio, and before long. I swear to you, here, that I will marry the Contessina di Lira—if that is her name—before two years are out. Ah, you do not believe me. Very well. I have nothing more to say."

"My dear son," said I,—for he is a son to me,—"you are talking nonsense. How can anybody in your position hope to marry a great lady, who is an heiress? Is it not true that it is all stuff and nonsense?"

"No, it is not true," cried Nino, setting his square jaw like a bit and speaking through his teeth. "I am ugly, you say; I am dark, and I have no position, or wealth, or anything of the kind. I

am the son of a peasant and of a peasant's wife. I am anything you please, but I will marry her if I say I will. Do you think it is for nothing that you have taught me the language of Dante, of Petrarca, of Silvio Pellico? Do you think it is for nothing that Heaven has given me my voice? Do not the angels love music, and cannot I make as good songs as they? Or do you think that because I am bred a singer my hand is not as strong as a fine gentleman's — *contadino* as I am? I will — I will and I will, *Basta!*"

I never saw him look like that before. He had folded his arms, and he nodded his head a little at each repetition of the word, looking at me so hard, as we stood under the gas lamp in the street, that I was obliged to turn my eyes away. He stared me out of countenance — he, a peasant boy! Then we walked on.

"And as for her being a wax doll, as you call her," he continued, after a little time, "that is nonsense, if you want the word to be used. Truly, a doll! And the next minute you compare her to the Madonna! I am sure she has a heart as big as this," and he stretched out his hands into the air. "I can see it in her eyes. Ah, what eyes!"

I saw it was no use arguing on that tack, and I felt quite sure that he would forget all about it, though he looked so determined, and talked so grandly about his will.

"Nino," I said, "I am older than you." I said this to impress him, of course, for I am not really so very old.

"Diamini!" he cried impertinently, "I believe it!"

"Well, well, do not be impatient. I have seen something in my time, and I tell you those foreign women are not like ours, a whit. I fell in love, once, with a northern fairy, — she was not German, but she came from Lombardy, you see, — and that is the reason why I lost *Serveti* and all the rest."

"But I have no *Serveti* to lose," objected Nino.

"You have a career as a musician to lose. It is not much of a career, to be stamping about with a lot of *figuranti* and scene-shifters, and screaming yourself hoarse every night." I was angry, because he laughed at my age. "But it is a career, after all, that you have chosen for yourself. If you get mixed up in an intrigue now, you may ruin yourself. I hope you will."

"Grazie! And then?"

"Eh, it might not be such a bad thing after all. For if you could be induced to give up the stage" —

"I — I give up singing?" he cried, indignantly.

"Oh, such things happen, you know. If you were to give it up, as I was saying, you might then possibly use your mind. A mind is a much better thing than a throat, after all."

"Ebbene! talk as much as you please, for, of course, you have the right, for you have brought me up, and you have certainly opposed my singing enough to quiet your conscience. But, dear professor, I will do all that I say, and if you will give me a little help in this matter, you will not repent it."

"Help? Dio mio! What do you take me for? As if I could help you, or would! I suppose you want money to make yourself a dandy, a *paino*, to go and stand at the corner of the *Piazza Colonna* and ogle her as she goes by! In truth! You have fine projects."

"No," said Nino, quietly, "I do not want any money, or anything else, at present, thank you. And do not be angry, but come into the *caffè* and drink some lemonade; and I will invite you to it, for I have been paid for my last copying, that I sent in yesterday." He put his arm in mine, and we went in. There is no resisting Nino, when he is affectionate. But I would not let him pay for the lemonade. I paid for it myself. What extravagance!

F. Marion Crawford.

SOME PHASES OF IDEALISM IN NEW ENGLAND. *

AMONG the papers of the late George Ripley is the following list of names under the head of "Transcendentalism," plainly intended to convey his notion of the phases through which idealism in New England passed during the several passages of its career. No hint is given of the rule adopted by the author in making this enumeration. It was evidently not the order of development in time, for in that case W. E. Channing, R. W. Emerson, James Walker, F. H. Hedge, would claim mention among the first. It was not the order of speculative rank; for in that case some who are placed at the beginning would be omitted entirely. The author probably followed a classification suggested by some conception of his own in regard to the unfolding of ideas and their sequence from one stage to another. It will be observed that a few important names are passed by altogether, as, for instance, that of O. A. Brownson, who made idealism the basis of his speculative position, first as a reformer, and afterwards as a Roman Catholic; and also that of Henry James, an exceedingly able, eloquent, and uncompromising writer, who applied the Transcendental postulate to society in a manner to terrify cautious men. Why these were omitted does not appear; perhaps Mr. Ripley did not take the trouble to complete his list; perhaps he had in view only the philosophical aspects of the Transcendental movement, and did not care to follow it beyond the line of recognized ideas, either in reform or theology. Here is the list, as existing in his manuscript: N. L. Frothingham (1820), Convers Francis, John Pierpont, George Ripley (1830), F. H. Hedge, James Walker, Thomas T. Stone, W. E. Channing, J. F. Clarke, R. W. Emerson, W. H. Channing, Theodore Parker. Such a grouping of itself

implies that idealism took its hue from the temperament of those professing it; that it was no definite or fixed system, but rather a mode of speculative thought which each believer pursued according to the bent of his mind. The first two names suggest the literary tendency of the new faith; the third, its application to specific reform; the next four, its bearing on the principles of philosophy; the two Channings, J. F. Clarke, and Theodore Parker illustrate its bearing on points of religious opinion; while Mr. Emerson represents idealism pure and simple, apart from all philosophical or sectarian beliefs, from all critical or speculative dogmas.

Only by virtue of some such general classification can N. L. Frothingham be ranked among Transcendentalists. He was not a philosopher, not a man interested in abstruse speculation, not a reformer of society as a whole or in part, not an innovator on established ways of thinking or living. He was a man of letters, an enthusiastic admirer of literary form, of eloquent language, of ingenious, elegant thought. His large library contained none of the great masterpieces of speculation, little of Plato, less of Aristotle, next to nothing of Spinoza or Kant, nothing of Schelling or Hegel, but much of Heine, Schiller, Rückert, and poets in either prose or verse, whether English, French, or German. Writers of opposite schools interested him if they wrote brilliantly, but to profound spiritual differences he was insensible. He enjoyed Macaulay and Ruskin, Walter Scott and Dickens, Cicero and Shakespeare. Novelties he disliked and repelled. Wordsworth he did not read, or Byron; Keats he never spoke of; Shelley he abhorred; the Victorian bards he could not relish. In the Transcendental reform of his time he took

no part, had little sympathy with Dr. Channing, and, though personally intimate with R. W. Emerson, F. H. Hedge, George Ripley, Theodore Parker, and other leaders in the new movement, could not be persuaded to concern himself with it, even in its initiatory stages. When invited to conferences, he courteously declined, as one might do who did not feel called to leave his wonted round of pursuits. But his interest in theological and Biblical literature was very keen, as the books on his shelves and his translations of Herder's *Briefe* abundantly attest. It is on the strength of these translations, and of an article in the *Christian Examiner* on *The Beginning and Perfection of Christianity*, evidently prepared for the pulpit, that Mr. Ripley assigns to him a place among the friends of Transcendentalism. This place he undoubtedly deserved, for, although averse to public demonstration, and unoccupied with speculative issues, topics, or discussions, his mind lived in the spirit of the new ideas. He was at heart an idealist. His sermons were free from dogma, from doctrinal bias, from controversial animosity, almost from debatable opinion on the theological ground. He was a friend of knowledge. With him, refined reason was the test of truth. He loved air and light, liberty combined with law. Views that exhilarated, books that cheered, intercourse with expansive, joyous intellects, charmed him especially. If hard-pushed by antagonists, he might have called himself an idealist, but he never was hard-pushed. The smooth and even tenor of his life fell in with his scholarly disposition, and allowed him to pursue his favorite studies undisturbed by polemical aggressions. He had all the liberty he wanted. Emerson called him an Erasmus, and he had some warrant for his definition. But it must be remembered that Mr. Frothingham belonged to an older generation, and consequently was less open than young men are

to new emotions. Had he been Luther's contemporary he would have been more open to criticism than he was. The only ones of his generation who took an active part in the new protest were Convers Francis and Caleb Stetson. Dr. Channing was in sympathy with the movement, but did not join it. The rest were new men. Belonging to the most liberal sect of Christians, while others broached new doctrines or contended for larger spiritual freedom, his gentle, peace-loving spirit was contented with the permission to read and think without embarrassment. Neither Dr. Channing's earnest pleading for the dignity of human nature, nor George Ripley's calm exposition of the powers of the soul, nor James Walker's vindication of the spiritual philosophy, nor Theodore Parker's vehement denunciation of formalism in religion, nor William Lloyd Garrison's arraignment of the United States Constitution stirred his enthusiasm. The numerous projects for regenerating society which hurtled in the air offended him. He was not of the crowd which followed Mr. Emerson. He never visited Brook Farm. Like Longfellow, he hated violence, delighting in the still air of his books, and lacking faith in the transforming efficacy of insurgent ideas. His was a poetic mind, — delicate, fastidious, disinclined to entertain depressing views, averse to contention on any field. The evils of the world did not shroud him in gloom, or summon him to the combat with either error or sin. Very far from being self-indulgent, — on the contrary, being generous, affectionate, disinterested, — he was wanting in the vigor of conviction which makes the champion, the reformer, or the martyr. His conscience was overlaid by the peradventures of critical thought. He detested Calvinism, for in his nostrils it smelt of blood. He had no liking for the ordinary Unitarianism, which, in his view, was prosaic. Idealism fascinated him by its poetic beauty rather

than by its philosophical truth, and drew him towards the teachers whose steps he could not follow. This position was fully recognized by his friends, who read his books, enjoyed his conversation, profited by his counsel, and were inspired by his enthusiasm for generous thoughts, but soon ceased to expect partisan sympathy or coöperation from him. Such a man may be called a pioneer in the Transcendental movement, for he was in the spirit of it, and such force as he threw was cast in that direction; but in no other sense was he a leader.

The service rendered by men of his cast was nevertheless very great at a time when literature was so closely associated with theology as to be quite unemancipated. In fact, there was no such thing as a literary spirit in America before Transcendentalism created one, by overthrowing dogma and transferring the tribunal of judgment to the human mind. A literary taste, correct, fastidious, refined, and firm, first became possible when all literary productions were placed on the same level and submitted to the same laws of criticism; and idealism of this type supplied the necessary conditions. One must have been through and through pervaded by the Transcendental principle before he could have cast a free, bold regard on the beauties of the pagan classics, or on the deformities of books hitherto looked on as above human estimate. The services of those scholars who first ventured to do this, who did it without hesitation, who encouraged others to do it, has never been appraised at its full value. The influence of Transcendentalism on literature has been lasting and deep, and that influence is shown in nothing more signally than in this liberation of the human mind from theological prejudice. Writers felt it who would not call themselves Transcendentalists, but who read books which had been sealed to them before. In Germany the literary spirit was illustrated by minds

like Goethe, Schiller, Herder, to mention only three of many names. In France authors famed for brilliancy made it attractive. In England Coleridge, among others, made it honorable. In New England Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Hedge, the writers in the *Dial*, took up the tradition. For pure literary enthusiasm, N. L. Frothingham was distinguished among his compeers. On his library shelves all books stood side by side. His sermons were marked by exquisite felicity of expression and by admirable literary proportion. The appeal was always made to the hearer's reason; the argument was in all cases addressed to his understanding; and the assumption was that the human heart was the final tribunal. Many things were doubted that were not disproved. Some things were questioned in private that were not doubted in public, the evidence not being esteemed conclusive, and official responsibility forbidding hasty utterances.

It has been conjectured that Theodore Parker had Dr. Frothingham in mind in the famous discourse on the Transient and Permanent, where he vehemently rebukes the preacher who said one thing in his study and another in his pulpit. But this could hardly have been the case, for Mr. Parker was a man of scrupulous honor, and Dr. Frothingham was his personal friend. Besides, it was not true that Dr. Frothingham said one thing in his study and another in his pulpit. He simply did not say everything in his pulpit that he said in his study. He was a scholar and a critic; he was, too, a singularly frank, conversable, outspoken man among his friends and intimates. But he was likewise a preacher, a man addressing from week to week an assembly of people who were neither scholars nor critics, but plain men and women looking to him for rational instruction in religion. There is no reason to think that he ever pushed outside of cardinal beliefs, or ever felt the ground giving way beneath his Uni-

tarian feet. In his own mind he may have entertained speculations which, if carried out in all their bearings, would have been destructive of the usual conventionalities of faith. But he never did carry them out in all their bearings. In his pulpit he was a thoughtful man, mindful of his accountabilities to the truth. It never occurred to him to utter all the misgivings that came into his head. In this he was not alone. James Walker, a more pronounced Transcendentalist than he, and a far more impressive preacher, — an authority on matters of belief; looked up to, quoted, followed; a wise, deeply-inquiring man, — said in private things more searching than Dr. Frothingham, while his public addresses were more conservative; he felt that his personal lucubrations, however interesting they might be to him, would be quite out of place in sermons which aimed at inculcating broad truths and urging universal sentiments.

In a word, temperament is one thing, philosophy is another. There was a temporary coolness — there could not be a long one, with two such men — between Theodore Parker and his old friend and benefactor, Convers Francis, because the latter declined to compromise the Divinity School at Cambridge by preaching for him. But Mr. Francis, however much he admired Mr. Parker, and however warm his personal sympathy with his position may have been, felt the pressure of organized responsibilities, and postponed his private predilections to his public duty. He belonged to the first generation of New England Transcendentalists. He was a man of deep emotions, strong feelings of personal affection, a true friend, an ardent humanitarian, an anti-slavery man of pronounced opinions, a dear lover of intellectual liberty, as all Transcendentalists were. But he had none of the gifts of the popular orator; his voice was unmusical, his action unimpassioned, his style of address scholas-

tic. An enthusiast in his love of natural beauty, the melodies of creation, the singing of birds, the rustling of leaves, the murmur of brooks did not get into his discourse. There was dryness in his tone and in his manner. A quality of bookishness seemed a part of the man. He was an enormous reader of all sorts of books, old and new, conservative and liberal; but his delight was in books that emancipated the mind, whether theological, philosophical, critical, poetical, or simply literary. He was too universal a reader to be a partisan of reform. He saw the strong features of both sides, and while holding very decided opinions of his own, was respectful towards the honest opinions of others. Mr. Francis was a devoted member of "The Transcendental Club;" an attendant at its initial meeting at the house of George Ripley; an intimate friend of Mr. Emerson; in close, sympathetic intercourse with all the men who favored what were known as "advanced opinions." There is no doubt whatever that he belonged to the party of progress. He himself never concealed or disguised the fact that he did. Nevertheless, such was the literary attitude of his mind that he was asked by the party which was not that of progress to leave his parish in Watertown for a professorship in the Divinity School at Cambridge.

His teaching there, on pulpit eloquence, the pastoral office, with all that it implied of history, doctrine, Biblical criticism, was characterized by the same temperate, impartial, truthful spirit. Such, in fact, was his fidelity to the unprejudiced view that it often seemed as if he had no view of his own. The students tried, usually in vain, to drive him into a corner, and extract from him an avowal of private belief; until at last it was the current opinion that he had no belief of his own. Never was there a greater mistake. Out of the class-room he could be explicit enough. Nobody

who conversed with him on books, men, and doctrines could for a moment doubt where his personal convictions were. As one who was in the Divinity School during his service there, I can bear witness to the singular candor of his instruction, and to the pleasure he took in imparting knowledge, in stimulating inquiry, in extending the intellectual horizon of young men. His library, his erudition, his thought, were open and free to all. He was even grateful when a scholar wanted anything he had. As I look back over the long course of years that has elapsed since those university days, I can trace distinctly to him liberating and gladdening influences, which, at the time, were not acknowledged as they should have been.

Mr. Francis was an early friend of Theodore Parker, then a youth, teaching school at Watertown. He lent him books, gave him suggestions, encouraged his pursuits, sympathized with his aims, poured out his own stores of learning, put the ambitious scholar in the way of mental advance. And though the pupil presently took a stand which the teacher could not altogether applaud, the feeling of affectionate interest never was diminished, nor at the last was the cordial regard less than it was at the first. The two men, so unlike, yet understood and loved one another.

The philosophical phase of Boston Transcendentalism was also represented by two men, — James Walker and George Ripley. The former has already been spoken of. He was a thinker, calm, profound, silent; a student of opinions, a reader of books, a friendly, warm-hearted man, candid and generous, but in no way demonstrative or oracular. His was a judicial mind, slow in coming to conclusions, but clear, close, firm, reticent; never impatient or forward, outspoken only when fully and finally convinced. His tastes were not especially literary; his reading was severe; he did not much concern himself

with political or social reform; was neither leader nor orator. He pondered over Cudworth, Butler, Reid, in England; over Kant, Jacobi, Schleiermacher, in Germany; over Cousin, Jouffroy, Degerando, in France. He occupied himself with problems. In 1834, in a discourse printed later as a tract, on the *Philosophy of Man's Spiritual Nature in Regard to the Foundations of Faith*, he said, "Let us hope that a better philosophy than the degrading sensualism out of which most forms of infidelity have grown will prevail, and that the minds of the rising generation will be thoroughly imbued with it. Let it be a philosophy which recognizes the higher nature of man, and aims, in a chastened and reverential spirit, to unfold the mysteries of his higher life. Let it be a philosophy which continually reminds us of our intimate relations to the spiritual world," etc. The philosophy thus commended was, it is quite unnecessary to say, Transcendentalism. In 1840, the same teacher, discoursing to the alumni of the Cambridge Divinity School, declared that the return to a higher order of ideas had been promoted by such men as Schleiermacher and De Wette, and gave his opinion that the religious community had reason to look with distrust and dread on a philosophy which limited the ideas of the human mind to information imparted by the senses, and denied the existence of spiritual elements in the nature of man. This was two years after the delivery of Mr. Emerson's famous "Address" which brought on the controversy between Mr. Norton and Mr. Ripley. Mr. Walker's statement was cautious, inasmuch as orthodox theologians might maintain the existence of a spiritual susceptibility which revelation would develop; but at that epoch of time, and from Unitarian lips, the declaration was construed as a confession of faith in the "intuitive" doctrine. There is no evidence that Mr. Walker went be-

yond the opinion given above, unless an expression used in a sermon be taken as evidence. "The drunkard and the sensualist," he said, "are the monsters;" implying that depravity was not of nature, but a *violation* of nature, which was holy and divine. This, however, may have been only another way of saying that evil was a deprivation, and that goodness was the normal condition of man, — a very innocent proposition. Mr. Walker was in no sense a naturalist, a believer in instinct, an advocate of passion, a patron of organic temperament or constitutional bias. He was a devout Christian in every practical respect, — humble, submissive, obedient. Infidelity he ascribed to the opposite school of speculation, and looked to the system he espoused for a restoration of faith. For his own part, he held fast to divine inspiration, Christ, Bible, Church, the established means of grace, simply transferring the sanctions of authority from outward to inward, from external testimony to immediate consciousness, from the senses to the soul, as the deepest thinkers in all ages had done. It was not in his thought to erect a new tribunal, merely to remove an old one from an exposed and precarious position to one of absolute safety. Beyond that he seems not to have gone. In other words, he attributed to the soul a *receptive* but not a *creative* power; an ability to take what was given, but not to *originate* ideas. Dr. Walker had great influence over the young men of his generation, and imparted to them an impulse toward spiritual belief; made them self-respecting, high-principled, noble of purpose, pure, and God-fearing, but he made no skeptics. His last asseveration was of a personal faith in prayer.

The same, essentially, was the position of George Ripley, though the more ardent, impulsive temperament of the man pushed him nearer to the social confines of liberalism. Ripley was not

a slow, silent, recluse thinker, not an original, creative mind; but a great reader, a student of German, a lover of philosophy, a master of elegant English, a careful writer, a singularly clear expositor. Only in an ideal sense, however, and as democratic ideas were involved in the Transcendental premises, was he a social reformer. He took on himself the most opprobrious names, the more heroically as he was not distinguished as a worker in any of the causes which those names represented. He made heavy sacrifices for Brook Farm, but his was rather a Utopian view of the possibilities of such an institution. There seems to have been a gulf between his conception and his execution. He raised his hand, but could not strike the blow. He was convinced, yet cautious; frank in his persuasions, but reserved in his expressions; his feelings were warm, but he kept them very much to himself. A Transcendentalist he certainly was, an outspoken one; but his chief interest was in the speculative aspects of the faith. He perceived whither the faith tended in times like his, and was not sorry to see others — Parker, for instance — push it to its conclusion, but he could not do so himself. The philosophy alone would not necessarily have led to rationalism. Ripley stood midway between the philosophy and the rationalism to which it readily lent itself, and while standing apart welcomed all earnest scholars in the new field. Materialism he detested; animalism he feared; criticism he never pursued. The French school, as represented by Cousin, Jouffroy, and Constant, was his favorite before the German, which he sought rather for literary stimulus, Goethe being his model writer. It was evident that the Transcendental system, which was but a literal form of idealism, was running into sentimentalism, the deification of human nature, but in 1836 that was merely a tendency. Its real influence was conservative of estab-

lished institutions and ideas. So it was in James Walker, so it was in George Ripley, the two men who stood for the philosophical truth of idealism. From thought to feeling, however, the step was short and quickly taken, as we shall see.

The ethical element in Transcendentalism followed closely on the intellectual. This, also, had two representatives, — John Pierpont and Theodore Parker. Why John Pierpont? He is the third named on Mr. Ripley's list, and is a good example of the indirect force of philosophical ideas. Forty years ago he was conspicuous as a champion of temperance in Boston, as the hero, in fact, of an ecclesiastical council held to determine his relations to his parish in Hollis Street. He was not a philosopher, not a man of letters, though he wrote verses. "Poetry is not my vocation," he said, in the preface to his published volume. It evidently was not. With a few exceptions, his verses were reform manifestoes, rhymed sermons, exhortations in metrical form. He published sermons and letters, but they were more remarkable as specimens of dialectics than as examples of philosophical acuteness. Apparently he was not greatly concerned with speculative questions, not abstract, introspective, ethereal, but tremendously concrete. In the ranks of the idealists he was never conspicuous. The lists of attendants on the discussions of the newest phases of thought do not contain his name. He was a reformer of an extreme description, — an abolitionist, a temperance man, a general iconoclast. But all this he seems to have been by virtue of that faith in the natural man which was characteristic of the Transcendentalism of the period. His views of Christianity as a religion of humanity; of the gospel as a proclamation of universal good will; of the Christ as an elder brother, saving by unfolding men and women; of God as a loving Father, — all

pointed in the direction of social reconstruction. He believed in remodeling circumstances, in obtaining liberty, in securing better conditions of life for the unprivileged. The agitators loved him, the teetotalers, the come-outers, the spiritualists, because he hit hard the lucrative, organized evils of the time, but he was a thorn in the flesh of moderate people who hated such inspiration.

The air of the period was agitated by furious winds. Naturalism in every shape was abroad. Meetings were held, newspapers were printed, and "organs" were established in advocacy of new ideas in every direction. Temperance, anti-slavery, non-resistance, mesmerism, phrenology, Swedenborgianism, spiritualism, antimonianism, materialism, had all their prophets. There was a general outbreak of protest against received dogmas and institutions. In the heat of this turmoil appeared the Luther of the time, — Theodore Parker. He was a man of prodigious intellectual voracity united with a corresponding moral earnestness; no mystic or seraphic enthusiast, no idealist by native temperament, but a stout reformer in the sphere of practical ethics, honest, faithful, courageous, uncompromising. His first direction was theological. Convers Francis stimulated his appetite for reading of a religious character. The Divinity School at Cambridge threw him into a whirl of questioning, which involved him in argument, and resulted in doubt. The spirit of the age added fuel to the flame. N. L. Frothingham lent him books. George Ripley gave him the guidance of a clear mind, of capacious knowledge and firm convictions, not to speak of the quickening sympathy of a hopeful, bright spirit. The new theology found him an easy convert, especially as led by men like Herder, Schleiermacher, De Wette, in Germany; like Channing, Walker, Ripley, at home. Emerson fascinated him, excited in him the passion for liberty, animated his

courage, awoke his confidence in the soul. But after all he did not come rapidly to his final convictions. To be a Unitarian, making reason a critic of dogmas, was something. To be a *liberal* Unitarian, setting reason to judge certain records of the Bible, as well as certain dogmas of the creed, was the next step. To exalt reason as the final judge of revelation was the final conclusion. He was critical rather than speculative, concrete rather than abstract. He became an idealist from reading and personal association, but he was not one by constitution. He preferred Aristotle to Plato, Fichte and Jacobi to Kant and Schelling, was more akin to Paley than to Cudworth. His Transcendentalism had a basis in common-sense. Instead of serenely withdrawing, like Emerson, from a profession he could not follow, instead of plunging heroically into some humane enterprise, like Brook Farm, as his friend Ripley did, leaving the pulpit he could not occupy with hearty conviction, he maintained his attitude, threw down the glove of defiance, and took the profession to task for its shortcomings, waging a war that lasted for years. He was not a seer or a regenerator, but a prophet and a warrior, "the Orson of parsons," as Lowell called him. He used idealism as a safe territory to lodge cardinal truths in while criticism was ravaging the country of historical Christianity. His very idealism took practical form. Not satisfied with the sublime indefiniteness of Emerson, or the silent stoicism of Ripley, he put his transcendental postulates into portable packages, doing for them what he did for Webster's philosophy of a republic: "The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people." Parker turned the formula over in his mind as the sea turns over rough stones, until finally it became smooth and round, as thus: "Democracy, that is, a government of all the

people, *by* all the people, *for* all the people." So, unable to hold idealism pure and simple, he condensed its aroma into the three ultimate facts of consciousness: The Existence of God; The Immortality of the Individual Soul; The Moral Law. When Ripley was content, in the controversy with Andrews Norton, to illustrate and maintain the excellence of the spiritual philosophy, Parker, as "Levi Blodgett," contended that man had a spiritual eye by which he could look directly on specific ideas, and obtain an immediate knowledge of truths. Emerson knew Parker incidentally only, and, while admiring his brave independence, was too far removed from him by the method of arriving at convictions, as well as by the convictions themselves, to be intimate with him.

In a word, Parker was a reformer. Yet, even as a reformer, he was a critic. He saw the weak points in the argument of the total abstinence men; he detected the vulnerable places in the armor of the champions for a secular Sunday; and he shot deadly arrows at phrenology. Though a close personal friend of Ripley, a minister at West Roxbury, a frequent visitor at Brook Farm, he would not join the community; once, being asked what he thought of it, he replied: "Ripley, there, seems like a highly finished engine drawing a train of mud-cars." The anti-slavery reform seems to have been the only one to which he gave himself without reserve, and to this he devoted his energies with singular constancy and extraordinary power. It summoned his whole force to combat, — his religious zeal, his moral earnestness, his scorn, his pity, his faith in God, his confidence in man, his trust in Providence, his belief in democratic institutions, his passion for statistical proof, his love of conflict, his eloquence, his sarcasm. Here was genuine, unadulterated humanity in its most practical shape. It is hardly

doubtful that multitudes were attracted to him by this alone, — multitudes who did not comprehend or sympathize with his religious views, but were fascinated by his manliness, and by the undercurrent of faith which sustained it. Finally he became an ethical idealist. Had he lived longer, he would probably have thrown himself into one of the social causes that have come up since the war. The much meditated book on Theism which was to have embodied his spiritual ideas would have been interrupted by the battle-cry that summoned him to arms. The music of the spheres would have been drowned in the din of conflict.

To Dr. Channing really belongs the credit of transferring the evidence of Christianity to the field of human nature. He was a Christian, but a spiritual one. He believed in Christ as "Mediator, Intercessor, Lord and Saviour, ever living, and ever active for mankind; through all time, now as well as formerly, the active and efficient friend of the human race." He was persuaded that all spiritual wisdom and influence came from above. From this persuasion he never was separated. At the same time he had faith in the human soul as the organ through which the divine communications were made. "We have, each of us, the spiritual eye to see, the mind to know, the heart to love, the will to obey God." "A spiritual light, brighter than that of noon, pervades our daily life. The cause of our not seeing it is in ourselves." "They who assert the greatness of human nature see as much of guilt as the man of worldly wisdom. But amid the passions and the selfishness of men, they see another element, — a divine element, — a spiritual principle." He was not afraid of philosophy or criticism; in fact, he listened to them patiently, hopefully, as long as they promised a nearer access of the human soul to the divine, as long, that is, as they tended to remove obstructions

of ignorance; beyond that he had no interest in them. To him the panic about Emerson's famous Divinity School address seemed uncalled for. Parker's positions gave him no uneasiness. But he did not think that science or philosophy or criticism were likely to solve the problems of being, and when he perceived that their energies were expended in a mundane direction, his expectation from them was at an end. "I see and feel the harm done by this crude speculation," he wrote in a letter, "whilst I also see much nobleness to bind me to its advocates. In its opinions generally I see nothing to give me hope. I am somewhat disappointed that this new movement is to do so little for the spiritual regeneration of society."

Dr. Channing's faith in human nature led him to take a deep concern in all reforms that contained the germ of a new life for the future of humanity, — temperance, the education of the working classes, anti-slavery. He was one of the inspirers of Brook Farm. To use the language of his biographer, — "His soul was illuminated with the idea of the absolute, immutable glory of the Moral Good; and reverence for conscience is the key to his whole doctrine of human destiny and duty." But Channing thought as well as felt, considered as well as burned. Hence the restraining limitations of his zeal. He desired the elevation of the race, not of any single class. His very idealism, therefore, in proportion to its earnestness and breadth, made him pause. He was in communication, chiefly through letters and conversation, with the current ideas of the time, but no thought fairly engaged him that had not an ideal aspect; no reform enlisted his support which did not hold out the prospect of a large future for mankind. He was a Unitarian, primarily because Unitarianism seemed to him the more spiritual form of the Christian faith. His whole

view of Unitarianism was spiritual, and except for that had little attraction for his mind. The dogmatic side of it had no charm for him; he was not a formalist in any degree, and it is not probable that he would have advocated any system of mere opinions which promised nothing for the well-being of the race.

Mr. Emerson was a man of different stamp from any of those mentioned. An artist in the construction of sentences and the choice of words, he was not a man of letters, for he ever put substance before form. A student of Plato, he was not a philosopher, for the intellectual method was foreign to his genius. Though foremost in every movement of radical reform, — the anti-slavery cause, the claims of woman, the stand for freedom in religion, a bold speaker for human rights, a eulogist of John Brown, of Theodore Parker, of Henry Thoreau, he was not a reformer, for he avoided conventions, eluded associations, and perceived the limitations of all applied ethics. He was not, in any recognized sense of the term, a Christian. He would call no man Master. He knew of no such thing as authority over the soul. He would acknowledge no mediator between finite and infinite. He had no belief in Satan; evil, in his view, was a shadow; the sense of sin was a disease; Jesus was a myth. "There are no such men as we fable; no Jesus, nor Pericles, nor Cæsar, nor Angelo, nor Washington, such as we have made. We consecrate a great deal of nonsense because it was allowed by great men." "A personal influence is an *ignis fatuus*." All his life he resisted interference with the spiritual laws. One might call him Buddhist as easily as Christian. He was the precise opposite of that, — the purest idealist we have ever known.

But no diligent reader of his books will doubt that Emerson was a theist of a most earnest description; so earnest that he would not accept any definition

of deity. From this faith came his passion for wild, uncultivated nature, for rude, unsophisticated men, as most likely to be informed with the immanent Spirit. From this came his invincible optimism; his boundless anticipation of good; his brave attitude of expectancy; his sympathy with whatever promised emancipation, light, the bursting of spiritual bonds; his love of health, beauty, simplicity; his serene confidence that the best would ultimately befall in spite of grief and loss. He was disappointed in individuals, in groups of individuals, in causes and movements; but although the looked-for Spirit did not come down, his assurance of the justness of his method kept him on tiptoe with expectation. He would not call himself a Transcendentalist. "There is no such thing as a Transcendental party; there is no pure Transcendentalist; we know of none but prophets and heralds of such a philosophy; all who by strong bias of nature have leaned to the spiritual side in doctrine, have stopped short of their goal. We have had many harbingers and forerunners; but of a purely spiritual life, history has afforded no example." Transcendentalism, he said, was but a form of idealism, a name bestowed on it in these latter days; but the fact was as old as thinking. The notion that the soul of man could *create* truth, or do anything but meekly receive it from the divine mind, probably never occurred to Emerson. No virtue was more characteristic of him than humility.

Shortly after the History of Transcendentalism in New England was published, Mr. Emerson said to the author, that in his view, Transcendentalism, as it was called, was simply a protest against formalism and dogmatism in religion; not a philosophical, but a spiritual movement, looking toward a spiritual faith. And so it was in great part, undoubtedly, though it may be questioned if it would have seized on minds like

Walker, Ripley, Hedge, and many besides, but for Kant, Fichte, Jacobi, Schelling, Schleiermacher, De Wette in Germany, Cousin in France, Coleridge and Carlyle in England. Unitarianism had lapsed into a thin, barren conventional-ity, a poor mixture of Arianism, Arminianism, Priestleyism. Consciously or unconsciously, an arid version of Locke's empirical philosophy was accepted by the leaders of the sect. Materialism was avowed and proclaimed. The lectures of Dr. Spurzheim created a rage for phrenology throughout New England, and many a Socinian fell a prey to what Emerson then called a doctrine of "mud and blood." Transcendentalism was a reaction from this earthward tendency, and Emerson was one of its leaders. The young men principally felt the new afflatus. Hedge, who was educated in Germany, and brought the German atmosphere home with him; Parker and Ripley, who read German; Bartol, Bartlett, Dwight, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Elizabeth Peabody, W. H. Channing, Orestes Brownson, added their genius and fiery zeal.

Thus philosophy and faith, thought and feeling, literary and poetic fervor, united to produce that singular outburst of idealism which has left so deep an impression on the New England intellect. The circumstances of the time determined the particular form it assumed. As those circumstances passed away, the fashion of speculation altered, but the old original idealism remained, and will remain when Channing and Emerson are forgotten except as its interpreters. The local and incidental phases that have been noticed are of the remote past. Literature has come into possession of all its rights. Philosophy sits serenely on its throne, unvexed by its old-fashioned controversy with materialism. Reform is no longer obliged to be one-sided, or extreme, or anarchical, but is taken up by reasonable men and women. Religion is released from dogmatism, at least in a measure, the championship of it being left to scholars of whatever denomination. And all this has been, in great degree, accomplished by men who were once called heretics.

O. B. Frothingham.

A PRELUDE.

I.

SPIRIT that moves the sap in spring,
When lusty male-birds fight and sing,
Inform my words, and make my lines
As sweet as flowers, as strong as vines.

Let mine be the freshening power
Of rain on grass, of dew on flower;
The fertilizing song be mine,
Nut-flavored, racy, keen as wine.

Let some procreant truth exhale
From me, before my forces fail;
Or ere the ecstatic impulse go
Let all my buds to blossoms blow.

II.

If quick, sound seed be wanting where
 The virgin soil feels sun and air,
 And longs to fill a higher state,
 There let my meanings germinate.

Let not my strength be spilled for naught,
 But, in some fresher vessel caught,
 Be blended into sweeter forms,
 And fraught with purer aims and charms.

Let bloom-dust of my life be blown
 To quicken hearts that flower alone;
 Around my knees let scions rise
 With heavenward-pointing destinies.

And when I fall, like some old tree,
 And subtile change makes mould of me,
 There let earth show a fertile line,
 Whence perfect wild-flowers leap and shine!

Maurice Thompson.

EN PROVINCE.

I.

THE COUNTRY OF THE LOIRE.

WE good Americans — I say it without presumption — are too apt to think that France is Paris, just as we are accused of being too apt to think that Paris is the celestial city. This is by no means the case, fortunately for those persons who take an interest in modern Gaul, and yet are still left vaguely unsatisfied by that epitome of civilization which stretches from the Arc de Triomphe to the Gymnase theatre. It had already been revealed to the author of these light pages that there are many good things in the *doux pays de France* of which you get no hint in a walk between those ornaments of the capital; but the truth had been revealed only in quick-flashing glimpses, and he was conscious of a desire to look it well in the

face. To this end he started one rainy morning, in mid-September, for the charming little city of Tours, from which point it seemed possible to make a variety of fruitful excursions. His excursions resolved themselves ultimately into a journey through several provinces, a journey which had its dull moments (as one may defy any journey not to have); but which enabled him to feel that his proposition was demonstrated. France may be Paris, but Paris is not France; that was perfectly evident on the return to the capital. I must not speak, however, as if I had discovered the provinces. They were discovered, or at least revealed, by Balzac, if by any one, and are now easily accessible to visitors.

It is true, I met no visitors, or only one or two, whom it was pleasant to meet. Throughout my little tour, I was almost the only tourist. That is perhaps one reason why it was so agreeable.

I.

I am ashamed to begin with saying that Touraine is the garden of France; that remark has long ago lost its bloom. The town of Tours, however, has something sweet and bright, which suggests that it is surrounded by a land of fruits. It is a very agreeable little city; few towns of its size are more ripe, more complete, or I should suppose in better humor with themselves and less disposed to envy the responsibilities of bigger places. It is truly the capital of its smiling province, a region of easy abundance, of good living, of genial, comfortable, optimistic, rather indolent, opinions. Balzac says in one of his tales that the real Tourangeau will not make an effort, or displace himself even, to go in search of a pleasure; and it is not difficult to understand the sources of this genial indifference. He must have a vague conviction that he can only lose by almost any change. Fortune has been kind to him: he lives in a temperate, reasonable, sociable climate, on the banks of a river which, it is true, sometimes floods the country around it, but of which the ravages appear to be so easily repaired that its aggressions may perhaps be regarded (in a region where so many good things are certain) merely as an occasion for healthy suspense. He is surrounded by fine old traditions, religious, social, architectural, culinary; and he may have the satisfaction of feeling that he is French to the core. No part of his admirable country is more characteristically national. Normandy is Normandy, Burgundy is Burgundy, Provence is Provence; but Touraine is essentially France. It is the land of Rabelais, of Descartes, of Balzac, of good books and good company, as well as good dinners and good houses. George Sand has somewhere a charming passage about the mildness, the convenient quality, of the physical conditions of central France: "*son climat souple et chaud, ses pluies abondantes*

et courtes." In the autumn of 1882, the rains perhaps were less short than abundant; but when the days were fine it was impossible that anything in the way of weather could be more charming. The vineyards and orchards looked rich in the fresh, gay light; cultivation was everywhere, but everywhere it seemed to be easy. There was no visible poverty; thrift and success presented themselves as matters of good taste. The white caps of the women glittered in the sunshine, and their well-made sabots clicked cheerfully on the hard, clean roads. Touraine is a land of old châteaux — a gallery of architectural specimens and of large hereditary properties. The peasantry have less of the luxury of ownership than in most other parts of France; though they have enough of it to give them quite their share of that shrewdly conservative look which, in the little chattering *place* of the market-town, the stranger observes so often in the wrinkled brown masks that surmount the agricultural blouse. This is moreover the heart of the old French monarchy, and as that monarchy was splendid and picturesque, a reflection of the splendor still glitters in the current of the Loire. Some of the most striking events of French history have occurred on the banks of that river, and the soil it waters bloomed for awhile with the flowering of the Renaissance. The Loire gives a great style to a landscape of which the features are not, as the phrase is, prominent, and carries the eye to distances even more poetic than the green horizons of Touraine. It is a very fitful stream, and is sometimes seen to run thin and expose all the crudities of its channel; a great defect certainly in a river which has such serious artistic responsibilities. But I speak of it as I saw it last, full, tranquil, powerful, bending in large, slow curves, and sending back half the light of the sky. Nothing can be finer than the view of its course which you get from the battle-

ments and terraces of Amboise. As I looked down on it from that elevation one lovely Sunday morning, through a mild glitter of autumn sunshine, it seemed the very model of a generous, beneficent stream. The most charming part of Tours is naturally the shaded quay that overlooks it, and looks across too at the friendly faubourg of Saint Symphorien and at the terraced heights which rise above this. Indeed, throughout Touraine it is half the charm of the Loire that you can travel beside it. The great dike which protects it, or protects the country from it, from Blois to Angers, is an admirable road; and on the other side, as well, the highway constantly keeps it company. A great river, as you follow a great road, is excellent company; it heightens and shortens the way. The inns at Tours are in another quarter, and one of them, which is midway between the town and the station, is very good. It is worth mentioning for the fact that every one belonging to it is extraordinarily polite — so unnaturally polite as (at first) to excite your suspicion that the hotel has some hidden vice, so that the waiters and chambermaids are trying to pacify you in advance. There was one waiter in especial who was the most accomplished social being I have ever encountered; from morning till night he kept up an inarticulate murmur of urbanity, like the hum of a spinning top. I may add that I discovered no dark secrets at the Hôtel de l'Univers; for it is not a secret to any traveler to-day that the obligation to partake of a lukewarm dinner in an over-heated room is as imperative as it is detestable. There is a certain Rue Royale at Tours which has pretensions to the monumental; it was constructed a hundred years ago, and the houses, all alike, have on a moderate scale a pompous eighteenth-century look. It connects the Palais de Justice, the most important secular building in the town, with the long bridge which spans

the Loire — the spacious, solid bridge pronounced by Balzac, in *Le Curé de Tours*, "one of the finest monuments of French architecture." The Palais de Justice was the seat of the government of Léon Gambetta in the autumn of 1870, after the dictator had been obliged to retire in his balloon from Paris, and before the Assembly was constituted at Bordeaux. The Germans occupied Tours during that terrible winter; it is astonishing, the number of places the Germans occupied. It is hardly too much to say that wherever one goes in certain parts of France, one encounters two great historic facts: one is the Revolution, the other is the German invasion. The traces of the Revolution remain, in a hundred scars and bruises and mutilations; but the visible marks of the war of 1870 have passed away. The country is so rich, so living, that she has been able to dress her wounds, to hold up her head, to smile again; so that the shadow of that darkness has ceased to rest upon her. But what you do not see you still may hear, and one remembers with a certain shudder that only a few short years ago this province, so intimately French, was under the heel of a foreign foe. To be intimately French was apparently not a safeguard; for so successful an invader it could only be a challenge. Peace and plenty, however, have succeeded that episode; and among the gardens and vineyards of Touraine it seems only a legend the more in a country of legends. It was not, all the same, for the sake of this chequered story that I mentioned the Palais de Justice and the Rue Royale. The most interesting fact, to my mind, about the High Street of Tours was that as you walk toward the bridge on the right-hand trottoir you can look up at the house, on the other side of the way, in which Honoré de Balzac first saw the light. That violent and complicated genius was a child of the good-humored and succulent Touraine. There

is something anomalous in this fact, though if one thinks about it a little one may discover certain correspondences between his character and that of his native province. Strenuous, laborious, constantly infelicitous in spite of his great successes, he suggests at times a very different set of influences. But he had his jovial, full-feeding side—the side that comes out in the *Contes Drolatiques*, which are the romantic and epicurean chronicle of the old manors and abbeys of this region. And he was moreover the product of a soil into which a great deal of history had been trodden. Balzac was genuinely as well as affectedly monarchical, and he was impregnated with a sense of the past. Number 39 Rue Royale, of which the basement, like all the basements in the Rue Royale, is occupied by a shop, is not shown to the public, and I know not whether tradition designates the chamber in which the author of *Le Lys dans la Vallée* opened his eyes into a world in which he was to see, and to imagine, such extraordinary things. If this were the case, I would willingly have crossed its threshold; not for the sake of any relic of the great novelist which it may possibly contain, nor even for that of any mystic virtue which may be supposed to reside within its walls; but simply because to look at those four modest walls can hardly fail to give one a strong impression of the force of human endeavor. Balzac, in the maturity of his vision, took in more of human life than any one, since Shakespeare, who has attempted to tell us stories about it; and the very small scene on which his consciousness dawned is one end of the immense scale that he traversed. I confess it shocked me a little to find that he was born in a house “in a row,” a house moreover which at the date of his birth must have been only about twenty years old. All that is contradictory. If the tenement selected for this honor could not be ancient and

picturesque, it should at least have been detached. There is a charming description in his little tale of *La Grenadière* of the view of the opposite side of the Loire as you have it from the square at the end of the Rue Royale,—a square that has some pretensions to grandeur, overlooked as it is by the Hôtel de Ville and the Musée, a pair of edifices which directly contemplate the river, and ornamented with marble images of François Rabelais and René Descartes. The former, erected a few years since, is a very honorable production; the pedestal of the latter could as a matter of course only be inscribed with the *Cogito, ergo Sum*. The two statues mark the two opposite poles to which the brilliant French mind has traveled, and if there were an effigy of Balzac at Tours, it ought to stand midway between them. Not that he by any means always struck the happy mean between the sensible and the metaphysical; but one may say of him that half of his genius looks in one direction and half in the other. The side that turns toward François Rabelais would be on the whole the side that takes the sun. But there is no statue of Balzac at Tours; there is only, in one of the chambers of the melancholy museum, a rather clever, coarse bust. The description in *La Grenadière*, of which I just spoke, is too long to quote; neither have I space for any one of the brilliant attempts at landscape-painting which are woven into the shimmering texture of *Le Lys dans la Vallée*. The little manor of *Cloche-gourde*, the residence of Madame de Mortsauf, the heroine of that extraordinary work, was within a moderate walk of Tours, and the picture in the novel is presumably a copy from an original which it would be possible to-day to discover. I did not, however, even make the attempt. There are so many châteaux in Touraine that have been commemorated in history, that it would take one too far to look up those that

have been commemorated in fiction. The most I did was to endeavor to identify the former residence of Made-moiselle Gamard, the sinister old maid of Le Curé de Tours. This terrible woman occupied a small house in the rear of the cathedral, where I spent a whole morning in wondering rather stupidly which house it could be. To reach the cathedral from the little *place* where we stopped just now to look across at La Grenadière, without, it must be confessed, very vividly seeing it, you follow the quay to the right and pass out of sight of the charming *côteau* which, from beyond the river, faces the town — a soft agglomeration of gardens, vineyards, scattered villas, gables and turrets of slate-roofed châteaux, terraces with gray balustrades, moss-grown walls draped in scarlet Virginia creeper. You turn into the town again beside a great military barrack which is ornamented with a rugged mediæval tower, a relic of the ancient fortifications, known to the Tourangeaux of to-day as the Tour de Guise. The young Prince of Joinville, son of that Duke of Guise who was murdered by the order of Henry II. at Blois, was, after the death of his father, confined here for more than two years, but made his escape one summer evening in 1591, under the nose of his keepers, with a gallant audacity which has attached the memory of the exploit to his sullen-looking prison. Tours has a garrison of five regiments, and the little red-legged soldiers light up the town. You see them stroll upon the clean, uncommercial quay, where there are no signs of navigation, not even by oar, no barrels nor bales, no loading nor unloading, no masts against the sky nor booming of steam in the air. The most active business that goes on there is that patient and fruitless angling in which the French, as the votaries of art for art, excel all other people. The little soldiers, weighed down by the contents of their enormous pockets, pass

with respect from one of these masters of the rod to the other, as he sits soaking an indefinite bait in the large, indifferent stream. After you turn your back to the quay you have only to go a little way before you reach the cathedral.

II.

It is a very beautiful church of the second order of importance, with a charming mouse-colored complexion and a pair of fantastic towers. There is a commodious little square in front of it, from which you may look up at its very ornamental face; but for purposes of frank admiration the sides and the rear are perhaps not sufficiently detached. The cathedral of Tours, which is dedicated to Saint Gatianus, took a long time to build. Begun in 1170, it was finished only in the first half of the sixteenth century; but the ages and the weather have interfused so well the tone of the different parts that it presents, at first, at least, no striking incongruities, and looks even exceptionally harmonious and complete. There are many grander cathedrals, but there are probably few more pleasing, and this effect of delicacy and grace is at its best toward the close of a quiet afternoon, when the densely decorated towers, rising above the little Place de l'Archevêché, lift their curious lanterns into the slanting light, and offer a multitudinous perch to troops of circling pigeons. The whole front, at such a time, has an appearance of great richness, although the niches which surround the three high doors (with recesses deep enough for several circles of sculpture) and indent the four great buttresses that ascend beside the huge rose-window, carry no figures beneath their little chiseled canopies. The blast of the great Revolution blew down most of the statues in France, and the wind has never set very strongly toward putting them up again. The embossed and crocketed cupolas which crown the towers of Saint Gatien

are not very pure in taste ; but, like a good many impurities, they are decidedly picturesque. The interior has a stately slimness with which no fault is to be found, and which in the choir, rich in early glass and surrounded by a broad passage, becomes very bold and noble. Its principal treasure, perhaps, is the charming little tomb of the two children (who died young) of Charles VIII. and Anne of Brittany, in white marble, embossed with symbolic dolphins and exquisite arabesques. The little boy and girl lie side by side on a slab of black marble, and a pair of small kneeling angels, both at their head and their feet, watch over them. Nothing could be more perfect than this monument, which is the work of Michel Colomb, one of the earlier glories of the French Renaissance ; it is really a lesson in good taste. Originally placed in the great abbey-church of Saint Martin, which was for so many ages the holy place of Tours, it happily survived the devastation to which that edifice, already sadly shattered by the wars of religion and successive profanations, finally succumbed in 1797. In 1815, the tomb found an asylum in a quiet corner of the cathedral. I ought, perhaps, to be ashamed to acknowledge that I found the profane name of Balzac capable of adding an interest even to this venerable sanctuary. Those who have read the terrible little story of the Curé de Tours will perhaps remember that, as I have already mentioned, the simple and child-like old Abbé Birotteau, victim of the infernal machinations of the Abbé Troubert and Mademoiselle Gamard, had his quarters in the house of that lady (she had a specialty of letting lodgings to priests), which stood on the north side of the cathedral, so close under its walls that the supporting pillar of one of the great flying buttresses was planted in the spinster's garden. If you wander round behind the church, in search of this more than historic habitation, you will have occasion to see that

the side and rear of Saint Gatien make a delectable and curious figure. A narrow lane passes beside the high wall which conceals from sight the palace of the archbishop, and beneath the flying buttresses, the far-projecting gargoyles and the fine south porch of the church. It terminates in a little, dead grass-grown square, entitled the Place Grégoire de Tours. All this part of the exterior of the cathedral is very brown, ancient, gothic, grotesque ; Balzac calls the whole place "a desert of stone." A battered and gabled wing, or out-house (as it appears to be), of the hidden palace, with a queer old stone pulpit jutting out from it, looks down on this melancholy spot, on the other side of which is a seminary for young priests, one of whom issues from a door in a quiet corner, and, holding it open a moment behind him, shows a glimpse of a sunny garden, where you may fancy other black young figures strolling up and down. Mademoiselle Gamard's house, where she took her two abbés to board, and basely conspired with one against the other, is still further round the cathedral. You cannot quite put your hand upon it to-day, for the dwelling of which you say to yourself that it *must* have been Mademoiselle Gamard's does not fulfill all the conditions mentioned in Balzac's description. The edifice in question, however, fulfills conditions enough ; in particular, its little court offers hospitality to the big buttress of the church. Another buttress, corresponding with this (the two, between them, sustain the gable of the north transept), is planted in the small cloister, of which the door on the further side of the little soundless Rue de la Psalette, where nothing seems ever to pass, opens opposite to that of Mademoiselle Gamard. There is a very genial old sacristan at Tours, who introduced me to this cloister from the church. It is very small and solitary, and much mutilated, but it nestles with a kind of

wasted friendliness beneath the big walls of the cathedral. Its lower arcades have been closed, and it has a little plot of garden in the middle, with fruit-trees which I should imagine to be too much overshadowed. In one corner is a remarkably picturesque turret, the cage of a winding staircase which ascends (no great distance) to an upper gallery, where an old priest, the *chanoine-gardien* of the church, was walking to and fro with his breviary. The turret, the gallery, and even the *chanoine-gardien*, belonged, that sweet September morning, to the class of objects that are dear to painters in water-colors.

III.

I have mentioned the church of Saint Martin, which was for many years the sacred spot, the shrine of pilgrimage, of Tours. Originally the simple burial place of the great apostle who, in the fourth century, christianized Gaul, and who, in his day a brilliant missionary and worker of miracles, is chiefly known to modern fame as the worthy that cut his cloak in two at the gate of Amiens to share it with a beggar (tradition fails to say, I believe, what he did with the other half), the Abbey of Saint Martin, through the Middle Ages, waxed rich and powerful, till it was known at last as one of the most luxurious religious houses in Christendom, with kings for its titular abbots (who, like Francis I., sometimes turned and despoiled it), and a great treasure of precious things. It passed, however, through many vicissitudes. Pillaged by the Normans in the ninth century and by the Huguenots in the sixteenth, it received its death-blow from the Revolution, which must have brought to bear upon it an energy of destruction proportionate to its mighty bulk. At the end of the last century a huge group of ruins alone remained, and what we see to-day may be called the ruin of a ruin. It is difficult to understand how so vast an edifice can have been

so completely obliterated. Its site is given up to several ugly streets, and a pair of tall towers, separated by a space which speaks volumes as to the size of the church, and looking across the close-packed roofs to the happier spires of the cathedral, preserve for the modern world the memory of a great fortune, a great abuse, perhaps, and at all events a great penalty. One may believe that to this day a considerable part of the foundations of the great abbey is buried in the soil of Tours. The two surviving towers, which are dissimilar in shape, are enormous; with those of the cathedral they form the great landmarks of the town. One of them bears the name of the Tour de l'Horloge; the other, the so-called Tour Charlemagne, was erected (two centuries after her death) over the tomb of Luitgarde, wife of the great Emperor, who died at Tours in 800. I do not pretend to understand in what relation these very mighty and effectually detached masses of masonry stood to each other; but in their gray elevation and loneliness they are very striking and suggestive to-day, holding their hoary heads far above the modern life of the town, and looking sad and conscious, as they had outlived all uses. I know not what is supposed to have become of the bones of the blessed saint during the various scenes of confusion in which they may have got mislaid; but a mystic connection with his wonder-working relics may be perceived in a strange little sanctuary on the left of the street, which opens in front of the Tour Charlemagne—the rugged base of which, by the way, inhabited like a cave, with a diminutive doorway, in which, as I passed, an old woman stood cleaning a pot, and a little dark window decorated with homely flowers, would be appreciated by a painter in search of “bits.” The present shrine of Saint Martin is inclosed (provisionally, I suppose) in a very modern structure of timber, where, in a dusky cellar, to

which you descend by a wooden staircase adorned with votive tablets and paper roses, is placed a tabernacle surrounded by twinkling tapers and prostrate worshippers. Even this crepuscular vault, however, fails, I think, to attain solemnity, for the whole place is strangely vulgar and garish. The Catholic church, as churches go to-day, is certainly the most spectacular; but it must feel that it has a great fund of impressiveness to draw upon when it opens such queer little shops of sanctity as this. It is impossible not to be struck with the grotesqueness of such an establishment, as the last link in the chain of a great ecclesiastical tradition. In the same street, on the other side, a little below, is something better worth your visit than the shrine of Saint Martin. Knock at a high door in a white wall (there is a cross above it), and a fresh-faced sister of the convent of the Petit Saint Martin will let you into the charming little cloister, or rather fragment of a cloister. Only one side of this exquisite structure remains, but the whole place is effective. In front of the beautiful arcade, which is terribly bruised and obliterated, is one of those walks of interlaced *tilleuls* which are so frequent in Touraine, and into which the green light filters so softly through a lattice of clipped twigs. Beyond this is a garden, and beyond the garden are the other buildings of the convent, where the placid sisters keep a school — a test, doubtless, of placidity. The imperfect arcade, which dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century (I know nothing of it but what is related in Mrs. Pattison's *Renaissance in France*), is a truly enchanting piece of work; the cornice and the angles of the arches being covered with the daintiest sculpture of arabesques, flowers, fruit, medallions, cherubs, griffins, all in the finest and most attenuated chiseling. It is like the chasing of a bracelet in stone. The taste, the fancy, the elegance, the refinement, bring tears to the

eyes; such a piece of work is the purest flower of the French Renaissance; it is one of the most delicate things in all Touraine. There is another fine thing at Tours which is not particularly delicate, but which makes a great impression — the very interesting old church of Saint Julian, lurking in a crooked corner, at the right of the Rue Royale, near the point at which this indifferent thoroughfare emerges — with its little cry of admiration — on the bank of the Loire. Saint Julian stands to-day in a kind of neglected hollow, where it is much shut in by houses; but in the year 1225, when the edifice was begun, the site was doubtless, as the architects say, more eligible. At present, indeed, when once you have caught a glimpse of the stout, serious Romanesque tower, which is not high, but strong, you feel that the building has something to say, and that you must stop to listen to it. Within, it has a vast and splendid nave, of immense height — the nave of a cathedral, with a shallow choir and transepts, and some admirable old glass. I spent half an hour there one morning — listening to what the church had to say — in perfect solitude. Not a worshiper entered, not even an old man with a broom. I have always thought there is a sex in fine buildings; and Saint Julian, with its noble nave, is of the masculine gender. It was that same morning, I think, that I went in search of the old houses of Tours; for the town contains several goodly specimens of the domestic architecture of the past. The dwelling to which the average Anglo-Saxon will most promptly direct his steps, and the only one I have space to mention, is the so-called *Maison de Tristan l'Hermite*, — a gentleman whom the readers of *Quentin Durward* will not have forgotten — the hangman in ordinary to the great King Louis XI. Unfortunately the house of Tristan is not the house of Tristan at all; this illusion has been cruelly dispelled. There are

no illusions left, at all, in the good city of Tours, with regard to Louis XI. His terrible castle of Plessis, the picture of which sends a shiver through the youthful reader of Scott, has been reduced to suburban insignificance; and the residence of his *triste compère* — on the front of which a festooned rope figures as a motive for decoration — is observed to have been erected in the succeeding century. The Maison de Tristan may be visited for itself, however, if not for Walter Scott; it is an exceedingly picturesque old façade, to which you pick your way through a narrow and tortuous street — a street terminating a little beyond it in the walk beside the river. An elegant gothic doorway is let into the rusty-red brick-work, and strange little beasts crouch at the angles of the windows, which are surmounted by a tall graduated gable, pierced with a small orifice, where the large surface of brick, lifted out of the shadow of the street, looks yellow and faded. The whole thing is disfigured and decayed; but it is a capital subject for a sketch in colors. Only I must wish the sketcher better luck — or a better temper — than my own. If he ring the bell to be admitted to see the court, which I believe is more sketchable still, let him have patience to wait till the bell is answered. He can do the outside while they are coming. The Maison de Tristan, I say, may be visited for itself; but I hardly know what the remnants of Plessis-les-Tours may be visited for. To reach them you wander through crooked suburban lanes, down the course of the Loire, to a rough, undesirable, incongruous spot, where a small, crude building of red brick is pointed out to you by your cabman (if you happen to drive) as the romantic abode of a superstitious king, and where a strong odor of pig-sties and other unclean things so prostrates you for the moment that you have no energy to protest against this obvious fiction. You enter

a yard encumbered with rubbish and a defiant dog, and an old woman emerges from a shabby lodge and assures you that you are indeed in an historic place. The red brick building, which looks like a small factory, rises on the ruins of the favorite residence of the dreadful Louis. It is now occupied by a company of night-savengers, whose huge carts are drawn up in a row before it. I know not whether this be what is called the irony of fate; at any rate, the effect of it is to accentuate strongly the fact (and through the most susceptible of our senses) that there is no honor for the authors of great wrongs. The dreadful Louis is reduced simply to an offense to the nostrils. The old woman shows you a few fragments — several dark, damp, much-encumbered vaults, denominated dungeons, and an old tower staircase, in good condition. There are the outlines of the old moat; there is also the outline of the old guard-room, which is now a stable; and there are other vague outlines and confused masses, which I have forgotten. You need all your imagination, and even then you can make out that Plessis was a castle of large extent, though the old woman, as your eye wanders over the neighboring *potagers*, talks a good deal about the gardens and the park. The place looks mean and flat, and as you drive away you scarcely know whether to be glad or sorry that all those bristling horrors have been reduced to the commonplace. A certain flatness of impression awaits you also, I think, at Marmontier, which is the other indispensable excursion in the near neighborhood of Tours. The remains of this famous abbey lie on the other bank of the stream, about a mile and a half from the town. You follow the edge of the big brown river; of a fine afternoon you will be glad to go further still. The abbey has gone the way of most abbeys, but the place is a restoration as well as a ruin, inasmuch as the sisters of the

Sacred Heart have erected a terribly modern convent here. A large gothic doorway, in a high fragment of ancient wall, admits you to a garden-like inclosure, of great extent, from which you are further introduced into an extraordinarily tidy little parlor, where two good nuns sit at work. One of these came out with me, and showed me over the place—a very definite little woman, with pointed features, an intensely distinct enunciation, and those pretty manners which (for whatever other teachings it may be responsible) the Catholic church so often instills into its functionaries. I have never seen a woman who had got her lesson better than this little trotting, murmuring, edifying nun. The interest of Marmoutier to-day is not so much an interest of vision, so to speak, as an interest of reflection—that is, if you choose to reflect (for instance) upon the wondrous legend of the seven sleepers (you may see where they lie in a row), who lived together—they were brothers and cousins—in primitive piety, in the sanctuary constructed by the blessed Saint Martin (emulous of his precursor, Saint Gatianus), in the face of the hillside that overhung the Loire, and who, twenty-five years after his death, yielded up their seven souls at the same moment, and enjoyed the curious privilege of retaining in their faces, in spite of this process, the rosy tints of life. The abbey of Marmoutier, which sprung from the grottoes in the cliff to which Saint Gatianus and Saint Martin retired to pray, was therefore the creation of the latter worthy, as the other great abbey, in the town proper, was the monument of his repose. The cliff is still there, and a winding staircase, in the latest taste, enables you conveniently to explore its recesses. These sacred niches are scooped out of the rock, and will give you an impression if you cannot do without one. You will feel them to be sufficiently venerable when you learn that the particular

pigeon-hole of Saint Gatianus, the first Christian missionary to Gaul, dates from the third century. They have been dealt with as the Catholic church deals with most of such places to-day: polished and furnished up, labeled and ticketed—*edited*, with notes, in short, like an old book. The process is a mistake. The early editions had more sanctity. The modern buildings (of the Sacred Heart), on which you look down from these points of vantage, are in the vulgar taste which seems doomed to stamp itself on all new Catholic work; but there was nevertheless a great sweetness in the scene. The afternoon was lovely, and it was flushing to a close. The large garden stretched beneath us, blooming with fruit and wine and succulent vegetables, and beyond it flowed the shining river. The air was still, the shadows were long, and the place, after all, was full of memories, most of which might pass for virtuous. It certainly was better than Plessis-les-Tours.

IV.

Your business at Tours is to make excursions, and if you make them all you will be very well occupied. Touraine is rich in antiquities, and an hour's drive from the town in almost any direction will bring you to the knowledge of some curious fragment of domestic or ecclesiastical architecture, some turreted manor, some lonely tower, some gabled village or historic site. Even, however, if you do everything—which was not my case—you cannot hope to relate everything, and fortunately for you the excursions divide themselves into the greater and the less. You may achieve most of the greater in a week or two; but a summer in Touraine—which, by the way, must be a charming thing—would contain none too many days for the others. If you come down to Tours from Paris, your best economy is to spend a few days at Blois, where a clumsy but rather attractive little inn,

on the edge of the river, will offer you a certain amount of that familiar and intermittent hospitality which a few weeks spent in the French provinces teaches you to regard as the highest attainable form of accommodation. Such an economy I was unable to practice; I could only go to Blois (from Tours) to spend the day; but this feat I accomplished twice over. It is a very sympathetic little town, as we say nowadays, and one might easily resign one's self to a week there. Seated on the north bank of the Loire, it presents a bright, clean face to the sun, and has that aspect of cheerful leisure which belongs to all white towns that reflect themselves in shining waters. It is the water-front only of Blois, however, that exhibits this lucid complexion; the interior is of a proper brownness, as befits a signally historic city. The only disappointment I had there was the discovery that the castle, which is the special object of one's pilgrimage, does not overhang the river, as I had always allowed myself to understand. It overhangs the town, but it is scarcely visible from the river. That peculiar good fortune is reserved for Amboise and Chaumont. The Château de Blois is one of the most beautiful and elaborate of all the old royal residences of this part of France, and I suppose it should have all the honors of my description. As you cross its threshold you step straight into the brilliant movement of the French Renaissance. But it is too rich to describe — I can only touch it here and there. It must be premised that in speaking of it as one sees it to-day, one speaks of a monument completely restored. The work of restoration has been as skillful as it is profuse; but it rather chills the imagination. This is perhaps almost the first thing you feel as you approach the castle from the streets of the town. These little streets, as they leave the river, have pretensions to romantic steepness; one of them, in-

deed, which resolves itself into a high staircase, with divergent wings — the *escalier monumental* — achieved this result so successfully as to remind me vaguely — I hardly know why — of the great slope of the Capitol, beside the Ara Cœli, at Rome. The view of that part of the castle which figures to-day as the back (it is the only aspect I had seen reproduced) exhibits the marks of restoration in the most vivid way. The long façade, consisting only of balconied windows, deeply recessed, erects itself on the summit of a considerable hill, which gives a fine, plunging movement to its foundations. The deep niches of the windows are all aglow with color; they have been repainted with red and blue, relieved with gold figures, and each of them looks more like the royal box at a theatre than like the aperture of a palace dark with memories. For all this, however, and in spite of the fact that, as in some others of the châteaux of Touraine (always excepting the colossal Chambord which is not in Touraine!), there is less vastness than one had expected, the least hospitable aspect of Blois is abundantly impressive. Here, as elsewhere, lightness and grace are the keynote; and the recesses of the windows, with their happy proportions, their sculpture and their color, are the empty frames of brilliant pictures. They need the figure of a Francis I. to complete them — or of a Diane de Poitiers, or even of a Henry III. The base of this exquisite wing emerges from a bed of light verdure, which has been allowed to mass itself there and which contributes to the springing look of the walls; while on the right it joins the most modern portion of the castle, the building constructed, on foundations of enormous height and solidity, in 1635, by Gaston d'Orléans. This fine frigid mansion — the proper view of it is from the court within — is one of the masterpieces of François Mansard, whom a kind providence

did not allow to make over the whole palace in the superior manner of his superior age. This had been a part of Gaston's plan — he was a blunderer born, and this precious project was worthy of him. This execution of it would surely have been one of the great misdeeds of history. Partially performed, the misdeed is not altogether to be regretted, for as one stands in the court of the castle and lets one's eye wander from the splendid wing of Francis I., which is the last word of free and joyous invention, to the ruled lines and blank spaces of the ponderous erection of Mansard, one makes one's reflections upon the advantage, in even the least personal of the arts, of having something to say, and upon the stupidity of a taste which had ended by becoming an aggregation of negatives. Gaston's wing, taken by itself, has much of the *bel air* which was to belong to the architecture of Louis XIV.; but taken in contrast to its flowering, laughing, living neighbor, it marks the difference between inspiration and calculation. We scarcely grudge it its place, however, for it adds a price to the rest of the château. We have entered the court, by the way, by jumping over the walls. The more orthodox method is to follow a modern terrace, which leads to the left, from the side of the château that I began by speaking of, and passes round, ascending, to a little square on a considerably higher level, which is not, like the very modern square on which the back (as I have called it) looks out, a thoroughfare. This small, empty *place*, oblong in form, at once bright and quiet, with a certain grass-grown look, offers an excellent setting to the entrance-front of the palace, the wing of Louis XII. The restoration here has been lavish; but it was no more than a just reaction against the injuries, still more lavish, by which the unfortunate building had long been overwhelmed. It had fallen into a state of ruinous neglect, relieved only

by the misuse proceeding from successive generations of soldiers, for whom its charming chambers served as barrack-room. Whitewashed, mutilated, dishonored, the castle of Blois may be said to have escaped simply with its life. This is the history of Amboise as well, and is to a certain extent the history of Chambord. Delightful, at any rate was the refreshed façade of Louis XII., as I stood and looked at it one bright September morning. In that soft, clear, merry light of Touraine, everything shows, everything speaks. Charming are the taste, the happy proportions, the color of this beautiful front, to which the new feeling for a purely domestic architecture — an architecture of security and tranquillity, in which art could indulge itself — gave an air of youth and gladness. It is true that for a long time to come the castle of Blois was neither very safe nor very quiet; but its dangers came from within, from the evil passions of its inhabitants, and not from siege or invasion. The front of Louis XII. is of red brick, crossed here and there with purple; and the purple state of the high roof, relieved with chimneys beautifully treated and with the embroidered caps of pinnacles and arches, with the porcupine of Louis, the ermine and the festooned rope which formed the devices of Anne of Brittany — the tone of this rich-looking roof carries out the mild glow of the wall. The wide, fair windows look as if they had expanded to let in the rosy dawn of the Renaissance. Charming, for that matter, are the windows of all the châteaux of Touraine, with their squareness corrected (as it is not in the Tudor architecture) by the curve of the upper corners, which makes this-line look — above the expressive aperture — like a penciled eyebrow. The low door of this front is crowned by a high, deep niche, in which, under a splendid canopy, stiffly astride of a stiffly-draped charger, sits in profile an image of the good King

Louis. Good as he had been, the father of his people as he was called (I believe he remitted several taxes), he was not good enough to pass muster at the Revolution, and the effigy I have just described is no more than a reproduction of the primitive statue, demolished at that period. Pass beneath it, into the court, and the sixteenth century closes round you; it is a pardonable flight of fancy to say that the expressive faces of an age in which human passions lay very near the surface seem to look out at you from the windows, from the balconies, from the thick foliage of the sculpture. The portion of the wing of Louis XII. that looks toward the court is supported on a deep arcade. On your right is the wing erected by Francis I., the reverse of the mass of building which you see on approaching the castle. This exquisite, this extravagant, this transcendent piece of architecture is the most joyous utterance of the French Renaissance. It is covered with an embroidery of sculpture in which every detail is worthy of the hand of a goldsmith. In the middle of it, or rather a little to the left, rises the famous winding staircase which even the ages which most misused it must vaguely have admired. It forms a kind of chiseled cylinder, with wide interstices, so that the stairs are open to the air. Every inch of this structure, of its balconies, its pillars, its great central columns, is wrought over with lovely images, strange and ingenious devices, prime among which is the great heraldic salamander of Francis I. The salamander is everywhere at Blois — over the chimneys, over the doors, on the walls; this whole division of the castle bears the stamp of that eminently pictorial prince. The running cornice along the top of the front is like an unfolded, an elongated, bracelet. The windows of the attic are like shrines for saints. The gargoyles, the medallions, the statuettes, the festoons, are like the

elaboration of some precious cabinet rather than the details of a building exposed to the weather and to the ages. In the interior there is a profusion of restoration, and it is all restoration in color. This has been, evidently, a work of great science and research, but it will easily strike you as overdone. The universal freshness is a discord, a false note; it seems to light up the dusky past with an unnatural glare. Begun in the reign of Louis Philippe, this terrible process — the more terrible always the more you admit that it has been necessary — has been carried so far that there is now scarcely a square inch of the interior that has the color of the past upon it. It is true that the place had been so coated over with modern abuse that something was needed to keep it alive; it is only, perhaps, a pity that the restorers, not content with saving its life, should have undertaken to restore its youth. The love of consistency, in such a business, is a dangerous lure. All the old apartments have been rechristened, as it were; the geography of the castle has been reestablished. The guard-rooms, the bed-rooms, the closets, the oratories, have recovered their identity. Every spot connected with the murder of the Duke of Guise is pointed out by a small, shrill boy who takes you from room to room, and who has learned his lesson in perfection. The place is full of Catherine de' Medici, of Henry III., of memories, of ghosts, of echoes, of possible evocations and revivals. It is covered with crimson and gold; the fireplaces and the ceilings are magnificent; they look like expensive "sets" at the grand opera. I should have mentioned that below, in the court, the front of the wing of Gaston d'Orléans faces you as you enter, so that the place is a course of French history. Inferior in beauty and grace to the other portions of the castle, the wing is yet a nobler monument than the memory of Gaston deserves. The second of the

sons of Henry IV., who was no more fortunate as a father than as a husband, younger brother of Louis XIII., and father of the great Mademoiselle, the most celebrated, most ambitious, most self-complacent and most unsuccessful *fille à marier* in French history, passed in enforced retirement at the castle of Blois the close of a life of clumsy intrigues against Cardinal Richelieu, in which his rashness was only equaled by his pusillanimity and his ill-luck by his inaccessibility to correction, and which, after so many follies and shames, was properly summed up in the project, begun but not completed, of demolishing the beautiful habitation of his exile in order to erect a better one. With Gaston d'Orléans, however, who lived there without dignity, the history of the Château de Blois declines. Its interesting period is that of the wars of religion. It was the chief residence of Henry III., and the scene of the principal events of his weak, violent, immoral reign. It has been restored more than enough, as I have said, by architects and decorators; the visitor, as he moves through its empty rooms, which are at once brilliant and ill-lighted (they have not been refurnished), undertakes a little restoration of his own. His imagination helps itself from the things that remain; he tries to see the life of the sixteenth century in its form and dress — its turbulence, its passions, its loves and hates, its treacheries, falsities, touches of faith, its latitude of personal development, its presentation of the whole nature, its nobleness of costume, charm of speech, splendor of taste, unequaled picturesqueness. The picture is full of movement, of contrasted light and darkness, full altogether of abominations. Mixed up with them all is the great name of religion, so that the drama wants nothing to make it complete. What episode was ever more perfect — looked at as a dramatic occurrence — than the murder of the Duke of Guise? The insolent

prosperity of the victim; the weakness, the vices, the terrors, of the author of the deed; the perfect execution of the plot; the accumulation of horror in what followed it, give it, as a crime, a kind of immortal solidity. But we must not take the Château de Blois too hard; I went there, after all, by way of entertainment. If among these sinister memories, your visit should threaten to prove a tragedy, there is an excellent way of removing the impression. You may treat yourself, at Blois, to a very cheerful afterpiece. There is a charming industry practiced there, and practiced in charming conditions. Follow the bright little quay, down the river, till you get quite out of the town — reach the point where the road beside the Loire becomes sinuous and attractive, turns the corner of diminutive headlands, and makes you wonder what is beyond. Let not your curiosity induce you, however, to pass by a modest white villa which overlooks the stream, inclosed in a fresh little court; for here dwells an artist — an artist in *faience*. There is no sort of sign, and the place looks peculiarly private. But if you ring at the gate, you will not be turned away. You will, on the contrary, be ushered upstairs, into a parlor — there is nothing resembling a shop — encumbered with specimens of remarkably handsome pottery. The work is of the best, a careful reproduction of old forms, colors, devices; and the master of the establishment is one of those completely artistic types that are often found in France. His reception is as friendly as his work is ingenious, and I think it is not too much to say that you like the work the better because he has produced it. His vases, cups and jars, lamps, platters, *plaques*, with their deep, strong hues, their innumerable figures, their family likeness and wide variations, are scattered through his occupied rooms; they serve at once as his stock-in-trade and as household ornament. As we all know, this is an age

of prose, of machinery, of wholesale production, of coarse and hasty processes. But one brings away from the establishment of the very intelligent M. Ulysse the sense of a less eager activity and a greater search for perfection. He has but a few workmen, and he gives them plenty of time. The place makes a little vignette, leaves an impression: the quiet white house, in its garden, on the road by the wide clear river, without the smoke, the bustle, the ugliness, of so much of our modern industry. It ought to gratify Mr. Ruskin.

Henry James.

SOMETHING PASSES.

SOMETHING passes in the air,
That if seen would be most fair;
And if we the ear could train
To a keener joy and pain,
Sweeter warblings would be heard
Than from wild Arabian bird:
Something passes.

Blithest in the spring it stirs,
Wakes with earliest harbingers;
Then it peers from heart's-ease faces,
Clothes itself in wind-flower graces;
Or, begirt with waving sedge,
Pipes upon the river's edge;
Or its whispering way doth take
Through the plumed and scented brake;
Or, within the silent wood,
Whirls one leaf in fitful mood.
Something knits the morning dews
In a web of seven hues;
Something with the May-fly races,
Or the pallid blowball chases
Till it darkens 'gainst the moon,
Full, upon a night of June:
Something passes.

Something climbs, from bush or croft,
On a gossamer stretched aloft;
Sails, with glistening spars and shrouds,
Till it meets the sailing clouds;
Else it with the swallow flies,
Glimpsed at dusk in southern skies;
Glides before the even-star,
Steals its light, and beckons far.
Something sighs within the sigh
Of the wind, that, whirling by,

Strews the roof and flooded eaves
 With the autumn's dead-ripe leaves.
 Something — still unknown to me —
 Carols in the winter tree,
 Or doth breathe a melting strain
 Close beneath the frosted pane:
 Something passes.

Painters, fix its fleeting lines;
 Show us by what light it shines!
 Poets, whom its pinions fan,
 Seize upon it, if ye can!
 All in vain, for, like the air,
 It goes through the finest snare:
 Something passes.

Edith M. Thomas.

TOMPKINS.

HE was a small, wiry man, about forty years of age, with a bright young face, dark eyes, and iron-gray hair. We were reclining in a field, under a clump of pines, on a height overlooking Lake Champlain. Near by were the dull-red brick buildings of the University of Vermont. Burlington, blooming with flowers and embowered in trees, sloped away below us. Beyond the town, the lake, a broad plain of liquid blue, slept in the June sunshine, and in the farther distance towered the picturesque Adirondacks.

"It is certainly true," said Tompkins, turning upon his side so as to face me, and propping his head with his hand, while his elbow rested on the ground. "Don't you remember, I used to insist that they were peculiar, when we were here in college?"

I remembered it very distinctly, and so informed my old classmate.

"I always said," he continued, "that I could not do my best in New England, because there is no sentiment in the atmosphere, and the people are so peculiar."

"You have been living in Chicago?" I remarked inquiringly.

"That has been my residence ever since we were graduated; that is, for about seventeen years," he replied.

"You are in business there, I believe?" I questioned.

Tompkins admitted that he was, but did not name the particular line.

"Halloo!" he suddenly called out, rising to his feet, and looking toward the little brown road near us. I looked in the same direction, and saw a plainly dressed elderly couple on foot, apparently out for a walk. Tompkins went hastily toward them, helped the lady over the fence, the gentleman following, and a moment later I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Pember, of Chicago.

Tompkins gathered some large stones, pulled a board off the fence in rather a reckless manner, and fixed a seat for the couple where they could lean against a tree. When they were provided for, I reclined again, but Tompkins stood before us, talking and gesticulating.

"This," said he, "is the identical place, Mrs. Pember. Here you can see

the beauties I have so often described. Before you are the town and the lake, and beyond them the mountains of Northern New York; and (if you will please to turn your head) that great blue wall behind you, twenty miles away, is composed of the highest mountains in Vermont. The mountains in front of you are the Adirondacks, and those behind you are the Green Mountains. You are at the central point of this magnificent Champlain Valley; and you are comfortably seated here beneath the shade, on this the loveliest day of summer. Dear friends, I congratulate you," and Tompkins shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Pember.

"And there, Timothy," observed the old gentleman, pointing at the University buildings with his cane, "is actually where you went to college."

"It was in those memorable and classic halls, as my classmate here can testify," replied Tompkins. "And here we roamed in 'Academus' sacred shade,' and a good deal beyond it. We went fishing and boating during term time, and made long trips to the mountains in the vacations. In the mean time, this wonderful valley was photographed upon the white and spotless sensorium of my youthful soul."

"Going, going, going!" cried Mrs. Pember, with a light, rippling laugh, glancing at me. "That is the way I stop Mr. Tompkins when he gets too flowery."

Tompkins looked at me and reddened. "I own up," he remarked, "I am an auctioneer in Chicago."

I hastened to say that I felt sure he was a good one, and added, in the kindest way I could, that I had just been wondering how he had become such a good talker.

"Is it a good deal of a come-down?" asked Tompkins, with a mixture of frankness and embarrassment.

I replied that the world was not what we had imagined in our college days,

and that the calling of an auctioneer was honorable.

A general conversation followed, in the course of which it appeared that Tompkins had boarded at the home of the Pembers for several years. They evidently looked upon him almost as their own son. They were traveling with him during his summer rest.

"This is a queer world," observed Tompkins, dropping down beside me, and lying flat on his back, with his hands under his head. "I came to college from a back neighborhood over in York State, and up to the day I was graduated, and for a long time afterward, I thought I must be President of the United States, or a Presbyterian minister, or a great poet, or something remarkable, and here I am an auctioneer."

Occasional remarks were made by the rest of us for a while, but soon the talking was mainly done by Tompkins.

Said he, "Since I was graduated, I never was back here but once before, and that was four years ago next August. I was traveling this way then, and reached here Saturday evening. I was in the pork business at that time, as a clerk, and had to stop off here to see a man for the firm. I put up at the best hotel, feeling as comfortable and indifferent as I ever did in my life. There was not the shadow of an idea in my mind of what was going to happen. On Sunday morning I walked about town, and it began to come down on me."

"What, the town?" asked Mrs. Pember.

"No; the strangest and most unaccountable feeling I ever had in my life," answered Tompkins. "It was thirteen years since I had said good-by to college. It had long ago become apparent to me that the ideas with which I had graduated were visionary and impracticable. I comprehended that the college professors were not the great men I had once thought them, and that a college president was merely a human being. I

had been hardened by fighting my way, as a friendless young man has to do in a great city. As the confidential clerk of a large pork house in Chicago, I felt equal to 'the next man,' whoever he might be. If a professor had met me as I got off the cars here Saturday night, it would have been easy for me to snub him. But Sunday morning, as familiar objects began to appear in the course of my walk, the strange feeling of which I have spoken came over me. It was the feeling of old times. The white clouds, the blue lake, this wonderful scenery, thrilled me, and called back the college dreams."

As he spoke, my old classmate's voice trembled.

"You may remember that I used to like Horace and Virgil and Homer," he remarked, sitting up, crossing his feet tailor-fashion, and looking appealingly at me.

I replied, enthusiastically and truly, that he had been one of our best lovers of the poets.

"Well," continued Tompkins, "that Sunday morning those things began to come back to me. It wasn't exactly delightful. My old ambition to do something great in the world awoke as if from a long sleep. As I prolonged my walk the old associations grew stronger. When I came near the college buildings it seemed as if I still belonged here. The hopes of an ideal career were before me as bright as ever. The grand things I was going to do, the volumes of poems and other writings by Tompkins, and his marvelous successes were as clear as day. In short, the whole thing was conjured up as if it were a picture, just as it used to be when I was a student in college, and it was too much for me."

Tompkins seemed to be getting a little hoarse, and his frank face was very serious.

"Timothy," suggested Mr. Pember, "may be you could tell us what that big rock is, out in the lake."

"Why, father, don't you remember? That is rock Dunder," said Mrs. Pember.

"I guess it is," said the old gentleman, musingly.

"Well," resumed Tompkins, "as I was saying, on one side were Homer and Virgil and Horace and Tompkins, and on the other was pork. I cannot explain it, but somehow there it was. The two pictures, thirteen years apart, were brought so close together that they touched. It was something I do not pretend to understand. Managing to get by the college buildings, I came up to this spot where we are now. You will infer that my eyes watered badly, and to tell the truth they did. Of course it is all very well," explained Tompkins, uncrossing his legs, turning upon his side, and propping his head on his hand again, — "of course it is all very well to rake down the college, and say *Alma Mater* does n't amount to anything. The boys all do it, and they believe what they say for the first five or six years after they leave here. But we may as well understand that if we know how to slight the old lady, and don't go to see her for a dozen years, she knows how to punish. She had me across her knee, that Sunday morning, in a way that I would have thought impossible. After an hour I controlled myself, and went back to the hotel. I brushed my clothes, and started for church, with a lump in my throat all the while. My trim business suit did n't seem so neat and nobby as usual. The two pictures, the one of the poets and the other of pork, were in my mind. I shied along the sidewalk in a nervous condition, and reaching the church without being recognized managed to get a seat near the door. Could I believe my senses? I knew that I was changed, probably past all recognition, but around me I saw the faces of my Burlington friends exactly as they had been thirteen years before. I did not understand then,

as I do now, that a young man in business in Chicago will become gray-headed in ten years, though he might have lived a quiet life in Vermont for quarter of a century, without changing a hair."

"It is the same with horses," suggested Mr. Pember. "Six years on a horse-car in New York about uses up an average horse, though he would have been good for fifteen years on a farm."

"Exactly," said Tompkins. "You can imagine how I felt that Sunday, with my hair half whitewashed."

"You know I always said you might have begun coloring your hair, Timothy," said Mrs. Pember kindly.

"Yes," replied Tompkins, with an uneasy glance at me; "but I did n't do it. There was one thing in the church there, that morning, that I shall never have a better chance to tell of, and I am going to tell it now, while you are here."

This last sentence was addressed to me, and my old classmate uttered the words with a gentleness and frankness that brought back my best recollections of him in our college days, when he was "little Tompkins," the warmest-hearted fellow in our class.

"Do you remember Lucy Cary?" he asked.

I replied that I did, very well indeed; and the picture of a youthful face, of Madonna-like beauty, came out with strange distinctness from the memories of the past, as I said it.

"Well, I saw Lucy there," continued Tompkins, "singing in the choir in church, looking just as she did in the long-ago days when we used to serenade her. I am willing to tell you about it."

Tompkins said this in such a confident manner that I instinctively moved toward him and took hold of his hand.

"All right, classmate," he said, sitting up, and looking me in the eyes in a peculiarly winning way that had won us all when he was in college.

"Why, boys!" exclaimed Mrs. Pember, with her light laugh.

Tompkins found a large stone, put it against a tree, and sat down on it, while I reclined at his feet. He said, —

"You have asked me, Mrs. Pember, very often, about the people up here, and now I will tell you about some of them. Do you notice that mountain away beyond the lake, in behind the others, so that you can see only the top, which is shaped like a pyramid? That is old Whiteface, and it is more than forty miles from here. It used to be understood that there was nothing whatever over there except woods and rocks and bears and John Brown. But the truth is, right at the foot of the mountain, in the valley on this side, there is a little village called Wilmington, and it is the centre of the world. Lucy Cary and I were born there. It was not much of a village then, and it is about the same now. There was no church, and no store, and no hotel, in my time; there were only half a dozen dwelling-houses, and a blacksmith shop, and a man who made shoes. Lucy lived in the house next to ours. Her father was the man who made shoes. Lucy and I picked berries and rambled about with Rover, the dog, from the time we were little. Of course you will naturally think there is something romantic coming, but there is not. We were just a couple of children playing together; and we studied together as we grew older. They made a great deal of studying and schooling over there. They had almost as much respect for learning then in Wilmington as they have now among the White Mountains, where they will not allow any waiters at the hotels who cannot talk Greek.

"It was quite an affair when Lucy and I left Wilmington and came to Burlington. The departure of two inhabitants was a loss to the town. It was not equal to the Chicago fire, but it was an important event. I went to college,

and Lucy came over the lake to work in a woolen factory. *There* is where she worked," pointing to the beautiful little village of Winooski, a mile away behind us, in the green valley of Onion River.

"And she had to work there for a living, while you went to college?" asked Mrs. Pember.

"That was it," said Tompkins. "We used to serenade her sometimes, with the rest; but she seemed to think it was not exactly the right thing for a poor factory girl, and so we gave it up. I used to see her occasionally, but somehow there grew up a distance between us."

"How was that?" inquired Mrs. Pember.

"Well, to tell the truth," answered Tompkins, "I think my college ideas had too much to do with it. I did not see it at the time, but it has come over me lately. When a young chap gets his head full of new ideas, he is very likely to forget the old ones."

"You did not mean to do wrong, I am sure," said Mrs. Pember.

"The excuse I have," continued Tompkins, "is that I had to work and scrimp and suffer so myself, to get along and pay my way, that I hardly thought of anything except my studies and how to meet my expenses. Then there was that dream of doing some great thing in the world. I taught the district school in Wilmington three months during my Sophomore year to get money to go on with, and I think that helped to make me ambitious. It was the sincere conviction of the neighborhood over there that I would be president of the college or of the United States. I do not think they would have conceded that there was much difference in the two positions. I felt that I would be disgraced if I did not meet their expectations. By one of those coincidences which seemed to follow our fortunes, Lucy made a long visit home when I was teaching in Wilmington. She was one of my pu-

pils. She was a quiet little lady, and hardly spoke a loud word, that I remember, all winter."

"Did you try to talk to her, Timothy?" asked Mrs. Pember.

"I do not claim that I did," answered Tompkins. "I was studying hard to keep up with my class, and that was the reason. But I wish I had paid more attention to Lucy Cary that winter. I would not have you think there was anything particular between Lucy and me. It was not that."

"We will think just what we please," interrupted Mrs. Pember, in a serious tone.

"Well," continued the narrator, "it would be absurd to suppose there was any such thing."

There was a long pause. "You had better tell the rest of the story, Timothy," said the old gentleman, persuasively.

"Yes, I will," responded Tompkins. "After I came back to college I got along better than before I had taught. The money I received for teaching helped me, and another thing aided me. The folks in Wilmington found out how a poor young man works to get through college. Some of us used to live on a dollar a week apiece, and board ourselves in our rooms, down there in the buildings; and we were doing the hardest kind of studying at the same time. We would often club together, one doing the cooking for five or six. The cook would get off without paying. It was one of the most delightful things in the world to see a tall young man in a calico dressing-gown come out on the green, where we would be playing football, and make the motions of beating an imaginary gong for dinner. In order to appreciate it, you need to work hard and play hard and live on the slimmest kind of New England fare. But there is one thing even better than that. To experience the most exquisite delight ever known by a Burlington stu-

dent, you ought to have an uncle Jason. While I was teaching in Wilmington, my uncle Jason, from North Elba, which was close by, came there. When he found out what an important man I was, and how I was fighting my way, he sympathized wonderfully. He was not on good terms at our house, but he called at my school, and almost cried over me. He was not a man of much learning, but he looked upon those who were educated as a superior order of beings. I was regarded in the neighborhood as a sort of martyr to science, a genius who was working himself to death. I was the only public man ever produced by the settlement up to that date. It was part of the religion of the place to look upon me as something unusual, and uncle Jason shared the general feeling. I could see, as he sat there in the school-house observing the school, that he was very proud of me. Before leaving, he called me into the entry and gave me a two-dollar bill. It was generous, for he was a poor man, and had his wife and children to support. It brought the tears to my eyes when he handed me the money, and told me I was the flower of the family and the pride of the settlement. I felt as if I would rather die than fail of fulfilling the expectations of my friends. There was great delight in it, and it was an inexpressible joy to know that my relatives and the neighbors cared so much for me.

"To comprehend this thing fully, Mrs. Pember, you ought to be in college, and when you are getting hard up, and see no way but to leave, get letters, as I did from uncle Jason, with five or six dollars at a time in them. Such a trifle would carry you through to the end of the term, and save your standing in the class. If you were a Burlington college boy, while you might be willing to depart this life in an honorable manner, you would not be willing to lose your mark and standing as a student.

You would regard the consequences of such a disaster as very damaging to your character, and certain to remain with you forever.

"I may as well say, while it's on my mind, that I *do* think this matter of education is a little overdone in this part of the country. A young man is not the centre of the universe merely because he is a college student, or a graduate, and it is not worth while to scare him with any such idea. The only way he can meet the expectation of his friends, under such circumstances, is to get run over accidentally by the cars. That completes his martyrdom, and affords his folks an opportunity to boast of what he would have been if he had lived."

"Tell us more about Lucy," said Mrs. Pember.

"Yes, certainly," replied Tompkins. "Lucy had a wonderful idea of poetry and writing. It is really alarming to a stranger to see the feeling there is up here in that way. The impression prevails generally that a writer is superior to all other people on earth. I remember to have heard that one of our class, a year after we were graduated, started a newspaper back here about ten miles, on the bank of the Onion River. He might just as well have started it under a sage bush out on the alkali plains. He gave it some queer Greek name, and I heard that the publication was first semi-weekly, then weekly, and then very weakly indeed, until it came to a full stop at the end of six months. It would have been ridiculous anywhere else; but being an attempt at literature, I suppose it was looked upon here as respectable."

"And did you use to write poetry?" queried Mrs. Pember.

"Not to any dangerous extent," replied Tompkins. "I do not deny that I tried while in college, but I reformed when I went West. I think uncle Jason always had an idea that it might

be better for me to be Daniel Webster. He stood by me after I left college, and for three years I continued to get those letters, with five or six dollars at a time in them. They kept me from actual suffering sometimes, before I got down off my stilts, and went to work, like an honest man, in the pork business."

"I thought you were going to tell us something about that girl," suggested Mrs. Pember.

"Yes, I was," rejoined Tompkins. "When I saw Lucy here, four years ago, in the gallery with the singers, I felt as if it would be impossible for me to face her and talk with her. She would not have known me, for one thing. When I was a brown-haired boy, making poetry, and being a martyr, and doing serenading, and living on codfish and crackers and soup, I could meet Lucy with a grand air that made her shudder; but as I sat there in church, gray and worn, I dreaded to catch her eye, or have her see me. Although there was not three years' difference in our ages, yet it seemed to me that I was very old, while she was still blooming. Then there was the feeling that I had not become a great poet, or orator, or anything really worth while. On the contrary, I was just nobody. It seemed like attending my own funeral. I felt disgraced. Of course it was not all true. I had been a good, square, honest, hard-working man."

"Yes, you had indeed, Timothy," assented Mrs. Pember, with an emphatic nod.

"Yes indeed, I had," repeated Tompkins, his chin quivering. "It was not the thing for a fair-minded man to think so poorly of himself; but I was alone, and the old associations and the solemn services were very impressive. There was Lucy in the choir; she always could sing like a nightingale. When I heard her voice again, it overcame me. I did not hear much of the sermon. I think it was something about temptation

and the suggestions of the evil one; but I am not sure, for I had my head down on the back of the pew in front of me most of the time. I had to fight desperately to control my feelings. One minute I would think that as soon as the services closed I would rush around and shake hands with my old acquaintances, and the next minute would be doing my best to swallow the lump in my throat. It was as tough a sixty minutes as I ever passed. But finally the services were ended. I felt that it was plainly my duty to stop in the porch and claim the recognition of my friends. I did pause, and try for a few seconds to collect myself; but the lump grew bigger and choked me, while the tears *would* flow. Besides that, as the adversary just then, in the meanest possible manner, suggested to my soul, there was that pork. I knew I would have to tell of it if I stopped. But I did not stop; I retreated. When I reached my room in the hotel I felt a longing to get out of town. Fortunately, I could not leave on Sunday. So in the afternoon I sat with the landlord on his broad front platform, or piazza. It was not the person who keeps the place now, but one of the oldest inhabitants, who knew all about the Burlington people. He guessed that I was a college boy; he thought he remembered something about my appearance. I did not mind talking freely with a landlord, for hotels and boarding-houses had been my home in Chicago. I had always been a single man, just as I am to this day. This landlord was a good-hearted old chap, and it was pleasant to talk with him. While we were sitting there, who should come along the street but Lucy, with a book in her hand. She was on the opposite sidewalk, and did not look up. She would not look at a hotel on Sunday. I asked the landlord about her, and he told me all there was to tell. She was living in one end of a little wooden cottage over toward Winooski,

another factory woman occupying the other part of the house. They made a home together. The landlord said Lucy was an excellent woman, and might have married one of the overseers in the factory any time she chose for years back, but that she preferred a single life.

"When I got back to Chicago I kept thinking about Lucy Cary. The old times when we used to live in Wilmington came back to my mind. The truth of it was, I was getting along a little, at last, in Chicago in the way of property, and I found myself all the while planning how I could have Lucy Cary near me."

"Did you want to marry her, Timothy?" inquired Mrs. Pember.

"It was not that," he replied; "but I wanted to become acquainted with her again. I knew she was the best girl I had ever seen. She always was just as good and pious as anybody could be. We were like brother and sister, almost, when young; and when I thought of home and my folks and old Wilmington and the college days, somehow Lucy was the centre of it all. In fact, almost everything else was gone. My folks were scattered, and Lucy and uncle Jason were nearly the only persons up this way that I could lay claim to. There is a kind of lonesome streak comes over a man when he has been grinding away in a great city for a good many years, and comes back to the old places, and sees them so fresh and green and quiet, and he can't get over it. He will cling to anything that belongs to old times. I was strongly influenced to write to Lucy, but finally I did not. I determined that I would get all I could for two or three years, and then I would come here and face things. I would get something comfortable, and would have a place I could call my own in Chicago. Then, when I had it fixed, I would come and see uncle Jason and Lucy, and stand the racket. Of course

it was nonsense to feel shy, but it seemed to me that I could not say a word until I had something to brag of. They knew, in a general kind of way, that I was in Chicago, dealing in pork, or doing auctioneering or something, and that was as much humiliation as I could endure. To be sure, it was nothing to be ashamed of, for I had been an honest, faithful man; but to come back to my friends empty-handed, without money or fame, and gray-headed at that, was more than I could stand. If I had *had* anything, or *been* anything, just to take the edge off, I could have managed it. As it was, I looked ahead and worked. If any man in Chicago has tried and planned and toiled during the last three years, I am that man. There has been a picture before my mind of a pleasant home there."

"And have you calculated to marry Lucy Cary?" inquired Mrs. Pember, in an eager voice.

"Perhaps it was not just in that way I thought of it," replied the narrator, very seriously. "You know I told you that the landlord said she preferred a single life."

"Timothy Tompkins," exclaimed the old lady apprehensively, "don't deny it, — don't! Think how dreadfully you will feel if you know you have told a lie!"

"It is nothing to be ashamed of, Timothy," said Mr. Pember, in a kind and sympathetic voice.

"If you put it in that way," answered my old classmate, in strangely mournful tones, "all I can say is, there was never anything between us, — nothing at all."

"And did you come here this time to see her?" inquired Mrs. Pember, almost starting from her seat, and with the thrill of a sudden guess in her voice.

"I suppose it was as much that as anything," replied Tompkins doggedly, looking down, and poking with a short stick in the ground at his feet.

"And that is what has made you act so queer," mused Mrs. Pember. "Have you seen her?"

"Let *him* tell the story, Caroline," urged the old gentleman peevishly.

Tompkins looked gloomily out upon the lake and the broad landscape for a few moments; and then, resuming his narrative, said,—

"As I was saying, I have worked hard, and have got a nice little pile. I am worth thirty-five thousand dollars. When I made up my mind to come East this summer, the money to pay uncle Jason for what he had done was all ready. It made me choke to think how long I had let it run. I figured it up as near as I could,—the two hundred that came to me in college, and the two hundred after that; and I put in the simple interest at seven per cent., according to the York State law, which brought the sum total up to nearly nine hundred; and to fix it all right I made it an even thousand dollars. Then I bought a new buckskin bag, and went to a bank in Chicago and got the money all in gold. I knew that would please uncle Jason. He once talked of going to California to dig. I suppose he had never seen a pile of the real yellow coin in his life. I wrote to him that I was to be in Burlington, and that I would be ever so glad if he would come over and see me. I met him yesterday afternoon, as he got off the boat, down at the steamboat landing. He knew me, and I knew him, although we were both changed a good deal. After we had talked a little, and got used to each other, I took him up to my room in the hotel. I was in a hurry to get at the business part of my visit with him first; for it seemed to me that it would be better to let him see, to begin with, that I was not exactly poor, nor such an ungrateful cub as may be he had thought I was. It was my resolve that before we talked of anything else I would get that money off my conscience. I knew

that then I could hold up my head, and discuss our neighborhood and old times, and it would be plain sailing for me. I had pictured to my mind a dozen times how uncle Jason would look with that new yellow buckskin bag crammed with gold on his knee, steadying it with his hand and talking to me. So when I got him up to my room, and seated him in a chair, I began the performance. I got red in the face, and spluttered, and flourished round with the bag and the gold; and to tell the truth, I fully expected to make the old man's hair rise right up. But it did not work. He got shaky and trembled, and somehow did not seem to want the money at all, and finally owned how it was. He said that he had never given me a cent; it was all Lucy Cary's doing. And she had made him promise, on his everlasting Bible oath, as he called it, that he would not tell. She had put him up to the whole thing; even that first two-dollar bill had come from her wages."

My old classmate ceased speaking. He was becoming flushed and excited. He gazed abstractedly at the broad blue mirror of old Champlain, upon which he and I had looked together so often in the days of our youth.

Mr. Pember sat silently. Mrs. Pember was whimpering behind her handkerchief.

I ventured the inquiry, "Have you seen Lucy yet?"

Tompkins' face quivered; he was silent.

Mrs. Pember's interest in the question restored her. "Tell us, have you seen her?" she asked.

"I heard of it yesterday," Tompkins replied huskily, with an effort.

"Why, Timothy, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Pember, rising from her seat and coming to him, as he bent his head and buried his face in his hands. The motherly woman took off his soft hat, and stroking his hair said, "You had better tell; it will do you good." And then

she put his hat on again, and stood wiping her eyes in sympathy, while he struggled with himself.

The storm of feeling passed away, and Tompkins, having gained control of his emotions, slowly lifted his face from his hands, and sat peering out under his hat brim, looking apparently at a boat upon the lake. At last he said in a calm voice, "She is dead."

It was very still after this announcement. The softest breath of June scarcely whispered in the pines overhead, and the vast landscape below seemed strangely at rest in the fervid brightness of the summer noon.

My old classmate was the first to break the silence.

"Well," said he wearily, "it must be about time for dinner; let us go to the hotel."

We took the little brown road, and walked down a long, shaded, quiet street. Memories of college days and romantic summer nights, with music and starlight, and the long, long thoughts of youth came back to me, as I looked at the houses and gardens familiar in college days, and chatted about them with Mrs. Pember.

"Timothy always means well," said she to me confidentially, reverting to the subject of which we were all thinking, "but it was very wrong for him to neglect that poor factory girl; don't you think so?"

P. Deming.

SERVICE.

FRET not that thy day is gone,
And the task is still undone.
'T was not thine, it seems, at all:
Near to thee it chanced to fall,
Close enough to stir thy brain,
And to vex thy heart in vain.
Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,
Yesterday a babe was born:
He shall do thy waiting task;
All thy questions he shall ask,
And the answers will be given,
Whispered lightly out of heaven.
His shall be no stumbling feet,
Falling where they should be fleet;
He shall hold no broken clue;
Friends shall unto him be true;
Men shall love him; falsehood's aim
Shall not shatter his good name.
Day shall nerve his arm with light,
Slumber soothe him all the night;
Summer's peace and winter's storm
Help him all his will perform.
'T is enough of joy for thee
His high service to foresee.

E. R. Sill.

OXFORD IN WINTER.

"Merie singen the Munechen binnen Ely
Tha Cnut Ching ren thereby;
Roweth Cnichtet nær the land
And hear we thes Munchen sang."

As one by one the noble army of our compatriots, perpetually roaming this continent in search of pleasure, health, or æsthetic advancement, became acquainted with our fixed determination to spend the winter in England, and in Oxford, the announcement was received with every possible shade of anxious pity and mild dismay. What? With all Italy and the Riviera wreathed in perpetual sunshine; with Egypt once more ready to receive callers, and even Athens easily accessible,—what sort of a suicidal whim was this? Now the consciousness that the motives which impelled us were almost purely sentimental caused us to hang our heads a little, even in the presence of our countryfolk, who do really, as the world will one day come to know, understand romantic purposes and unprofitable pursuits better than any other people in the world. It was not until we were called upon to answer for our eccentricity by the Briton at home, and to explain our motives under the stress of his coldly questioning eye, that the blank absurdity of our position was brought home to us, and we were thoroughly and distressingly cowed.

"You know, of course, that Oxford, apart from the colleges, is merely the dullest of small country towns. All that is really beautiful and notable in the way of architecture you may see in a day, and sleep comfortably in London at night."

"You understand that the country about Oxford is totally devoid of interest. It is quite the tamest landscape that we have."

"You must not imagine that you are

going to find locomotion easy there. The roads are far too heavy for driving at this season, and the foot-ways are simply under water!"

"Ah, but, dear," put in at this point a deprecatory and compassionate voice, "you know we did use to have nice walks sometimes, *along the curbstones!*"

"You must be prepared for the fact, however, that recent innovations have quite altered the character of society in Oxford. And really, now that the X's are gone, and the Y's and the Z's, there is hardly anybody there one would care to know."

"The house you have selected is probably the fustiest hole in all England. And have you good introductions? If so, you might possibly be entertained at Oxford at another season of the year; but not otherwise, and not now. Make no mistake."

"But what you really ought thoroughly to appreciate is that Oxford is the unhealthiest spot in the three kingdoms. It reeks rheumatism, sweats typhoid, and sows consumption broadcast."

"How can this be," we cry, in our desperation, "when the flower of England has flourished there so amazingly for a thousand years?"

"*Oh!*" is the slightly irrelevant but no less withering response (and the attempt to indicate by any arrangement of vowels the complex pronunciation of this monosyllable would be vain to those who know it not, and superfluous to those who do),—"*Oh!* So you still credit the thousand-year myth! I fancied that modern research had quite established the fact that King Alfred never founded so much as a Sunday-school class in Oxford. The most venerable of the colleges cannot count more than six hundred years. Really, you know, if it's antiquity you want,

and that sort of thing, would n't you have done better to stay in Rome, you know?"

To this day I am unable to explain why we should have held on our forlorn way against so tremendous a moral pressure. Was it obstinacy? Was it fatalism? I am quite sure that it was not until long after the fact that we perceived how mutually subversive were several of these obstructionist arguments. If the landscape was so uninteresting, might it not as well be under water? If society in Oxford had lost its charm, what did we want with introductions?

We drew near the goal of our dishonored dreams in the early twilight of a gray January day, and the watery prospect reminded us irresistibly of that through which the royal Cnut must have been voyaging, when he was arrested and charmed by the lusty choruses of the monks of Ely. We too had been alert for sacred voices from the shore, and not wholly unmindful of the far-off echo of monastery bells. And indeed, for some short time after we had landed and begun to look about us, there was little to disturb the antique severity of our illusions. Looking back upon those dim, soft, silent days, out of the social brightness and animating stir of the later time, we find that they had an extraordinary charm of their own, — a charm that we would fix, if possible, before it fades from memory, and if possible, also, convey.

The undergraduate world was all away, as yet, working off the effects of its Christmas puddings, and "somewhere out of human view" the doctor and the don were resting from their academic labors; so that we roamed unchallenged and unstayed through cloister, quadrangle, and sleeping garden, and explored many a devious and delightful walk, raised high amid the misty floods, and embowered in feathery brown trees, whose fair anatomy was doubled

in the waveless water upon either hand, and richly bordered with hardy and deep-tinted winter shrubbery. Linnets discoursed hopefully amid the beauteous interlacings of the arching boughs; blue periwinkle blossoms peeped between their perennial leaves; "sweet fields beyond those swelling floods stood dressed in living green;" even at that season, tower and gable, gray arch and timbered house-front, all wore their warm, rich mantles of unfading ivy, and along many a stained and crumbling wall the blossoming sprays of the winter jasmine streamed perpetual sunshine.

One is always generalizing one's recollections. It is Magdalen, I perceive, which is really in my mind when I use these words, and the stately tower of Magdalen was in fact the magnet which first attracted our wayward steps through the fine first quadrangle and the cloister, and along the broad terrace of the second, — gazing wistfully between the iron palings into the slumberous antiquities, both animal and vegetable, of the deer-park; then, retracing our steps, we descended to the river-side, and proceeded to describe the charmed circle of Addison's walk. It is strange that, of all the poets who belong to Oxford, the only one who has impressed his individuality sufficiently to give a lasting name to a locality should have been the most staid, self-conscious, didactic, and in truth prosaic of the tuneful choir. The lighter and more fiery singers appear to have sprung aloft and vanished in the ether, like the lark above the Oxfordshire meadows, thence to shower over the forest of domes and spires the music of a "sightless song." But the memory of Addison at Magdalen sufficed to set us listening for those melodious voices, and led us to search, first of all, along the dreamy Oxonian ways, for the trail of the poets, rather than for the more conspicuous vestiges of prelates and of kings.

It has often been said, and the opin-

ion seems somewhat widely to prevail, that as between the two great English universities Cambridge bears off the palm in the matter of poets. The truth is that the honors of song, like the honors of the river, have been pretty fairly divided between the two, and have alternated, or oscillated, with some degree of regularity; remaining continuously for a certain season with the one, and then passing over to the other.

Going back to the time when English poetry first began to assume the shapes that we know and love, we find that the author of the *Vision of Piers Plowman* was of Oxford, and Skelton, with his laughter-bubbling song to Merrie Margaret. Wyatt and Surrey were of Cambridge, and Spenser; but Sidney, Raleigh, and the majority of the great Elizabethan lyrists, as well as the splendid Cavalier singers of the succeeding reigns, with their sanity in love, their fervor in faith, and their gallantry in death, down to Lovelace, who closed the list, were Oxonians. Milton was of Cambridge, and Dryden, as well as Crashaw, Herbert, and the seventeenth-century mystics generally. Addison was of Oxford, and Collins and Shenstone and Young and Johnson. The Lake Poets were about equally divided between the two schools, and among the later nineteenth-century singers, if Cambridge can boast the greatest names of all, Byron and Tennyson, Oxford can reply with Shelley and Landor, Keble and Newman, Arnold, Clough, and Swinburne.

This, of course, is not an exhaustive list. We classify the names roughly as they occur to us, and then, still hanging about the bosky purlieus of Magdalen, we begin searching the memory for echoes from those poets who have belonged precisely to the superb foundation, just past its four hundredth birthday, of William of Waynflete. John Lyly, the euphuist, was here, and George Wither, the manly author of

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?"

Wither himself speaks with peculiar fondness of his "happy years at Oxford." His best poems were written in youth, and published under the title of *Juvenilia*; but there is one among the very latest having all the bright healthfulness of tone which marks the earlier pieces, and in which, with the memory, he seems almost to recover the melody of his morning hour:—

"So shall my rest be safe and sweet
When I am lodged in my grave;
And when my soul and body meet
A joyful meeting they shall have,
Their essence then shall be divine,
This muddy flesh shall star-like shine,
And God shall that fresh youth restore
Which will abide forevermore."

Sir Henry Wotton was also of Magdalen,—he who contributed so truly to the moral support of all subsequent generations by his noble hymn,

"How happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will!"

He too composed (one feels that *composed* is the right word), in equally calm and polished verse, one of the last of the strictly chivalrous lyrics: the address, namely, to his formally selected and of course quite unattainable mistress, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia:—

"You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
'As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?"

How the rose looked when fully blown one may see in the Bodleian Library, where her majesty's pictured face hangs among those of scholars and sages: very handsome, certainly, faultlessly so in a rather hard style, but not at all *simpatica*. One perceives that she took Wotton's worship quite as a matter of course, and does not wonder that he had all his wits about him when he sang her praise.

It seems a long way from Wotton to Collins, who was likewise a Magdalen

scholar; it is, in fact, as far as from the late mediæval to the early modern world. "How sleep the brave who sink to rest" is like a lyric of our own time; and in the beautiful Ode to Evening, of which Swinburne says, in his graphic way, that "Corot might have signed it upon canvas," one finds the very feeling of the Oxfordshire landscape:—

"For when thy folding-star, arising, shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp,
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,
And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car;
Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam."

The laws of association know nothing of the laws of precedence. They say of Magdalen, nowadays, that it aspires to be what Christ Church is; and they say nothing whatever of St. John's, which nevertheless comes next to Magdalen, if it does not surpass it, in visionary charm. A vision, or a dream, was also the first cause of its being. Early in the sixteenth century, one Sir Thomas White was admonished in the night-watches that he should build a college "for the education of youth in piety and learning" where he should find an elm with three trunks issuing from the same root. He finally discovered such an one in the court of the decayed college of St. Bernard, whose site is occupied by the present St. John's. Anthony à Wood, the antiquarian *par excellence* of Oxford, says that the original triple tree was living in 1677, a hundred and thirty years later, and they speak, but not with confidence, of a descendant of the same as still flourishing somewhere among the bowers of the exquisite gardens. The garden front of the present college, with its rich gables and oriels, its pictured windows and queer gargoyles, melting into unmeaning projections as the gray

stone crumbles, was built by Archbishop Laud, who was a great benefactor of St. John's, and for a number of years president of the college. Bishop Juxon was also president here, — he whom the king upon the scaffold bade "*Remember*;" and they show in the Welsh College of Jesus, hard by, a watch which was once the property of Charles I., and which is claimed by some as the very one which the king gave to his faithful prelate, along with that mysterious last mandate. Charles and Henrietta Maria were feasted by Laud in the hall to which the right-hand oriel belongs. Do they ever revisit the spacious window recess, where they may have loitered in the passive after-dinner hour, those two, Charles and Laud? And if so, with what reflections, now that the doom which was prepared for each has been so long accomplished? St. John's was always intensely loyal, and orthodox to the very verge of Romanism. It is but a few years ago that "an oak chest, that had long lain hid," full of gorgeous ecclesiastical vestments, was found in an out-of-the-way nook of the huge and rambling buildings. It was very shortly after the king's execution that James Shirley, the one poet whose name is associated with St. John's, wrote the one verse by which he keeps his hold on the memory of the present generation. It is a fitting strain to recall here, the dirge of a "lost cause," which may have deserved to lose, but which enlisted the very highest order of human loyalty, and the sacrifice of nobler lives than have often been laid down in merely human service:—

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds.

Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Worcester, too, had its one Cavalier poet, and the sweet lawns and immemorial ivies of the place are wonderfully adapted to harbor the echoes of his song. Who does not remember how Richard Lovelace triumphed in captivity?

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty!"

There are several other colleges, the airy voices in whose classic shades "syllable" the name of one poet only. The stately courts of All Souls have but a handful of living tenants, as the world well knows, though "fit" for the place, undoubtedly, as the select audience of the angel in Paradise. "We few, we happy few," should be the motto of that illustrious little band of brothers, as of the heroes who fought on the day of which All Souls is a perpetual memorial; for it was founded to secure prayers for the souls of those who fell at Agincourt; and long and far lapsed from its original intention though it be, there is a certain suitability in the fact that its one minstrel should have been Edward Young, the official poet of night and death, who rises, perhaps, to his own highest poetic level in his half-remorseful appeal to the shades of the departed:—

"Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,

Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address,
Their posthumous advice and pious prayer,
Senseless as herds that graze their hallowed graves?

Tread under foot their agonies and groans,
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?"

Far different is the note of the solitary singer of gray old Lincoln,—of Sir William Davenant, the kinsman (perhaps) of Shakespeare, who caught the tune of the skylark more charmingly than any other minstrel between him and Shelley:—

"The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings.
He takes your window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings:
Awake! Awake! The morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes!"

Close by, under the venerable towers of University, Shelley himself made his brief, inglorious, and stormy sojourn at Oxford. "Expelled for atheism at nineteen." Well, if that most ethereal of rebels ever revisits, in these days, the glimpses of the Oxford moon, he ought to consider himself avenged. To us, there seems a distinct reminiscence of the scene of his boyish defiance in those piercing lines from the Ode to the West Wind:—

... "if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have
striven

As thus, with thee in prayer, in my sore need.
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is!
What if my leaves are falling, like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from thee a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness."

This wild cry reminds us, by a pathetic law of contrast, of another appeal to the airs of heaven, by quite another Oxford poet,—by the saintly John Keble of Oriel, who sings on All Saints Day,—

"Why blowest thou not, thou wintry wind,
Now every leaf is brown and sere,
And, idly droops, to thee resigned
The fading chaplet of the year?
Yet wears the pure, aerial sky
Her summer veil, half drawn on high
Of silvery haze; and dark and still
The shadows sleep on every slanting hill.
How quiet shows the woodland scene!
Each flower and tree, its duty done,
Reposing in decay serene,
Like weary men, when age is won:
Such calm old age as conscience pure
And self-commanding hearts insure,
Waiting their summons to the sky;
Content to live, but not afraid to die."

But Keble's is no solitary glory in Oriel. Langland was here five hundred years ago, and Sir Walter Raleigh was here. It is not, however, so much of the daring youth of the latter and his middle age of storms, of his deeds of

high emprise and great thoughts upon secular things, that we are minded, beneath Oriel's monumental walls, as of the swan songs which he lifted up in prison, and in the immediate view of death : —

“Go, soul, the body's guest,”
and,

“Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to rest upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
While my soul, a quiet Palmer,
Traveleth towards the land of Heaven.”

Nevertheless, as we turn toward that corner of the hoary quadrangle where must inevitably lie its intensest interest for the latter-day pilgrim, and do homage in our hearts to him whom the “kindly light amid the encircling gloom” led so far away from his scholarly life in these peaceful precincts, we are reminded again of Sir Walter Raleigh, and of certain words that stand written in the *History of the World*; and we fancy for the moment that we can hear across the silent courts and the graves of three centuries the deep of prophetic insight calling unto the deep of impassioned self-devotion : —

“All art and care bestowed and had of the church wherein God is to be served and worshiped is accounted a kind of popery, and proceeding from an idolatrous disposition. Insomuch as time would soon bring to pass, if it were not resisted, that God would be turned out of churches into barns, and from thence again into the fields and mountains, and under the hedges, and the offices of the ministry be as contemptible as their places; all order, discipline, and church government left to newness of opinion and men's fancies. Yea, and soon after, as many kinds of religion would spring up as there are parish churches within England; every contentious and ignorant person clothing his fancy with the

spirit of God, and his imagination with the gift of revelation. Insomuch as when the truth, which is but one, shall appear to the simple multitude no less variable than contrary to itself, the faith of men will soon after die away by degrees, and all religion be held in scorn and contempt.”

So we turn to the next-door neighbor of Oriel, — Corpus Christi, with the angels bearing the Host above its gateway; with its quaint little cloister, and the elaborate sun-dial in its homely but venerable quadrangle; less rich in poetic associations than its fellow, albeit one of the sweetest, in more senses than one, of the Oxford legends concerns the bees of Ludovicus Vives, a Spanish scholar of Valencia, who was sent by Cardinal Wolsey to be teacher of rhetoric here, and was one of the first Fellows of the college. “He was welcomed thither,” according to that industrious antiquary, Brian Twynne, “by a swarm of bees, which, to signify the incomparable sweetness of his eloquence, settled themselves over his head under the leads of his study, at the west end of the cloister, where they continued about one hundred and thirty years. . . . In the year 1630, the leads over Vives his study being plucked up, it being then the study of Mr. Gabriel Brydges, their stall was taken, and with it an incredible mass of honey; but the bees, as presaging their intended and imminent destruction, whereas they were never known to have swarmed before, did that spring, to preserve their famous kind, send down a fair swarm into the president's garden, which, in the year 1633, yielded ten swarms, one whereof pitched in the garden, for the president; the other they sent up as a new colony, to preserve the memory of this mellifluous doctor, as the university styled him in a letter to the cardinal.” Another historian of Oxfordshire here takes up the tale. “And there,” he says, “they continued till, by the parliament visitation in 1648,

for their loyalty to the king, they were all but two turned out of their places. At what time, with the rest of the inhabitants of the college, they removed themselves, but no farther than the east end of the same cloister, where (as if the feminine sympathized with the masculine monarchy) they instantly declined, and came shortly to nothing. After the extirpation of which ancient race, there came, 't is true, another colony to the east end of the cloister, where they continued until after the return of his most sacred majesty that now is; but, it not being certain that they were any of the remains of the ancient stock (though 't is said they removed them to the first place), nor any of them long continuing there, I have chose rather to fix their period in the year 1648 than to give too much credit to uncertainties. And thus, unhappily, after sixscore years' continuance, ended the famous stock of Vives his bees; where 't is pity they had not remained, as Virgil calls them *immortale genus*." The naïve logic of this last observation reminds us that John Conington, the lamented commentator and translator of Virgil, was also of Corpus.

We have spoken of Cardinal Newman in connection with Oriel, where he was Fellow, and attained his first fame. His undergraduate years were passed at Trinity, which boasts, amid a throng of slightly distinguished names, its trio of more memorable poets. But what a strange association of spirits is here! Thomas Lodge, the friend of Lyly, a better euphuist than his master, — the gay, anacreontic author of "Love in my bosom, like a bee," and "Like to the clear in highest sphere," — Walter Savage Landor, and John Henry Newman. Can these all be creatures of the same race? There may be notes in some of Landor's earlier lyrics which chord not ill with some of Lodge's, but how is one to measure the spiritual distance between the tranquil and disdainful pa-

ganism of Landor's fine last word upon himself, —

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;

Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art.

I warmed both hands before the fire of life;

It sinks, and I am ready to depart," —

and the soft song of the disembodied spirit in the Dream of Gerontius: —

"Take me away, and in the lowest deep

There let me be!

And there in hope the lone night-watches keep

Told out for me!"

And yet these men were contemporaries. "Were," one says, and instinctively applies the word to both. It is no more Newman's patriarchal years and sacred seclusion than his remoteness in spiritual ascendancy which leads one perpetually to forget that he has not yet passed the barrier of this lower life, and to class him with the mighty dead. It is exactly the reverse with Arthur Hugh Clough, at Balliol, — the college of all others whose glories are of the present, its star rising, its interest the "hope of unaccomplished years." One thinks of the author of *Qua Cursum Ventus* and "Say not the struggle naught availeth" as living yet, and engaged beside his kinsmen and his peers; a transfigured rather than a spectral figure, — like those of the divine brethren at Lake Regillus. And Balliol has its ancient glories, too, which the glow of the prosperous present ought not wholly to eclipse.

Sir Edward Dyer was of Balliol, the bosom friend of Sir Philip Sidney, who made, with him and Fulke Greville, that trio for whom Sidney supplied the motto, —

"Join hearts and hands! So let it be;

Make but one mind in bodies three."

Sir Edward Dyer has enriched our literature with at least one admirable lyric: "My mind to me a kingdom is." In its final stanza, there is a pride as high as Landor's own, but of a saner and more noble order: —

"Some have too much, yet still do crave;
 I little have, and seek no more:
 They are but poor, though much they have,
 And I am rich, with little store.
 They poor; I rich. They beg; I give.
 They lack; I leave. They pine, I live."

Is there, or is there not (there ought to be), one tree in the winter gardens of Balliol beneath which, in passing, one would always remember that Southey also was of this college, — abundantly endowed and unreasonably abused Southey; who must have had a stratum of genuine humility underlying his more obvious self-conceit, and who realized in an old age of singular beauty the aspiration, —

"And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain caprices I, day by day,
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree!"

But the spirit of Sir Philip Sidney, once evoked, is drawing our loitering steps at last toward Christ Church, — Christ Church, the aristocratic and superb, to which, since we did not give it precedence over all the rest, we must be supposed to have gradually ascended. We can barely turn aside on our way to the famous towered gateway, to remember that little Pembroke, on the other side of the busy street, sheltered Francis Beaumont and Shenstone and Samuel Johnson; the burly figure of the latter, as might be expected, subtending such an angle as effectually to screen from view all the other worthies of Pembroke, and its predecessor upon the same spot, — Broadgates Hall.

The haughty person in ecclesiastical dress, in the niche above the portal of Christ Church, has confronted ten generations, unmoved by the throbings and boomings of Great Tom of Oxford, which hangs in the belfry above. He seems always to be saying, curtly and grimly, "It should have been called *Cardinal's*," which would not, in sooth, have sounded ill. It is a wonder that Henry VIII., when he resumed and contin-

ued, on a much less magnificent scale than was originally planned, the unfinished work of Cardinal Wolsey, should have refrained from calling the college "*King's*," but happily he elected to give it a nobler name than either, — the name of the small but beautiful cathedral included in the circuit of its walls. The first Bishop of Oxford, Robert King, or Kynge, was the last abbot of disestablished and devastated Osney, and so the old order changed and gave place to the new. Christ Church has been the chosen school of royal and titled students ever since, and of many a renowned Anglican churchman. But whose are the voices of singing men that here make themselves audible, above the chiming of bells and the clinking of spurs, as we hearken toward the past? Philip Sidney's first, the pride and darling of the English people, the brightest exemplar of all youth everywhere who speak the English tongue; and Ben Jonson's, the honeyed singer; and Thomas Otway's, the stern and sad.

"A wandering bard, whose muse was crazy
 grown,
 Cloyed with the nauseous follies of the buzzing
 town,
 Came, looked about him, sighed, and laid him
 down:
 'T was far from any path, but where the earth
 Was bare and naked all, as at her birth,
 When, by the Word, it first was made,
 Ere God had said,
 'Let grass and flowers and every green thing
 grow,
 With fruitful herbs after their kind,' — and it was
 so.
 The whistling winds blew fiercely round his head;
 Cold was his lodging, hard his bed.
 Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he cast,
 Where, we are told, peace only is found at last;
 And as he did its hopeless distance see,
 Sighed deep, and cried, 'How far is peace from
 me!'"

There was, in fact, no peace for this wailing banshee among the bards of Oxford until he was released, at thirty-four, from a most painful life by a most tragical death. A wider contrast could not be, whether in spirit or in fortunes, than that between the unhappy Otway

and the remaining two poets of Christ Church whose names we found at home in our recollection. With these two, however, the chief if not the only episcopal poets of England, we discovered that we were upon terms of such old and dear familiarity that we made it our special object, in those early days, to gather every possible memorial of them.

It would be strange indeed if the present writer could forget that a voice, now silent fifteen years, used oftenest to pronounce its half-humorous maternal blessing in these words:—

“What I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say, I wish thee well.
I wish thee well; before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health!
Not too much wealth or wit come to thee;
So much of either might undo thee!”

If the temperate request of the last couplet was as scrupulously fulfilled in the original as in the applied case, the cheery author of it should have been well content. But indeed it was hardly in his nature to have been otherwise, in any event. Richard Corbett, the seventh Bishop of Oxford, was the spiritual (or perhaps temperamental) ancestor of Sydney Smith,—a man whose delightful and unfailing humor irradiates every tradition of him with wholesome sunshine. He was already celebrated as a poet and wit, when he matriculated at Christ Church in 1605. Seven years later, on the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, Corbett, then a proctor, was deputed to pronounce the prince's oration, and, according to Anthony à Wood, “very oratorically speeched it, in St. Mary's Church, before a numerous auditory.” Corbett was of Laud's way of thinking, the quaintest of preachers, the tersest, wittiest, and most refreshing of correspondents. His generosity was more than regal. He contributed £400, an enormous sum in those days, toward the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral, for which he pleaded from his pulpit in this homely and forcible style: “St. Paul's Church,

—one word in behalf of St. Paul! He hath spoken many in ours. He hath raised our inward temples. Let us help to requite him in the outward,” etc. Local history teems with reminiscences of Bishop Corbett's fun. It was he who, finding one day near the beautiful market-cross of Abingdon, five miles from Oxford, a dejected ballad-singer, who had sold none of his wares, assumed the dress and function of the wandering bard, and trolled forth the ballads in his own peculiarly rich voice, until he had gathered a crowd about him and sold them all. It was he who shouted to the throng that pressed uncomfortably near him on a confirmation day, “Bear off, or I'll confirm ye with my staff!” It was he who gave that cruel account of the upset of his coach in “an extraordinary deep and dirty lane,” when his fat friend Dr. Stubbins was within: “Dr. Stubbins was up to his elbows in mud, and I was up to my elbows in Stubbins.” It was he, and he alone, of the Oxford poets, who ever cared to celebrate in song the richest of all the antiquarian treasures hereabout,—the beautiful old German stained glass in the windows of Fairford Church, preserved from the ravages of Cromwell's soldiery by so extraordinary an act of æsthetic precaution:—

“Tell me, ye anti-saints, why brass
With you is shorter-lived than glass,
And why the saints have 'scaped their falls
Better from windows than from walls?”

... Then, Fairford, boast
Thy church hath kept what all have lost,
And is preserved from the bane
Of either war or Puritan.
Whose life is colored in thy paint,
The inside dross, the outside saint!

I know no paint of poetry
Can mend such colored imagery
In sullen ink; yet, Fairford, I
May relish thy fair memory.
Such is the echo's fainter sound,
Such is the light, when the sun's drowned;
So did the fancy look upon
This work before it was begun.”

The genial bishop was eventually trans-

lated from Oxford to Norwich, where he died in 1635, and where he lies buried.

Our other early association with the episcopal poets of Christ Church is a softer and more pensive one. From a time to which our own individual memory runneth not back to the contrary, certain fragments of sad and tender verse have been hovering there, which the ripening judgment of maturer years has pronounced among the most beautiful elegiac lines ever written in English. There can be no need to quote to any true lover of old English poetry the lament of Bishop King for his girlish wife:—

“Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted.”

A preposterous hope sprang up within us, on our first visit to Christ Church, that the Bishop King buried in the north aisle of the cathedral, and pictured in glass above, might prove to be our own Bishop King; and that the exquisite domestic life reflected in those fond verses might have been lived in the brave old many-gabled mansion down toward Folly Bridge, which still goes by the name of Bishop King's Palace. That hope soon demonstrated its own absurdity, for the last abbot of Osney could not well have had a wife to lament. A very little research, however, disclosed facts of a yet more intimate and curious interest than the fancies which they displaced. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, the author of the elegy, was grandson to Philip King, the favorite nephew and heir to the wealth of Robert, first Bishop of Oxford. The father of Henry was John King, Bishop of London and scholar of Christ Church, and at one time chaplain to Queen Elizabeth. Henry King and his brother John, three years his junior, entered Christ Church together, and passed through their university career *paribus passibus*. Before they left the college, their three younger brothers were entered there, making five students

from one family at one time,—a fact hardly to be paralleled in the history of Oxford. The father, the subsequent Bishop of London, had been dean of Christ Church, and was vice-chancellor of the university when his boys were there. When they had left Oxford and he had received his own preferment, he began crowning their lives with riches and honor, by the frank exercise of a natural and amiable nepotism, which Henry rather primly calls “providing so far as in him lay for a succession in his blood to lay hand to the same plow.” Henry and John were made prebendaries of St. Paul's,—the former at twenty-four, the latter at twenty-two; and the only trace we have of anything like hostile criticism of this affectionate arrangement is in a letter of Chamberlain's to Sir Dudley Carleton, in which he says that “Henry King, the son of the bishop, preached his first sermon at St. Paul's Cross; and it was thought a bold thing of them both [that is, the youth and his father]; *but this world, they say, is made for the presumptuous*. He did reasonably well, but nothing extraordinary, nor near his father, being rather slow of utterance, and *oratorum vehemens*.” So much we can readily believe. Vehemence of speech and action would have been quite inconsistent with a character which, however, had an invincible sweetness, that well-nigh disarmed envy. His brief, bright married life with Anne Berkeley was passed in London, in a house near St. Paul's yard, while he was resident canon of the cathedral. The bridegroom was twenty-six, when they married; the bride, only seventeen. In less than seven years he wrote the lines of our life-long love:—

“And I remember must, with tears,
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
As day tells hours. . . .

My Little World!

Stay for me there! I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.

And think not much of my delay;
 I am already on the way,
 And follow thee with all the speed
 Desire can make, or sorrows breed
 Each minute is a short degree,
 And every hour a step towards thee!"

Once only before that time had Henry King emerged from the quiet scenes of home love and literary pastime, and the assiduous good works so congenial to his nature, into anything like public controversy. His devoted father had died three years before, and immediately after his decease rumors got abroad, which appeared to rest on good authority, to the effect that the metropolitan bishop had been, during his latest years, declining more and more toward the Church of Rome, and had even received its sacraments in his last illness, at the hands of one Father Preston, a Benedictine monk. It was also said that Bishop John King had written a letter to King James, confessing the true state of his mind, which the king, after reading, had instantly torn in twain and thrust into the fire. However these charges may have originated, they were explicitly and publicly denied by Henry King in a sermon and a pamphlet, and by Father Preston so far as his own complicity was concerned, on examination before the Archbishop of Canterbury. One is surprised at the frequent occurrence, in the annals of the English church of the seventeenth century, of this charge of reversion to Rome, until one remembers that its absence would be more surprising still. A serious and sturdy people, constant in its affections and tenacious of its memories, does not change its heart wholly and finally in a day, or even in a century.

It is quite consistent with the mild but generous character of Henry King that he should always have been reckoned a moderate in politics and religion, until the gathering misfortunes of Charles I. quickened him to a keener loyalty. His curate in the living of

Petworth, which he held from Charles, was fired upon in his pulpit by an insurgent in the congregation, and he himself was driven from the see of Chichester, which he had then occupied only a few months. During the period of exile which followed, he made some exceedingly close and beautiful versions from the Psalms, and his Lament for the king's death, although inferior to the Elegy on his wife, was noble, and in parts impassioned. Readers old enough to have affected Scott's Woodstock in their youth will certainly remember the effect with which young Albert Lee, when captured by Cromwell in the old Oxfordshire palace, is made to confound the Protector by offering him a text of Scripture for meditation: "Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?" It seems highly probable, however, that Scott had in his mind, either consciously or unconsciously, the closing lines of Bishop King's Lament, which are these:—

"But he whose trump proclaims Revenge is mine
 Bids us our sorrow by our hope confine;
 And reconcile our reason to our faith,
 Which, in thy ruin, such concussions hath.
 It dares conclude God doth not keep his word,
 If Zimri die in peace, who slew his lord."

Henry King was restored to his see by Charles II., and died in Chichester in 1669.

So much for our greeting by the ghosts of Oxford. There came an early day when shadow was succeeded by substance, and the faith which had led us thither against such formidable odds was exchanged for "glad fruition;" when the hands that were extended to us gave warm and cordial pressure,—no longer the *frustra compressa manus* of illusive shades. The result of all which has been to animate us by so romantic an optimism that we incline to believe the ancient glories of Oxford to be pale beside those of the present, while we devoutly pray that those of the future may outshine them all.

Harriet Waters Preston.

NEWPORT.

I.

"FORTY — LOVE."

AT the beginning of the Newport season there is a gentle novelty about the surroundings, even to those who are most familiar with them: indeed, for the moment, it closely resembles the surprise of a discovery.

"Don't you think so?" Mrs. Deering asked her cousin Oliphant. They were walking together through the Casino grounds, and had just taken some chairs on the inner lawn. "I've always found it so. How is it, Eugene, with you?"

Her vivacious, rosy face, as she put the question, made more impression on him than her remark.

"I have no experience," he said; "it is so long, you know, since I was here last, and everything was different then." Perhaps it occurred to Mrs. Deering that, under the term "everything," he included many circumstances of deeper moment than mere outward changes; but he went on as if these had no place in his thoughts: "This establishment is so recent that it can't be a very old story even to you. I certainly feel the novelty you speak of; but will it go on? That's what I want to know. If it will, I shall be very grateful to Newport."

"Ah, now you are asking too much," said his cousin, bestowing upon him so much of reproof as the sparkling contentment in her young eyes would consent to. "I hope you're not going to begin sighing, after my advising you to come here. Please observe that it is n't flattering to me."

"True," said Oliphant, smiling; "you might construe it so. Well, you sha'n't hear a murmur. Not a drum shall be heard, nor a funeral note escape me."

"I should trust they would n't," Mrs. Deering exclaimed. "You really have no cause to complain, Eugene. You are well off; you are still young;" and she was considering whether to add "you are handsome," when he cut short the enumeration.

"Not so very youthful," he said. "There is a great difference between being 'still young,' and young without any adverb. When you put that in, you clap on about ten years at one stroke."

"Well," replied Mrs. Deering, taking advantage of the chance, "even ten years can't make it so very bad. How old are you, really?"

Oliphant affected to ponder. "That," he said, "is one of the great mysteries of the period. I may be able to tell you, though, some day or other."

She knew, however, that he had probably entered his fortieth year; and in fact there were little glintings of silver white here and there in the comely chestnut hue of the thick, short, curling hair beneath his hat-brim. The tolerant sun disclosing these was not more indifferent to their presence than Oliphant: as for Mary Deering, she thought they added distinction to his fine bearing and strong, quiet face. So did other people. It may be said here that, although Oliphant had been for three years a widower, women of undoubted attractiveness had several times, without his being aware of it, made him the object of sentimental reveries. At this very moment, his cousin, who from her point of view as a married woman was quite disinterested, busied herself with a silent inquiry as to whether he had positively decided never to wed again; being convinced that if he persisted in such a decision it would be a great pity.

From where they sat they caught,

through the curious lattice-work of the dark Horseshoe Gallery, a glimpse of the clock-tower, with its gilded dial, above the verdant, fountained quadrangle; on the other side they had in near view the brown galleries and brick front of the theatre and racket-court, near which, in an additional inclosure, were a number of lawn-tennis players; limber young men and picturesque, — some in white flannel, others with long scarlet stockings, colored belts or dark sashes, and white hats bent down towards their ears, like the petasus of Mercury shorn of its wings. The two listened to the low twang of the rackets in the hands of these players, alternating with strains of the lightest possible music from one corner of the balcony; waltzes and French opera, inspired by a witticism and beaten up, if that were conceivable, with white of egg. A brilliant sunlight streamed over everything, touching the shingle roofs with bright grays, making vivid the summer trees that stood golden-green side by side with heavy conifers; and from that portion of the building devoted to the Casino Club a dormer appeared to be winking, with a combination of mediæval and of Yankee humor. There was a mixture in the architecture; at all events, a hint of something old English, something Nuremberg-like, and something Japanese.

"This is a fascinating piece of work," Oliphant remarked, looking around; "a delightful mimicry of I don't exactly know what. There's an affectation, perhaps, in staining the wood to make it look old, but the whole thing seems to be unique; and it's like Newport. For Newport has its own atmosphere, and yet you feel that it is always imitating something else."

"I'm not sure you do justice either to the building or to Newport," answered his cousin, dissentingly. "They're both delightful; so what is the use of trying to pick some flaw? That's the way we're always spoiling our enjoyment of

things, nowadays; or, if we don't, some critic does it for us under the pretense that he was born for the purpose. Are you going to assume that rôle?"

"Fate has played the critic with me, and taught me how," was Oliphant's reply. "When circumstances have always forced me to see the flaws in life, how can you expect that I should n't form the habit of looking for them a little in everything?"

"Oh, you are a dreadful, horrible cynic," said his cousin, concentrating the quick, soft lines of her small face upon him, in an amusing glance mingled of horror and beaming approval. "This is just the way you talk about everything."

Eugene merely laughed. "Shall I keep silent, then?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Deering, with despotic promptness.

They remained a while without speaking. As water flowing against a rock wears wave-lines into it, so a person who has been much alone has the marks of solitude worn into his being. Traces of that slow erosion were discernible in Oliphant's face when in repose, showing with what force silent experiences had wrought upon it. His light-hearted cousin was not much inclined to analyze what she saw there; probably she could not have done so if she had tried; but as she scrutinized him sidewise at this moment, something made her think of his past. She remembered how he had gone very early into a business life, and had had to toil desperately until within a short time; but that was nothing: had not Roger, her husband, done the same? and he was still toiling, while Eugene, after becoming a bankrupt, had recovered, and by a lucky hit leaped into independence. She remembered, further, how she had always supposed him to be unhappy with his wife; he had been mis-mated. But there, again, how fortunate! Was he not free, with many advantages should he wish to make

a happier match, and well provided for living by himself if he preferred what she thought so regrettable a state? Life is so simple—when we don't have to live it ourselves.

Grievances are noisy: griefs are little heard from. Luckily we cannot trundle our sorrows about in plain sight, when we go walking; hence Mary Deering was not made uncomfortable by knowing just what was in Oliphant's mind; and the people who kept assembling more and more in the Casino, while these two sat there, were able to display themselves one to another with an unconcern as suave as if they had borrowed their minds, no less than their trim attire, from the latest fashion-plates. Pretty sight it was: how placid they looked! Eugene fondly believed them all much happier than himself: he was young enough for that, you see. But Mrs. Deering was the first to resume conversation, which she did by commenting on an individual here and there.

Eugene, having grown absent-minded, only half heard her. He was humming under his breath an old ballad, the words of which that came to him, though he did not utter them, ran thus:—

"An' I were as fair as she,
Or she were as kind as I;
What pair could have made, as we,
So pretty a sympathie!"

What glimmer of recollection, what sunken hope, brought this tune into his mind? He was roused by his cousin's sharper accent.

"Look, Eugene! I want you to notice these people."

"Which? Coming along the path here?"

"Yes; the lady in front is Mrs. Farley Blazer." He beheld a large, stout woman with a smoky white face, and quietly but not well dressed, who moved with slow grandeur, as if in her youth she had been swan-like, and had not quite forgotten the fact. "And the gen-

tleman is old Dana Sweetser. Does n't look old, does he? Those two younger women, behind, are her nieces." The two girls referred to, though not beyond question pretty, evidently made great claim to style; and, swimming in the wake of their majestic aunt, were trying in their limited way to be swan-like also.

Mrs. Deering exchanged a smile and a bow with the group; but as they passed away again, she said to Oliphant, "That woman is what I call a social usurper. She came here years ago and tried to impose herself on the world by a *coup d'état*. There was a bitter resistance, but slowly and surely she has borne it down, and seems to be settled on her throne."

"And Sweetser?" asked Oliphant, mildly amused. "What about him?"

"Oh, he's good style; good family, and all that; but principally he's a sentimental old bean. He divides his time between organizing societies for Promoting the Importance of Members, and falling in love. He will pass through half a dozen rhapsodical affairs, this summer. Poor Dana!"

She had barely finished speaking when they observed a slender young man, with a single eye-glass and a long coat, who stiffly carried a thin stick, approaching them from the racket-court. Just as he came opposite them, a white ball bounding from the tennis-ground flew towards him, at an angle threatening mischief to his tall hat. He dodged it, and it struck the sward near enough to bounce again in the direction of Mary Deering. The slender young man darted vainly forward, to arrest this perplexing missile before it should reach her; but though he bent down with commendable promptness, it escaped him and grazed her chair. At the same instant he found himself landing on one knee, to avoid a fall, and gazing anxiously towards her. He took off his hat.

"Attitude of devotion!" he exclaimed in a subdued voice, with what was meant to pass for well-regulated humor. Even in these few words, however, he contrived to let his perfected English accent manifest itself. "Good morning, Mrs. Deering," he added, more formally, straightening himself up again.

"Good morning, Mr. Atlee." She made the two men acquainted, briefly. "You could n't have done that better if you'd been on the stage," she said.

"It hardly counts in the game, I suppose," said Oliphant, picking up the grass-stained ball, which he threw to the players.

Atlee looked at him through his glass, as if he hardly knew how this remark was designed; then he turned the polished disc inquiringly on Mrs. Deering, who smiled with mysterious satisfaction. "Well, no," he said haltingly. "I suppose, Mrs. Deering," he recommenced, "you are coming to the Casino dance, to-night. *On se donne le mot*, you know. Monday is to be *the* night, regularly."

"That will be bad for the ladies who ride, when the meets begin," said she. "But, of course, I shall come to-night."

Oliphant had given up dancing, and looked upon the artificial fox-hunt with contempt; so he began to feel out of place, and to wish that Atlee would go away. But as the young man did not vanish, our friend adopted the simple expedient of considering him an inferior individual, and withdrew from the conversation, fixing his attention entirely on the tennis. He became oblivious to everything but the cries of the players: "Net!" — "Fault." — "Thirty, love." — "Deuce." At length these annoyed him, too. "Do you understand the game, Mr. Atlee?" he asked.

"Oh, a trifle," said the young man. "Must do what all the other fools do, you know."

"Naturally," returned Oliphant, with zest.

"Is that the reason you asked him?"

Mrs. Deering inquired of her cousin, darting mischief at Atlee. "How clever, when you have n't known him!"

"That's hard," feebly protested her admirer. "Well, you see," he continued, addressing Oliphant with the comprehensiveness of an amateur lecturer, "there are four courts, and one man serves, and" —

"Oh, I don't want a regular exposition," Oliphant interrupted, having reached an advanced stage of unreason. "But it would be a relief if you would tell me what their sentimental phrase 'love' means."

"That's very easy," Atlee said. "It's only a gentle way of saying that one side has n't won anything whatever."

"Then, according to this computation, love is nothing."

"Exactly."

"How appropriate! I think better of the game: there must be some sense in it."

"Eugene!" cried Mrs. Deering, in reproof. "I thought I had got you nicely chained up. What do you mean by breaking loose again, and barking like that? Mr. Atlee, my cousin is a cynic."

Thus admonished, Atlee examined him cautiously with his defensive eyeglass.

"None of the other people are sitting down," said Oliphant. "Don't you think we'd better be getting away from here?"

"Game; forty — love," muttered Atlee, who had again diverted his superb attention to the nearest pair of batters. "That's total defeat, you know," he volunteered for Oliphant's benefit.

Eugene could not help applying this phraseology of the game to his own case. His cousin had, that morning, expatiated to him on the happiness of some friends of hers who had married in middle life; and within a few moments she had questioned him as to his own age. But love and forty made a

bad combination in tennis, as they might also in a human career; a combination involving absolute failure on one side.

"We may as well go up on to the balcony, if you want to move," Mrs. Deering said, obligingly; and they all three started in that direction.

The latticed promenade, when they reached it, was crowded, and echoed to a light buzz of rapid talk, salutation, and correct laughter, as if it had been a drawing-room. They paced up and down its length for a few minutes; Oliphant noticing that the space nearer the music was tacitly left to those who were not of the governing social league; persons of unfashionable appearance, many of them passing visitors, who gazed over at the others from a chilly borderland of solitude, as it were, and appeared to be taking the spectacle with a good deal of seriousness, an air of mute and mournful inquiry. Atlee slipped away to speak to a young lady at one side of the gallery: "Vivian Ware," Mrs. Deering specified to her companion. "A charming girl, from Boston. I want you to know her, too."

Beyond doubt, Miss Ware was a most engaging creature, even on a casual glance. She stood by one of the turned posts that upheld the gallery-ceiling, leaning slightly against it and surrounded by several young men, — "That is the Count Fitz-Stuart nearest to her," Oliphant heard his feminine mentor saying, — so that she might have been figured as at bay, making a final stand against her pursuers. But the situation evidently did not disturb her. Slight without suggesting fragility, she showed decided calm and self-possession, but was radiant with expression, and was talking first to one and then to another. Oliphant not being devoid of imagination, it occurred to him that, in her pure white dress wrought with a perfection of skill that made it resemble a natural growth, she might well be compared to a fresh honeysuckle blossom.

"I should like to know her," he said; "but not now. For a while I will just look."

"There 'll be plenty of time," his pretty cousin agreed. "You're like a man who has been starving, and I must be careful with you; too much at once might be your death."

The next instant she was accosted by Mr. Dana Sweetser, who, of a shapely figure, had a light but aged mustache that lay like a withered leaf above his lips and brushed his cheeks, the pink of which was forcing itself out of season. He wore a light salmon-tinted sirocco neck-scarf, and apparently was brimming over with compliments.

"A most lovely morning, Mrs. Deering," he exclaimed, poising himself artfully on his thin legs, that terminated in narrow shoes adorned with buff gaiters. "And I assure you one sees it better when it is reflected in a lovely face."

"That's a new sort of barometer," said she, "but not hard to find, here;" and she glanced around.

"Happy to make your acquaintance," Sweetser proceeded as elastically as before, on being presented to Oliphant. "And you have lately arrived? Ah, Newport is the gem of all our watering-places. You will find yourself unable to leave it, Mr. Oliphant. Are you not already charmed?"

"I'm trying to be," replied Oliphant; "and I dare say, if I'm not it won't be the fault of the place."

"You have only to look about you, sir. The most delightful society — people of leisure and cultivation, assembled from the different cities that separate them in winter: Newport claims them all, you see, by natural right. I was about to tell you something, Mrs. Deering," he pursued, turning to her; and Oliphant seized the occasion to move apart.

He had not gone many steps, before he was arrested by the sight of a face

that he fancied was familiar to him. It offered a surface epitome of character not distinguished for refinement, but rather forcible than coarse, in spite of a rough-grained complexion and the aggressive bushiness of brown whiskers and a biforked beard. The man was dressed in a blue flannel yachting suit, as if he disdained making much concession to the custom of elaborate toilets. Nevertheless, it was clear that he stood well in the estimation of those around him. He bore signs of mental power, and possessed a cool, ample eye that took in everything with undisturbed comprehensiveness. We might say it was a peculiarly noiseless eye. Indeed, Oliphant was persuaded that it had encompassed him, as it were, and had fully identified him, an instant or two before any light of recognition was allowed to flash out. But when that preliminary was over, the face became energetic with geniality, and the individual to whom it belonged stepped forward with hand outstretched.

"My dear fellow!" said he, in a hearty, melodious voice that carried conviction with it. "How do you do; and where did you drop from?"

"I thought it was you, Porter," Oliphant responded, oddly feeling that his own heartiness, though he knew it to be genuine, was a mere make-believe or shadow beside the other man's; "but it's such a length of time. . . . I was rather hesitating."

"As the Irishman said," Porter at once rejoined, "when they asked him whether, as a punishment for his crime, he would prefer to go to the gallows or Australia. He told 'em, you know, he would 'rather hesitate.' Well, where have you been? Tell me all about it? What's the news?"

They began to walk the gallery at the least crowded end, with occasional inroads upon the more fashionable one. It was not a place for clapping a man upon the back; and, for all his force,

Porter's manner was perfectly in keeping with the genius of the spot. But Oliphant felt that practically he had been clapped upon the back, and rather liked it: he began to be more at home. He noticed, also, as they passed and repassed, that those who had previously been talking with Porter were now examining himself with an access of interest merging into respect, as they saw the friendly terms on which he stood with the wearer of the blue suit. This roused in Oliphant an internal laughter; but it was agreeable to find that, while still unknown, he could thus enjoy an indirect homage. "I have my foot on the stair," he said to himself.

Meanwhile, two gentlemen who sat together in the shadow, not far from the musicians, fixed their attention on the pair as they receded in their walk.

"Quisbrough," said one of these individuals, — grave, elderly, clad throughout in black and wearing the long-skirted broadcloth of a departing generation, — "is n't that man Porter? Horatio Porter, I mean; commonly known as Raish."

The speaker had a pale, smooth-shaven face, seamed with fine wrinkles arranged on a system which implied in equal measure a great store of legal acumen and much experience of dyspepsia.

"Yes; that's Raish," replied Quisbrough. "But I thought you knew him, Judge: thought everybody knew him, and that you knew everybody."

"Well, you've hit it pretty close," the Judge answered, with a grim smile, restrained by habit. "Of course I know of him. A case in which he had an interest came before me, in fact. But he did n't appear but once, and I have n't seen him since. I'm not a brilliant financier, and I'm not a yachtsman, and I'm not a half society man, either; so our lines hardly cross. He certainly is going ahead remarkably, is Raish. What do you think of him?" In saying this,

he turned his eyes warily towards Quisbrough.

"I've hardly formed an opinion," said the latter, poking one finger meditatively into the side of his thick, black beard. "He's a friend of old Thorburn's, you know."

"I see; I see," murmured the old gentleman. "Friend of young Thorburn's, too?" he asked.

"Yes," said Quisbrough, still prodding his beard. And they began talking of something else.

"Oh yes, I know the old fellow," Porter was saying at the same moment, in answer to a question from Oliphant. "It's Judge Malachi Hixon, of New York; one of the old school. I admire him as one of the few incorruptible men on the bench; but we have no personal acquaintance. The little man at his side is a queer fish; he used to be tutor to Perry Thorburn, but has burst the chrysalis, I believe, and become private secretary to Thorburn senior." Here Porter nodded informally to Judge Hixon's neighbor, whose glance just then met his. "Name's Quisbrough," he continued as they turned their backs and walked away once more, "and he's as odd as his name. You probably think he looks dull, — so he does, — always has that fagged, sleepy air. But bless you, that's no more than the blur you make on good steel, by breathing. I tell you he's sharp; sharp as a razor."

"I begin to feel interested in these people," said Oliphant. "Somehow it is different here from other places in America: in the others, everybody is in such a hurry, that you need an instantaneous photograph to show you what they are like. They run about so."

"Exactly," threw in Porter. "You have heard of the darkey, have n't you, who found it so hard to make out how many hens he had. He got along very well with counting them all — except

one; and that one ran round so, he could n't count it. That's the way with American society."

Oliphant laughed heartily. "Very likely," he said. "But here in Newport they have more repose: perhaps it's due to the drowsy, peaceful atmosphere."

"Isle of Peace, you know," rejoined his friend: "that's what the Indian name, Aquidneck, means. The 'ile of peace is very emollient; you try it, and see. This all leads back to what I was saying — that you'd better come and bunk with me at my cottage, and settle down for a good season of it. Yes, sir, you'll find the genuine leisure class here. Talk about our having none! — Do you remember what one of our bright girls said to the Englishman who complained that there were no people of leisure in this country — people who don't do anything? 'Oh yes,' she said, 'we have those people, but here we call them tramps.' I assure you, the kind of tramps you meet in this place are worth knowing."

"I've a great mind," said Oliphant with slow frankness, "to accept your invitation. Nothing could be better, if we can both keep our independence."

"My dear fellow, I shall insist upon keeping mine; and that leaves you to take care of yourself."

"That's fair, at any rate," the widower agreed. "But, oh!" he added, slightly blushing — "it seems funny to ask — you haven't, in the interval, gone and got married, have you?"

"Not I," answered Porter with decision. "Marriage has its good side; but you make me think of a man I heard of, who got alarmed about an earthquake that was to visit his city; so he sent off his two sons to a country clergyman, to keep *them* safe, any way. Well, after two or three days, the parson, finding the boys lively, wrote to him: 'Please take back your boys, and send on the earthquake.' None of that

in mine, thank you! Now tell me when you'll come over to the house."

"To-morrow, if that suits you. I must go and look after Mrs. Deering, now."

"All right; but can't you join me, later? There are some men here you ought to know, and they're going to lunch with me at one. Will you take a plate with us?"

"Thanks: if I can."

Hereupon they separated; and Eugene, finding that Mrs. Deering was ready to go, extricated her from a knot of acquaintances, and escorted her to the spacious arched passage that gives entrance to the grounds. As they drew near the point of emergence on Bellevue Avenue, a high, polished gig stopped at the curb, and the young man who had been driving dismounted with alacrity.

"Perry Thorburn!" Mrs. Deering whispered, impressively.

As the youth over whom she cast the glamour of that opulent name stood for a moment on the sidewalk, giving some direction to his groom, Oliphant beheld him framed in the archway, with the glare of the outer light upon him. He was a tall, sinewy young fellow, clad in a combination of gray cut with supreme stylishness, that set off his red-tanned face, his long neck and amber-colored hair, in remarkable contrast. His figure, from the great length of the arms and legs, would have been ungainly but for the commanding pose habitual with him. He was not handsome, but neither was he bad-looking; and here again the only half-successful contour of his features was made respectable by the haughty vigor that informed them. Thus much Oliphant was able to observe while young Thorburn stood on the pavement, and as he passed them on his way in, with long strides.

"So that's the heir of his father, is it?" said Eugene. "He looks as if he could spend the money, and if his en-

ergies happened to strike in, he might make it, too. You don't know him, I see, personally."

"Dear me, no," said Mrs. Deering. "Confidentially, you understand, he is way beyond us; though I fancy his father buys and sells in Roger's office a good deal. Perhaps I ought to say he is not 'of our set.' I draw the line at the Thorburns, chiefly because I can't draw *them* inside of it."

Then, begging her cousin to come and dine with her that evening, she nodded, got into her village-cart, and drove away.

It was with unusual exhilaration that he returned to the cheerful precinct he had just left. The meeting with Porter had enlivened him; a new zest was making its way into his veins. People were now beginning to leave the spot, and strayed by twos and threes past the rich grass-plots, the beds of diversified coleas, and the heavy stone base of the Clock-Tower; and Oliphant gazed with satisfaction at the fresh, happy faces of the young women amongst them. On gaining the balcony, which was still dotted with scraps of vivid color in the bright morning dresses, and the parasols of "crushed raspberry" that lingered, he at once caught sight of Perry Thorburn, who was just then passing Quisbrough. Perry gave the latter no sort of recognition; a fact which the tutor-secretary took without concern; and, going on farther, was speedily absorbed in conversation with a lady of very striking appearance, in black and yellow, who was obviously much older than he.

I doubt whether Oliphant could have told why, but the sight of the arrogant, attractive young millionaire, leaning over and talking with unconcealed earnestness to this handsome woman whom our friend himself did not know, roused in him a blind protest; and forthwith the whole scene before him underwent a change. A moment earlier, it had

been agreeably sparkling and satisfactory; now, on the contrary, it became shallow, insincere, and hollow. "They're all on exhibition," he murmured to himself. "It's like the opening scene of a comedy. Bell rings; curtain is up—beginning of the season. In they come, actors and audience; and every one seems to say, 'I'm still on the surface, you see, and I'm as fine as you are. What next?' Bah!"

Taking out his watch, he discovered that it was a quarter after one; and while he was closing it he heard Porter saying: "Ah, there you are, Oliphant! We are just going to lunch."

As they passed up-stairs, Oliphant seemed to hear a voice repeating, "Forty—love; forty—love!"

II.

THE LIFE OF A LETTER.

The lunch was a pleasant affair, and Porter exhibited himself in a light which brought out his versatile capacity.

Besides himself and his prospective visitor, there were present Atlee and Perry Thorburn; Stillman Ware of Boston (brother of the young lady Oliphant had seen on the balcony); one Admiral Glines of the navy; a retired major in the regular army named Bottick, who seemed to consist chiefly of big, red, bald cranium and iron-gray mustache; and finally a college professor of great scientific repute, who hid his celebrity under a reddish beard, an excellent double-breasted coat, and (on entering the room) a tall white hat, which made him look like a rather solid butterfly of fashion.

With these personages Porter conversed in a way which showed that he was master of their various interests; or could at least convince them that he was. To Glines he talked about torpe-

does and the decline of the navy; to Major Bottick, of the war in Egypt, varied by ancient club-gossip redolent of stale tobacco smoke. Thorburn he engaged chiefly on matters connected with polo and yachting; the length of water-line in different boats; their owners, cost, and vicissitudes in sundry races. With Ware, again, he deftly assumed the cultivated tone, mingling society and house-decoration with data about rare editions of books.

As they took their places, "You know," he said, quoting from some dead-and-gone society verse, "'Vitel-lius's feasts cost a million;' but I'm not Vitellius, and I intend giving you to-day only the last two or three figures of that amount."

Nevertheless, so far as it went the repast was delicious, and every one was pleased. Even young Thorburn was mollified into laying aside his unnecessary hauteur, under the influence of a particular claret called Lagrange, which Porter recommended, and of a cigar rather better than those which the young man usually bought for himself. To inhale his entertainer's lavishness in this way was an enjoyment heightened by the sense of his own superior prudence. Oliphant being placed next to them, they naturally fell into talk; and when the party was breaking up, they again found themselves side by side at one of the windows giving on the Avenue.

"There isn't much driving yet, I suppose," half inquired Eugene.

"Oh, it's beginning," answered the other, carelessly. "I believe there won't be so much as there used to be. At any rate, the people who used to drive don't do it so much now, I'm told."

"The set changes, then," said Eugene. "A new dynasty—is that it?"

Thorburn laughed: he was pleased with the phrase. "If you like to call it so," he said. "I'm one of 'em, whatever it is. I drive. Later in the afternoon's the hour, you know."

"This is n't your first season here, is it?" Eugene asked.

"Well, yes, really it is," the young man conceded. He betrayed some hesitation, however, as if to admit the fact reminded him uncomfortably of his youth and newness. "Father only built his house here last fall, you know."

Olipphant liked him the better for showing so easily what he felt; and began to think that this young fellow's lofty mode of carrying himself did him injustice. Then suddenly came back the recollection of that scene on the balcony, where the sight of Thorburn and the lady in black and yellow had affected him so curiously; and he was taken with a desire to ask who she was. But this of course could not be done, and he had besides, as he thought, asked questions enough.

Just at this moment they heard a peculiar sharp jingling in the street, which attracted their attention. Perry looked out rather eagerly, Olipphant thought, as if he had been waiting for the sound, or at least recognized it; and as Olipphant's own eyes turned in the same direction, there passed swiftly by a light barouche, properly manned with a liveried driver and groom, and drawn by small, strong horses, bearing at the front of their harness a close-linked steel chain, that churned forth with rapid motion the metallic signal which the two men had heard. In the carriage was seated the identical lady who had just been occupying Olipphant's thoughts. She was of small but not diminutive figure; in a certain way beautiful, or perhaps I ought to say fine, without having much color in her cheeks or any splendor of physical endowment that at once overpowered the eye; above all, she gave an impression of delicate energy, of a something unusual without being obtrusive, and of compact completeness. This it was which made her appearance striking, as I have said it was, when Olipphant had first seen her. She still wore her dress

of black, sparingly touched with yellow in one or two places, and a small black bonnet in which a single narrow golden band likewise appeared. Whether she saw the two gentlemen who were looking at her, I cannot say. She was out of sight again, in a flash; gone like some wonderful kind of bird that had been startled out of her covert and had taken a quick flight into other shelter. That was the effect on Olipphant: the carriage and pair dissolved, as it were, and he could think of nothing, for an instant, except the sable form and the dash of gold that had swept by him.

"Who is that lady?" he now asked, easily enough. "I've noticed her before." As he spoke, the jangling of the horses' chain was still heard faintly, and chimed in with an emphasis bizarre and semi-barbaric.

"A Mrs. Gifford," said Thorburn. "Very much of a favorite here, and deserves it, too. She's a bright woman."

"Ah, she's married," Olipphant rejoined, reflectively. "I had an idea she was in mourning."

"Mourning? I should smile! Not exactly. Did n't you see the yellow in her dress?"

"Yes, yes; so there was. I noticed it especially, too." And Olipphant was surprised to find that the black garb, and perhaps something in the general appearance of the wearer, had neutralized the meaning of that vivid color.

"She's a widow, though," added Thorburn, as if he had enjoyed holding the fact in reserve.

"Oh," said Eugene, a little coolly, beginning to move away. He was not quite pleased with himself, on finding that this information revived his interest. "From New York?" he inquired.

"No; Baltimore. She spends part of the winter in Washington, and comes here in the summer."

Olipphant now went back to Porter; they all took their hats for departure; and he was soon on his way to his hotel,

alone. The rest of the afternoon was occupied with sundry idle employments, during which he gave little thought to the various persons who had come into his field of experience since the morning; but he was destined to hear more of Mrs. Gifford, and to make a discovery which should give her a fixed and unique place in his reflections.

Putting on his evening dress, he proceeded to his cousin's, and there met Atlee, who was to dine with them. For some cause, the presence of this young man was by no means pleasant to Oliphant: he wondered whether Roger Deering were aware how it looked, that his wife should be accepting Atlee's devotion. True, it was the devotion of an image, a stuffed doll. But possibly, if Roger had to choose, he would prefer to have the appearance of a fashionable flirtation sustained by something of more dignity than a doll. Atlee was in the small parlor with Mrs. Deering and her two children, — a boy of eleven, and a little daughter scarcely three; they made a very domestic group.

"And how do you like Newport, Clarence?" Eugene asked the boy, assuming a cousinly air.

"First rate," said Clarence, with his hands in his pockets. "I want to go to the Casino hop to-night."

"What, you?" inquired his mature friend, in astonishment. "You're too young."

"No I ain't, either," declared the boy. "Everybody goes; but the best people take the lead. I've heard 'em say that. Ain't we the best?"

"Clarence," said his mother, "you mustn't talk in that way."

"Well, I don't care," he remarked. "I know what they want is young people, to dance. I know how to dance: have n't I been to dancing-school? If papa was here, he'd let me go. Now Mr. Oliphant, you tell mamma to let me. Mr. Atlee ain't any good that way, for all he comes here so much."

"Clarence," his mother repeated, "I'm ashamed of you! If you go on so, I shan't let you come in to dessert."

Atlee, who was some six feet distant from the object of disturbance, affixed his eye-glass, and regarded Clarence painfully; while the boy, in spite of his valiant attitude, gave symptoms of crying.

"Come here," said Eugene, engagingly. "I've got something to show you." He had, in fact, provided himself with a little present. It was an ivory puzzle-box, of such dimensions that it could be carried on the watch-chain which he had noticed that his young cousin wore. Clarence was at first much interested, but Oliphant soon perceived that he had miscalculated the precocious child's capacity. "Watch-chains ain't in fashion now, you know," Clarence confided to him in undertone. "They wear fobs. Hullo," he continued, examining Oliphant's waistcoat, "*you* have n't got any fob! Why, Steve Richards has got one, and he ain't any bigger than I am; and he's got lots of other things, too. He's got a toy engine, and a real rifle, and a bicycle, and — I don't see why it is! We're just as good as the others, but some fellow always has more things than I do."

Oliphant was amused, and slightly disgusted; but just at that juncture, dinner was announced, and the children were dismissed. Yet even in the brief moment of their leave-taking Mrs. Deering's preference for her little daughter Effie was plainly revealed: she detached herself from the clinging baby arms and the gold-haired face, with a tender, pathetic reluctance.

At the table, some allusion was made to young Thorburn, and Oliphant was prompted to say, "By the way, he seems to be a good deal interested in that Mrs. Gifford whom I saw at the Casino this morning. Do you know her?"

"Oh, yes," said Mary Deering, "I know her. But I don't think young

Mr. Thorburn's interest lies especially in that direction."

"Is that because you know that it takes some other direction?" he asked.

"I can't say positively," his cousin answered. "But it's generally supposed that, if he has any inclination of that sort, it is towards Miss Hobart, of New York, you know; Josephine Hobart. You haven't seen her, have you? Well, she's quite the accepted belle, at home; though, for particular reasons, she does n't flourish so much here at Newport. Don't you think I'm right about Perry Thorburn and Josephine, Mr. Atlee?"

The young man appealed to gave an exceedingly slow and eminently Britan-
nic assent.

Eugene, however, was hardly convinced. "There is something familiar," he resumed, "about that name of Gifford. It's not uncommon, of course; but it's really a New England name. How does it happen that she hails from Baltimore?"

"I believe," said Mrs. Deering, "that her husband *was* a New Englander, and came from your region, Eugene,—not far from Springfield; though when you come to talk about families, it's quite absurd to ask me. I have enough to do to look after my own, as I guess you saw just before dinner. Still, I *can* tell you this much, that he afterwards moved to Baltimore, and that his first name was Helvetius. I can always remember that."

"I should think you might!" exclaimed Atlee, laying down his fork and allowing a subdued hilarity to distend his mustache. "Helvetius!" he repeated, with condescension. "Most extraw-d'n'ry name. I should think you might!" His own name was Gustavus, but he had gradually modified it to "Augustus," and kept even that in the background except on occasions when he thought it would be effective.

"Well," said Oliphant, "I'm not

much better off than before. I can't 'place' the name, as they say in the country. And yet"—

In a fit of abstraction, he ceased to speak. "I don't think your association with the name amounts to anything," Mrs. Deering asserted, with such a determined closing of her lively lips that controversy seemed hopeless. "But you may be sure, Eugene, of one thing: Octavia Gifford is a woman perfectly contented as she is. She will never marry again."

"But if that's so," said Atlee, "why is it that she does n't wear mourning?"

"She does n't, exactly, it's true," said their hostess. "If you notice, though, you will see that she always dresses in black or white, with just a little of one color scattered in. And then," she continued, turning to Oliphant, "I understand she has a theory that it is not quite truthful to wear black entirely. The way she looks at it is this: 'I'm happy, and I still enjoy a great deal in life, so why should I pretend that I don't, and shut myself up in a dark shroud?' But, really, the reason she holds that opinion is that she was so thoroughly happy in her married life."

"You're sure of that, are you?" inquired her cousin.

"Perfectly. The woman is n't living who looks more on the bright side, so far as that goes, than Octavia Gifford. Her existence has been so satisfactory to her that, in spite of her great loss, there is a kind of radiance over everything, in her eyes."

"Fortunate person," murmured Eugene; and then other topics came up, which absorbed them until an unexpected noise at the front door, just as salad was being served, interrupted the conversation.

"There's Roger, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Deering, at the sound, and she excused herself, to run out and meet him. She came back, beaming

more than ever; and Roger himself followed, — active and semi-preoccupied as usual, with a face that appeared habitually red, either because of haste and heat, or good living, and with hair cut excessively short for summer comfort, from the nape of his neck to the edge of baldness rather far back from his forehead. He did not seem at all disturbed by Atlee's presence.

"How do?" he said cordially to both the visitors, giving his hand to each in succession. "Found I could get away all at once, as I was just explaining to Mary. Things rather dull on the street and likely to stay so the next few days, so I thought I'd run on. Let's have some champagne, Mary."

The wine was sent for, and Clarence burst prematurely into the room. "Oh papa!" he exclaimed; and, after a hearty greeting between them: "May I go to the hop?"

"Hop? No. On general principles, no. All hops excluded — except hop into bed. What party is it?" Mrs. Deering explained. "Oh, go ahead, if you want to," said the father easily. "Let him go and look on, Mary. That's all you could do, you know, Clarence: you're too young to dance there. And you don't catch *me* going. If you want to see me, you've got to stay at home."

So the matter was compromised, finally, by the boy's receiving a glass of champagne and water, and remaining with Deering. "I'll look after him," said the latter, good-humoredly, to his wife, "if Atlee and Eugene will look after you."

Oliphant's vague uneasiness about Atlee had been partially allayed by Roger's sudden arrival; now he was again made uncomfortable by the prospect of taking Mrs. Deering away for an evening of superfluous diversion, just at the instant of her husband's return. But as they chatted and smoked over their coffee, while Mrs. Deering made some

preparation for the dance, he consoled himself with the reflection that it was foolish to apply his own secluded standard of conduct, which had never brought about much happiness in his case, to the affairs of the sophisticated circle in which he now stood.

Meanwhile the Casino theatre had been lighted up, and people were slowly assembling in the garnished interior, where the white and gold of the walls and the pale-blue silver-starred panels of the ceiling cast a reflected brilliancy upon the polished floor. The first-comers were of a staid and sober sort, chiefly in dark-hued habiliments; and they collected in the gallery, or seated themselves in the remotest chairs near the lower entrances, with a solemn and expectant hush, very much as if they had arrived at church a long time before service. They were simply spectators, and those who were to furnish the spectacle did not straggle in until after nine. Among these were Mrs. Farley Blazer, Miss Ware and her brother, and young Lord Hawkstane, whom it was supposed that Mrs. Blazer intended to marry to one of her nieces, after he should have had time enough to think he had made up his own mind about it. It was of Lord Hawkstane that the Weekly Eavesdropper had said: "His gentlemanly manner has won him troops of friends;" and in the next paragraph it praised the gentlemanly head-waiter at the Ocean House. Besides these, a member of the cabinet, with his wife and daughters, made his appearance; and a foreign minister as well as a couple of attachés of legation at Washington were pointed out to the solemn people in the galleries, by the more knowing of their associates. Some looked anxiously for Count Fitz-Stuart, of whom they had heard as "the last of the Stuarts;" but he was not seen that evening, reserving himself under some mysterious sense of fitness, with which the half-dollar admission may

have had something to do. Mrs. Thorburn came, bringing a judiciously small selection of diamonds. There were other men and women who brought their family names — names of a certain antiquity in Boston or New York, — that gave them a distinction, an imperceptible halo, which the unfortunate onlookers who did not know them entirely missed seeing. It was on the whole an agreeable, informal company, differing little from the average of cultivated persons elsewhere; notwithstanding which a local paper, the next day, lifting the trump of vulgar fame, declared that “the *élite* was in force, America’s best society people being represented by its fairest ladies and wealthiest citizens.”

When Oliphant came in, he met Dana Sweetser hovering about with a ravished expression of countenance.

“It is simply delightful,” said Mr. Sweetser. “You see so many charming friends, with no encumbering obligation. And the beauty! Where can you find at hazard so many attractive women as you see around this room?” As Atlee had assumed the duty of finding Mrs. Deering a chair, the gay old bachelor began pointing out to Eugene the persons whom he ought to observe. “But our quota is not yet full,” he wound up. “Before the season is over we expect to draw an Italian Count, a Russian Prince, and” —

“No crowned heads this year?” Oliphant put in.

Sweetser turned upon him a faded reproach, which made him regret his jest. “However, that’s not so impossible in the future,” resumed the ancient Dana, agile in the recovery of good-humor. “The throne business is so uncertain, nowadays. There’s something better than a crowned head to be seen to-night, though. Josephine Hobart is here.”

“Indeed?”

“Yes; she has got away from her

dreadful old father and is visiting friends in town. Envious friends!”

“I’m sorry to say I’ve never seen her,” Oliphant remarked.

Mr. Sweetser looked woe-begone. “My dear sir, you don’t know what you’ve missed! Let me present you.”

This offer Eugene contrived to evade, preferring some other approach. Before long he discovered his cousin sitting next to Mrs. Gifford, and was thus precipitated into a speaking acquaintance with the widow.

“Have you ever been in Springfield?” he asked, after a few preliminary nothings.

“No,” she said. “But how odd that you should happen to ask! Is that your home?”

“Yes. At least, it was; but I have wandered so much, I can hardly call it that any more. I have been abroad, the last three years.”

“Mr. Gifford lived there,” said the widow, in the most composed and cheerful way. “But he had entirely moved his interests to Baltimore, before our marriage, and so I never chanced to go to Springfield. Is it a pretty place?”

“‘Prettily placed’ would describe it better,” Oliphant said. But he was thinking that, serene though she was, a certain change had passed over her — like the shadow of a sunny cloud, when she mentioned her husband. There was a finer light in her eye, just for an instant: she looked as if she had been thrilled through with a proud memory, yet one that brought with it a pang. “And you were of Baltimore yourself,” he went on. “I know some people there.” So they began to make note of their acquaintances, as persons must who have little knowledge of each other.

What they said came fitfully; slender trains of words breaking off suddenly, between which the soft notes of the orchestra swept upon them in delicate waves. Then Mrs. Deering would help them on with a laughing remark; and

Oliphant began again. To complete his discouragement, Perry Thorburn strode up, even more overtopping in his dress-coat than he had been that morning, and asked for a dance with Mrs. Gifford, which she granted. At the same moment Mrs. Deering began to waltz with Atlee, and Eugene was left alone. He watched the swift but gentle whirl of the dancers. For a moment everything before him melted into a tremulous, insubstantial glow; a confusion of gold and white and gaslight and rhythmic motion. It was strange to be in such a spot, with such companionship, while his thoughts were straying off to guess at the happiness so confidently asserted of Mrs. Gifford's past, and to ask whether she had given any more for it than he had devoted without getting a like return. What was the secret of these fates? It reminded him of little Clarence's problem in the distribution of toys; but the question went on recurring like the throb of an endless trouble, a refrain to the lively music now ringing in his ears. At last Mrs. Gifford was beside him again, swept to her place by the breeze of the waltz, which died away the next instant; and the room at once became a solid, bright interior full of polished people; no refrain of destiny audible anywhere in it.

Perry Thorburn went on talking to the widow. Suddenly, "I don't see Miss Hobart," he said.

"That reminds me," Oliphant interposed, addressing her. "Do you know Miss Hobart? I have been so anxious to see her." He had begun to catch the accent of the place.

Mrs. Gifford showed a new interest in him. "Know her? Why, she's staying with me!"

"As an invisible spirit?" he asked, glancing around.

"Luckily, no," was her answer, given with due sparkle of appreciation for his little effort. "I don't see her either, Perry," she continued, to Thorburn.

"I've lost her in the waltz. And you know," to Oliphant again, "when Josephine is lost, there are so many to find her — it's quite hopeless for me."

"Much more so, then, for me," Oliphant said.

The other two looked in various directions, and finally descried Josephine at the end of the room where she had stopped, with the music, and was detained by a little group of admirers, among them Lord Hawkstane.

"I will go over there," said Thorburn abruptly, after a parenthetical glare at Oliphant.

Eugene wondered if the young man claimed a monopoly of both these ladies.

"It will be like Clever Alice," said Mrs. Gifford. "Everybody who goes to find her will stay."

"I venture to predict that that won't happen in this case," he returned, scattering over his remark a light powder of gallantry which softened the contradiction.

"We shall see," the widow smiled.

Miss Hobart did in fact come back almost immediately, on Thorburn's arm; and as Oliphant stood there he was introduced to her.

"I'm a very poor talker," he declared to her, becoming still more local. "I hardly belong here, for I really have nothing to say."

"That is exactly what will give you a perfect claim," said Miss Hobart. "You will be like the rest, then."

This beginning gave them a half-humorous understanding, from which they went on smoothly. Josephine had spoken quietly, softly; neither in the tone of satire nor in that of earnest. From her manner, she might have been imparting a gentle confidence of some sort. Evidently her power lay in her repose; Oliphant was struck by this. She had large, meditative, dark-gray eyes that moved slowly with a hidden glance sideways; she appeared to be low-browed, but only because of the breadth of her

forehead : altogether she was an embodiment of revery. Oliphant even fancied a guarded sadness in her face ; and all this seemed to him very strange in a young woman who drew so much admiration. More and more the thought presented itself that she was the centre of calm in the midst of the whirlpool.

If this were true, the similitude was borne out by the fact that swiftly, surely the idle young men in the neighborhood were drawn closer and closer, and soon were held in a semicircle around her. Eugene felt that he was no match for them, and hastily abandoned the conversation. For a while he stayed near the other two ladies, half-silent and uneasy, disturbed by a restlessness which he was at a loss to account for. Then, finding that Mrs. Deering would not remain much longer and expected to drive home in her carriage, he retreated to a door by the veranda ; and, after watching the group until he was thoroughly puzzled to decide whether Thornburn was more interested in the widow or Miss Hobart, he departed.

He had to repack some of his things before removing to Porter's, and it occurred to him to do this to-night ; but when he had put on his dressing-gown, an impulse led him into quite a different employment. In a smaller trunk that stood near his bed was a quantity of papers, many of them old letters, which had belonged to his wife. He had brought them hither inconsistently enough, since it was on Mary Deering's advice to sever himself wholly from his past that he had come to Newport. But when he had first looked over his wife's belongings, he had been too much affected and too weary to complete the task ; and he fancied that the present summer would be a good time to review what remained, and destroy them. The associations of the day and his musings at the dance inclined him now to take a look at these shriveled relics. He began humming again : —

"An I were as fair as she
And she were as kind as I,
What pair" —

Here he unlocked the box, and threw back the lid. A lingering musty perfume stole up from the mass of old writings. . . . Somewhere down there, he knew, were the early love-letters. There, too, — he shuddered as he thought of it, — was the equally impassioned but stern and bitter correspondence growing out of a long absence of hers, when she had threatened separation. He hesitated to touch any of these : indeed, he wondered why he had kept them at all. But there was a great tenacity in his temperament, and he had always wished to review his experience as a whole, some day, and solve its unsatisfactoriness ; so he had held on to these documents with little care what hands they might fall into, were he to die before disposing of them. The same recklessness on that head had once induced him to set down, partly for relief, partly for analysis, memoranda of the mental anguish through which he was passing, due to the luckless struggle into which his married life had fallen. Upon the little book in which he had entered these records his hand rested first, when he began to examine the contents of the trunk, and he turned a few pages to see what was there. Strange, indefensible, even ghastly seemed the bitter things he found ; and for the most part they had lost their meaning ; yet he remembered how dreadfully real their meaning had once been — how it had scorched his heart. One paragraph, however, struck him, and renewed the old turmoil. It was this : —

"Do we love each other — Alice and I — or detest ? I can't decide. But when we are both hating hardest, we cling to each other most, if only for a better chance to stab. Yes ; as some have said, love and hate are the same and merely change their effect — as strong essences may either poison to

death, or else poison us out of disease into healthy life."

Olipphant put down the book. "And in spite of everything," he murmured, "I suppose I loved her! Poor child, when she was laid in her grave . . . O God," he went on, looking upward, as if in communion, "if forgiveness is love, you know whether I loved; but I do not. I know there was too much weakness and resentment and longing for present happiness in me, to make me deserving in the sight of the Highest." For some time after this he remained inert and silent, unaware of any thought except as it might take the form of penitence and prayer. Then he lifted mechanically one of the packets of folded papers, untied it, and began to read. They proved to be letters written to his wife by various friends, some time before he had even known her; and there was not much in them to interest him. Still, he continued to examine them in a cursory way. Suddenly he gave a start; then he raised his eyebrows and looked closer at the written sheet which he was holding. After this he turned at once to the end, on the other page,

for the signature. The ink was time-worn, fatigued by its long waiting, but scarcely dimmed. The name stood out clearly: "Helvetius Gifford." Olipphant was sure he had never seen this paper before; but there, pressed upon it with mute emphasis, was the name which he had heard but a few hours since as that of Mrs. Gifford's husband!

Going back, he read the whole from the beginning; and now his eyes were lifted quietly from its lamp-lit surface to the glassy squares of his window. He at length became aware that the dying moon had cast a strange ashen light over the sky. But why had he never heard of this letter before? Why had his wife never told him of the matter? It had been addressed to her, these long years ago, by Helvetius Gifford, and contained an offer of marriage from him, couched in terms of adoration the sincerity of which was unmistakable; words that looked cold and rigid now, in their parallel inky lines — but only as lava looks black when it is cooled, showing none the less where once the fire of its life flowed burning away, into the unseen.

George Parsons Lathrop.

BOOMTOWN.

In its early days, before there were any houses upon its streets, and when the streets themselves were indicated only by the surveyor's pegs, Boomtown was known as Boom City upon the gorgeous map which heralded its future glory. But cities, like college graduates, grow more modest as they grow old, and hence its present compacter title. Not to afflict the reader with a multitude of geographical details, I will simply say that the Boomtown of to-day is situated in the great Northwest. While it is probably south of the British boundary,

it may be above the same; for there are thousands of our English and Canadian friends whose hearts are so loyal that they would rather be swindled under her majesty's flag than grow rich on Yankee soil. For a time their opportunities for speculation without expatriation were limited to the city of Winnipeg, in Manitoba, and it is chiefly to this fact that the town owes its celebrated prosperity of 1881 and 1882.

The great Northwest is entered through the gateway of St. Paul. There the traveler first hears of Boomtown,

the "Portals of the Sunset," the "Favorite of Fortune," the "Gem of the Great Golden Northwest," the "Love-liest Spot in the Land of Light," the "Plucky Pioneers' Paradise upon the Productive Prairies." Not only are the allurements and advantages of Boomtown advertised in alliterative prose, but the real-estate man also drops into poetry, and relates how the place has grown :—

"From a village in a vale
To a city strong and hale,
Ere three harvests tell their tale."

In prospectus this city is the focus of all railroads that are ever to be built, the future capital of the future State, the garden spot of the farmer, the sanitarium of the invalid, the speculator's paradise, the land of golden grain, where the wheat grows in forests and the oats in impenetrable jungles. Should our arrival in St. Paul be opportune, we learn that an auction sale of Boomtown lots is one of the entertainments of the evening, and we are sadly lacking in the tourist's proverbial enterprise if we do not attend. Bands of music, inviting us to the scene, play lively tunes, calculated to intoxicate the buyer and loosen the strings of his purse. Like the spies sent out by Moses to report upon the land of Canaan, and who returned bearing between them that famous bunch of grapes from the brook Eshcol, the Boomtown syndicate have also brought with them the products of their land, and challenge Canaan itself to show an equal display of No. 1 hard wheat, tastefully arranged in sheaf and jar; enormous potatoes, each one a dinner in itself; and luscious fruit, which, however, owing to the undeveloped state of the country, is yet in a state of papier maché.

The sales are made by that most loquacious of auctioneers, the "Marquis of Mud," who has fairly earned his honorable title. He exhorts the people to catch on to the Boomtown boom, which

has surely set in to stay. Then, with the sensitiveness of the true boomer, he corrects himself, and says that this is not a boom at all, but a healthy and regular growth. The people catch on. In the fever of the moment, those buy lots who never bought before. Some buy in confidence, and some in fun. Some think that kind of a lottery as good as any other, and some invest for the privilege which it gives them of occasionally putting on the air of a capitalist, and referring, in careless tones, to their real estate up in Boomtown. They buy for that satisfaction which the mere possession of property gives. Where lives the man who has not bought a dog or a dressing-gown, an opera-house or a newspaper, for similar reasons?

Having purchased his lot, the traveler feels a natural desire to look at it, and proudly stand upon the base of his pyramid of dirt, whose apex is at the centre of the earth, three or four thousand miles away. Since Boomtown is an inland city, and the climate, he has been led to believe, is just wet enough for the farmer and just dry enough for the consumptive, he is greatly shocked to find that his destination is surrounded by a waste of waters. Only the repeated assurance that this is an exceptionally moist spring restores confidence to his soul. The steamboat upon which he has crossed the prairie unloads its passengers at the veranda of the second story of the hotel; and when, on the following day, the investor starts out in a row-boat to hunt up his real estate, he finds that he had unwittingly sailed across it as he came into town. The exact location of his lot, however, cannot be determined without a diving-bell. The corner-stakes, which were only waist-high, are under water, and he hears the surveyor, who is his pilot on this occasion, mutter to his assistant that it will be necessary to make his pegs as high as lamp-posts hereafter.

The flood subsides at last, as all floods must, and then the voice of the boomer a-booming is heard in Boomtown. This individual, who is an optimist of the most sanguine nature, has been the subject of many descriptions of late; but none have been more graphic than that which, in plain American, defines him as a "rustler." He travels with a map under his arm, hope in his heart, and, to say the least, exaggeration upon his lips. Early and late his cheerful tones are heard prophesying great things of the new city, and seductively offering a few lots for sale in the most promising part of the town. In his mind's eye he sees paved sidewalks, street railways, court-houses, orphan asylums, and other city improvements dotting the barren surface of his unsold property, and if he is a good boomer his confidence is contagious.

Not Paris herself is more cosmopolitan in her population than Boomtown, as witness this extract from a report of the sheriff of that city:—

"Jail full,—three Indians, one negro, eight white civilians, and three soldiers. I am rustling now for a Chinaman, to complete the assortment."

Social distinction is not hard to achieve in Boomtown. Rank, talent, and birth are of no importance there. Money to invest is the thing. Who would be honored there should enter the city with the careworn brow, light grip-sack, and modest dress of the solid millionaire. Let him ask a few discreet questions about the prices of property here and there; then let him be seen pacing off the frontage of lots marked "For Sale," as if to determine their extent, and let him thoughtfully bore his cane into the soil, as if to ascertain its fitness for foundations, and his success is assured. Rumor is swift to make a magnate of him. Real-estate agents send in their cards. The hotel clerk transfers him to parlors on the first floor. Newspaper reporters solicit

his opinion upon the city of their pride; and when he answers, in terms of ordinary compliment, that its growth is wonderful and its future metropolitan splendor is beyond question, his words are printed as oracular utterances. Committees of leading citizens call upon their distinguished visitor, and give him a free ride in a hack over the avenues and boulevards which are to be; and the boomer tells him pretty stories, as they sit together over club-house dinners and champagne suppers innumerable. By all means, the tourist to Boomtown should affect the thoughtful air of the capitalist with money to spend.

One hears in Boomtown the same old jokes that have furnished amusement to the Western traveler since the days of Bonneville and Bridger, and he comes at last to wonder if new witticisms are really as rare upon the frontier as in the minstrel show and circus ring. Funny stories that were printed in *Beyond the Mississippi* and *Roughing It*, years and years ago, are told as actual occurrences of yesterday or to-day, and the exasperated listener is considered a stick if he does not join in the laughter which accompanies them. They say that the climate of Boomtown is so healthy that they had to shoot a man to start a graveyard with; the legend and adventure of "Pike's Peak or Bust" are adapted to "Boomtown or Bust;" and telling you of the dainty Englishman who, calling for a glass of sherry and an egg, was given whisky in a tin cup, and made to drink it at the revolver's muzzle, they give local color to this thrilling incident by describing the exact saloon in Boomtown in which it occurred. The man in good clothes who travels through the West is sure to be taken for a tenderfoot, and treated to a rehash of Western humor. To avoid this infliction there is perhaps no safer way than to fight fire with fire, so to speak, and, anticipating your companion's jokes, tell them to him before he has a chance to begin.

Nothing so disgusts a *raconteur* as to be thus dosed with his own medicine.

The enterprising newspaper, which appropriates and retails the anecdotes of the popular lecturer, has also made common property of the mulewhacker's vernacular and the scout's adventure. A man in Arizona says a good thing, a newspaper correspondent from New York puts it in circulation, and in a month all of the people of Montana are repeating it as original material. The tourist who is writing a book will do well to ponder these things. He travels over the same routes, employs the same guides, hears the same stories, sees the same scenery, and receives the same impressions as a dozen authors who have gone before him; and when his volume appears it will be easy to prove that it is plagiarized from the works of his predecessors. He should therefore, before going into print, read all kindred existing literature, and prune his own notes accordingly; but such a discipline will leave him scarcely anything worth publishing.

Travelers arriving in Boomtown by rail will observe upon the platform at the station a person picturesquely attired in buckskin, with fringes down the legs of his pantaloons and a silver cord around his white felt hat. His hair is long and redolent. His mustache is terrible. Mexican spurs jingle at his heels. He is girt about with a whole armory of pistols and knives, silver-mounted, and his whole appearance is calculated to send the cold chills of awe over the beholder. Being questioned, this piratical individual admits that he is celebrated as an Indian slayer, was General Custer's favorite scout, and is known to fame by some such euphonic title as "Grizzly George," or "Sure Pop Peter." Yes, he will condescend to take a drink with his questioner, from whom the death-dealing terror borrows five dollars, at the close of the interview. In short, he is a fraud, as

the average hunter and trapper of the railway station is very liable to be. His appearance is purely theatrical, and his acquaintance with the Indian question entirely theoretical. The genuine hero of the plains and mountains does not oil his hair and stand in public places awaiting an invitation to drink. Nor is he known by any display of scalps in his belt, or hyperbole in his conversation. More likely, he is a plain and silent man, dressed in ready-made clothes, with a stoop in his shoulder and a patch on his knee, with no visible weapons except a well-worn butcher-knife in his boot-leg, and, taken altogether, not easily distinguishable from the most unheroic of us. This may be sad news for the boys of America, who have constructed a different ideal of the plainsman and mountaineer, but nevertheless it is true.

To return to the all-absorbing topic of this region, the tourist should be warned that it is not always safe to buy Boomtown real estate *à la carte*, or as it appears upon the map. The enterprising boomer has been known to purchase a tract of land some miles out on the prairie, plot it in its true position on the street, and then, cutting out the broad strip of territory between his property and the town, slide his suburban addition up to the heart of the city, and paste it there. The buyer who, guided by this fraudulent map, selects a lot in apparent proximity to the high school, penitentiary, and other conveniences of civilized life is greatly grieved to discover that his future home is situated somewhere out among the wheat-fields.

Whenever the boomer meets with an objection on the score of price, he asks the permanent question, —

"Do you consider yourself the biggest fool in the great Northwest?"

The buyer is naturally averse to placing himself at the head of the category of great Northwestern fools.

"Then," replies the boomer, "buy

this lot, and sell it to some bigger fool, when you meet him. That's what I am doing."

"But it is not worth the money you ask for it," protests the cautious purchaser.

"Who cares what it is worth? Intrinsic values don't count here. We don't buy lots for what they are worth in Boomtown. We buy them to sell again."

The investor, notwithstanding the advantages offered him, will not be long in Boomtown before he wearies of the hollow mockery and unsubstantial wealth of this city in the air, and, becoming homesick and hungry, he is willing to sell his ground at the very low figures of its cost, namely, two hundred dollars. He is astonished that buyers should look askance at such a bargain, and refuse it. His fault lies in not charging enough. Speculators cannot reasonably be expected to snap at land which does not advance in value between sales.

Now mark the ways of the boomer, who has an adjoining lot of equal value. Going to the same group of timid investors, he offers it to them for two thousand dollars. The audacity of the proposal charms them into listening, while he explains that this piece of ground has cost him but two hundred dollars one brief year ago. Selling it for two thousand, as he is now doing, he is realizing a profit of nine hundred per cent. on his investment. There is no reason why property should not continue to rise in value at the same rate for at least another year, when they can sell this lot for twenty thousand dollars. His logic is not to be gainsaid, and there is strife among the by-standers to secure this very profitable bit of realty. As the boomer closes the bargain, he is heard to remark sententiously, "I did not come to Boomtown for my health."

So goes the craze. Speculators arrive from all parts of the world. Gas companies are organized, and electric

lights are hung freely about the town. Street railways are planned before there are any people to ride. Water-works are contracted for while whisky is yet the staple beverage. The boomer points to these improvements as additional inducements to the honest settler, who does not stop to realize that it is such as he that must pay for them, and that his share of the civic debt may be easily greater than the value of his property. More than one aspiring city has thus found itself bonded for more than it was intrinsically worth, and, if sold at auction, would not bring enough to satisfy its creditors.

For a month, or a year, the fever rages. The value of property is not computed on the solid basis of its usefulness for building purposes or market gardens, but on the fickle standard of what it can be sold for to-morrow. The world looks on in amazement, and says the Boomtown folks are mad. But they are not more mad than gamblers in general. When the old Dutch speculators bought a tulip bulb for ten thousand florins, it was for the unæsthetic reason that they expected to sell it soon for fifteen thousand, and not because they anticipated an equivalent amount of comfort or happiness to result from its possession. So it is with the gamblers at Boomtown; and if they could only foresee the precise date when distrust shall take the place of confidence, timidity follow boldness, and panic crush speculation, all would be well. Unhappily the time of this inevitable turn in fortune's wheel cannot be foreseen. It comes truly like a thief in the night. Even while town lots in the suburban cow pastures are auspiciously selling for one thousand dollars a front foot, a feeling of fear, coming from no one knows where, palsies the hearts of the community, arrests the voice of the bidder, and the panic begins. Travelers on the railway put their heads together, and tell each other that the bottom has fallen

out of Boomtown at last. The boot-blacks on the street volunteer the information that something is going to drop in Boomtown. Newspapers in distant cities print the warning, "Stand from under in Boomtown!" The winds whistle it, the brooks murmur it, and even the golden wheat-heads on the plain seem to nod, with a sagacious air, "I told you so."

The history of Boomtown is repeated in many a new settlement in the West, which in its youth enjoys an exaggerated importance as a railway terminus, or an outfitting camp, or a depot for the mines. The bubble of its greatness is inflated rapidly to the bursting point, when there is a sudden collapse in values. Fortunes which were made in a month are lost in a day. Mortgages are foreclosed without ceremony. The town is dead for a time, in that stupor which follows the exhilaration of drunkenness. The hosts of speculators and young doctors and lawyers decamp to other places of metropolitan promise. After the panic comes the enduring period of slow and healthy growth, in which settlers come to stay, and property is bought and sold for useful purposes alone. But though they grow a hundred years, these towns will never again see the glory of their early days, nor will they reap such prices for town lots as were paid in their brief golden age. The country is dotted with dilapidated villages which are the wrecks of the speculator's hopes. A brick mansion, a corner store, a capacious warehouse, and a half dozen faded frame dwellings are all the fruitage of so much blossoming. Yet it was at one time demonstrated beyond a doubt that each of these villages was destined to be the "New Chicago;" and wiser folks than you or I, dear reader, have believed it to their cost, and have learned too late that it does not profit a town to be at the head of navigation of a river which is not navigated, or the queen of a har-

bor which the ships do not visit, or the agricultural centre of a district which is not cultivated, or the shipping-point of a mine when the deposit is exhausted, or the gateway of a region which nobody enters.

Sometimes there are booms within a boom, as there are wheels within a wheel, and now one section and now another of Boomtown is selected as the future Broadway or Murray Hill of that city. The opening of a new avenue, the building of a fine business block, the extension of a street-car line, the location of a suburban railway station, a popular church, or a fashionable family, are all potent influences in the development of a city; and so many and powerful are these secondary springs of growth that the natural advantages of a town site are well-nigh offset by them. Sometimes a first settler seizes upon the most favorable ground of a coming city, and holds it at an exorbitant price, under the impression that the town must and will have it, at any rate. Rather than receive no profit from his property, while awaiting its sale, he permits the erection of such temporary structures as saloons, Irish shanties, livery stables, and circus tents, whose moderate rental will help him to pay the taxes, which are keeping him "land poor." Meanwhile the city finds room for itself elsewhere. The railway builds a depot in the swamp. The banks and business houses perch on the side-hill, and the fine residences seek other suburbs, while the best natural ground of the city's site becomes disreputable and correspondingly valueless. As the Western citizen is esteemed in proportion as he contributes to the building up of his city, it is needless to say that this style of boomer is never sent to Congress.

Such booms are not confined to the West, as the people of the East doubtless know. When George Washington established the city which bears his name, it was his design that it should

be built upon the fine plateau east of the Capitol; but the property-holders of that quarter, appreciating the monopoly held by them, charged such prices that they repelled the buyers to the unhealthy and unfavorable localities now occupied.

One does not have to travel far, in the West, before he meets the man whose father or uncle was offered the ground upon which Chicago now stands for a pair of boots. Many are the regrets that he wastes over his ancestor's stupidity in not closing the bargain. But if this pioneer had bought the land for a pair of boots, and if he could have foreseen its glorious future, he would undoubtedly have held his property at so high a figure — perhaps a whole suit of clothes — that the city builders would have selected some other spot upon the lake-shore for their enterprise. It is not an easy task to corral the city of the future, although the founders of the new town of Odessa, in Dakota, claim to have accomplished that feat by locating it upon that narrow strait of Devil's Lake to which all railways must converge in order to cross.

While very few of the dealers in Western real estate lay claim to the title of philosopher, they do a vast deal of solid philosophizing in attempting to determine which is the coming street of the coming city. So many and diverse and conflicting are the causes at work that they are obliged to confess that luck as well as judgment plays an important part in their transactions. While the shrewdest often go to ruin, they see some bull-headed investor enriched by one of fortune's freaks, and endowed henceforth with the reputation of being a far-seeing man. The wise boomer "gets in on the ground-floor" at Boomtown; that is, he is one of the original purchasers of the town site, and buys the land by the acre or by the section. Cutting this up into lots, he sells them easily at a fabulous profit; for, while we are so constituted that a hundred dollars

an acre seems a handsome price for land, the same sum for a small portion of that acre, in the guise of a city lot, seems very reasonable indeed.

Where the railway owns every alternate section, and thus has the power of locating its stations, with their accompaniments of offices, shops, and cattle-yards, upon its own land, the boomer may find the ground-floor closed to him; but he has nevertheless been doing a flourishing business in the second story of late, especially along the line of the Northern Pacific. Here that migratory city, Boomtown, almost as fugacious as that other unstable point, "the end of the track," which it closely follows, has halted successively at Fargo, Jamestown, Bismarck, Glendive, and Billings. Now it rests at the foot of the mountains, at Livingston, whence the branch railway diverges to the Yellowstone Park. Although this is the speculator's last chance on that line, the railway, warned by experience, cruelly appropriates to itself the cream of the profits by charging one thousand dollars a lot before the town is begun. The boomer sadly realizes that not the ground-floor, but the attic, has been reserved for him in Livingston; but still he buys, with an abiding faith in the enthusiasm and cash of the young capitalists from the East, whom the summer season is bound to bring forth.

According to the theorists, the western bank of a navigable river, at a railway crossing, is an excellent spot for a city. They argue that every city receiving its goods from the East is the source of supply of a fan-shaped area lying to the westward of it; and of course the centre from which the leaves of this fan radiate should, for the sake of convenience, lie on the same side of the river with the country which it covers. Mandan, the new city opposite Bismarck, on the Missouri River, bases its hopes of future prosperity on this principle, and, in support of the same,

it points to the opposing towns of St. Louis and East St. Louis, Minneapolis and St. Anthony, Omaha and Council Bluffs, Fargo and Moorhead, etc.

The presence of a rival community near at hand has always proved a wholesome restraint upon the city which is undergoing the booming process. A skeptical editor or two across the river, who cry "Ah ha!" to their neighbor's extravagant boasts of population and prosperity, are a check upon those tendencies to exaggeration to which the unfettered mind is prone. Otherwise, the city would grow—upon paper—with the rankness of Jonah's gourd. Real-estate agents and newspaper men vie with each other in adroit computations and estimates, in which the laws of arithmetic and truth are alike violated, and by which the population is shown to be at least double its real number. In the columns of material progress is printed the cost of magnificent edifices which are as yet but castles in the air, the ground for their foundations being still unbroken. Were it not for the periodical visits of that miserable pessimist, the census-taker, who pulls the people down from the clouds and stands them on the solid ground of reality, there is no telling to what ridiculous extremes the boomer might be led by this silly habit of self-magnification. The census-taker is the opposite of the boomer: one is a sordid groveler among facts; the other is a brilliant master of imagination. The census official is not a favorite in Boomtown. His methods are condemned as picayunish, the accuracy of his report is impeached, and abuse and obloquy are everywhere his portion.

Shall we invest our little stake in Boomtown interests? Well, government bonds are just as safe, even though they may not be so exciting. We cannot all be boomers; some of us, in the language of the land, must be suckers. The widows and orphans and dry-goods clerks and other small capitalists of the

East will perhaps do as well to speculate, if speculate they must, in some more familiar field nearer home, such as Newport, Long Island, or the oil regions. The world is addicted to looking on the bright side of things; we hear full reports of the great fortunes made in Boomtown, but other fortunes, equally great, which are lost there go unnoticed. So far as luck is a factor in the making of money, the chances of the outsider are equal to those of the native, but in judgment and experience the latter has decidedly the advantage. Even the infants cry for real estate, there. You pass a group of school-boys on the corner, but their talk is not of marbles, bicycles, and other topics of juvenile interest; they are telling each other what particular lots they would buy if they had a hundred thousand dollars apiece. You meet a trio of maidens on the sidewalk, and as they pass you hear the unmaidenly words "a hundred dollars a front foot." Such a people may be conquered, but not in a real-estate transaction. In the old game of spider and fly, the spider, it will be observed, is always at home, while the fly is the tourist visitor. When there is a prize to be picked up, it is safe to conclude that the old resident, who has watched the fluctuations of values for many years, will take advantage of it. The agent may guarantee you a thousand per cent. profit on a proposed bargain; but when we see real-estate agents rolling in wealth, as a result of taking their own advice, we may accept their words as gospel truth.

Nor is the speculator from abroad welcomed by the solid sense of a growing city. The builder is received with open arms, and ground is often given him upon which to build; and even a handsome purse is made up for him if he will erect a mill or a hotel, or in some other manner supply the community's needs. But woe unto the non-resident who buys for a rise in values, and, in

the long years that he is awaiting this advance, permits his block of ground to become a camping-ground for the refuse population of the city. The municipal authorities have no mercy on the stranger, but tax and assess him right and left, for grading, paving, sidewalks, gas, water, and sprinkling. His property increases in value, but not in proportion to its expenses; and when his desperation is such that he fain would sell

it for what it has cost him, the city licks up the finest portion of his estate for a park or a pleasure-drive, and assesses him anew for the benefits he is supposed to have derived from this public improvement. They even tell the story of a man whose lot was entirely obliterated by a new street, and whose benefits therefrom were computed to exceed his damages; but this is probably an error.

Frank D. Y. Carpenter.

MUNICIPAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

WITH the growth of a community come the inevitable burdens arising from the care and management of great and ever-increasing trusts. Each generation inherits from its predecessor heavy legacies of responsibility, for which it is required to make proper account. This is especially true of great municipalities, with the complicated needs and enlargements of an advancing civilization. Water-works, the care of the streets, police and fire departments, public schools and libraries, bridges, highways, hospitals, parks, and sewerage, all demand vast outlays of capital and labor. As in regulating the affairs of a great nation the only sensible course is to apply the test of business principles, so in considering any scheme for local advancement or improvement it is necessary to be equally strict, in order to avoid extravagant outlay. The merchant who seeks to forestall the market by forcing production may find, when it is too late, that he is overloaded.

The subject of local taxation in Great Britain and Ireland has recently been discussed in a series of able essays by members of the Cobden Club, and the result of these inquiries shows a lack of order and system in the management of local affairs in those countries,

and the need of greater economy in expenditure. "One of the most serious points," says one of the writers, "in connection with one question of local taxation is the enormous indebtedness of local authorities, and the alarming rate at which this has been increasing in recent years. The burden has already become very onerous in many places, and the danger is that, unless something is done to restrain the borrowing zeal exhibited in many localities, posterity will be mercilessly burdened, and the prosperity of many towns will certainly suffer." The necessity of restricting the propensity on the part of municipalities to borrow of the government or in open market is further enforced by showing the rapidity with which apparently the most useful appliances are superseded by those more adapted to modern uses, thereby making the former cumbersome and expensive. Thus, in Scotland, large sums of money were laid out by government in the construction of military roads, which from the first were seldom used, and are even less so now, since the introduction of railways. Yet they are still maintained at the expense of the rate-payers. The same criticism has been made in the case of the Thames tunnel, that "gigantic piece

of folly," the cost of which was so heavy. While it may be necessary, at certain stages of growth, for a municipality to borrow sums of money for public improvements, it is obvious that both in the object and the amount of the appropriations it should be governed by the strictest rule of economy. In the United States the evidences of present security, owing to the retrenching and diminishing policy which the prosperous state of the national finances makes it possible to pursue, ought to afford us great encouragement. The disasters attending the currency, as the results of the war, have left the government burdened with a large but at the same time steadily receding public indebtedness, with no uncertainty as to the time of payment or the means of redemption.

But while the national debt is thus well provided for (to the amount of nearly \$100,000,000 in the last sixteen years), the condition of our local finances does not afford quite as much satisfaction. Excessive economy is not one of the dangerous tendencies with which local governments in this country or in England have lately been threatened. The difficulty sometimes is to avoid the other extreme; to restrain that spirit of indifference which does not concern itself with public expenditure so long as the present generation is provided for, at the expense of the future. Until a recent date, — so recent, in fact, that it is quite within the memory of persons now living, — New England towns were free from debt. It is just sixty years ago since the largest of them, on the formation of a city government, assumed a liability of only \$100,000. In 1881 the funded debt of the city of Boston was nearly \$41,000,000. It is true that a large part of the increase in local indebtedness, for which no one can be held directly responsible, was the bitter fruit of a civil war. But deducting the amount of this item and all other nec-

essary charges, a heavy balance still remains. One who is familiar with the origin, growth, and development of a New England town, and reflects on the prosperity which sustained its progress for nearly two centuries, may well be startled at the enormous increase of the financial burden within so recent a period. The old rule would not allow any obligation to be incurred, unless it could be provided for by immediate payment. The principle that children must not be made liable for the debts of their fathers was adhered to. If a highway was to be laid out or altered, or a town or school-house erected, the rates were increased and the charges properly distributed. Each able-bodied person was obliged to share the expense. Those who were too poor to meet the demand in the shape of money or materials were required to "work it out." The shifts to which a particular locality was often compelled to resort, in order to make up its share of the public tax, show to what extremities it was driven for want of cash. Thus, in 1687, the town of Hingham, Mass., was permitted to send in its quota in the form of milk pails. "Country pay," including live-stock, grain, and other produce, was equally available in such emergencies.

In spite of the destitution caused by the issue of province bills, the disasters attending the expeditions against Canada, and the protracted war against the French and Indians, which caused the prices of everything to rise enormously, property was so much more evenly distributed in those days than it now is that no one class in the community seemed to bear much more than its fair share of local burdens. Each voter felt a certain pecuniary interest in the appropriations. The law, accordingly, required the assessors to levy upon the polls, as nearly as possible, one sixth part of the amount needed. There could be no injustice in the method of apportioning the assessment by means of a

capitation or poll tax, where each one was as good as his neighbor so far as worldly goods were concerned; almost everybody having a "settling lot," an equal right in lands held in common, and a seat at "meeting!" Even later on, when civilization had advanced and great improvements were in progress, there was no inequality imposed by this mode of raising one sixth part of the entire assessment.

But when cities and towns began to spring up, with the vast increase of profits in large business adventures, and with wealth accumulated in the hands of a few, it was found necessary to fix a limit; and the poll tax, which in Massachusetts from 1812 to 1822 had varied from fourteen to twenty-seven cents, with provisos that it should not exceed a certain portion of the whole tax, was placed at \$1.50, and finally, in 1862, at the present rate of \$2.00. Then came the war period, when the debt of Massachusetts rose from \$7,600,000 in 1861 to \$21,673,695.58 in 1864, and \$28,477,804 in 1873, and the debts of the several cities and towns at the latter date to \$67,277,188; amounting in the aggregate to 4.58 per cent. of the entire valuation of the commonwealth.

"Undue facilities for borrowing," says the writer of a recent article on the subject in the *Edinburgh Review*, "have encouraged extravagance, while the power to lighten the burden attendant upon indebtedness by throwing a great part of the responsibility upon posterity has engendered something very like recklessness, and is calculated to have a most prejudicial effect upon the future interests of the country, unless timely care is taken to keep it within reasonable bounds." To show how experimental some of our improvements are, and the danger of running any great risks on that account, the same writer adds, "Our knowledge of sanitary science is as yet far from perfect; many of the undertakings for which millions have

been spent are really in the nature of experiments; and as it is impossible to foresee what changes future discoveries will bring about, there is grave reason to fear that many things we now do will even within a near future be declared inefficient or deleterious, and those who come after us will have a double burden to bear, — the responsibility of the debts now being incurred, and the necessity of obtaining fresh capital to meet the wants of their own time." Substantially, the same views were expressed by Sir Stafford Northcote, in a debate on the Public Loans Bill in 1878. It is for the interest of the present generation to look forward more than they do, and see what burdens they are imposing upon those who follow after by their public expenditure.

The temptation is strong, when it costs us but little, to spend large sums of money, leaving others to be accountable for the final settlement. It is undoubtedly true that where public works are of a permanent character, posterity ought to bear a certain proportion of the charges, and it would be unfair to ask the present generation to sustain the whole burden. The introduction of a complete system of water-works, for instance, affording a plentiful supply for all purposes, is destined to become a steady benefit to those who come after us. It is only fair, therefore, that they should contribute a portion of the expense of building the reservoir and laying the pipes. The development of a valuable industry, even, like a rich coal mine, is perhaps a fair subject for contribution. Still, it is necessary to proceed cautiously, so as not to overcharge posterity, or make them responsible for extravagant schemes. Sanitary improvements, as was before suggested, are destined to become an important item of expenditure in the future. Millions must undoubtedly be spent in fruitless attempts to cleanse our large cities. As sanitary science progresses, the old ma-

chinery will be thrown aside as useless, and new methods adopted, involving additional outlays before the former indebtedness is canceled. "Much of the money," it was recently said, "had been wasted; millions had been spent in pouring the filth of towns into the rivers: millions had now to be spent in getting it out again."

The rapid growth of thriving towns and manufacturing centres affords a plausible excuse for borrowing money whenever it is needed. With the increase in current expenditures comes a constant demand for new objects of a permanent value. The latter are generally provided for by funding the debt and issuing bonds. But it is a mistake to suppose that the taxpayer is thus relieved of all liability for the final redemption of these securities. Payment is provided for in some cases by sinking funds; and the taxpayer is rated a certain sum each year above the current appropriation, to meet the amount of the loan when it comes due, and the annual interest. It is true that the regular rate is only slightly increased, in most cases, by such an addition, but the difference, we may be sure, is always noticed. In a review of a Report on Local Taxation in England (1874), the writer remarks that "rates reach everybody, and every one is interested in their diminution. They fall heaviest on the deserving poor who are struggling to keep above pauperism. They press with great severity upon workingmen who own and occupy their own lands and houses." That tax is the best tax which is the least in amount. It is not for the protection of the rich, but of the middle and less favored or manual labor classes, that public expenditure should be carefully guarded. It is for the interest of that class who outnumber the rest of the community three to one to keep down expenses. Municipal extravagance imposes not only a common burden, but one which falls

most heavily by far upon the poorer classes. It is by no means to be inferred from what has just been stated that any man has the right to assume, when he moves into a neighborhood, that the conditions which he finds on entering will remain constant. The population of a town or of a parish must of course be fluctuating, both in quantity and quality, and consequently the rates must vary from year to year. But it is undoubtedly true, on the other hand, that any short-sighted extravagance is sure to unsettle that "confidence of the people which is the very breath of life to local institutions." Neither the rich capitalist nor the small tradesman will care to reside in a community which is steadily increasing the amount of its mortgage upon his property. If the public demand is not easily satisfied, increased rent and fewer comforts are the sure results for those who can ill afford them.

While there are some persons who insist upon the most rigid rule of economy in local expenditure, others do not see the slightest objection to incurring a debt. They find in such incumbrance nothing but the assured signs of growth and prosperity. In a debate which arose on the subject in the House of Commons, recently, Mr. Chamberlain advocated this doctrine. "He expressed the opinion that indebtedness was a matter of congratulation rather than fear, because it was not a debt in the ordinary sense of the word, but an investment for the benefit of the whole community, bearing often very remunerative interest." If this is the "matured opinion" of a man occupying a prominent position in the English cabinet, there is good reason to suppose that it is shared by others. The most fallacious doctrines spread a long distance. In support of his position, Mr. Chamberlain mentioned the case of his "own borough" (Birmingham), which "had," he thought, "in 1875, a local debt of some-

thing like £600,000." (It amounted to £5,000,000 in 1877.) "But if any one," he says, "would take the trouble to inquire into the assets, it would be found that they represented more than that amount, and that the interest on the total debt was more than met by the receipts from the profitable undertakings in which Birmingham had put the money, namely, water, gas, and tolls." He then attempts to give the reasons why this indebtedness should not be paid off at all. It would indeed be gratifying if we could borrow money on this condition. But, unfortunately, the time may come when, so far from wishing to pay off what is due, we may be obliged to incur a further debt. The growth of civilization, as was before remarked, and the improvements in the arts and sciences constantly afford new discoveries. So rapid is this progress, sometimes, that ten or twenty years will suffice for a complete revolution. But what chance is there of obtaining a loan upon such security as we should have to offer? We should either have to forego the advantages, or borrow money for their introduction at ruinous rates.

At frequent intervals in the progress of every civilized community, and in many cases out of all proportion to its gain in population, there has sprung up a great variety of public and private institutions, designed to elevate the standard of morals and education and to relieve the wants and sufferings of mankind. Enormous sums of money are required every year, both from public and private sources, to keep in working order such of them as are not self-supporting. The enumeration of all the organizations of this class belonging to a large city, with a statement of the sums contributed to each, would be no easy task to undertake; and the results obtained, unless they were from official sources, would necessarily be but approximately correct. Some of the most

important items of appropriation by local governments, however,—for instance, those relating to public schools, asylums, and hospitals,—are readily accessible from public documents. In many cases it will be found that fully one third of the public tax is assessed for these objects. Down to the year 1845, the ratio of expenditure for schools and support of the poor in Boston to the tax assessed, during the period of the city charter, was "38.98, or five and one half per cent. more than one third of the taxes." In the year 1880–81, out of a gross tax for the same city of \$9,907,469.85 (of which the polls were assessed \$187,640), the amount expended on schools alone was \$1,775,037.15. There is no reason to suppose that this large amount was not judiciously appropriated or economically handled. It is simply referred to in order to show how much is done to keep up the standard of certain institutions, the care and management of which are paid for by the rate-payers, while the benefits accrue to the whole community. Without attempting to criticise the successful working of a system which has always formed a distinctive feature of local institutions in this country, from the earliest times, the suggestion is made that perhaps some modifications may be necessary at the present day, in order to adjust the responsibility for its care and management to the enormous growth in population.

In discussing our public-school system and the free use of money expended for the education of the masses, a Scotch writer has lately ventured to express a qualified dissent. He says, "The establishment of what is termed 'free education' has advocates in Scotland. One or two of my correspondents support free education up to a certain standard. Primary education they would provide, at the expense of the rate-payers or the state, as in America, for all children, charging fees from the middle and advanced classes. I do not

at present advocate such a change in our educational machinery. . . . I am not inclined to think that that system, though we had it to-morrow, would prove of unmixed benefit. . . . The state and the rate-payers have already enough — many think more than enough — to contribute to education." Without adopting the conclusion, it may be well to borrow some of the caution which is here displayed. In view of the magnificent structures which are sometimes provided for the accommodation of pupils in the public schools, and the frequent supply of books and other appliances, perhaps a little more economy is needed in the care and management of these institutions; some modification which, while it would not interfere with the proper working of the present system, might form a wholesome check to promising schemes for "æsthetic development," by giving more attention to the practical side of the question.

The rapid growth of a city, however flourishing, involves some drawbacks. Increase in population does not always mean a proportionate gain in wealth. The tide of immigration brings an abundant supply of those who are prepared to receive rather than to give. Such acquisitions, instead of helping on the material prosperity of a community, have to be provided for at the public charge. Much the same difficulties are experienced to-day, only on a different scale, as in earlier stages of development. While the accessions to the floating classes have added largely to the burden, the need of economy is still more pressing.

Without confounding poverty with crime, or discouraging in the least a beneficent spirit of liberality, which seeks to relieve the sufferings of those who are helplessly enfeebled by bodily or mental ailments, no public institution should favor pauperism. In referring to the labors of the commission (of which he was a member) for the treat-

ment of the poor of Boston, appointed in 1876, Mr. George S. Hale observes, "They were appointed to consider and report upon the treatment of the poor, and to ascertain what changes, if any, were desirable in reference to their relief, maintenance, and employment. This commission submitted a report in 1878, containing statements and information in regard to the manner and cost of poor relief. They pointed out what seemed to them to be the defects in the existing system, — the want of information on important points and the large expenditure incurred, — and recommended various changes."

The substance of these recommendations may be embodied in the text taken from the words of the Apostle to the Thessalonians: "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." Making due allowance for those who are incapacitated for work, through age or bodily infirmity, the requirement of manual labor as compensation for the relief afforded ought to be a *sine qua non* in every case.

Of all accessions to modern civilization, none are more difficult to manage, especially in a country where a "receipted poll-tax bill" commands so much respect, than what are called the "floating classes." It is from the ranks of this uncertain but ever-increasing army that the hosts of tramps, paupers, "repeaters," and vagrants are chiefly recruited. As in the case of public improvements, so in the administration of charity, reckless expenditure should be avoided, lest there be thrown upon posterity a heavy burden, more to be dreaded than all other forms of local indebtedness, in the shape of inherited pauperism. The utmost caution should be exercised, not only to discourage unworthy applications and relieve deserving poverty, but also to keep alive that spirit of self-dependence which seeks to provide for its own wants.

"Admitting that a certain amount of

money over current revenue is annually needed for the expenses of a municipality, it would seem that but one of three courses was open to its authorities: to leave undone a necessary work, to raise the money by taxation, or to incur a debt. If the affairs of the municipality are well and prudently managed, no more money will be appropriated than is needed. To refuse to build sewers, to clean streets, equip a fire department, or do any other necessary work, because the tax rate would be raised beyond a limit fixed in advance, would be very poor economy. It would be worse economy to run in debt for current expenses. And the third course, to raise what money is needed by the just demand of the time, would seem to be the only option of a community that intended to do its legitimate work, and preserve unimpaired its financial credit."¹ But while it may be necessary very often to borrow money for public improvements, some form of assessment should be adopted which will make every taxpayer feel a direct interest in the amount of the appropriation. The statistics show that in 1873 one half of the polls in Massachusetts were assessed in cities. In the city of Boston, in 1874, out of a total of 84,684, there were 66,415, or more than seventy-eight per cent., paying on polls only. This startling disproportion, which is more or less true of other cities and towns, shows the importance of impressing this class with a sense of direct pecuniary responsibility for their votes.

Under the present system of taxation the average poll-tax payer, if asked for his opinion about so-called public improvements, blinded by the delusion that they will cost him nothing, is only too willing to further suggestions for additions or alterations to any extent. He is ready, of course, to approve of any plan of expenditure which is apparently

provided for by some one else, and does not oblige him to count the cost. The fire-department apparatus, the city hall, school-houses, and the numerous other public buildings cannot be too fine in architecture, provided he does not incur any expense in their construction, or can lay the burden on posterity.

It is true that the voter has no voice in directly furthering an appropriation; but his influence is felt by those who represent him, and there seems to be no good reason why the burden of large expenditures should not be justly apportioned among all classes. In this way a "spirit of community" would be fostered, which would unite the entire body of voters in a common purpose of keeping down expenses by creating the feeling that they belonged to a body "worthy of being served and honored and obeyed." It would tend also to raise the standard of public service to a higher level by creating a more vigilant supervision over the acts of local officers. The temptation to further schemes which, to say the least, are of doubtful issue would not press so hard. When a poor man begins to realize that it is his own mite which is being handled, he will see the need of strict economy. "He will know the reason why for every increase."

The poll-tax has always been a favorite subject of attack by the demagogue. The hardship and injustice even of the liability, however small, are often asserted by the popular candidate. Such avowals, if honestly made, are generally based upon a state of society which never existed in this country. They are entirely foreign to that "identity of interests of all the component parts" which has broken down the old-world barriers between different grades of society. The attempt to draw a line between rich and poor as distinct orders of society "should be stifled at once, as wholly false to our political institutions."

That "order of things is best for the

¹ Report of the Commissioners relating to Taxation (in Massachusetts) for 1875.

mass" which does not attempt any artificial distinctions, or discourage the desire on the part of any class in the community to better its condition."

"The conclusion to which all these figures point," says a recent writer, in summing up the results of municipal extravagance, "are: (1.) The average net earnings or accumulations of all the individuals of a city do not exceed ten dollars per capita annually. (2.) The proper annual tax for defraying the cost of managing all the affairs of a city is eight dollars per capita; and a payment of that amount is assumed as legitimate personal expenses, to be deducted from gross earnings in all computations to determine the average accumulation of the whole community." He adds this startling proposition: "Contemplate the probability of the city government of New York reducing its annual expenses to eight dollars or ten dollars per capita (it was thirty-four dollars per capita in 1876), and then imagine the people of the city coming to a realizing sense that the payment of the debt alone (averaging one hundred and twenty-six dollars for every man, woman, and child of the population) involves a contribution equal to every dollar of their net earnings for twelve years to come."

While the tendency of towns and cities to incur debts and swell their liability for local improvements has been alluded to as most alarming, many of the latter have acquired another growth, equally constant in its development, and consequent upon the increased rate of taxation. Perhaps the word "growth" is misapplied. At all events, to avoid being misunderstood, it should be said that, properly speaking, the growth is in the wrong direction. The burden which is here referred to arises from the loss, sustained by some municipalities, of many large owners of personal property, who, to avoid what they deem an excessive rate of taxation, are induced every year to find a residence in the country.

Without attempting to discuss the merits of this controversy, it can hardly be said that every cause for grievance is attributable to a spirit of illiberality. Many complainants are doubtless honestly influenced to take this course by a proper sense of injustice.

As a matter of fact the danger exists, and will exist so long as those who govern the rates of taxation, constituting such a large majority of the legal voters, are not restrained by direct pecuniary responsibility from carrying the amount of the yearly appropriations beyond a fixed amount *pro rata*. Spasms of economy will intervene from time to time, very often causing more harm than good, as in the now famous case of the Tewksbury almshouse, but no positive and continuous effort will be made to reduce expenses.

If the subject of local taxation in New England be examined historically, it will be seen that the principle which adjusted the burden for nearly two centuries has been lost sight of or abandoned at the present time. Instead of for a proportionate part of the entire tax, varying in amount from year to year, as was formerly the case, the poll-tax payer is now assessed for a fixed amount.

There have been two forms of growth, thus far, to which municipal taxation may apply. One is where the plant is forced to depend upon the nutriment which the soil itself contains. The other and later development is where it is sought to strengthen and build it up by added sustenance. The success of the former method depends quite as much upon the skill in planting as upon the nature of the soil, provided the latter is not wholly barren. "The industry, thrift, and steadily increasing prosperity" of the New England colonies were the natural fruits of the deep-rooted and wide-spreading motives of their founders. Taxes, like religion, must not be shirked. There was no shift-

ing of a portion of the burden on to other shoulders; no embarrassing posterity with a load of public indebtedness. The cost of needed improvements was provided for by the early settlers on the same economical plan as their private affairs were managed. When, in course of time, the struggling colonists were plunged into long and distracting wars, to provide for which they were forced to issue bills of credit, it was always with the condition of speedy payment. They never deliberately borrowed money on the credit of posterity for local improvements.

Every rate-payer is interested in the proper distribution of the burdens of local taxation. When certain individuals of a community are taxed out of proportion to others, it creates a sense of injustice which cannot fail to react on all classes. Where the wealthy taxpayer is obliged to pay more than his share of the assessment, he will contrive some legal means, as above suggested, of avoiding it in the future: if in no other way, by removal to a less exacting neighborhood. If personal property was the subject of taxation where he formerly dwelt, the increase of the burden is all the more severe for those who are obliged to remain. It is estimated that the city of Boston has lost from its assessment roll during the last twelve years over a hundred million dollars. The importance of some change in the law has been frequently emphasized by the tax commissioners. Somebody must bear the strain, unless it is proposed to go into insolvency. The question has been often asked, of late, What is to become of our city churches, where so many of the congregation are out of town a large part of the year? Who will pay the pew-taxes? Equally pertinent is the inquiry, What is to become of the municipalities themselves, with a steady falling-off in the assessment roll, and no reduction in public expenditure? The subject of taxation

in municipalities, as compared with rural districts, is one which presents many perplexities, from the obvious advantages which accrue to the latter by low assessments. The enormous outlays for public improvements in the former case must be provided for by an increase in the rates. Who is responsible for the expenditure, provided it turns out to be unremunerative? Changes in the law of domicile will not apportion the loss. Every poll-tax payer, as well as "every owner of property now exempted," should, as is recommended by an English economist, "feel the burden of local expenditure, and take an active interest in its management. Without some machinery calculated to bring the matter home to men's minds, it is feared that no imaginable system will be free from the greatest evils."

The fear of increasing the amount of the poll-tax might form a wholesome check to reckless expenditures, "by bringing the cost of things more directly before the minds of the people," who suffer the most by any excess. One way to obtain more economy in the administration of municipal affairs is to create as wide a responsibility as possible. The poll-tax payer and every owner of property now exempted will then be more careful about adding to the public burdens. Unless every class of rate-payers in the community, whether they pay on lands, income derived from business, or simply a poll-tax, feel themselves individually bound by "a community of interest" to look after the proper management of local expenditures, no attempt to establish a true basis of economy can meet with much success; because without this feeling the burden seems to fall directly upon the rich alone. Community of interest is necessary in taxation for the protection of both rich and poor. Until all classes, the poor as well as the rich, see the necessity of more economy in local expenditures, and are willing to assume

the burden, the flood of taxation will continue, and eventually will reach the workingman, just as surely as water finds its level.

The Report of the commissioners, already referred to, gives in detail the working of two plans for the furtherance of an apportionment among all classes of taxpayers. Either one of them provides better security against municipal extravagance than the system now in vogue. Instead of being at a fixed rate, the poll-tax would vary, like other taxes; to a much smaller extent, but in the same proportion from year to year. The person who pays a poll-tax only would then have an interest in keeping down expenditure. Let us examine an instance. "The system suggested by the assessors of Marblehead," says the Report, "makes the minimum poll-tax two dollars, and provides that when the amount of a town tax to be assessed exceeds one per cent. of the valuation of the previous year, the poll-tax shall be increased twenty-five per cent., or to two dollars and fifty cents. When the amount to be raised equals or exceeds one and one half per cent. of the valuation of the previous year, the poll-tax shall be increased fifty per cent., or to three dollars; and when the amount to be raised equals or exceeds two per cent. of the valuation of the previous year, the poll-tax shall be doubled, that is, raised to four dollars." No hardship would be involved in a course like this, as the amount of the yearly tax would be entirely within the control of the small property-holders and poll-tax payers, and would rise or fall as they saw fit. The amount of the increase in any case, when apportioned among all classes of the community, including vagrants and paupers, would be very small; and if any otherwise deserving person was in danger of losing the right of suffrage by the extra assessment, he might be

allowed the privilege, as of old, of "working it out." The history of the poll-tax in Massachusetts, if not in other States, discovers no inconsistency or departure from established principles in any arrangement like the one suggested by the commissioners. The constitution of the State provides as follows: "It is further ordered that in all rates and public charges the town shall have respect to levy every man according to his estate, and with consideration of all other his abilities whatsoever [what could be broader than this clause?], and not according to the number of his persons." Why should not every able-bodied man who cannot pay a poll-tax, or the slight increase which might be necessary over and above that assessment, contribute a small portion of his labor, using the word in its broadest and noblest sense, towards reducing the amount of local taxation?

The poll-tax, as we have pointed out, never was a constant quantity in Massachusetts prior to 1862. Fixed by the legislature at a certain amount, it varied from time to time in large proportions. Any objections which might be raised on constitutional grounds apply with equal force, if at all, to the present system. The new plan would operate in such a way as to equalize assessments, and thus prevent low valuations and high rates. We should be rid of a widespread fallacy that a popular government is always the cheapest government. Instead of a yearly payment of two dollars simply, carrying with it the right to vote for those who will do the most for us, every voter would have a feeling of "self-government" in local affairs. Without infringing on popular government, or restraining in the least its healthy growth, a system would be introduced which, while it encouraged a community of interest among all classes, would keep a stricter guard over local indebtedness.

Arthur Blake Ellis.

MR. WASHINGTON ADAMS IN ENGLAND.

II.

BOREHAM was one of those country-houses, found here and there in England, which in their time have served many uses. Its oldest part consisted of a small, low, square tower, built of flint and rubble, in which a mixture of red tiles seemed to indicate that it stood upon the site of a yet older structure, of Roman origin. Another part, in fine old brick work, was shown to have been once a religious house, by the cross fleury upon its gable and the abbot's mitre over the principal door. It had not improbably been an outlying grange of the great priory at Toppington. To these had been added, in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, a long, two-story, beam-and-plaster edifice, which contained, among other rooms, the drawing-room, a library, and a dining-room; the last bossed and gnarled with heavy oak carving, and having a great bay window, large enough to hold a dinner-table and the chairs and guests and servants of a goodly dinner-party. This window looked out upon an old moat, which had evidently some connection with the little tower, and which, now dry and covered with beautiful green-sward, was still crossed by a bridge or causeway, over which the great drive through the park led up to the principal entrance, which was in the Elizabethan part of the house. An opposite window, twice as broad as it was high, looked out upon a square court, paved with round stones, three sides of which were formed by the house, and the fourth by a wall, in which was a door leading to the stables. The stone pavement of the court was pierced by two yew-trees, which cast a gloomy shadow through the inner windows, and over a gallery on which the doors and windows of the

upper rooms of the Elizabethan part of the house opened.

Having written to Sir Charles that I should reach the nearest station by a certain train, I found his carriage there, and was driven across the moat about five o'clock in the afternoon. My host met me in the hall, and gave me a quiet and undemonstrative welcome, which, however, I saw and felt was a hearty one. After a brief visit to my room, I went to Lady Boreham's parlor, where she was about dispensing afternoon tea. As I entered the room it impressed me with a sense of gloomy respectability. It was richly and comfortably furnished; but although it was, and was called, "Lady Boreham's parlor," nothing in it told of the grace and charm of a woman's presence.

My hostess received me with a sad propriety of demeanor which was somewhat depressing, but which I found was her general manner to all persons, whatever their rank, from peers and peeresses down to her own servants. As to herself, her face was pallid and of a pasty complexion; her hair, a toneless brown, and twisted at the front into some stiff curls, that stood like palisades before a queer little cap; her eyes, a dull gray; her nose, quite shapeless; and from her always half-open mouth there projected slightly two large white teeth. She was not bony, nor even slender; yet a manish absence of roundness and fullness deprived her figure of all the grace and charm peculiar to womanhood. What she lacked in this respect, however, appeared in some excess in Sir Charles. He had, truly, changed in ten years. He was quite two stone heavier; the bloom that I had admired so much on his cheek had deepened in tint and thickened in quality; although he was not yet forty, his hair was thinning rap-

idly on the top of his head; and his manner had become as heavy as his person. Indeed, I found, during my brief visit, that for him life was made up of looking after his estate, hunting, shooting, reading the London Times, and dinner, last, not least. He did not read the Saturday Review or the Spectator; but Lady Boreham hungrily gloated upon *The World*, of which I never saw him take any notice, except by once tossing it contemptuously out of his way.

Three other guests at Boreham hardly require mention. One, a younger sister of my hostess, was almost her mere duplicate: two and three were a Mr. Grimstone and his wife, as to whom I could only discover that he was a member of Parliament and of the Carleton Club, and that she was apparently without an idea or an emotion not connected with the Court Circular. The ladies were entirely devoid of personal attraction, and their toilets on all occasions were distressing. How these people managed to live through that part of each successive twenty-four hours during which they were not eating and sleeping was a mystery. They rarely exchanged a word that was not required by the ordinary civilities of social life, as to which they were unexceptionably and somewhat consciously correct and proper. And yet there was an air of solid respectability and good faith about them which, although their society was wholly without charm, even to each other, had a value that received a constant silent expression. One felt that they were very safe people to meet in any relation of life.

There were, of course, the customary attendants of a great house in England. One of these, Lady Boreham's own maid, whom I saw on two or three occasions, was one of the most beautiful women I ever encountered. I could not look at her without thinking of a June rose. Her noble figure was just tall enough to be a little distinguished, and she car-

ried her finely poised head with such an air that her little cap became a coronet of beauty's nobility. Her manners were quite as good as Lady Boreham's; and her manner was as superior as that of the so-called Venus of Milo might be to that of the Venus of a burlesque. But if she had been some sort of attendant clock-work machine in petticoats, her mistress could not have treated her with less apparent recognition of a common humanity. Indeed, I do verily believe that Lady Boreham was quite unconscious that here was a woman constantly about her who, whenever she appeared, blotted her mistress out of existence for any man who had eyes and a brain behind them. The one fact ever present to her consciousness, as I discovered, was that she was Lady Boreham, and had brought her husband fifty thousand pounds; with which price she seemed to think that she had bought a throne and an allegiance from which she could never be cast out. And she had, so far as her husband and her guests were concerned. I must give them the credit of being, or seeming, as indifferent to "Wilkins" — the beauty's name — as she was herself. Wilkins was a "young person" who performed certain needful offices in an acceptable manner. It was well that Sir Charles was not a man of finer perceptions and a more flexible nature.

Lady Boreham was, however, not without curiosity; and on my second day at the Hall she led me to talk about society in America, as to which her notions seemed somewhat less correct and clear than those of a Vaassar College girl might be about Abyssinian court etiquette. Did American women like being spiritual wives? What was a spiritual wife? If Brigham Young took the hustings to be President, would all the women vote for him? Would all his wives vote for him? What could he do with them if they did n't? How many wives had he? Were n't most

Americans Mormons, or Spiritualists, or something? Was it true that American women could get a divorce whenever they liked? And *was* it true — with a furtive glance at the window where Maud sat netting — that in America a man might marry his deceased wife's sister? Did all Americans live at 'otels? And did American women come down to breakfast in full dress and di'mon's?

The temptation was sore to give to these and like questions the replies which my hostess would have been pleased to receive; but I refrained myself, and told her the simple truth, to her astonishment and hardly concealed disappointment. The point as to which I had most difficulty in making my explanations understood was the difference of the laws in the several States as to marriage and divorce. Lady Boreham could not have been — was not, I found — ignorant of the difficulties that might arise in England because of Scotch marriages and Irish marriages; and yet she could not well apprehend that a woman might be legally married in Connecticut, and yet her marriage be at least disputable in New York, and that a divorce would be granted in Indiana upon grounds which would not be sufficient in New Jersey. To her, as to most of her sort in England, "the States" were "America," and America was governed by the President and Congress: the former, a kind of political Pope; the latter, a general legislative body, with the omnipotence of Parliament.

As I was explaining to her that Congress had to all intents and purposes no power over the individual lives and the personal relations of citizens of the United States; and that even murder, unless committed on the high seas, or in a fort or national vessel, was a crime, not against the laws of the United States, but against those of an individual State; and that debts were contracted under state laws, so that even the Supreme Court, the most important and

powerful tribunal in the country, had no jurisdiction over them, except in certain specific cases, the member of Parliament, who was in the room, now reading a big blue book, now listening, pricked up his ears, and said, —

"Yes; and your Supreme Court has made a nice mess of your national credit two or three times; sustaining American repudiation of debts, — refusing to pay money lent in good faith by British capitalists. Not very wise, permit me to say, thus to make repudiation a national characteristic, supported by your highest tribunal."

"I beg your pardon," I replied, "but perhaps you know that the United States government has incurred rather a large indebtedness during the last twenty years. Will you kindly inform me if you know of the repudiation of any part of this debt?"

"Well, no — no; not at all, not at all; quite the contrary, I must admit. That debt was something quite awful; and it's been acknowledged and put in course of liquidation in a manner that — that — why, nobody expected anything of the sort."

"And why not, sir? let me ask. Why was it not expected? Has the United States government been in the habit of repudiating its debts?"

"Well, no — no; not exactly the government of the United States, I believe; but Pennsylvania, and Tennessee, and Virginia. They're in America, are n't they?"

"I've heard that Turkey has also failed to pay British creditors. Why have you not applied to the Supreme Court of the United States to compel the Turks to pay the interest and principal of their bonds?"

"Bless my soul, sir, your Supreme Court has no jurisdiction in Turkey! You have n't quite annexed the Sultan and his dominions, yet. You're joking; setting up for an American humorist."

"Not at all. I should n't presume

to attempt so high a flight. Never was more serious in my life. Without going into particulars, I venture to say that in every case which you could have had in mind, the Supreme Court merely decided the question of its own jurisdiction; and I venture also to suggest that if British capitalists would not be so blinded by the hope of getting six or seven per cent., instead of three, as to neglect making those inquiries as to the ability of borrowers in foreign countries, and as to the means of redress in default of payment, which they make at home, it would be wiser and more business-like; although I must admit that such a course might be open to the objection of involving some little study of so trifling and disagreeable a subject as the political structure and internal polity of the United States." And after a moment of silence I turned again to the ladies.

"Now do tell us," said the M. P.'s wife, "how you manage society in America. I suppose you don't manage it at all. How could you? You've no court, no peerage, no county families. I suppose everybody goes everywhere, and visits everybody else, if they like. It must be amusin', in a certain way; but do you find it agreeable?"

My reply it is not necessary to report in detail; and when the ladies had gathered from it that, notwithstanding the lack of a court and a peerage, everybody did not go everywhere in America, and that social exclusiveness and even social arrogance and the desire for social distinction and success were quite as great in America as in England, they looked at me and at each other with an expression of weak astonishment.

"Why," said Lady Boreham, "I thought you were democrats and communists and — and that sort of thing, and that you thought that nobody was any better than anybody else; although some of you, I believe, are awfully rich."

"Democracy, madam, in America is confined jealously to politics. As to

wealth, money has rather more brute power in the United States, and particularly in New York, than it has in England, — where I believe it has not a little, — or in any other country in the world; and as to the effect of democracy upon society in America, it is briefly to beget a belief that on the one hand nobody is any better than you are, and on the other that very few are as good."

"Dear me, — dear me! Then you have exclusive circles in America, too."

"So exclusive that people may live in the same neighborhood, and even next door to each other, for years, and never speak, and hardly know each other's names. So exclusive that often the richer of these neighbors would be very glad to obtain, by a considerable sacrifice, an entrance to the entertainments of the poorer."

"Dear, dear! Quite like it is at 'ome; and I thought it was so different."

"Very like, indeed, so far as I may venture to have an opinion. For, strange to say, a democratic form of government has not yet produced in America any very great or manifest change in men as individuals. There still remains a great deal of human nature in the men and women there; nor does there yet appear much power in democracy to cast it out. As to the process called in both countries, I believe, getting into society, I have known a woman of great wealth, intelligence, and an untarnished reputation push, and crawl, and bully, and flatter, spend money like water, be snubbed, and lie down and be trodden upon for years, to work her way into a certain set, and fail utterly."

"Dear, dear!" again bleated Lady Boreham from under the teeth; "just like it is at 'ome."

"And then this woman, having, by luck or contrivance, or both, obtained the notice and the favor of some distinguished person at home or abroad, was all at once taken up by society, and flaunted it

grandly among the very people who a few years before treated her as if they were Brahmins and she a Pariah."

"Oh, *that's just* like it is at 'ome!" cried Maud, from the window. "For don't you remember, Charlotte, how that handsome Mrs." —

"Hush, Maud!" said Lady Boreham. "What *can* you know about it?"

"Yes, 'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,'" was heard from behind Sir Charles's Times, followed by a little rumble of laughter.

Humphreys was right. A day or two afterward, there came from the Priory an invitation to the Borehams to meet some people who were to be there at luncheon, in an informal way. "You'll go with us, of course," said Sir Charles. "We know the Toppinghams well, and they'll be very pleased to see you."

Indeed, the Borehams did know the Toppinghams well, and Borehams had known Toppinghams for generations. They had been neighbors and friends, or neighbors and enemies, almost ever since England was England. They had fought Duke William at Hastings, and were among those who had been allowed to retain their little estates as vassals of one of the Conqueror's great barons. They fought together at Agincourt, each with his spear or two and his dozen or score of bowmen, under the banner of the lord of their marches. They had fought each other in the Wars of the Roses, when the Toppinghams were Lancastrians and the Borehams Yorkists. Together they had resisted the tyranny of Charles I., and had supported Sir William Waller — fondly called by the Parliament party William the Conqueror — in his triumphant march through the western counties; and together they had joined him in his defection from the Parliament, when it became revolutionary. There had been an intermarriage or two, in olden times; but of later years the Toppinghams had become ambitious in this respect,

as well as in all others, while the Borehams went on their steady way, as simple English gentlemen. But such knowledge and friendship through centuries is full of meaning. There are no shams about it, or uncertainties, or possible concealments.

The ladies and the M. P. drove over in a pony phaeton and a landau; but Sir Charles and I rode, he grumbling a little at losing a day's shooting. With our two grooms, we made a pretty little cavalcade on that bright, soft September morning; and we delighted in ourselves and in each other, as we trotted gently through the noble beauty of the grandly timbered park.

The Priory was a handsome, irregular stone pile, showing plainly its ecclesiastical origin; but it presented no remarkable features to distinguish it from many other great houses of its sort in England. Lord Toppingham received us in the hall with a bland but hearty welcome, in which there was a little spirit that was lacking even in Sir Charles's kindliness, when I arrived at Boreham; and his warm hand pressure and "So you've come at last," as he led us up the great staircase, made me feel that I had done well in accepting his double invitation. It also relieved me a little of my concern as to Humphreys' project, for I had not neglected to inform him of our proposed visit.

Our pleasure — mine, at least — was very much enhanced by our reception by Lady Toppingham, a fine, elegant woman of about thirty years of age, very gentle of speech and gracious of manner, but with a manifest capacity of dash on good occasion. I suspect that she hunted; nor should I have objected to see that figure, lithe with all its largeness, in a riding habit, and on a worthy, well-groomed horse. A certain sense of spirit and force seemed to pervade the air at Toppingham, and to distinguish it from the sober, comfortable respectability of the house that we had

left. I learned that Lady Toppingham's title, although not her coronet, was hers by birthright; she being the second daughter of the Marquis of A——. Her dress was in such perfect taste that it attracted no attention; we saw only her grace of movement and beauty of form.

Two or three guests were in the room with her when we entered, and out on the terrace, upon which a large window opened, were as many more, of whom hereafter. After salutation and a brief matter-of-course chat, we all went out upon the terrace to enjoy the air and the beauty of the park, stretching far away from the other side of a large old-fashioned garden, formally laid out, and planted with varied flowers in great masses of color.

I could not but remark the bearing of Lady Boreham and her sister to Lady Toppingham. It might not, perhaps, be said that they cringed to her; but they fawned upon her, and "dear-Lady-Toppinghamed" her to herself and to each other in whining adulation. Once, as I watched this toadying, I caught a light flash of scorn from her glancing eye, which made her beautiful. As to Sir Charles, he was as much at his unconscious ease as if he were a duke.

There were no introductions, and after a glance at my fellow guests I attached myself to a young man of unmistakable soldierly bearing, who was standing apart in silence. He was a fine-looking fellow, with a simple and almost boyish face, whiskerless, but with a sweeping blonde mustache, to which from time to time he gave a pull; not foppish or military, but rather meditative. I liked these young English officers and their fellows, who, if not soldiers, were the stuff out of which soldiers are made; men who had been taught to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth, and who, indeed, most of them, knew little else. Coming from New York, I found a sense of relief in

their mere physical repose and manly steadiness. Their serenity seemed to me like that which looks at us out of the marble eyes of the old Greek statues.

I was reminded by it of a story told me in my youth by a friend of my father's age, who, sitting by an English lady of rank at a ball in New York, when he was a young man, saw that she was scrutinizing with great interest the young people on the floor. He broke the silence by asking, "Well, what do you think of them? Not quite equal to your lads and lasses in England, are they?" "On the contrary," she replied, "I never saw finer young people in my life, nor better mannered. The girls are lovely; and as to the stories we've been told about their not having good figures, it's simply nonsense. But I was n't thinking of the girls." "Well, the young men?" "They're fine fellows too, most of them, and well mannered; but, if you'll pardon me, as to their *manner* and their look"—"Well?" "Nothing, nothing; but they all look so sharp,—as if they had their eyes out on everybody else, and were n't quite sure of their surroundings. Now, with us, young fellows of their age and breeding would n't have the occasion to look sharp." The elderly friend who repeated to me this bit of social criticism, and who must have heard it quite fifty years ago, said that he could not but admit its justice in regard to the young New Yorkers. Were he living, what would he say now? Nevertheless, that there is in some of these young British lion-cubs the developable rudiment of a sharpness that puts to shame the craft of a Christian Greek or a Heathen Chineese, some of their American acquaintances have learned, to their sorrow.

My young friend on the terrace proved to be Captain the Honorable John Surcingle, of Her Majesty's 9th Dragoon Guards, second son of the Earl

of Martingale, and my hostess' cousin. After a few words, I asked him to tell me the names of some of those around us, other than our own party.

"'Pon my life! can't say. Don't know where Toppin'em finds all his people. Toppin'em's vewy jolly; awfully nice fellow himself, you know; but" — Here he stopped, and, screwing his glass into his eye, looked quietly around for a few moments.

"Wather wum lot. Litwawy persons, or somethin', I sh'd say, most of 'em."

The captain's instincts had not misled him, as ere long I myself discovered. His "rum lot" included, among others who were literary, or something, Professor Schlamm, of the University of Bonn, who was on his first visit to England, to make arrangements for the publication, simultaneously, in English and German, of his profound work, in three volumes, 8vo, on *The Unity in Duality of the English Nation from the days of Hengist and Horsa to those of Victoria and Albert*. Then there was Lady Verifier, the young middle-aged widow of old Sir Duns Verifier, F. R. S. A., of the British Museum, who was knighted for having elaborated a stupendous plan of cataloguing the library of that institution, which upon trial proved so utterly impracticable and worthless that the old book-mole, smitten with shame and disappointment, went speedily to his grave; leaving his widow to enter literary life by publishing *Shadows of the Soul*, a poem in which art was shown to be "the plastic form of religion." Of the others, there was now noteworthy only Mrs. Longmore, who was known as the authoress of *Immaculate*, a novel in which the somewhat startling experiences of the heroine were said by some people to be in a certain degree autobiographical. Lady Verifier was spare, angular, and sallow, with large black eyes and coarse black hair, like a squaw's; a sort of woman less uncommon in England than she is supposed

to be. Mrs. Longmore was her very opposite: fair, plump almost to portliness, with moist blue eyes and moist red lips. There were one or two others of their sort; and the rest of our little company were unremarkable folk, of the Toppingham and Boreham class.

Ere long a servant entered, with a card upon a salver, which he presented to our hostess, who, after glancing at it a moment with a puzzled look, said, "To my lord." On receiving it, his lordship handed it to me, saying, "From your friend. He sent me a letter of introduction from Tooptoe at Oxford; said he could n't come just now himself, and asked the favor of introducin', just for a morning visit, an American gentleman, in whom he felt sure I should be interested. It's all right, I suppose?" It was simply Humphreys' card, with a line in pencil, "introducing the Hon. Washington J. Adams."

"I don't know Mr. Adams," I said; "but I do know that Mansfield Humphreys would give a card to no one who might not be properly received by the gentleman to whom it was addressed."

Here Captain Surcingle, whose attention had been arrested, and who had heard my reply, cried out, "'Mewican? Have him up, Toppin'em, — have him up! Those fellows are such fun! I always go to see the 'Mewican Cousin. Not faw Dundweawy. Can't see what they make such a doosid fuss about him faw. Does nothin' but talk just like' fellow at the Wag: wegla' muff. Nevah saw such a boa. But Twenchard's awful fun; good as goin' to 'Mewica without the boa of goin'."

As the Honorable John began his appeal, his lady cousin stepped across the terrace to pluck a rose which peered at us over the stone balustrade, blushing with shame at its beautiful intrusion; and as she swept past him, I partly heard and partly saw her say, in an earnest whisper, "Jack, *do* be quiet; and *don't* be such a goose!"

As she turned back with her flower, the servant who had been sent out returned, and announced "Mr. Adams;" and all eyes followed our host, as he stepped forward to receive him. As unabashed as a comet intruding upon the solar system, the Honorable Washington stepped into our circle, and met its sun and his satellites. The earl offered him his hand. He took it, and then he shook it, — shook it well; and to a few of the usual words of welcome he replied, "I'm very glad to see you, my lord; most happy to hev the pleasure of meeting your lordship" (looking round) "here in your elegant doughmain and your gorjis castle. My friend Mr. Humphreys told me I'd find everything here fuss class; an' I hev. Your man help down-stairs wuz a leetle slow, to be sure; but don't apologize; difference of institutions, I s'pose. Everything moves a leetle slower here."

As Lord Toppingham led Mr. Adams to our hostess, eyes of wonder, not unmixed with pleasure, were bent upon him. He was a man of middle size, neither tall nor slender; but he stooped a little from his hips, and his head was slightly thrust forward, with an expression of eagerness, as he slouched along the terrace. His upper lip was shaved; but his sallow face terminated in that adornment known at the West as "chin-whiskers." His hat, which he kept on, was of felt, with a slightly conical crown. It rested rather on the back than on the top of his head, and from it fell a quantity of longish straight brown hair. His splendid satin scarf was decorated with a large pin, worthy of its position; and the watch-chain that stretched across his waistcoat would have held a yacht to its moorings. His outer garment left the beholder in doubt whether it was an overcoat that he was wearing as a duster, or a duster doing service as an overcoat. Into the pockets of this he thrust his hands deep, and moved them back and forth from time to time, giving the skirts

a wing-like action. Having taken Lady Toppingham's hand, and shaken that too, and assured her of his pleasure in meeting her also, he put his own back into its appropriate pocket, and gently flapping his wings repeated, "Yes, ma'am; very happy to hev the pleasure of meetin' your ladyship. Hope my call ain't put you out any; but I s'pose you're used to seein' a goodle o' company in the surprise way."

"I am always pleased to receive any friend of my lord's or of Dr. Tooptoe's," said Lady Toppingham, seating herself upon one of the stone benches of the terrace; and Lord Toppingham turned as if to lead Mr. Adams away. But that gentleman immediately sat himself down by her side, and, crossing his legs, was evidently preparing to make himself agreeable. A slight shade of reserve with which she had taken her seat deepened for a moment, and then instantly gave way to a look of good-natured amusement; and I saw, to my relief, that she appreciated the situation. "You've been in our little England before, I suppose, Mr. Adams?"

"No, ma'am, I hev n't. My plit'cle dooties as a member of the legislater of the Empire State hev pervented. Empire State's Noo York, as I s'pose your ladyship knows. Motto, Ex-celsior, an' the risin' sun; out of Longfeller's poem, you know."

"I do know Mr. Longfellow's charming poem. We're great admirers of Mr. Longfellow in England; indeed, we think him quite an English poet."

"Wal, ma'am, you're 'baout right there; 'xcept in callin' him an English poet. He's a true Muh'kin; an' he kin beat Tennyson, an' all the rest of 'em, at writin' poetry, any day, let 'em do their level best. Why, he's written more vollums of poetry — fuss-class poetry, too, — than any man that ever lived; more 'n Dr. Holland. Lives in fuss-class style, too, if he is a poet. Should n't wonder if there was n't a broker in

Wall Street that lives in higher style than Longfeller."

At this triumphant utterance Mr. Adams took off his hat, and I feared he was about to wave it; but the movement was only one of momentary relief to his enthusiasm, and he at once restored it to its perilous inclination.

Lord Toppingham now stepped up to create a diversion in favor of his beleaguered wife, and, standing before the pair, asked Mr. Adams if he had been in London while Parliament was sitting.

"Wal, yaas, I wuz," replied the legislator, keeping his seat and looking up; "'n I went to see it; 'n to tell the truth 'n the hull truth, I wuz dis'pinted. Gladstone's a smart man, but slow, I shed say, — mighty slow; ain't learned not to crowd himself, nuther; bites off more 'n he kin chew. 'N' I did n't hear no elo-quence; nobody did n't seem to take no intrust into what was goin' on. You hev got a powerful hansome buildin' fur the meetin' of your legislator; but jess you wait 'n see the noo Capitol 't Albany, 'n you 'll sing small, I — tell — you. Yes, siree."

As this conversation went on, some of the other guests had approached, and there was a little group around our hostess and Mr. Adams, who now, to the evident horror of some of them, drew from his pocket a gigantic knife, with a set-spring at the back; indeed, it was a clasp bowie-knife. Opening it with a tremendous click, he strapped it a little on his shoe, and then looked at the bench on which he sat. Evidently dissatisfied with the inducement which its stone surface offered, he drew from one of his capacious pockets a piece of pine wood about as thick as a heavy broom stick, and began to cut it in a meditative manner.

"Don't git much whittlin' into your effete old monarchies. Even the benches, when they ain't stun, air oak, that 'd turn the edge of any gentleman's knife; 'n' so I carry suthin' comfortable round

with me;" and as he spoke the light shavings curled away from his stick, and rolled upon the terrace floor.

Lady Toppingham was as serene as a harvest moon, and was evidently much amused with her visitor; and the rest looked on with an interest and a satisfaction which were manifest in their countenances.

"Your lordship does suthin in this way, I reckon. Guess all you lords are in the lumber line; 'n' I seen some fuss-class trees inter the vacant lots round your haouse — castle, I mean. S'pose that 's the reason you don't improve. Much doin' in lumber naow?"

"Not much," said our host, with a pleasant smile. "I'm more inclined to keep my trees than to sell them, at present. But let me make you acquainted with some of my friends. Mr. Grimstone, member for Hilchester Towers."

"Haow do you do, Mr. Grimstone?" said Adams, rising; and shifting his knife to his left hand, he took the M. P.'s, and shaking it vigorously said, "Happy to hev the pleasure of meetin' you, sir. Don't know you personally, but know you very well by reputation."

As our host looked next at me, I managed to convey to him an unspoken request not to be introduced, which he respected; but my friend the captain, stepping forward, was presented, with the added comment that Mr. Adams would find him well up about guns and rifles and fire-arms of all kinds; quite an authority, indeed, upon that subject.

"Dew tell? Why, I'm glad to hev the pleasure of meetin' you, sir. Look a' here! I kin show you suthin' fuss class in that line;" and putting his hand behind him, underneath his coat, he produced a large pistol, a navy revolver, which he exhibited in a demonstrative way to the captain, saying, "Naow that 's suthin' satisfactory fur a gentleman to hev about him; no little pea-shootin' thing, that you might empty into a man

'thout troublin' him more 'n so many flea-bites."

The captain looked at it with interest, while some of the other guests shrank away. After a brief examination, he returned it, saying, "Vewy fine, vewy fine indeed; and I hear you use 'em at vewy long distances, almost like a wifie."

"Sartin," said Mr. Adams. "Look a' here! See that thar tree yonder?" and pointing to one on the other side of the garden, he threw up his left arm, and took a sight rest on it. Some of the ladies screamed, and the captain and Lord Toppingham both caught his arm, the latter exclaiming, "Beg pahdon, don't fire, please! Somebody might be passin' in the park."

"Wal, jess 's *you* like, sir. You air to hum, en I ain't. But that's the difficulty with England. Th'r'ain't no libbuty here. You've allers got to be thinkin' 'baout somebody else."

The incident certainly created a little unpleasant excitement; yet after this had subsided, it seemed not to have diminished, but rather to have increased, the satisfaction with which Mr. Adams was regarded. The professor came up, and said, "Our Amerigan vrent is ferry kint sooch an exhipition of the manners and gustoms of his gountry to gif. Barehaps he vould a var-tance bareform vor the inztrugzion oond blaysure off dthe company."

"No, no, Professor Schlamm," said Lady Toppingham, smiling, "we won't put Mr. Adams to the trouble of a warden; and we've so narrowly escaped one *blesure* that we may well be willing to forego the other." As my hostess struck off this little spark, I observed that her French was not that of the school of Stratford atte Bowe, which continues much in vogue in England even among ladies of the prioress's rank.

Adams caught at the name as an introduction. "Is this," he said, "the celebrated Professor Schlamm?" and seiz-

ing his hand, he shook it well. "Happy to make your acquaintance, sir. Your fame, sir, is widely extended over the civilized globe. Hev n't hed the pleasure of meetin' you before, but know you very well by repputation."

The professor, who had all the simple vanity of the vainest race in the world, beamed under the influence of this compliment, so that his very spectacles seemed to glow with warmth and light.

"You German gen'l'men air fond of our naytional plant," said Adams blandly. "Hev a cigar? Won't you jine me?" and he produced from his pocket two or three temptations.

"Dthanks; poot it might not to dthe laties pe acreeeaple."

"No? Wal, then, here goes fur the ginooine article. I'm 'baout tuckered aout fur some." Saying this, he took from another pocket a brown plug, cut off a piece, and, having shaped and smoothed it a little with his huge knife, he laid it carefully with his forefinger in his cheek. Then, his knife being out, he took the opportunity to clean his nails; and having scraped the edges until our blood curdled, he returned his weapon, after a loud click, to his pocket.

A look of distress had come over the face of our hostess when Mr. Adams produced his plug; and she called a servant, who, after receiving an order from her in a low voice, went out. Mr. Adams's supplementary toilet being completed, he slouched away towards the balustrade; and after looking a few moments across the garden, he turned about, and, leaning against the stone, he began an expectorative demonstration. After he had made two or three violent and very obtrusive efforts of this kind, which, however, I must confess, did not seem to leave much visible witness before us, the servant returned hastily with a spittoon, the fabric and condition of which showed very plainly that it came from no part of the Priory that rejoiced in the presence of Lady Toppingham. This

the footman placed before Mr. Adams, within easy range.

"Nev' mind," said that gentleman, — "nev' mind. Sorry you took the trouble, sonny. I don't set up fur style; don't travel onto it. I'm puffically willin' to sit down along 'th my fren's, and spit round sociable. I know I wear a biled shirt 'n' store clothes, — that's a fact; but's a graceful con-ciliation of and deference to public opinion, considerin' I'm a member of the legislater of the Empire State."

"Biled?" said Captain Surcingle to me, inquiringly (for we had kept pretty close together). "Mean boiled?"

"Yes."

"Boil shirts in 'Mewica?"

"Always."

"Your shirt boiled?"

"N-no; not exactly. I should have said that all our wealthiest and most distinguished citizens, members of the legislature and the like, boil their shirts. I make no such pretensions."

The captain looked at me doubtfully. But our talk and Mr. Adams's performances were brought to a close by the announcement of luncheon, and an invitation from our host to the dining-room. This midday repast is quite informal, but, comparatively unrestrained as it is by etiquette, rank and precedence are never quite forgotten at it, or on any other occasion, in England; and there being no man of rank present, except our host, and Sir Charles being far down the terrace, talking hunt and horse with another squire, Mr. Grimstone was moving toward Lady Toppingham, with the expectation of entering with her, when Mr. Adams stepped quickly up, and saying, "Wal, I don't keer ef I dew jine you; allow me the pleasure, ma'am," he offered her his arm. She took it. Mr. Grimstone retreated in disorder, and we all went in somewhat irregularly. As we passed through the hall, and approached the dining-room, it occurred to Mr. Adams to remove his hat; and he

then looked about, and up and down, in evident search of a peg on which to hang it. A servant stepped forward, and held out his hand for it. After a brief hesitation he resigned it, saying, "Ain't ye goin' to give me no check for that? Haow do I know I'll git it agin? Haowever, it's Lord Toppingham's haouse, an' he's responsible, I guess. That's good law, ain't it, your lordship?"

"Excellent," said our host, evidently much pleased that Lady Toppingham had taken this opportunity to continue on her way to the dining-room, where we found her with Mr. Grimstone on her right hand, and a vacant seat on her left, between her and her cousin, to which she beckoned me; Mr. Adams, the professor, and the two authoresses forming a little group near Lord Toppingham.

"I hope," said the M. P. to me, as we were settling ourselves at table, "that you are pleased with your Mr. Washington Adams. I, for one, own that such a characteristic exhibition of genuine American character and manners is, if not exactly pleasant, a very entertaining subject of study."

The taunt itself was less annoying than its being flung at me across our hostess; but as I could not tell him so without sharing his breach of good manners, I was about to let his remark pass, with a silent bow, when a little look of encouragement in Lady Toppingham's eyes led me to say, "As to your entertainment, sir, I have no doubt that you might find as good without importing your Helots. As to Mr. Adams being my Mr. Washington Adams, he is neither kith nor kin of any of my people, to whom he would be an occasion of as much curious wonder as he is to any person at this table."

"Oh, that won't do at all. He is one of your legislators, — the Honorable Washington Adams. You Americans are a very strange people; quite incom-

prehensible to our poor, simple English understandings." I did not continue the discussion, which I saw would be as fruitless as, under the circumstances, it was unpleasant, and indeed almost inadmissible, notwithstanding the gracious waiver of my hostess.

Luncheon engaged the attention of us all for a while, notwithstanding the presence of Mr. Adams; but nevertheless he continued to be the chief object of attention; and ere long he was heard saying, with an elevated voice, in evident continuation of description of a legislative scene, "The feller, sir, had the lip to perpose to investigate me; but I told him, sir, that I courted investigation, and I claimed that he was no better than a scallawag and a shyster; and I gripped him, sir, and skun him, — skun him clean as an eel."

Captain Surcingle, who had been regarding the speaker with all the earnestness that his glass admitted, turned to me, and said, with soft inquiry, —

"Skun? 'Mewican for skinned?"

"Yes; all true Americans say skun."

"Vewy queeah way of speakin' English;" and he was about to subside into silence, when all at once a bright gleam of intelligence came into his face, and he broke out, "Oh, I say! that won't do. You're 'Mewican; an' you don't say skun or scallawag;" and the good fellow regarded me with a look of triumph.

"Yes," I replied; "but you see I'm not a full-blooded American, as Mr. Adams is, — only a Yankee. Then I've had some special advantages. I've been in Canada; and that is still one of the British possessions. Besides, I'm fond of reading; and friends in England have sent me a few London books, — books with 'honor' spelled with a *u*, and all that sort of thing. Don't you see?"

"Ah, yes. Just so, just so; quite so." And now he was silent. But candor compels me to admit that he did not

seem to be quite satisfied, and that, as he slowly ate jugged hare, he appeared to be wrestling with some intellectual problem that was too much for him.

Here the butler asked Mr. Adams if he should not change his plate. "Wal, yes, sir, ef you'd like to. I'm sure I've no 'bjecshin." Another plate was placed before him, and he was asked what he would have. "Wal, I guess I'll take a leetle more o' the same, — that thar pie thar, 'ith the chicken fixins into it," pointing with a wave of his knife at a pheasant pie, of which he had just eaten. "I call that fuss class, I do. Does you credit, ma'am," he said blandly, addressing the countess, — "does you credit. I must get you to give me the receipt for Mrs. Adams. You air slow here, an' a goodle behind the lighter; but 'baout eatin' and drinkin' you air pooty smart, I calklate."

Here Lord Toppingham, probably to divert attention from Mr. Adams, looking across the table at me, expressed his surprise that so little had been produced in American literature and art that was peculiarly American; that all our best writers wrote merely as Englishmen would, treating the same subjects; and that our painters and sculptors seemed to form their styles upon those of Italy and Greece.

"Yes, indeed," said Lady Verifier. "Where is that effluence of the new-born individual soul that should emanate from a fresh and independent democracy, the possessors of a continent, with a Niagara and a Mississippi between two vast oceans? You profess to be a great people, but you have evolved no literature, no art of your own. You see the sun rise from the Atlantic, and set in the Pacific; and it seems to do you no good, but to send you to Europe for your language and to Japan for your decoration."

"Lady Ferifier is fery right," said Professor Schlamm. "Ameriga is a gountry of brovound dizabbointment to

dthe vilozophic mind. It is pig oond rich ; poot noding orichinal toes it bro-tuce."

"Nothing that springs from the soil and savors of the soil," said Lady Verifier.

"Except its Washington Adamsses," said the M. P., in a surly undertone.

"My lord," I answered, "your question and Lady Verifier's remind me of a paragraph that I saw quoted from a London sporting paper, a short time ago, about American horses." (Here Captain Surcingle dropped his knife and fork, and turned his glass on me.) "It accounted for the fact that American horses had won so many cups lately by the other fact that the Americans had been importing English horses, and thus had improved their stock ; so that in truth the cups had been won by England, after all."

"That's jolly good," said the captain.

"Now that is quite true. But it is only half the truth ; for the whole truth is that all our horses are English. The horse is not indigenous to America. Neither are we. We are not autochthones, as by your expectations it would seem you think us. We are not products of the soil. We are not the fruit of Niagara or the prairies, which most of us have never been within five hundred miles of ; nor of the oceans, which few of us have ever seen. We are what we are by race and circumstances ; not because we live on a certain part of the earth's surface. If you want a literature and an art that smack of the soil, you must go to Sitting Bull and Squatting Bear, with whom we have no other relations than we, or you, have with the cave-dwellers. Nor do Americans live and manage their affairs with the purpose of satisfying the philosophic mind, of working out interesting social problems, or of creating a new literature and a new art, but simply to get, each one of them, as much material comfort

out of life and the world as to him is possible ; a not very novel notion in the human creature."

"And so, sir," said Mr. Adams, speaking to me for the first time, in tones which, when addressed to me, seemed to have something familiar in them, "that is your patriotic veoo of your country ? And may I ask what good thing you think is peculiar to 'Muh'ky ?"

"Food for the hungry and freedom for the oppressed."

"Nothing else ?" asked our host.

"Nothing."

"But to the wide benevolence of an American democrat I suppose that is enough," said Lady Toppingham.

"Pardon me, madam, but I sometimes think that birth and breeding in a democratic country may make men aristocrats of the blackest dye ; and I go about fancying that some of us ought to have been guillotined forty or fifty years before we were born, as enemies to the human race."

"Oh, I say," cried the captain, "that won't do ! Could n't guillotine 'fellah b'foah he was bawn, you know."

"Nevertheless, my dear captain, I'm inclined to believe that it might better have been done."

"Vewy stwange," drawled the Honorable John.

Here Mr. Adams, as he was regarding me with fixed and desperate eye, drew his bowie-knife from his pocket and opened it ; but before the horror of an expected onslaught upon me could well have thrilled the company, he quieted all apprehensions, if not all nerves, by picking his teeth with it in a very deliberate manner.

Meantime the two authoresses and the professor were talking with animation ; and I heard fragmentarily "dear Walt Whitman," "most enthralling of American writers," "egsbrezzion of dthe droo Amerigan sbirit ;" and Lord Toppingham, looking at our end of the table, said, "Our literary friends here

insist that you *have* one truly representative author; one who represents, not perhaps your cultured classes, but the feelin's and hopes and aspirations of those people who are the true representatives of the American genius."

"Yaas," said Mr. Adams.

"As to that, I can only refer you to Mr. Stedman, a writer whom some of your Victorian Poets ought to know; and who has seen and recorded the fact that Walt Whitman is entirely disregarded, and almost contemned, by our people of the plainer and humbler sort, who find in him no expression of their feelings or their thoughts; and that he is considered (for I cannot say that he is read) only by the curious, the critical, the theorists, and the dilettanti, — the fastidious aristocracy and literary bricabrac hunters of the intellectual world. As to his poetry, except on some rare occasions when he lapses into common sense and human feeling, it is simply naught. Ere long some of you in England will be ashamed of the attention you have given to its affectations. The merit that it has you would have passed over without notice. It is written in a jargon unknown to us. The very title of his book is in a language that I never heard spoken."

"What can you mean?"

"I was brought up in New England and New York, and never there, nor yet in Old England, nor in any of the literature common to both countries, did I hear of "leaves of grass." Grass has not what in English we call leaves. We have blades of grass, even spears; but who ever heard of leaves? A trifle this; but coming on the title-page, it proves to be a sign of what's within."

"My very paytriotic friend," said Mr. Adams sarcastically, "thet's a sort of 'bjecshin thet ud do fur th' Sahturday Reveoo; but 't won't go daown 'th any true 'Muh'kin. Ef Muh'ky wants leaves o' grass 'nstid o' blades,

she'll hev 'em. I kin put all that daown jess by readin' a piece thet I've got into my pocket, — one thet Walt Whitman's never published yet; but I kerry it raound to read sorter b'tween whiles."

The reading was loudly called for, and Mr. Adams, producing a sheet or two of paper from his all-containing pocket, read as follows: —

1 I happify myself.

I am considerable of a man. I am some.

You also are some. We all are considerable, all are some.

Put all of you and all of me together, and agitate our particles by rubbing us up into eternal smash, and we should still be some.

No more than some, but no less.

Particularly some, some particularly; some in general, generally some; but always some, without mitigation. Distinctly, some!

O ensemble! O quelque-chose!

2 Some punkins, perhaps;

But perhaps squash, long-necked squash, crooked-necked squash, cucumber, beets, parsnips, carrots, turnips, white turnips, yellow turnips, or any sort of sass, long sass or short sass.

Or potatoes. Men, Irish potatoes; women, sweet potatoes.

3 Yes, women!

I expatiate myself in female man.

A reciprocity treaty. Not like a jug's handle.

They look at me, and my eyes start out of my head; they speak to me, and I yell with delight; they shake hands with me, and things are mixed; I don't know exactly whether I'm them, or them's me.

Women watch for me; they do. Yes, sir!

They rush upon me; seven women laying hold of one man; and the divine efflux that thrilled the cosmos before the nuptials of the saurians overflows, surrounds, and interpenetrates their souls, and they cry, Where is Walt, our brother? Why does he tarry, leaving us forlorn?

O, mes sœurs!

As Mr. Adams read this in a voice heavily monotonous and slightly nasal, the whole company listened with animation in their faces. Lord Toppingham looked puzzled. Lady Toppingham smiled, a little cynically, I thought. The M. P. sat with open, wondering eyes. Professor Schlamm, at the conclusion of the first stanza, folded his hands upon the table, putting his two thumbs together, and leaning forward

looked through his spectacles at the reader with solemnity. Lady Verifier exclaimed, "A truly cyclical utterance; worthy to be echoed through the eternal æons!" Mrs. Longmore, at the end of the third stanza, murmured, "Divine! divine! America is the new Paradise." Captain Surcingle turned to me, and asked, "What language is it witten in, — 'Mewican?'"

Then Mr. Adams continued: —

57 Of Beauty.

Of excellence, of purity, of honesty, of truth.

Of the beauty of flat-nosed, pock-marked, pied Congo niggers.

Of the purity of compost-heaps, the perfume of bone-boiling; of the fragrance of pigsties, and the ineffable sweetness of general corruption.

Of the honesty and general incorruptibility of political bosses, of aldermen, of common-council men, of postmasters and government contractors, of members of the House of Representatives, and of government officers generally, of executors of wills, of trustees of estates, of referees, and of cashiers of banks who are Sunday-school superintendents.

Of the truth of theatrical advertisements, and advertisements generally, of an actor's speech on his benefit night, of your salutation when you say, "I am happy to see you, sir," of Mrs. Lydia Pinkham's public confidences, of the miracles worked by St. Jacob's Oil, and the long-recorded virtues of Scheidam schnapps.

58 I glorify schnapps; I celebrate gin.

In beer I revel and welter. I shall liquor. Ein lager!

I swear there is no nectar like lager. I swim in it, I float upon it, it heaves me up to heaven, it bears me beyond the stars; I tread upon the ether; I spread myself abroad; I stand self-poised in illimitable space. I look down; I see you; I am no better than you. You also shall mount with me.

Zwei lager!

Encore.

1003 O, my soul!

O, your soul! which is no better than my soul, and no worse, but just the same.

O soul in general! Loafe! Proceed through space with rent garments.

O shirt out-issuing, pendent! tattered, fluttering flag of freedom! not national freedom, nor any of that sort of infernal nonsense, but freedom individual, freedom to do just what you blessed please!

1004 By golly, there is nothing in this world so unutterably magnificent as the inexplicable comprehensibility of inexplicableness!

1005 Of mud.

1006 O eternal circles, O squares, O triangles, O hypotenuses, O centres, circumferences, diameters, radiuses, arcs, sines, co-sines, tangents, parallelograms and parallelopipedons! O pipes that are not parallel, furnace pipes, sewer pipes, meerschau pipes, brier-wood pipes, clay pipes! O matches, O fire, and coal-scuttle, and shovel, and tongs, and fender, and ashes, and dust, and dirt! O everything! O nothing!

O myself! O yourself!

O my eye!

At this point of the reading the enthusiastic admiration of some of the audience again broke silence. "That noble passage," cried Lady Verifier, "beginning with the eternal circles, and ending with everything and nothing! So vast! so all-inspiring!"

"So all-embracing!" sighed Mrs. Longmore.

"Zo univarezall," said the professor, "zo voondamentahl, zo brovound! Go on, my vrent, oond de zing-zong shant, und de evangel bredigate, of the noo vorlt; oond I zoon a vilozophy of dthe Amerigan zoul zhall write."

Mr. Adams resumed: —

1247. These things are not in Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged Pictorial;

Nor yet in Worcester's. Wait and get the best.

These have come up out of the ages:

Out of the ground that you crush with your boot-heel:

Out of the muck that you have shoveled away into the compost:

Out of the offal that the slow, lumbering cart, blood-dabbled and grease-dropping, bears away from the slaughter-house, a white-armed boy sitting on top of it, shouting Hi! and licking the horse on the raw, with the bridle.

That muck has been many philosophers; that offal was once gods and sages.

And I verify that I don't see why a man in gold spectacles and a white cravat, stuck up in a library, stuck up in a pulpit, stuck up in a professor's chair, stuck up in a governor's chair or in a president's chair, should be of any more account than a possum or a wood-chuck.

Libertad, and the divine average!

1249 I tell you the truth. Salut!

I am not to be bluffed off. No, sir!

I am large, hairy, earthy, smell of the soil, am big in the shoulders, narrow in the flank, strong in the knees, and of an inquiring and communicative disposition.

Also instructive in my propensities, given to contemplation, and able to lift anything that is not too heavy.

Listen to me, and I will do you good.

Loafe with me, and I will do you better.

And if any man gets ahead of me, he will find me after him.

Vale!¹

There was a hum of admiration around Mr. Adams as he restored the manuscript to his pocket; but Captain Sureingle turned to me, and asked, "Mewican poetwy?"

"Yes, Jack," said his cousin, answering for me; "and some of our wise people say that it's the only poetry that can be called American; but if it is, I am content with my English Longfellow."

"And I, madam, with my still more English Whittier."

This Mr. Adams evidently thought would be a good time to bring his visit to an end, and rising in his place, with a manner as if addressing the chair, he said, "My lord, I shall now bid your lordship farwell; an' in doin' so I thank you for your elegint en bountiful hospitality. It wuz fuss class, en thar wuz plenty of it; en I shall remember it 'z long 'z I live. En I thank your good lady too, en feel specially obleeged to her ladyship fur that thar pie 'i' the chicken-fixins into it. It wuz fuss class, and no mistake. En now I hope you'll all jine me in drinkin' her ladyship's health, en long may she wave. I can't

call for the hips and the tiger, seein' there 's so many ladies present; but let 's all liquor up, and knock down, and no heel-taps."

"Weal 'Mewican," said the captain, with an air of satisfaction. "Know it now. Wasn't quite sure befoah; but when he said liquor up 'knew he was weal."

The company had risen, and had drunk Mr. Adams's toast, and now broke up. He took, I thought, a rather hurried leave. The four-wheeled cab in which he came had remained, and was at the door, to which some of us accompanied him. When he was seated he looked out, and said, "If your lordship ever comes to New York, jess look inter my office. Happy to see you. Name's into the D'rect'ry. So long!"

As the cab turned down the drive, we saw Mr. Adams's boot thrust itself lazily out of one of the windows, and rest there at its ease.

"First time I ever saw a weal 'Mewican off the stage," said the captain, slipping his arm into mine as we entered the hall again. "Vewy intwestin'. Think I should n't like it as a wegula' thing, you know."

Since my return to New York, I have inquired in vain for Mr. Washington Adams. Many persons seem to recognize my description of him as that of a man they have seen, but no one knows him by name; nor is there any such member of the New York legislature. I have not yet been able to ask Humphreys to resolve my perplexity.

Richard Grant White.

able to insure Mr. Adams against a suit for copyright, or a charge of plagiarism.

¹ Readers of the New York Albion in 1860 may have memories awakened by these lines, but I am

SYLVAN STATION.

I HAVE been reflecting upon the wonderful spectroscope, and wishing it could be applied to human beings. How intensely interesting our commonest neighbor might suddenly become, some bright new apparition irradiating our vision, as the test was applied! Every substance in nature giving out, in suitable circumstances, a peculiar characteristic light, how can we doubt that there is in every human being something altogether its own, if it could only be exhumed from the conventionalities that overlie it, and could be induced to reveal itself?

Accident lately disclosed veins of gold and silver where I had all my life been in the habit of searching for the earliest hepaticas, without once dreaming that there was any other reason for digging among the dead leaves than to have the honor of discovering them.

The year I spent at Sylvan Station seemed to me rich in the material for thought that lies in common things and humble people. We had been living for twenty years in California, at a place called the "Encinal," or Oak Grove, of Alameda. We thought it a curious coincidence that directed us to another oak grove in Massachusetts. We had no idea that within five miles of Boston could still be found a place of so much wild, natural beauty. We welcomed with delight the oaks and the pines. "For him who endures the pine grows green and flourishes," and so with the oak (*robur*, the strong tree). We felt at once invigorated by their presence, and in a fair way to recover the lost health of which we were in search.

After so many years without seeing a snowflake, it was like living in a wonderful new world to wake, on the second morning after our arrival, and look

upon the white earth. The first great fall of snow was in perfect silence. All landmarks were obliterated, and we took a new start in life on a pure white plain. It was amusing to see each man's estimate of his duty depicted upon it, in the way of shoveling. Our pioneer neighbor in the rear made a deep cut that passed five or six houses, and reached the main street; our timid neighbor on the other side dug merely a footpath to his own door. Later in the day, the little bride opposite came out in slippers and a white cloud, looking like a pretty snow wraith, and flourished her broom about, to clear the steps and welcome her husband home. The station-master made little diverging paths in all directions, to accommodate the world and facilitate travel.

This station-master, unpretending as he was, really did a great deal to give its character to the place. Sometimes, at the railroad offices, I have wondered if it would not be just as well to have some machinery arranged, by which one could pass in money and take out a ticket, so perfectly automatic has the railroad official become. To see this you have only to ask some question a little out of the ordinary routine, which it is not perhaps exactly his business to answer, but which it concerns you very much to know. To him travelers are evidently mere moving masses. This man, however, appeared to entertain the idea that into everything which a human being does some human element should enter. His little rough building he made as comfortable as possible, out of pure good will toward the whole human race, and evidently considered every man that waited for a train there as his guest. In summer, he twined scarlet beans and morning-glories over it, and set his old cane-seat rocking-

chairs invitingly outside. In winter, he drew them round a bright fire, and dressed the walls with hemlock.

One day, as I waited, I saw a dirt-car stop and deposit about twenty cans, containing the dinners of some laborers employed on the road. Any one who had no particular interest in the men might easily have omitted to take any notice of the fact; but it at once occurred to him that it was pleasant to any man to have his coffee hot, and to find a comfortable place in which to take it; so he hastily carried in all the cans, and placed them round the fire; and then, with much appearance of kindliness, as if some choice visitors were at hand, he began to brush up a little, and sweep the floor. I re-proved myself inwardly, feeling certain that if I had been in his place I should only have thought of sweeping it *after*, and not *before*, such guests. Presently a gang of men came along, — rough, grimy-looking fellows. They stood staring about, in a stupid, uncertain way, till he called out in a cheery voice, "Walk in, *gentlemen*, and help yourselves." It must have been the only time in their lives that they had been called "gentlemen." I felt as if it might alter their ideals for life.

Besides making his house as agreeable as possible, he had a cordial, unconscious way of offering himself, too, for the entertainment of his guests. I heard him, one day, consulting the assembled company as to what would be a suitable Christmas present for him to give a friend; saying that he wanted to give something *lasting*, and had thought of poetry.

Thoreau might have had such a man as this in mind, when he said, "Here comes such a subtle and ineffable quality, for instance, as truth, or justice, though the slightest amount, or new variety of it, along the road. It takes the stiffness out of our joints, and makes us supple and buoyant, when we knew not what ailed us, to recognize any gener-

osity in man or nature." And again, when he speaks of the man in his neighborhood, "who lived in a hollow tree, with manners truly regal."

I observed that the station-master always waved his hand, in greeting, to the engineer of the passing train. Most men would have thought they had enough to do to open and shut the heavy gates, but these little courtesies never seemed to make his work any harder. I inclined to suspect, even, that they made it easier, so joyous was his ordinary mood. To manifest a little good will toward everybody that chanced to come in his way was as natural to him as it is for the sun to shine. Nor were his sympathies confined to human beings, as I happened to learn by calling one day at the door of his dwelling-house, adjoining the station. I saw his old mother, whom he had just brought down from New Hampshire to make him a visit. Beside her purred her big cat. "Mother would n't have built up any," he remarked, "if I had brought her down, and left Jerry."

I noticed at the window what seemed a little tropical forest, such a rich, strong growth of green, with the sunbeams striking through it. It was a club-moss he had brought from the woods, which thrived so luxuriantly in his hands. A neighbor who stood by remarked to me, with a mysterious look, "Some folks can't do nothing with plants." I thought of Emerson's lines, "One man can bid our bread feed and our fire warm us." To a mere moss a touch may be sunshine or frost.

Having very little human society, we naturally took a lively interest in our fellow passengers in the horse-cars, especially in the children. It was, sometimes, the event of the day merely to sit beside one of these little creatures, fresh from heaven. We had only one child near us, — little Scotch Maggie. One day, in the midst of the great snows, we saw a small white coffin carried from Maggie's door. It was a bright, still

day, and there was no visible mourning among the few people who followed. As quietly as the blossoms drop from the trees, the baby was borne to its rest. Maggie had told us with great delight of the birth of the baby, and I wanted to know how its death seemed to her. Seeing her again, I inquired for the little brother. She said, "It has gone far off from us." I began to express some sorrow; but she replied, very quietly, "We did not want it any more." I asked, "Who takes care of it now?" "Its mother," she said. "And who takes care of you?" "My mother," — showing that she thought they had both the same care, although from different hands. The perfect assurance with which she spoke reminded me of what I had heard of the Chinese — how on special occasions they listen to the prattle of children, and try to divine it, as inspired language.

Maggie was three years old, and always ready with an answer to every question asked. One day, when she came to see us, a little girl present repeated a Swedish poem. Maggie was astounded. I asked her if she could recite a little verse, knowing very well that none had ever been taught her. Being taken by surprise, she said "No;" but presently, with a cunning little smile rippling all over her face, she improvised one, exclaiming, with an upward-springing motion, "Up comes the summer day!" and then, again and again, with the same merry little laugh of satisfaction with herself, "Up comes the summer day!" It seemed like the uplifting of flowers from the earth.

Being at last fairly established, we found it impossible to postpone any longer what, we feared, would prove a most difficult and disagreeable undertaking, — finding a suitable domestic. We had been long absent from the East, employing only Chinese, and in the mean time we had heard desperate accounts of how this family and that had

been obliged to resort to boarding, for no other reason than just because it proved so utterly impossible to find suitable servants. We were told that no girl was willing to live in the country in winter; and that, if any one was ever so fortunate as to find a girl who understood her work, she placed such an extravagant estimate on herself, on that account, and made such exorbitant demands, that it was impossible to tolerate her; that the old-fashioned servant, who expected to take an interest in the affairs of her employers, had passed entirely off the stage; that it was a question now only of work on one side, and wages on the other. One of our friends gave us, as the result of her experience, the opinion that it was best to look for as neutral a character as possible. Anything positive, she said, was an objection. Peculiarities were apt to clash; and as we only wanted her to do the work, the more she resembled a machine the better. I only wish she could have seen Sanna, and felt the grasp of her hand, as she held it out to me in greeting.

We found her at an employment office, just arrived from Sweden. As I noticed her sunny hair and blue eyes and strong, free step, I thought of what some one said of Jenny Lind: that she ought to have been called the Swedish Lioness, rather than the Swedish Nightingale, from the freedom and strength of her bearing. Not able to speak a word of English, she sat looking at me with such confident blue eyes that no one could feel otherwise than kindly towards her, when the world seemed to her such a fair, honest place.

She held out a little book, printed in Swedish and English, by which we were to converse together. I looked it over, and saw that it contained directions, given to servants in their own country, by which they were to conduct themselves. Among other things, they were told to "step softly, move lightly, and *desire nothing.*"

After I came to know more of her intensely social nature, I often wondered how she survived the first few weeks, when we never attempted anything more in the way of conversation than "cup," "plate," etc. At length, in an outburst of desperation, she exclaimed, "I want to talk!" So did we, but the difficulty was how to begin. She solved it herself by asking if we knew George Washington and Benjamin Franklin. We, in return, asked if she knew Linnaeus and Swedenborg; to both of which questions she replied in the affirmative, and also recognized, with delight, a picture of Luther. After this, conversation became easy; she was so very apt and eager. She was soon able to give a little account of her voyage: telling us how she, with a hundred other girls, came as steerage passengers, on a great steamer; and how, in leaving, they sang together the Fatherland Song; and how the passengers on the upper deck all clapped their hands, as well they might if the other voices were like hers. They had great luncheon baskets; but she lost hers overboard, in a storm, and also her hat. "Now I must every day say to some one, 'Please give me a little bread.'" In the storm she thought, "By and by I dead." It is wonderful, the courage of these girls, starting alone for an unknown world. Some of her friends in Sweden, she said, thought that to come to America they would have to travel through the earth. But she had been taught otherwise at school; taught also to knit, embroider, crochet, and make baskets. The dress she had on she had not only fitted for herself, but had made the woolen cloth for it, and had woven her plaid shawl. She wore generally, on her head, a little black shawl. One day she said to me, touching it, "Every woman in Sweden all the same."

She readily understood that we enjoyed hearing about her country, as she took so much interest herself in learning

everything possible. She soon began to tell us about the Lapps, as the most curious little people in the world; very short, but wearing tall, pointed hoods, made of reindeer skin. She always talked with great enthusiasm about the "rein," as she called the reindeer: said that if a man had a thousand rein he was rich; that the Lapps traveled about all the time, only lassoing some rein and traveling on to find moss for them, the rein furnishing them with all their food. When they went to church they left their babies outside in little holes in the snow, sewed up in skins. They themselves wore one garment of skin. Swedish babies had a little knit garment, that covered them all over, arms, legs, and feet. Lapp babies were always cold, and the Lapps were very, very poor. I asked, "Why not come to Boston?" She answered, "Oh, Lapp say Lapland good." She mocked their funny ways of talking, in monosyllables. They could not open their mouths, she said; it was so cold. She used to mock, too, the peasants' walk,—stiff, ungainly strides; crouching as they went along, because it was so cold. It was very different from reading these things in the geography to hear them from one who had actually seen them, and touched the little cold Lapp babies.

Her inseparable and most congenial companion was Blanche, the little white kitten, who followed her out into the yard, as she hung out the clothes, and chased the dried oak leaves over the frozen crust; springing at them, and whirling round and round; sometimes, in her eagerness, leaping at nothing; selecting some little spot, and pouncing again and again upon it, evidently *playing* there was something there. She scrambled up into the little oak bushes, and peered out at us, with a wild light in her eyes, and often persistently refused to come into the house even after a snow-storm had begun. How demoralized and effeminate seemed the life of an

ordinary cat, curled up beside the fire, after seeing one in which the aboriginal instincts had revived! I always attributed it to Sanna's influence; it had such an animating effect upon us all.

The amount of her general knowledge continually surprised us. It showed how much any one might learn who had a desire, only, without much opportunity. She inquired eagerly about the progress of Nordenskjöld, the Swedish Arctic explorer, and spoke of the four Swedish poets-laureate, of whom two, Björnson and Janson, have been in this country.

One day she made a droll mistake. By misunderstanding a word, she thought she heard the master of the house spoken of as a poet. She exclaimed with rapture to the little daughter, "Oh, Margie, isn't you not happy, have poet-parents? I always thought you mamma was poet." This idealizing of me into a poet quite overcame me. I had been such a severe task-mistress to her, and, owing to the inevitable want of understanding between us, I felt that I had often spoken to her in ways quite incompatible with the idea of my being a poet. But she had a good broad way of looking at things, and passed by much that was disagreeable.

Sometimes she sang the watchman's song:—

"Klocken är elfra slagen!
Vinden är öst.
För sward ock brand,
För tjufrar's hand,
Gud bevara väst Sverige, väst land!"

"The clock strikes eleven!
The wind is east.
From sword and brand,
From hostile hand,
God keep our Sweden's land."

How primitive it seemed, watching over these people in their sleep, and telling them the way of the wind! If it had been in California, they would have wanted to know, instead, how stocks were.

She always spoke with so much enthu-

siasm about Sweden that we asked her once why it was so beautiful. She said, "Because it is so wild." I thought that she was more contented for the little Scandinavian landscape she could see from her attic window. It was the edge of the Middlesex Fells. There were great wastes of snow, with ledges of dark rock and pine-trees. On one of the heights was a red-roofed tower, and she could hear, in the distance, the sound of a waterfall.

In thinking about her it occurred to me that the contrast between the really rich and the really poor is more a difference in enthusiasm than in anything else. Some people are so much more conscious than others that the whole world is open to them. When her work was done, she always sat down to sing. As I listened to her, I said to myself, "Can it be this beautiful bird I have been ordering about all day, employing in such drudgery?" A voice so light and soaring I had never heard. Her consciousness of the possibilities this fine voice might open to her finally took her from us.

We comforted ourselves with thinking that we would try to find some one else as much like her as possible. But, as it proved, no contrast could be greater than that between our lively Sanna and the demure little Feina, who took her place. She was a stunted-looking girl, with a plain face and undemonstrative nature,—one of those phenomenal beings, as we presently discovered, who never talk, except from necessity, and who have no desire to express themselves in any way. I was just about to decline taking her, when it was as if I caught a glimpse of her inmost nature, and became conscious of something rare and beautiful in her. Without making any of the disparaging remarks I had intended, I simply accepted her. She made a little courtesy, and said, "Tank," which she always thenceforward repeated whenever anything was done for her.

Her clothes were coarse and poor, but my eye was caught by a silken tie on her neck, of a most rare and beautiful shade. It struck me, afterward, that it represented something in her entirely unconnected with her menial condition, and unsoiled by it. I saw, one day, her representative in the blue succory, on the edge of the sidewalk: like her, fitted by nature for hard conditions, with coarse leaves touching the earth, companion to the pig-weed and the burdock; with clouds of dust continually sweeping over it, but with heaven's own blue, undimmed, on its soft fringed petals.

Her charm was in her perfect, uniform gentleness. Day after day, as I watched her going through the same monotonous routine, it seemed to me that she was as patient as the sky or the earth. I could explain her to myself only by thinking of the long line of peasant ancestors, who had transmitted content to her, and made her so strong in her simple virtues. I felt that a little bit of heaven was mirrored in every one of her unvarying, uneventful days.

We had found such infinite variety in the snow, tossed by the wind and wreathed about our dwelling, soft and still, with pale blue shadows, or sparkling with infinitesimal stars, that we were really sorry to part with it; but as spring drew near, we began to feel the thrill of delight that runs through all nature. Year after year, with the same old dusky evergreens about us, we had longed for the beautiful outburst of leaves and blossoms. Only those who have been long separated from it can conceive the strength of desire, which year adds to year, to see it again. When our hope was just on the verge of fulfillment, a fire swept through the woods; great tongues of flame appeared to lick up and destroy everything in fierce delight. We thought every germ of life must perish; but how little we knew of the exuberance of Nature! Out of the charred and devastated earth she

brought richer beauty; the wild-grape leaves had a deeper tinge of pink and a more beautiful gloss. Everywhere was the same abundance, the same lavish grace. How fascinating it was to watch the little hooded ferns uncurl, and the opening of the leaves; to see the exquisite care with which they had all been folded and packed in their coverings! What a tender touch showed itself everywhere! Under the pine-tree, I saw the little white heads of the Indian pipe thrusting themselves up through the dead leaves. I drew one up. What a curious little flower! It apparently had neither root nor branches, — a mere little flower, as if the ground itself were blossoming. I thought of a young man, in the last stages of consumption, whom we had noticed on our journey. We heard him telling a friend that he had been advised to go into the country. "But then the country is so lonesome," he said. What a pity that one so soon to sleep in her bosom should know so little of the motherliness of the earth!

Through the meadow near us crept a little sluggish stream. Every day in summer was a high festival there. The air was full of fragrance, and sweet with sounds of insect and bird. The banks were solid walls of flowers; swift-glancing dragon-flies hovering over the water, glittering beetles circling in mystic dance on its surface, butterflies softly opening and closing their wings of velvet and gold, little birds rocking lightly to and fro on the branches, — every living creature overflowing with unmistakable delight.

Sometimes thoughts came into my mind, on that sunny meadow, that seemed to belong there only by contrast. What place had the discords of human life in that world of pure love and joy? I remembered a funeral that I had once attended in California, where I felt so deeply the wretchedness of shams and pretense. It was all the more painful

that it was on so humble a scale; there must have been such sacrifices made all along to keep up appearances. It was of a woman, who had kept a little fancy store and died gradually of consumption. As I looked at her, in her coffin, I felt that her whole nature had been slowly starved out. She lay in state, in a hall, her husband belonging to some association that owned it, and this was supposed to give a kind of dignity to her funeral; but the image of starvation was so impressed upon her that the majesty and peace of death, which I had never before seen wholly wanting on the face of any dead person, did not appear at all. A cheap undertaker had dressed her with artificial flowers. Her husband was a lame man. At a signal from the undertaker he limped forward, to take leave of her, as part of the ceremony. He touched his lips lightly to hers, and stepped aside. I noticed the flash of a false diamond on his bosom, and wondered if it represented what he had within. After all was over, he turned to a friend, and asked if he thought due honor had been done his wife, and remarked that his son had won a bet at a gaming-table; and that was the last news they had told her, though it was something, he said, she never seemed much pleased to hear.

I felt as if I could not let this woman be buried, at least I could not bury the thought of her, until I had extorted for myself some comfort in regard to her. I was confident that somewhere, in the deepest recesses of her being, known perhaps only to God and her, was something true; but I should have felt more sure of it, and that she had had something of her share of the joy of life, if she had only lived in the country. The city is so hard in every way upon the poor, so soul-destroying. The country is kind to all. I think no one can ever be wholly insensible to its sweet influences. Everything that is real is wholesome, bitter or sweet; but the desire to

appear what we are not is a worm that gnaws at the heart of things. How genuine all things seem in our out-door life! I lay my head upon the earth, and feel that I am not expected to be anything but what is natural to me. It suits the customs of society better that every one should wear a mask: but the sturdy pitch-pine is not trying to turn into a white-pine, though the white-pine is a more elegant tree; it is a stout pitch-pine, full of lusty health. It is so comfortable to be what one was made to be, and everything becomes so easy if one is only so fortunate as to slip into the right place.

Sometimes we climbed to the top of an immense rock that overlooked the trees. We could never be tired of watching them swaying in the wind, so slender and graceful, and yet so strong. How far from all care and trouble that rock seemed, an island in the green sea! One day, as I lay on the top of it, a bird flew close above me. He sang a few notes, as he passed, as if he would like to speak to me, if I could only understand. On the ledges about us grew the pretty rock fern. Here and there one sat, like a little householder, at the door of a tiny cavern. Each likes to have a house of its own, and a little roof over it; then it shows its satisfaction by growing in perfect and beautiful whorls, otherwise sending up only a few ragged shoots.

We could hardly look in any direction without seeing something from which it was hard to turn away our eyes. The rock upon which we sat, when broken into fragments, revealed beautiful little landscapes painted upon it. The vegetation was fern-like; sometimes defined with the utmost distinctness, then veiled in purple mist. The backgrounds were of rich Egyptian colors, orange and brown; occasionally of a cold, hard gray, looking like a frozen region, — a fine feathery vegetation, growing up closely together like little

forests; or perhaps in tufts, crowning rocky heights, or drooping over them. It was like the frostwork on the windows, with the addition of the coloring. We took some pieces of it to a mineralogist, to inquire about it. He said the impressions were made by infiltrations of water, containing oxide of iron and manganese; but what disposed it to assume those beautiful forms he could not tell.

After the height of the season was over, we saw with pleasure that the few bright stragglers left appeared to take some notice of us, as if their curiosity was at length awakened to know who we were, and why we were stopping there. Perhaps the slight chill in the air, or the little barren look that began to appear, woke up some social feeling in them, as it is so apt to do in us. The dragon-fly, in July far too airy and fleet for us to approach him, in September settled down upon us as readily as upon the asters or golden-rod. We tried to make acquaintance with our tiny neighbors, and soon became convinced that the definition of *instinct* which we had learned in our school-books (the knowledge of a few unvarying facts, impressed upon creatures at birth) was an error. As soon as we begin to observe even insects we see that they meet emergencies in ways that show individual peculiarities and character. as the caterpillar we brought home to watch through the chrysalis stage, — one of the kind called "wooly bears," large, strong, and shaggy, — who, instead of coiling himself up quietly, after a little languid exploration, as all our others had done, made a determined resistance to confinement, and rushed constantly to and fro with a furious air; a miniature wild beast, searching in all directions for a possibility of outlet. We had put a glass over him, on the side of which the former occupant had made a cocoon, securely fastened, half-way up, with myriad silken threads. After spending all day, and as

far as we could tell all night, in frantic efforts that were not visibly connected with any plan, all at once it became evident that an idea had popped into his little horny head. His whole manner changed, and he set about his work with the calm energy of one who knows what he is doing. It had occurred to him that the door of his prison, which for thirty-six hours he had constantly sought, was obstructed by the cocoon. He knew now what was to be done, though not yet how to do it. He nudged and thrust at the cocoon, but for a long time it held firm; finally, he hooked the end of his body round it, and with a great jerk he and the cocoon came down together. I could not face his despair when he saw that it was all in vain; that the prison absolutely had no door. I released this energetic little lover of freedom, though I lost the chance of seeing what a fine creature he might some day have become, when his wanderings were all ended.

What we called our summer sitting-room had been formerly the bed of a swamp. As autumn drew near, we moved to our upland parlor, with its russet carpet of dried pine. There we sat and listened to the soft rising and falling of the wind, and watched the glistening films of light that floated in the air and rested on the grass and the bushes. The sumach hung out her crimson streamers, and the poplar dropped little showers of gold. Here and there a single branch of maple flamed in the sunlight, while the hills, covered with oaks, were slowly deepening and brightening in color. I used to think of the maple as the glory of the autumn woods, but here there were hardly any maples, and it seemed as if the whole depth and richness of the forest lay in the oaks, here blended and there contrasted with the dark green of the pines. Every little weed about our feet was in festive array, tipped and spotted with red. It was like the red Tamáhnous we saw among

the Indians, when every one was freshly painted and wrapped in a bright blanket, to celebrate the Feast of Love.

There were dark, still places in the woods into which the full daylight never entered. One day I sat down to rest in one. There was neither sound nor sunbeam, — absolute quiet everywhere. A faint green light appeared to come from the trees. There was an infinite depth of rest there, and I did not feel as if I were alone, although I saw no

one. What is it in these beautiful, solitary places that seems so near to us? I cannot tell how, there gradually stole upon me such a satisfying assurance of good will from some deep, secret source; but somehow, in the silence, I became conscious of it. All about the human world, so chaotic and incomprehensible, lies the world of nature, strong, serene, beautiful, and harmonious, still rejoicing, undisturbed by our disasters, as if knowing them to be ephemeral and unreal.

Caroline E. Leighton.

AMERICAN FICTION BY WOMEN.

IN our last review of current American fiction we found the three most noticeable books to have been written by men, and to have a certain common ground on which they met. It chanced that the most noticeable novels which have since appeared are also three in number, but from the hands of women. It would not be hard to find points of comparison and contrast in the two sets of books. To begin with, these three women have devoted themselves to American themes, and not a foreigner, we believe, appears on the stage. Now — but we spare the reader the fine generalization which we were about to make. It is only reviewers who read books by pairs or threes, and it is more to the point to inquire into the individual characteristics of the novels in question.

Mrs. Foote enjoys the doubtful advantage of being able to present her characters both to the eye and to the mind. Her excellent reputation for figure drawing makes one take up *The Led Horse Claim*¹ with some curiosity to know how far the persons described in the pictures correspond with the persons

characterized in the text. Ordinarily the author and artist are different beings, and when the author invests his characters with great dignity or charm we cannot hold him responsible for the interpretation which the artist may put upon his words. Mrs. Foote, however, either repeats herself in the two forms of representation, or gives the reader a chance to test one form by the other. The handsomeness of Mr. Hilgard, in this story, is not given to the reader to take on faith. He may know from Mrs. Foote's pictures just how Mr. Hilgard looked, even at the very critical moment when he was parting from Miss Conrath. Miss Conrath's beauty, again, is placed under a high light in the frontispiece; and as both the manly and the womanly beauty are important elements in the story, one must at least admire Mrs. Foote's courage in furnishing the reader with *cartes de visite*, so to speak, of her principal characters.

It may be straining a point, but we cannot help thinking that Mrs. Foote's success in her pictures prophesies the success in her writing. The best of her illustrations is the one entitled "She

¹ *The Led Horse Claim*. A Romance of a Mining Camp. By MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. Illus-

trated by the Author. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

doubted long," and the best of her writing is in the characterization of the sentiment of this doubting girl. It is not the masculine scenes in the story which impress us most, but the fine yet strong lines of a woman to whom suffering has come at once with love. The story is a simple one. In a mining camp in California two mines are engaged in a struggle for victory. Mr. George Hilgard is the superintendent of the Led Horse mine, and when the story opens is in the midst of a legal warfare with the rival Shoshone, which adjoins it and is suspected to have encroached upon it. The superintendent of the Shoshone is a dissipated young fellow, Henry Conrath, whose sister Cecil has come to the camp from the East, to make her home with him. Cecil and Hilgard meet suddenly, and the story of Romeo and Juliet begins. In the progress of affairs a fight occurs in the mine, in which Hilgard kills Conrath, and the situation becomes at once tragic. The task of the novelist is to perfect the union of Cecil and Hilgard, notwithstanding this terrible cause of separation.

What we like in the treatment of the story is the dependence of the author upon the great movements of human nature, and her indifference to excessive refinement upon these movements. Her lovers love at first sight, and they love with an honest warmth, which the reader accepts without requiring a close analysis of their motives. They are kept apart by the feud between the two houses, but love surmounts the feud. They are separated again by the tragedy, but time reinforces love, and pity takes a part, and at length the two young hearts find their content. We repeat that it is a pleasure to find honest sentiment so victorious.

The trouble of the young girl is a genuine one, and it is allowed a full and sensible development. The doubting long, through which she went, was the action of a pure and honorable maiden;

but the doubt in this healthy soul must needs give way before the certainty of love. We respect Mrs. Foote and her art, because she has not tortured us with imaginary and subtle difficulties in the case, but has told an entirely probable story as nature would have told it. There is in the handling of the novel a certain lack of confidence now and then, which betrays an unpracticed hand, and a disposition, we think, to rely a little upon second-hand information in some of the interior scenes, where the figures are men only. The whole circumstance of the story, however, at least in the larger part, is of rough Californian life, and we recognize the womanly hand which has touched it. The slight tendency to an excess of sentiment which characterizes Mrs. Foote's work is well counteracted by the rudeness of the material in which she has here wrought.

We took up Miss Woolson's little book¹ with special interest, from a desire to know what effect Anne had had upon her. The reaction of a novel upon its writer has not always sufficiently been considered, and we suspect that in her new and brief story Miss Woolson has written with some sense of relief from the entanglements of her long, three-jointed novel. She has at any rate chosen an entirely different theme, and one which allows her the greatest freedom from the task of describing a love adventure. Love—that is, the love of a young man and young woman—is scarcely considered in *For the Major*; it is indeed too slightly treated for the perfection of the story, since in real life the relations of Miss Carroll and Mr. Owen would have had a more important effect upon the development of events. Now that we have read the story through, and know that there is no more, we feel so slightly acquainted with the persons just mentioned that

¹ *For the Major*. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

we have not felt at liberty to speak of them as Sara and Frederick.

We do, however, feel very well acquainted with Mrs. Carroll and the Major, who are the chief personages of the book; and an acquaintance with Mrs. Carroll is, as Miss Woolson intended it to be, a cumulative one, and one which has distinct processes in it. A good deal of ingenuity has been expended upon Mrs. Carroll, for the obvious reason that she expended a good deal on herself. She was the stepmother of Sara Carroll, but when the story opens the two women had for several years seen little of each other: the daughter being absent for educational reasons; the mother devoting herself to Major Carroll, with whom she is living in a mountain village, presumably in North or South Carolina. The geographical boundaries of the story are not very clearly marked, and we feel, therefore, a stronger, perhaps unworthy, suspicion that the locality and its society are highly imaginary. It would almost seem as if Miss Woolson invented Far Edgerly and its neighborhood in order to make it fit the highly invented character of Mrs. Carroll. For to spoil the story for any reader who may chance now to take it up for the first time, Mrs. Carroll is a woman well on in years, who masquerades as a young and childlike wife. She is helped by her figure and general air, but more by the extreme attention which she has given to the subject. Her husband has been all along under a delusion with regard to her, and her stepdaughter and all her neighbors share it. He has built up an imaginary Mrs. Carroll, with most respectable antecedents; and as he has become enfeebled in mind, it is not very difficult for his wife to support the character, which she does with great adroitness.

The reader might imagine that her disguise was to be stripped from her finally, and that she was to be turned out of the story in her true character,

whereas all the disillusionizing is done deliberately by Mrs. Carroll herself, and it is seen that the one cause for the deception is its justification; for love was at the bottom of it: the love first of a woman grateful to the man who came forward to the relief of her and her child, and then the same love and gratitude taking the form of devotion to the failing husband. The deception, in which the daughter joins, is all for the Major, and when the Major dies the mask falls.

The story is a very ingenious one, and skillfully managed. The reader, at the critical moment when he would naturally turn impatiently away from this very artificial woman, is drawn to her by the revelation of her redeeming quality. In fact, the reader and the stepdaughter are in much the same category, only that the daughter is in the secret before the reader is. It is, however, the ingenuity of the story which makes the strongest impression upon the mind, and thus one is led to doubt if the whole conception be not too artificial to be thoroughly good art. We noticed in Anne something of the same tendency in Miss Woolson to make too much of the machinery of her stories, and we hope that it will not increase in her work. With a good story, built upon the large lines of nature, Miss Woolson would have more leisure to give to the realization of her characters, and the reality would be more enduring because more natural. Mrs. Foote has not Miss Woolson's skill, and her story is not so original, but on the whole it seems better worth telling.

Mrs. Foote did not shrink from carrying her heroine into a miner's camp in California, and by her own refinement and womanly sensibility invested that masculine field with a somewhat feminine property; Miss Woolson is more faintly American in her scenes from a Carolinian no-man's land, and is feminine chiefly in her elaborate con-

struction of the principal character out of an excess of womanhood; but Mrs. Burnett, while more conspicuously a woman in her dealing with life than either of the others, has also taken a larger canvas and essayed a more serious piece of art. It is not possible to read her latest novel¹ without being aware of the intensity of feeling and thought which have been given to it at times; at times, we say, for there are passages so sluggish in movement that one is almost tempted to believe that the author was either uncertain in her intention, or possessed with the notion that it was necessary to produce a four years' effect upon the reader by a deliberate slowing of the action of the story. As a matter of fact, the element of time is of very slight significance in the development of the plot of this novel, and indeed introduces a disturbance in the reader's mind; for he cannot help thinking that where passions are so intense as in the lives of Bertha and Tredennis it would be impossible to avoid an earlier *éclaircissement*. Again, the nobility and strength of Tredennis, when given four years' trial, would inevitably find some solution of the problem of his life through work; and his love for Bertha, which Mrs. Burnett uses as an indication of his strong character, is dangerously near being a sign of radical weakness. So long as the lapse of time is not emphasized by the writer, the reader is content to see the *dramatis personæ* of the tale only in their immediate and frequent relation to each other; but when he is repeatedly reminded that year after year is rolling round, he cannot help doubting if the tremendous pressure which each person in the story has on his or her neighbor would not in the course of nature be somewhat more relaxed. By keeping out of sight this troublesome element of time, the

author would find it easier to persuade us that the very trifling incidents of the story, like the gift of a bunch of heliotropes, or the attitude in which people stand or sit, must needs recur to the memory of the characters from time to time. In so realistic a tale as this, these romantic incidents have a disproportionate value.

We forget that we are talking about a story which the reader may chance not to have read. It is the story, in its main lines, of a young woman entering Washington society just as a young officer in the army — who if he had stayed longer in Washington would doubtless have won the young woman — left for the frontier. After eight years, Colonel Tredennis returns to Washington, to find Bertha Herrick the wife of a light-minded, selfish fellow, who is drifting about. She has apparently thrown herself into society from a love of power and a pursuit of happiness, but the return of the friend of her youth is the occasion for a better knowledge of her. She has secretly retained her love of him, which has grown more intense with the decline of her respect for her husband. Through one administration we are allowed to see the torture of this unhappy woman. Outwardly she is the brightest, gayest, of mortals, and little by little these arts and charms are made use of by her husband to accomplish political and corrupt ends. Colonel Tredennis looks on in anguish. He refuses to abandon his faith in her, but that faith must rest upon recollection and occasional glimpses of her real nature; the sight which is offered him is of a heartless, restless woman. But this is the mask which she wears to conceal from him her fatal love. She seems bent on destroying his faith in her, in order to protect herself from herself.

This incessant conflict between the real and the assumed woman is, in our judgment, a violation of nature. We do not deny that Mrs. Burnett has con-

¹ *Through One Administration*. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

structed this dualism with great subtlety and skill, but the very means which she has taken tends to create skepticism; for the reader is compelled to follow a bewildering succession of dresses, attitudes, looks, and half-uttered words in order to realize to himself this protean shape. The brilliant conversations which are intended to illustrate her position are so dazzling as to confuse the image; and if it were not for the recurrence now and again to the real tragedy which is going on, the reader would become weary of this highly wrought woman and unable to give her the dole of pity to which she is entitled. Moreover, the subtlety with which Mrs. Burnett treats this character involves her in a singular inconsistency. Mrs. Amory is represented as a woman of great penetration. She certainly has read her husband thoroughly; yet after an indefinitely long and very familiar acquaintance with the Westoria business, this subtle woman is overpowered by a revelation of the central fact. It seems impossible that she should not have known of her husband's real connection with the fraud.

There are two other characters, who act somewhat as foils to the principal ones: Arbuthnot, an extremely refined and sensitive man, who hovers near the tragedy, and Agnes Sylvestre, a woman who has suffered like Bertha, but has found a philosophic repose. The details of each character are drawn with scrupulous care and much nicety, and the scene of their betrothal is admirably managed. Nevertheless, clever as Arbuthnot is, we venture to think that Mrs. Burnett deliberately changed her mind about him when her story was half done. She tries in the latter half to persuade us that Arbuthnot was misunderstood by everybody, and that he was really a fine, unselfish, and honorable fellow. For all that, she is accountable for the misunderstanding. She has furnished certain touchstones of character in Professor Herrick and Colonel Tre-

dennis, and gives us to understand, in the former half of the book, that these men profoundly distrust Arbuthnot, not from anything which he says or does, but from what he is. That is the way with touchstones. Yet all this distrust vanishes, and not through any new revelation of his character. He has all the make-up of a subtle villain, and the reader accepts him in that quality, only to discover after a while that the author of his being has decided to make his subtlety a subtlety of virtue.

It is, indeed, the excess of this fine-spun web of character which weakens the value of Mrs. Burnett's work. The reader is required to follow the pattern of the spiritual plot too closely. The incidental plot is not perplexing. That is seen clearly enough; but the difficulty arises from an insistence of the author that we shall know her characters too intimately, and it is her own fault that, in keeping us constantly at work finding them out, she retards the progress of her story, and creates a sense of weariness. Could we not have known Mrs. Amory just as well through fewer interviews? Must we be introduced to her afresh whenever she puts on a new gown? Even her physical disabilities come to fatigue us. She is constantly on the verge of greater ills than befall her, and we come to think of her as living in a condition of arrested faintness. This physical statement goes too far. We object to having mysterious operations of her organization hinted at, with an aside by the author that women will understand what she means.

There is, however, a finer womanly power which excites our admiration. No man could have written the dramatic scene where Mrs. Amory triumphs over her adversaries at the ball, when her social doom seemed already pronounced; and the reader for once is really excited by the fear that she will not have the physical strength to go through with it. He watches the color in her cheek with

real concern. There are passages, also, which refuse to admit of reference to sex, as that admirable one when Trendennis confronts Amory and wrings his true character from him. It is plain that Washington society has given Mrs. Burnett much food for reflection, and the lives of the men and women who draw their bread from official patronage are depicted with power and earnestness. There is much that is in protest against corruption, and there are glimpses of political life as seen from the interior; but after all, the author's interest is in her characters and their effect upon each

other. We think that if she had allowed this interaction of the characters to take place more positively through the incidents of such society, and had depended less upon their perpetual comment upon each other, her book would have been a stronger one. It is strong in patches; it lacks the cumulative force of a great tragedy, because, while the plot is cumulative, the crisis of the characters is never really reached; at any rate, there is no coincidence between that crisis and the crisis of the plot. The book, when all is said, is a brilliant book. It might have been a great one.

JONES VERY.

MR. ANDREWS has done an excellent service in saving from oblivion the name of a man and a poet unique in his time, and singularly out of keeping with this age of worldliness.¹ In 1839, a little volume of his writings, including three prose essays, Shakespeare, Hamlet, and Epic Poetry, with about sixty sonnets in the Shakespearean form and a few lyrical pieces, was published by Little & Brown, at the instance of Mr. Emerson, who took a warm personal and literary interest in the author. This collection is out of print, and has for many years been rare. The present volume does not contain the essays, but comprises twice as many poems, though still not all that Mr. Very produced. The essays would scarcely attract attention now, in the altered condition of literary estimate; many of the poems are commonplace; some are but feeble repetitions of sentiments that had been better expressed before. One or two of those here presented to the public might have

been dropped, as being tame or diluted; but the best give evidence of original power, genuine feeling, and unconscious art, if art can be said ever to be unconscious. At all events, they betray a peculiar tone of religious emotion, expressed in suitable language, always simple, often beautiful, sometimes ravishingly sweet and touching. We cannot in all cases respond to Mr. Andrews' judgment that "Mr. Very's verse is absolutely composed without a thought of literary form;" that might not be a recommendation; but we can say with him that it is characterized by "a wholly natural spontaneity, which is almost as rare as it is conceded to be admirable."

From the little memoir, simply, modestly, and charmingly written, without fulsome laudation, yet with loving appreciation of the author's claims, one learns that Mr. Very was born at Salem, on the 28th of August, 1813; that when a boy nine years old he went to sea with his father, who was a shipmaster; that he studied at the public grammar school of his native town; that he was an eager student, recluse, shy, introspec-

¹ *Poems.* By JONES VERY. With an Introductory Memoir by WILLIAM P. ANDREWS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

time; that, after due preparation, in course of which he qualified himself as a tutor in Latin, he entered Harvard College in the last term of the Sophomore year, and was graduated with all but the highest rank in 1836; that he was appointed tutor in Greek, a language he excelled in, and studied theology in the Divinity School at the same time; that he was not a popular preacher, never had a parish, never received a "call;" that in 1838, including some months of 1837 and 1839, — the height of the so-called Transcendental period, — he experienced a singular illumination, won the sympathies of Mr. Emerson and other leaders of that movement, and was by many regarded as a great light, by many as a candidate, along with Mr. Emerson and others, for an insane asylum; that at the end of this crisis, during which he wrote his finest poems, he fell into obscurity, passed the remainder of his days in Salem, and died on the 8th of May, 1880. At the time the present writer knew him, ten years or so after his spiritual exaltation, he was a tall, thin man, quiet, reserved, silent, serene, who had somewhat the aspect of an extinct crater. He looked as if he belonged to another sphere. His form was angular, his movement shy, his speech simple, plain, direct. His greeting was not *hearty*, precisely, for it was bloodless, but gladsome, a singular smile irradiating his solemn countenance like the sudden revelation of a soul within. It came and went instantaneously, leaving no trace of its presence, betraying no hint of its origin. The man appeared and disappeared like a spectre. His poems show a deep though calm love of natural beauty. According to Mr. Andrews, his fondness for flowers was early instilled into him by his mother, for whom he cherished a very tender affection; but, as appears from his writings, his love as well for nature as for man was of an impersonal character, the love of God absorbing all other, the

thought of divine manifestation alone being of interest to him. Hawthorne ascribed his limitations to a want of feeling for the ludicrous. This is apparent; but equally apparent is the absence of *humor* in the sense of personal sympathy with life. Thus in the two sonnets, one entitled *The Slaveholder*, the other *The Slave*, there is no allusion to the human condition of either, or to the conflict which divided the country. The reader would not suspect that any save spiritual considerations were of the smallest concern.

In the days of his fame, if fame it could be called, Mr. Very's poems attracted the attention of a few eminent judges. Emerson spoke enthusiastically of them as "bearing the unquestionable stamp of grandeur." "They have the sublime unity of the Decalogue or the Code of Menu; and if as monotonous, yet are they almost as pure, as the sounds of surrounding nature." Mr. Bryant praised their "extraordinary grace and originality." Mr. Richard H. Dana declared that they stood "apart in American literature;" that they were "deeply and poetically thoughtful, true in language, and complete as a whole." Later, Mr. George W. Curtis has given as his judgment that they are "gems of purest ray serene." And in a note to one of Emerson's letters to Carlyle, wherein reference is made to the little volume of Very's *Essays and Poems*, Mr. Charles E. Norton calls it "the work of an exquisite spirit. Some of the poems it contains are as if written by a George Herbert who had studied Shakespeare, read Wordsworth, and lived in America." We quote a few of the poems in order to convey an idea of their character. The following will be familiar to those acquainted with religious verse:

THE PRAYER.

WILT Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew,
And every blade of grass I see
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, — the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
Come gently as thy holy dove;
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

I will not hide from them
When thy storms come, though fierce may be
their wrath,
But bow with leafy stem,
And strengthened follow on thy chosen path.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me:
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As, when from sin set free,
My spirit loves with thine in peace to dwell.

THE SON.

FATHER, I wait thy word. The sun doth stand
Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
A listening servant, waiting thy command
To roll rejoicing on its silent way;
The tongue of time abides the appointed hour,
Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall;
The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower,
Then every drop speeds onward at thy call;
The bird reposes on the yielding bough,
With breast unswollen by the tide of song;
So does my spirit wait thy presence now
To pour thy praise in quickening life along,
Chiding with voice divine man's lengthened sleep,
While round the Unuttered Word and Love their
vigils keep.

THE SPIRIT LAND.

FATHER! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.
In finding Thee are all things round us found;
In losing Thee are all things lost beside:
Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied;
We wander in a country far remote,
Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell;
Or on the records of past greatness date,
And for a buried soul the living sell;
While on our path bewildered falls the night
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

CHANGE.

FATHER! there is no change to live with Thee,
Save that in Christ I grow from day to day;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on the way.
The morning comes with blushes overspread,
And I new-wakened find a morn within;
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.
Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades de-
scend;
Yet they could never reach as far as me,

Did not thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, a child, might rest a while on Thee,
Till to the light restored by gentle sleep,
With new-found zeal I might thy precepts keep.

Some of the most characteristic pieces
are given, in order that the reader may
appreciate their spirit: —

THE NEW WORLD.

THE night that has no star lit up by God,
The day that round men shines who still are blind,
The earth their grave-turned feet for ages trod,
And sea swept over by His mighty wind, —
All these have passed away; — the melting dream
That flitted o'er the sleeper's half-shut eye,
When touched by morning's golden-darting
beam; —
And he beholds around the earth and sky
That ever real stands, the rolling shores
And heaving billows of the boundless main,
That show, though time is past, no trace of years.
And earth restored he sees as his again,
The earth that fades not and the heavens that
stand,
Their strong foundations laid by God's right hand.

MORNING.

THE light will never open sightless eyes,
It comes to those who willingly would see;
And every object — hill, and stream, and skies —
Rejoice within th' encircling line to be.
'Tis day, — the field is filled with busy hands,
The shop resounds with noisy workmen's din,
The traveler with his staff already stands
His yet unmeasured journey to begin;
The light breaks gently, too, within the breast, —
Yet there no eye awaits the crimson morn,
The forge and noisy anvil are at rest,
Nor men nor oxen tread the fields of corn,
Nor pilgrim lifts his staff, — it is no day
To those who find on earth their place to stay.

THE LOST.

THE fairest day that ever yet has shone
Will be when thou the day within shalt see;
The fairest rose that ever yet has blown,
When thou the flower thou lookest on shalt be.
But thou art far away among Time's toys;
Thyself the day thou lookest for in them,
Thyself the flower that now thine eye enjoys,
But wilted now thou hang'st upon thy stem.
The bird thou hearest on the budding tree,
Thou hast made sing with thy forgotten voice;
But when it swells again to melody,
The song is thine in which thou wilt rejoice;
And thou new risen 'midst these wonders live,
That now to them dost all thy substance give.

THE APOSTLES.

THE words that come unuttered by the breath,
Looks without eyes, these lighten all the globe;
They are the ministering angels, sent where
Death
Has walked the earth so long in seraph's robe;

See crowding to their touch the groping blind !
 And ears long shut to sound are bent to hear ;
 Quick as they speak the lame new vigor find,
 And language to the dumb man's lips is near ;
 Hail, sent to us, ye servants of high heaven !
 Unseen, save by the humble and the poor ;
 To them glad tidings have your voices given ;
 For them their faith has wrought the wished-for
 cure ;
 And ever shall they witness bear of you,
 That He who sent you forth to heal was true.

THE DEAD.

I SEE them,—crowd on crowd they walk the
 earth,
 Dry leafless trees no autumn wind laid bare ;
 And in their nakedness find cause for mirth,
 And all unclad would winter's rudeness dare ;
 No sap doth through their clattering branches
 flow,
 Whence springing leaves and blossoms bright ap-
 pear ;
 Their hearts the living God have ceased to know
 Who gives the spring-time to th' expectant year.
 They mimic life, as if from Him to steal
 His glow of health to paint the livid cheek ;
 They borrow words for thoughts they cannot feel,
 That with a seeming heart their tongue may
 speak ;
 And in their show of life more dead they live
 Than those that to the earth with many tears they
 give.

WORSHIP.

THERE is no worship now: the idol stands
 Within the Spirit's holy resting-place !
 Millions before it bend with upraised hands,
 And with their gifts God's purer shrine disgrace.
 The prophet walks unhonored 'mid the crowd
 That to the idol's temple daily throng ;
 His voice unheard above their voices loud,
 His strength too feeble 'gainst the torrent strong ;
 But there are bounds that ocean's rage can stay
 When wave on wave leaps madly to the shore :
 And soon the prophet's word shall men obey,
 And hushed to peace the billows cease to roar ;
 For He who spake, and warring winds kept peace,
 Commands again, and man's wild passions cease.

Half a dozen poems should be copied
 to show Mr. Very's fine feeling for nat-
 ural beauty :—

NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
 Because my feet find measure with its call ;
 The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
 For I am known to them, both great and small ;
 The flowers that on the lovely hill-side grow
 Expect me there when Spring their bloom has
 given ;
 And many a tree and bush my wanderings know,
 And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven :
 For he who with his Maker walks aright
 Shall be their lord, as Adam was before ;
 His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,

Each object wear the dress which then it wore ;
 And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
 Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

THE WINTER RAIN.

THE rain comes down, it comes without our call ;
 Each pattering drop knows well its destined place,
 And soon the fields whereon the blessings fall
 Shall change their frosty look for Spring's sweet
 face ;
 So fall the words thy Holy Spirit sends,
 Upon the heart where Winter's robe is flung ;
 They shall go forth as certain of their ends,
 As the wet drops from out thy vapors wrung :
 Spring will not tarry, though more late its rose
 Shall bud and bloom upon the sinful heart ;
 Yet when it buds, forever there it blows,
 And hears no Winter bid its bloom depart ;
 It strengthens with his storms, and grows more
 bright
 When o'er the earth is cast his mantle white.

LABOR AND REST.

THOU need'st not rest: the shining spheres are
 thine
 That roll perpetual on their silent way,
 And Thou dost breathe in me a voice divine,
 That tells more sure of thine eternal sway ;
 Thine the first starting of the early leaf,
 The gathering green, the changing autumn hue ;
 To Thee the world's long years are but as brief
 As the fresh tints that Spring will soon renew.
 Thou needest not man's little life of years,
 Save that he gather wisdom from them all ;
 That in thy fear he lose all other fears,
 And in thy calling heed no other call.
 Then shall he be thy child to know thy care,
 And in thy glorious Self the eternal Sabbath
 share.

THE VIOLET.

THOU tellest truths unspoken yet by man,
 By this thy lonely home and modest look ;
 For he has not the eyes such truths to scan,
 Nor learns to read from such a lowly book.
 With him it is not life firm-fixed to grow
 Beneath the outspreading oaks and rising pines,
 Content this humble lot of thine to know,
 The nearest neighbor of the creeping vines ;
 Without fixed root he cannot trust, like thee,
 The rain will know the appointed hour to fall,
 But fears lest sun or shower may hurtful be,
 And would delay or speed them with his call ;
 Nor trust like thee when wintry winds blow cold,
 Whose shrinking form the withered leaves enfold.

THE SABBATIA.

THE sweet-briar rose has not a form more fair,
 Nor are its hues more beautiful than thine own,
 Sabbatia, flower most beautiful and rare !
 In lonely spots blooming unseen, unknown.
 So spiritual thy look, thy stem so light,
 Thou seemest not from the dark earth to grow ;
 But to belong to heavenly regions bright,
 Where night comes not, nor blasts of winter blow.
 To me thou art a pure, ideal flower,

So delicate that mortal touch might mar;
 Not born, like other flowers, of sun and shower,
 But wandering from thy native home afar
 To lead our thoughts to some serener clime,
 Beyond the shadows and the storms of time.

THE INVITATION.

STAY where thou art, thou need'st not further go,
 The flower with me is pleading at thy feet;
 The clouds, the silken clouds, above me flow,
 And fresh the breezes come thy cheek to greet.
 Why hasten on; — hast thou a fairer home?
 Has God more richly blest the world than here,
 That thou in haste would'st from thy country
 roam,
 Favored by every month that fills the year?
 Sweet showers shall on thee here, as there, de-
 scend;
 The sun salute thy morn and gild thy eve:
 Come, tarry here, for Nature is thy friend,
 And we an arbor for ourselves will weave;
 And many a pilgrim, journeying on as thou,
 Will grateful bless its shade, and list the wind-
 struck bough.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THE leaves, though thick, are falling: one by one
 Decayed they drop from off their parent tree;
 Their work with Autumn's latest day is done, —
 Thou seest them borne upon the breezes free.
 They lie strewn here and there, their many dyes
 That yesterday so caught thy passing eye;
 Soiled by the rain each leaf neglected lies,
 Upon the path where now thou hurriest by.
 Yet think thee not their beauteous tints less fair
 Than when they hung so gayly o'er thy head;
 But rather find thee eyes, and look thee there
 Where now thy feet so heedless o'er them tread,
 And thou shalt see, where wasting now they lie,
 The unseen hues of immortality.

These poems sufficiently express the quality of Mr. Very's production. He was unique and peculiar. His vein was narrow, but deep. He had not the piercing insight of Emerson, the keen observation of Bryant, the warm human sympathy of Longfellow, the artistic feeling of Lowell, or the hilarity of Holmes. But he possessed a profound sense of the reality of divine things as symbolized in nature. He had but one thought, that of the immanence of God. He had but one emotion, a desire that the Spirit might be witnessed and confessed. He had but one interest, that men should turn their eyes towards the light. He was a mystic, but not of the German type; more Christian than Emerson, rather Greek than Latin in the

style of his devoutness. To read him is like reading Vaughan.

In estimating Mr. Very's poetry, so much depends on an understanding of his spiritual mood that we venture to borrow a passage or two from Mr. Emerson's diary as throwing light upon this point. On October 26, 1838, he records, —

"Jones Very came hither two days since. His position accuses society as much as society names that false and morbid. And much of his discourse concerning society, church, and college was absolutely just.

"He says it is with him a day of hate, that he discerns the bad element in every person whom he meets, which repels him; he even shrinks a little to give the hand, that sign of receiving. The institutions, the cities which men have built the world over, look to him like a huge ink-blot. His only guard in going to see men is that he goes to do them good, else they would injure him spiritually. He lives in the sight that he who made him made the things he sees. He would as soon embrace a black Egyptian mummy as Socrates. He would obey, — obey. He is not disposed to attack religions or charities, though false. The bruised reed he would not break, smoking flax not quench.

"He had the manners of a man, — one, that is, to whom life was more than meat. He felt it, he said, an honor to wash his face, being, as it was, the temple of the Spirit.

"In the woods, he said to me, 'One might forget here that the world was desert and empty, and all the people wicked.'

"What led him to study Shakespeare was the fact that all young men say, Shakespeare was no saint; yet see what Genius. He wished to solve that problem. When he was asked, What was the difference between wisdom and genius? he replied, 'Wisdom was of

God,' — but he had left genius, and could not speak of it. He was pressed further, and said, 'Genius was the decay of Wisdom.' He added, 'To the pre-existent Shakespeare Wisdom was offered: but he did not accept it, and so he died away into Genius. When his vineyard was given him, God looked that he should bring forth grapes, but he brought forth sour grapes.' 'But,' said the interrogator, 'my grapes tasted sweet.' He replied, 'That was because you knew not the sweet. All things are sweet, until there comes a sweeter.'

"His words were loaded with his fact. What he said, he held, was not personal to him; was no more disputable than the shining of yonder sun, or the blowing of this south wind."

"He prized his verses, he said, not because they were *his*, but because they were *not*."

In September, 1838, Very writes to Emerson: —

"I am glad at last to be able to transmit what has been told me of Shakespeare; 't is but the faint echo of that which speaks to you now. . . . You hear not mine own words, but the teachings of the Holy Ghost. . . . My friend, I tell you these things as they are told me, and hope soon for a day or two of leisure, when I may speak to you face to face as I now write."

These poems can hardly be popular in an age like ours, — an age fond of change, diversion, variety, amusement, color; an age of external decoration, averse to meditation, inclined to criticise rather than to believe. But there must be many devout souls who will welcome this beautiful volume with delight, as expressing lofty thoughts in musical phrase.

AMERICAN ECONOMICS.

It has been a long-standing indictment preferred against the few American economists that they have borrowed both their methods and their doctrines from the English school. While this criticism, which does not ask what is true, but where it came from, is of course eminently captious, still it is apt to make us look with more than usual interest to the appearance of any work by our own writers. Our anxiety to satisfy American pride is, perhaps, even yet a frailty which draws us slightly from the strictness of scientific estimates. So that there would seem to be a fine opportunity for patriotic felicitations at finding two volumes by our own writers, one of which covers the field of political economy proper, and the other that of American public finance to the breaking out of the late war.

But, like the long-awaited American novel, the ideal text-book on political economy is yet to be written. Although General Walker¹ possesses in a high degree the qualities for success, — long experience as a teacher, familiarity with wide reaches of economic literature, close acquaintance with industrial and public affairs, and a strong hold on the community as a man of earnestness and ability, — yet it must be remembered that these qualifications for larger work do not necessarily imply success in so adjusting an economic system that it may be symmetrical and clear to readers who have had little experience with such questions. It is one thing to produce, quite another thing to impart; it requires one set of qualities in a man to

¹ *Political Economy*. By FRANCIS A. WALKER. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1883.

grow a potato, but a very different one to prepare it for a fastidious palate. The style is frank and easy, but we are confident that few persons, although trained by previous study, can gain a clear and definite conception, from General Walker's book, of such elementary ideas as competition, cost of production, demand for money, or value. In fact, we have heard a dozen men, all accustomed to the discussion of these questions, prejudiced in favor of the writer, wishing only to understand him, differ widely as to his meaning. The book, however, must stand or fall, as regards matters of doctrine, on the peculiar tenets of the author respecting the wages question, and that part of profits called by him the entrepreneur's profits, but generally known as wages of superintendence. As to wages, he holds to his former position, that they are not paid from capital previously accumulated, but from the product of the labor. This has been discussed in past years, but to-day it is probable that most students yet concur in believing that wages are, in any extended division of labor such as appears in modern industrial life, necessarily guaranteed and paid from wealth previously accumulated and set aside for production. The exceptional cases presented by General Walker, where wages have been paid out of the finished product, have happened where division of labor is imperfect. Of course, the final outcome of the crop or product is the fund out of which rent, profits, and wages can be paid; and if it is generally large, wages are high, as are profits also. Compare, for instance, wages and profits in England and in the United States. The size of the final product no doubt affects the promise of wages which the employer makes to the laborer; but, in actual fact, the hirer provides from previous accumulations machinery, buildings (which require large advances), materials, tools, and hats, shoes, clothing, bread, and shelter (by the payment

of money with which these articles are purchased), for the laborer, and then takes all the risks of reimbursement from the ultimate product. It is almost a truism to state this. Were it necessary to go further in showing that wages are not paid out of the final result, attention should be called to the fact that wages would not be altered were the product to fall short in any operation. Suppose all the finished goods to turn out unmarketable, by a change of fashion during the time of production: the laborers have been hired at stipulated wages; and if the employer has not at hand the gathered store of capital out of which labor may be paid, he will be obliged to convert his wealth, not previously intended for investment, as his house or horses, into such capital as will pay the men. The failure in the result will not diminish wages. But it may be said that reference is had to a permanent and continuing state of affairs; that if product should be a long time short or large, it would affect wages in general correspondingly. This is true, but it would modify only the promises to give larger or smaller amounts permanently out of previous accumulations, for which the employer expected to be recouped from the final result. In short, every business man knows that he takes all the risks, pays his laborers wages, no matter what happens, and stands between them and uncertainty; he it is who gains or loses by variations in the final product. The employer, without doubt, but not the laborer, is paid out of the completed articles. If so, General Walker's theory is not consistent with the facts of industrial life, and is no argument against a fair statement of the principle that capital is the fund out of which wages are paid, Mr. Henry George's hallucinations to the contrary notwithstanding.

This brings us to an examination of the author's central idea of distribution, and to the pivotal part of his system.

In fact, it is upon just these questions within the field of distribution that there is now rightly the most discussion among economists. As we all know, the value of the total product is the fund from which comes the amounts to be divided as wages, profit, and rent. The sum to be paid as rent is determinate, and settled by the Ricardian formula, leaving the remainder of the amount to wages and profits. There is no dispute here. The second element, profits, is separated into (1) interest, or a payment to capital solely for abstinence; (2) insurance, for risk on the investment; and (3) the profits of the entrepreneur, or manager, for wages of superintendence. The payment for the entrepreneur is separated from that of the capitalist. But, says the author, the interest and insurance are likewise determinate, and settled by general rules, leaving the value of the product yet remaining to the entrepreneur and laborer. Then he attempts to show that the entrepreneur's share is also one fixed by a general law, so that the only undetermined portion, which can rise with improvements in processes, goes to the laborer. With this position we are certainly not in agreement. The capital objection is that it is not in accordance with the facts of business. We have indicated above our reasons for believing that it is the entrepreneur's share which is variable, rising or falling with the success or failure of production. Indeed, in his work on the Wages Question, when entering his objections against productive coöperation, General Walker pointedly urges that it is essential to the proper temper of the entrepreneur, or "captain of industry," that he should gain what is gained and lose what is lost. But this volume holds that there are varieties of business skill, just as there are varying grades of land; that at the bottom there are entrepreneurs who gain only mere laborer's wages, while above that their gains are fixed by their superiority over the poorest managers,

the "no-profits entrepreneurs." In this way, it is desired to explain that the entrepreneur's profits from the value of the product are fixed by a regulating principle, and that, by a process similar to economic rent, they form no part of the price of commodities; meaning that skillful management allows the goods to be produced cheaper in proportion to the manager's superiority, and that the difference between this cost and that under the no-profits entrepreneur is the source of profits for skill. This, however, cannot be reconciled with industrial facts. To begin with elementary law, all know that there is admitted to be a difference between the production of articles which can be increased in quantity only by an increasing cost (whenever the law of diminishing returns acts) and those whose cost generally falls with larger production, and whose supply is practically limited only by the application of labor and capital. Wheat and corn are examples of the former class, and cotton goods and shovels of the latter. A great business is now a question of fractions. Any manager of large cotton mills would tell you that his business depended on a small fraction of an ounce in the weight of his thread, or of a per cent. in the market price. An advantage of one half a cent a yard would allow him to undersell the market, and add indefinitely to the production of his mill. In brief, there is nothing in the shape of a law of diminishing returns to prevent him from supplying the whole market. In actual trade it means that his commission house offers the goods cheaper, sells increasing amounts of goods, and drives other firms out of business. The greater the quantity of goods manufactured, the greater the division of labor and use of other economical devices, and the easier to sell his goods cheaper. But our author would hold that the no-profits entrepreneur, who could not produce his goods as cheaply, would fix the market price at which the

great managers sell their goods. It seems hardly necessary to say that this is not true. If we are right, then the price of commodities which are capable of unlimited increase depends on the cost of production under the most skillful entrepreneur, and so the market price in continuous production must tend to conform to this. We cannot, therefore, agree with General Walker's treatment of distribution, and consequently do not think that his is a good book to be put into the hands of beginners.

Even in the theory of rent, which the writer accepts, of course, he would convey a wrong impression when applying it to mines. That theory points out that rent is due to the superiority in advantages of one mine to another. The author adds that mines present a special case, in that they are ultimately exhausted, while land is not. But if this is a consideration applicable to all mines, it does not in the least affect their comparative advantages, and it is wholly upon a comparison between different grades of the same things — not the absolute advantages of any one — that we arrive at the amount of rent. The attempt, therefore, to amend the doctrine as applied to mines by adding something as a payment for the destructibility of its powers seems to us like placing an extra plank under a whole row of soldiers in order to determine which is the tallest.

The manly tone of General Walker's book invites full and fair discussion, and it will stimulate the already great interest in economic problems in this country. Even in our best universities little instruction was furnished in this department fifteen years ago. But the impetus given to the study of public finance by our late war is conspicuously seen in every quarter. The history of our own finances is a story of great interest. We have committed gigantic errors, blundered into successes, made some capital "hits," and to-day have the ability to place bonds on the market more

advantageously than any country in the world. It is like the history of a big boy of genius from the back districts, whose hair yet shows some of the hayseeds, but who is likely to come out right in the end, as soon as he gains discretion and experience. Mr. Bolles,¹ however, is only an annalist, and not wholly trustworthy. He never rises above his facts to see the principles at work in the details; in short, he does not seem to be sufficiently equipped as an economist to catch the real spirit in operation. Perhaps the most notable failure in the book is the slight and insufficient treatment of banking in its connection with the finances and with the great commercial crises. In the chapter treating of the second United States Bank there is a superficial statement of events, but the reader would not gain a clear insight into the operations of credit and banking which attended the crisis of 1837. In short, no serious economic study has been made of a single crisis, either at this time or in 1857. This was the writer's opportunity; but it was not seized. When quoting Gouge's report on the sub-treasury system in 1855, he sees that the banks in increasing their liabilities would have been affected by the government deposits; but in another connection, in speaking of the "pet banks" in 1833, he finds the cause of this increase in "their desire to earn fat dividends." In general the facts given on the history of government deposits are more satisfactory than any account to be found elsewhere, and have an especial value at this time, when the treasury is so actively interfering with the money market. When we turn to his two chapters on coinage, to glean his testimony as to the experience of the United States in its long experiment in bimetallism, very little else than undigested facts confronts

¹ *The Financial History of the United States from 1789 to 1860.* By ALBERT S. BOLLES. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

us. No conception of principles is to be found. There is no reference to the culminating effect of the large silver production since 1780 (to be compared only with that of the sixteenth century in its excess over gold), but mention is made of the unfounded statement that the change in the ratio between the two metals in 1818 might be due to the resumption of cash payments by the Bank of England. Yet on the next page it is said that "it was apparent, even before the war of 1812, that gold was more desirable for exportation than silver." If so, then the fabled "gold hunger" in England from 1819 to 1821 had little to do with the change in this country. That was clearly explained by a fall in the bullion value of silver. In fact, our coinage history is a striking illustration of the impossibility of keeping two metals in concurrent use, when both are an unlimited legal tender; but

the details of mint operations are more attractive to our author than such explanations. In the wider field of tariff legislation the theory of protection receives rather inadequate treatment. Mr. Bolles says that in the beginning of the century "protection of American industries from foreign competition was a principle very widely accepted;" but we find that the grounds of the policy were not those which would command universal acceptance among protectionists, if we read the statement on the next page, that "home manufactures were encouraged, not solely to get them cheaper, either immediately or prospectively, but because revenge [that is, against England] was sweet, even if purchased at considerable cost to the avenger." In these chapters on the history of tariff legislation Mr. Bolles has essayed an ambitious task, but has not treated it in the proper historical spirit.

THE FREEDOM OF FAITH.

WHEN a clergyman puts forth a volume of sermons, he makes a tacit application for admission into the ranks of literature. It is true, he may so emphasize the sermon form in his book as to give the impression that he is but seeking to enlarge his parish; on the other hand, he may so subordinate this form as to appear to unfrock himself. In the main, however, while a volume of sermons can scarcely escape the conditions of its origin, it does, by ranging itself with other books, acquire a certain consideration as literature; the very fact that the sermons are to be read, and not listened to, subjects them to the tests applied to other printed books. Mr. Munger, in his *The Freedom of Faith*,¹

has shown a singular felicity in adapting himself to the readers of books, without losing his proper function of a preacher to hearers. To begin with outside impressions, his book appeals to the eye as a work of literature. It has a cheerful, ruddy countenance, and its dress is that of dignity and ease. Then the title is a comprehensive one, which indicates the spirit of the work, and is not drawn from any single theme under treatment; the titles of the separate sermons are bold and suggestive; the name sermon is scarcely obtruded; each division of the book has, to be sure, its heading drawn from a passage in the Bible, but it has also, by way of illustrative text, a collection of passages from literature, all of remarkable beauty and aptness. Only once in the book do we notice a

¹ *The Freedom of Faith.* By THEODORE T. MUNGER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

sentence which requires the notion of a listening audience to complete it.

The connection with literature which the book has is not confined to the use of mottoes. The reader is repeatedly refreshed, in following the discussion of some high theme, by a draught from pure literature; the reference to poet or philosopher is not for illustration only, but for interpretation. When, for example, Mr. Munger is treating of Moral Environment, he draws from the poets a fine argument for the existence of a world of moral and spiritual fact, which is the theatre and condition of moral and spiritual culture. "Shakespeare," he says, "almost without fail, puts every great moral action into a framework of corresponding physical likeness. The tempest in Lear's heart is linked to the tempest of the elements by more than a fancy. The moonlight sleeping on the bank and the distant music have a logical relation to the lovers' hearts. When 'fair is foul and foul is fair,' these moral confusions 'hover through the fog and filthy air,' and are uttered on a 'blasted heath.' . . . Throughout, this master of thought throws back into the physical world the reflections of the moral acts done within it, but on what ground, except that in and behind the physical there is a moral order, on which they repose?" In another place, when calling for the testimony of men in support of a belief in immortality, he makes the significant statement:—

"The master-minds have been strongest in their affirmations of it. We do not refer to those who receive it as a part of their religion. In weighing the value of the natural or instructive belief, Augustine's faith does not count for so much as Cicero's, and Plato's outweighs Bacon's; Plutarch is a better witness than Chrysostom, Montesquieu than Wesley, Franklin than Edwards, Emerson than Channing; Greg's hope is more significant than Bushnell's faith. . . . Wordsworth touched the high-water

mark of the literature of the century in his Ode on Immortality, and Tennyson's greatest poem is throughout exultant in the hope that 'Life shall live forever more.' "

If all this merely indicated the affluence of Mr. Munger's literary reference, it would not go far toward demonstrating the integral literary value of his sermons. Indeed, abundance of quotation or allusion leads one to suspect the originality of an author's mind. The worth of the volume, upon the side of literature, lies rather in the fact that Mr. Munger ranges himself in his thought with poets and thinkers, and not distinctly with theologians. Herein is an important discovery; for whatever may be the contribution which theology makes to science, it is the contact of theology with the conduct of life which must determine the universality of any theological revival. Mr. Munger prefaces his volume with a paper on *The New Theology*, though he deprecates that popular name, and thinks the current movement more justly a Renaissance. The paper is one of clearness, precision, and breadth; but after all, his position is vindicated by nothing so much as by the alliance which he is constantly making, consciously or unconsciously, with the common thoughts and hopes of men. The poets in all ages have been witnesses to the highest life of humanity, and Mr. Munger as a theologian is eager to share their position, not to make one for preachers. The junction which he makes with literature is not a mechanical one; it is real and vital.

There is another aspect, almost equally removed from the professional, in which these sermons may be regarded. A sermon usually implies not only a hearer, but a hearer who has come to church in a more or less willing mood. By placing himself in the congregation he has rendered himself liable to be looked upon by the preacher as one of "my people." A minister of singular in-

sight into character has called attention to the attitude which a pastor takes to his hearers: "There is something in the congregation which is not in the men and women as he knows them in their separate humanities, something in the aggregate which was not in the individuals, a character in the whole which was not in the parts. This is the reason why he can group them in his thought as a peculiar people, hold them in his hand as a new human unity in congregation."

The relation which subsists thus between the minister and his people is capable of a wide interpretation, but it is very apt to be marked somewhat sharply by a distinction in the preacher's mind between those who are and those who are not members of the church. Mr. Munger does not make light of this discrimination. "It is a matter of regret," he says, "that to stand within or without the church is getting to be regarded with indifference;" and elsewhere he leaves the reader in no doubt of his belief in a radical distinction between a living faith and a dead selfishness. Nevertheless, it is very plain that this preacher looks upon men in a broader and more tolerant manner than sometimes belongs to the pulpit. There is a figure who is apt to haunt the mind of the preacher when he is preparing his discourses, and to be present with a contemptuous smile on his face in the congregation, as the preacher looks down upon it from his height. This figure goes frequently by the name of a "mere man of the world." He masquerades largely in pulpit discourses, and has a baleful influence over the minister. It is significant of Mr. Munger's attitude that he seems quite unconscious of the presence of this uncomfortable being. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that these sermons are addressed to men of the world in an unclassified state.

The respect which Mr. Munger shows

his readers is seen in the confidence with which he invites them to a consideration of high themes, and the absence of any concession to indifference. There are preachers who seem anxious to strip Sunday of any shred of sanctity which it may possess; to turn the pulpit into a lecturing desk, and cover the Bible with a newspaper. Mr. Munger is not one of these. He thinks that the spirit of man has eternal possessions, and that these are worthy of the best thought which can be given them; and when he speaks of the life which now is, it is with an unfailing recognition of the heaven above the head, as well as the earth beneath the feet. Thus he makes his theology interpret life, but he does not make a plow-horse of Pegasus. One of the most striking sermons in the volume is the one on *Land Tenure*; and if any one who is accustomed to hear current affairs discussed in the pulpit will read it, he will find the difference between what is commonly called political preaching and that which deals with the great facts of political life in their relation to Christianity.

We have wished simply to call attention to this volume as an addition to literature. It takes at once a high place, both by the largeness of its temper and the beauty of its style, and by its fidelity to a high ideal of the preacher's vocation. The discourses are sermons, instinct with a personal meaning, not philosophical discussions of important themes. The vitality of the book is to be found in its positive, constructive theology, its freedom from negative criticism, its fullness of conception of spiritual liberty. At the close of the sermon upon *The Christ as a Preacher* occurs an eloquent passage which is the best possible statement of the quality of the power in this book, and we give it as the keynote of the book:—

"The main element of power in one who speaks is an entire or the largest possible comprehension of the subject.

One may earnestly declare a truth, but if he does not see it he will not impress it. But whenever one sees a truth in all its proportions and relations and bearings, sees it with clear, intense, absolute vision, he will have power over men, however he speaks. Here we have the key to the power with which Christ preached. We read that the spirit of the Lord was upon Him. He was filled with the Spirit; inspired, breathed upon through and through by the divine breath. But it was not the spirit that spoke through the Christ, nor was the power that of the spirit. The power was in the Christ, whose being was set in motion by the spirit. He was not an instrument played upon, a divine harp responding to heavenly winds, but an actor, a mind that saw, a heart that felt, a will that decided, all moving together. He was passive only in the freedom with which He gave himself up to be possessed by the spirit. It was a force behind and in his faculties, illuminating and arousing them to their fullest action. It is not the light that sees, but the eye illuminated by light. Inspiration is a mystery, and it is not a mystery. It is not a mystery in the respect that we know it to be a fact; it is a mystery in the respect that we cannot understand it. We hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. It is the witness put into humanity that it is kindred with God. We

know not what it is, but when we feel its breath we know that it is the breath of God. But the spirit is not the power of Christ; it is rather that which sets in action Christ's own power, which lay in his absolute comprehension of what He said, and in a perfect comprehension of his position. He saw the meaning of the Jewish system. He knew what the acceptable year of the Lord meant. He pierced the old system of symbolism to the centre, and drew out its significance. He saw that God was a deliverer from first to last, and measured the significance of the fact. He knew that God was the Father, and the full force and mighty sweep of that name. The whole heart and mind of God were open to Him. . . . This was the power of Christ's preaching; He saw God; He understood God; He comprehended God; He knew what God had done, and would do; the whole purpose and plan of deliverance and redemption lay before Him as an open page. We cannot measure this knowledge of the Christ; we can but faintly conceive of it. But the measure of our conception of it is the measure of our spiritual power over others. We speak, we teach, we live, with power just in the degree in which we have got sight of God in the revealing Christ, and through Him of the purpose and plan that underlie these mysteries that we call life and time."

DOBSON'S FIELDING.

THE current discussions upon modern fiction might easily receive some light from an examination of Fielding's work, and it is a pity that Mr. Dobson, in his careful study,¹ should not have given a

more suggestive sketch of the novelist, even at the risk of leaving unsettled the date and place of Fielding's second marriage. Mr. Dobson, to be sure, excuses himself from offering any critical estimate of Fielding's place in literature on the ground that Mr. Leslie Stephen has

¹ *Fielding*. By AUSTIN DOBSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

lately done this well ; but one may fairly ask that the portrait of a man of letters should bear some distinct marks of his appearance in that character, and not show him merely as he might be seen by the rogues who were brought up before the justice of Bow Street.

Mr. Dobson is so much at home in the life and literature of the eighteenth century that we may suspect his very familiarity to have made him indifferent to many matters about which his less informed readers would be curious, and more bent on hunting down obscure facts than of lifting into light, by his imagination, the commoner ones. He has made some additions to our knowledge of particulars in Fielding's life, and he has, by the fullness of his knowledge, given a sensible and reasonable interpretation of incidents which have been a stumbling-block to previous biographers. For so much we are grateful, but Mr. Dobson makes us demand more. We did not want from him, what his book is, a long article for a biographical encyclopædia, where clearness of judgment, accuracy of statement, and directness are the sole requisites ; we wanted an imaginative picture, which should project Fielding from a background of his circumstances, and enable us to see his individuality.

The book is an admirable one for those who already enjoy a fair acquaintance with the literature and characters of Fielding's time. Mr. Dobson moves about among the persons of his story with so much ease that one hardly perceives at first the closeness of his knowledge ; one is aware only of the naturalness of the book, and its freedom from any straining after effect. Thus the casual reflections and side remarks which Mr. Dobson makes have a value quite out of proportion to their apparent intention ; and throughout one has the satisfaction of putting himself under the guidance of a scholar who has been over the ground a great many

times, and is not now making the exploration with the reader.

The somewhat contemptuous tone which Mr. Dobson takes toward Richardson is heightened by the easy justification which he has for Fielding's excesses ; but he is right in requiring a judgment of Fielding's novels to be based upon the novels themselves, and not upon the tales that are told of the author's youth. The present generation of critics has done much to secure fair play for men of letters ; the scientific spirit which aims at an exactness of statement is more favorable to just judgment than that partisan temper which may be found in critics who have a very high code of ethics, and come to the judgment seat with their minds made up beforehand. If we are not mistaken, the students of English literature hereafter will pay the writers of this day the compliment of accepting with little question the results of their investigations. It will remain for them to make a more synthetical judgment, and one more obedient to the imagination. The minuteness of study to-day, which is almost as noticeable in literature as in science, is both corrective and preparatory. It is gently removing errors of past judgment ; it is simplifying the work of a future survey, and the temper of these scholars is a humane one. One might please himself long with a reflection upon the interest which men are taking now in the Queen Anne period, and we suspect that the acute critics of the next generation will entertain the readers of *The Atlantic* with considerations upon this revival of interest. Why was it, they will ask, that in the latter part of the nineteenth century Englishmen, and those Americans who were most under English influence, turned back to the very circumscribed England of the former half of the eighteenth century ? That was a period when Pope's couplets, with their finality, epitomized the well-defined boundary of

the world of which men were conscious ; but in the latter half of the nineteenth century there was an exceeding restlessness of spirit, and Tennyson's *In Memoriam* was a true exponent of the temper of the age. Well, these acute critics will continue, the answer may be looked for both in the reaction which followed a spiritual quest, and in the strong scientific tendencies of the age, which demanded a bottom to things. George Eliot never took any solid satisfaction in the characters whom she

created except in that of Caleb Garth, who was wont to speak of business, as many of religion, with reverence and a profound sense of its reality and comprehensive power. So it was the frankness and the limitations of Fielding that made him satisfactory to students of fiction, and led them to say, Here is well-defined art and a solid basis in human character. We leave to these critics many fine things which they might say. It surely is enough to criticise a critic, without inventing one.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE always had a theory that the Sphinx did not destroy herself after Œdipus solved her riddle: there are quite as good reasons for believing in her continued and present condition as in that of *Le Juif Errant*. Yet, granting that she did throw herself into the abyss, as reported, she certainly left behind her a long line of descendants. I am always meeting some of the family, for they are well distributed through all departments of society. I do not flatter myself when I say the encounter gives them pleasure: it is somehow apparent to them that I shall prove a meek and unresisting victim; for I could never guess a riddle, nor put together a puzzle, nor pick in pieces any logical or illogical quiddity. From childhood, I have been the obtuse mark of these sharp-shooting wits. "Do you give it up?" was, with me, as effectual as the money-or-life conditioning of a highway robber. I always gave it up, without the least struggle at solution. When I wish for a personal presentment of the type Sphinx, I do not think of the mythological nondescript the word suggests, but I summon up my recollections of a certain village tinker, who, as I remember,

ministered unto the ills that time, in the mortal shape of a clock, is heir to. To this acquaintance of my childhood might have been applied the famous similitude of the interrogation mark; he being little, and crooked, and preëminently an asker of questions. He had withal an *Ancient Mariner* sort of eye, whereby he held his youthful listener in a condition of helpless fascination, while propounding and expounding his favorite riddles. His *pièce de resistance* was, "Where does the day begin?" Again and again — for my mind, sieve-like, leaked all such useful information — I bewilderedly followed his cruise for the bright meridian, eventually bringing up somewhere in mid-Pacific. I am reminded that, in the text-books of our grandfathers' school-days, provision was made for the nurture and development of the juvenile sphinx. In this respect, the arithmetics were especially admirable: as a relief from the bare and unadorned problems of numerical quantity, there was occasionally thrown in what might have been termed *A Handful of Pleasant Posers*, consisting of various diverting puzzles and catches, — the well-known three-horned dilemma of the

Fox, the Goose, and the Corn being a specimen.

To attempt a rigid classification of the family Sphinx would be to go "beyond the scope of the present work." Only a few of the more notable species may be mentioned. Of such is the mathematical genius, who devises new short methods of extracting the roots as well as of obtaining the powers of numbers, and whose cabalistic processes frequently appear in print. Nearly allied is the species that has a statistical "bee in its bonnet," and is given to barbarous calculations, in which reference is made to the tenth, twentieth, and even hundredth part of a man. A number of the family have studied law and theology, which professions seem to have favored the bent of their natures. Some have become poets (notwithstanding *poeta nascitur, non fit*), in which case they have written sestinas and other metrical wonders. There is yet another species, which of all is the most familiar, and perhaps the most stigmatized. I refer to the species Punster, in which should be included conundrum-mongers, and all those in any wise afflicted with paronomasia. Let us not be too swift to pass judgment upon these unfortunate persons; their intent is doubtless to be social and care-beguiling; in any case, they are their own worst enemies, since the continued study and practice of facetious equivoque have a tendency to mull the brain. It was to meet this sad contingency, I suppose, that the Asylum for Decayed Punsters was founded, some time ago.

In one particular, to my certain knowledge, the present descendants of the Sphinx do not resemble their great ancestress: they have not her acute sensibility; defeat never drives them to make their quietus; they are never known to throw themselves headlong into the abyss. Perhaps their enigmatical resources are not as limited as were those of the ancient Theban bugbear;

if they knew but one riddle (it seems the Sphinx had no more), their grief and mortification at having it solved might lead them to the desperate act of self-destruction.

With his countrymen, *Cedipus* may have passed for a sage and a hero; we question both his sagacity and his courage. He should have disposed of the riddle by dispatching the Sphinx herself, and saved his wit for some question of genuine, philosophic importance. There is something very satisfactory in the way in which Columbus, at the banquet of old-world fogies, stood the egg on end, and one can scarcely help admiring Alexander for cutting the Gordian knot, instead of wasting precious time by trying to untie it. This is the kind of solution that is usually given by heroes. Says an old aphorism, "The wrangler, the *puzzler*, and the word-hunter are incapable of great actions." This Parthian arrow we cast at our ancient tormentor and wish him comfort of it.

— It seems doubtful whether we have made more mistakes by reason of rash action than through indecision and deferment. The gist of our favorite philosophy is that we should deliberate long, and act late. This conclusion contains a certain spice of self-flattery: fine, reckless, incendiary spirits are ours, upon the heat and flame of whose disorder we find it necessary to sprinkle cool patience. If the diagnosis covered the case, the treatment recommended would probably be the best one to follow; but what if it be found that the motions of our minds are tardigrade and timorous, characterized by infinite windings and doublings upon their track? Plainly, then, we need no lenitive, but a vigorous tonic and stimulant. It is required that some one develop a new philosophy of immediateness and spontaneity. We are too much in the habit of appealing from the first impression to the sophisticated afterthought, as

from Philip drunk to Philip sober. The chances are that the first impression is no nearer the condition of intelligent sobriety than are those pompous benchers and big-wigs of the mind, — our mature reflections. We never suspect that they can be muddled and heavy-headed, they contrive to maintain such show of judicial dignity in the eyes of their clients. Why is it we so helplessly sit down to a despotic session of *pros* and *cons*, advisory of matters which the heart's election, and not the reason's jury, should be allowed to decide? It is possible our resolution is already taken, though we do not at once recognize it, being confused by the involved processes of our Court of Equity. Let some good genius stand beside us, and cry out, like the not-to-be-trifled-with lover in the old song, —

“ Withouten many words,
Once I am sure, you will or no . . .
[Then] use your wit and show it so.”

But if it be thought desirable to take a thorough academic course in casuistry, there is no better means to this end than the accustoming ourselves to divide and carefully test all the delicate strands of motive and feeling leading up to any given line of conduct. What respect we pay to certain cautionary maxims: *Haste makes waste*; *Festina lente*. In minding such guide-boards and danger-signals, we lose sight of the fact that there is equal jeopardy in hesitation and debate. Possibly, we pride ourselves on being too well disciplined to “jump at a conclusion” (leaving such light gymnastic feats to what we are pleased to term the feminine mind); we find it more decorous to take the logical detour, and arrive at our leisure. The shortness of life shall not frighten us into dispatch; when our time-lease runs out, there is eternity for our conclusions. Still, we may justly insist that, in many of the dilemmas which we must meet and overcome, the *saltus*, or jump, is the only safe way to the conclusion. We

have heard something too much of that clever apology for the unready and the unmilitant, — Discretion is the better part of valor. Let us see how it would fit to make over the stuff of the well-worn aphorism, thus: Valor is the better part of discretion. The inverted maxim tallies charmingly with the keen observation, “One sits out as many risks as he runs.” I should not be surprised at hearing that indiscretion belongs more to the craven than to the rashest hero. It does not appear that the immediate in decision, the precipitate in action, any oftener meet with disasters than do those who stop at every stage to consult the oracles, — the oracles that delight in obscurity and contradiction! Most ungenerously suspicious are we as to the friendly intention of events toward us. Often we approach what promise to be the royal chances of life with a kind of old-eyed mistrust and watchfulness, — as of wary woodland creatures, that, once having tasted the cruelty of the trap, henceforward suspect springs and toils wherever they go. It would argue more magnanimity if we sometimes dismissed this pitiful circumspectness, and threw ourselves upon the clemency of the future. But we have always before us the fear of that joyless sequel to hasty action, — the repenting at leisure. True, we stand in this peril; yet we might reflect that we can buy no certain immunity, with all our sacrifices to forethought. In any case, the human probabilities are, we shall be visited by some form of regret. (Remember the sage's dilemmatic reply to the young man who sought his opinion on marriage: whether he married or not, he would be sure to repent.) When the cup of repentance passes round, to drink it as the punishment of generous rashness and superabounding faith will not be more humiliating than to have to drink it in spite of all our measures to avoid the draught. We do not need to be taught to multiply considerations and reasons, but to

focus and use those which shine upon the current moment. What, in any enterprise, is so hard as the beginning it? Plunge us at once *in medias res*, and we strike out bravely enough; instinctively defending ourselves, and gaining strength from opposition. But hold the enterprise a long time in ideal projection, and it is ten to one the imagination drops off sated, and leaves us out of conceit with the original purpose. We do well to use instantaneously any purchase we have acquired upon our own native *vis inertia*, as well as upon that of external matter.

— In The Point of View Mr. James's Miss Sturdy, among the many shrewd and just observations she makes, says one thing, not original with her, which indeed we have heard till we are quite familiar with the remark, but which sounds strangely coming from so sensible a person as this lady. She says that one of the dangers attending the American mode of life is that we shall "cease to speak the English language: American is crowding it out." So intelligent a woman as Miss Sturdy ought to know better than to repeat this accusation, meaningless in its vagueness, and therefore eluding a fair encounter and rebuttal. Mr. Antrobus, from his point of view, remarks much to the same effect when he says that, considering the number of people who are being educated in the country, "the tone of the people is less scholarly than one would expect. A lady, a few days since, described to me her daughter as being 'always on the go,' which I take to be a jocular way of saying that the young lady was very fond of paying visits. Another person, the wife of a United States Senator, informed me that if I should go to Washington in January I should be quite 'in the swim.' I inquired the meaning of the phrase." Now that Mr. Antrobus should require to have the meaning of a new slang phrase explained to him is not strange, being

quite in character with the slowness and dullness of his intellect; but that he or any other Englishman should be surprised or shocked at a free use of slang does strike me as something extraordinary. He himself and the "wife of a United States Senator" are fictitious persons; but we are ready to grant to Mr. James the possibility of an actual person occupying such a position indulging herself in the use of a slang phrase. We would not maintain that our Senators and their wives are invariably to be found persons of culture and breeding, and that only persons of culture, breeding, and the best taste habitually refrain from such expressions. The fact is that many people who know perfectly well what is good English, and what is not, do nevertheless, from carelessness or indolence, allow themselves the use of words and phrases which their own good taste condemns. But these persons would be the last to defend their own practice. Others, of less fastidious feeling about the matter, use slang, knowing it to be such, but not careful whether that or the proper English expression comes first to hand. If this habit, however, is all that is meant by the invention of an "American" language, the ridicule is quite misplaced, coming from an Englishman, or any one adopting the English point of view. No persons employ slang more freely in common conversation than the English, so far as my knowledge of them goes. And they use it with the same unconscious air that many Americans have in uttering slang expressions, as though it had become a matter of habit to select such words in preference to correct English. I remember a young English gentleman speaking of a relative who had lost a wife while in a certain place, and who had never been able to endure the sight of the spot since, because of its sad associations. "He really could n't go there again, you know: he felt too seedy about it." I deplore

the use of slang. The worst effect of its so common use is that a good many persons, not given to thought on such matters, lose sight of the fact that such and such expressions *are* slang. I deplore it, that is, as much as one consistently may, who at the same time confesses to a relish for certain slang phrases that seem to have something of vivid and picturesque expressiveness in them, or a humorous quality evident in the turn of them. I think that, decidedly, there is slang and slang. Some of it — most of it — is vulgar beyond pardon: it seems to me also that it is our imported English slang that lacks the humor and possesses the vulgarity. Some slang is defiling to the mouth that utters it; other slang is comparatively innocent and excusable. But if Miss Sturdy means by the "American" language a language that pretends to be English, or as good as good English, she ought to tell us more plainly what people it is she has heard speak it. She says it is in use in all the newspapers and schools. About the schools I confess I don't know; as to the newspapers, it is true that many of them abound in vulgarisms of speech, and no doubt help to popularize them. But do they differ in this respect from the journals of Great Britain?

— The reign of the sunflower has been a long one in the world of decorative art, and it might be well to consider its successor. It has been suggested that we turn our attention to the beauty of leaf forms and colors. We never have given full credit to the satisfactory qualities of a well-arranged bouquet of leaves; to tell the truth, people in general know very little about them. It takes a very observant eye to catch at

their details, for most of us look at trees or bushes, or at any foliage, only in the mass, — which is like judging flowers and making friends with them only in solid parterres. Appreciation of the leaves of native and foreign plants will come only by close study of them, and nothing will forward this like their becoming fashionable. As for the monotony of color, it is no disadvantage, if we once grow used to the delicate gradations of tint.

We have already accustomed ourselves to exquisite arrangements of ferns, but if some reader will carry the idea further, she will be greatly astonished at its success. The leaves of the silver poplar, with their whitish under surface, are most beautiful for table decoration. A few sprays in clear glasses, that show plainly the leaves that are under water, with their clinging air bubbles, and the outline of the stems, — these, above the white surface, or even colored surface, of the cloth of the tea-table will be found surprisingly delicate and refreshing on a hot evening, instead of fiery geraniums, or intensely yellow marigolds, or other flowers of the sort. At least, while we do not underrate the value of brilliant colors, we beg our lady friends, who are ever on the lookout for novelties and new effects in their housekeeping, to try their hands at some of these imperfectly suggested symphonies in green. We do not imply a desire simply to return to the fire-place decorations of asparagus, beloved of our great-grandmothers, though the use of that sad-tinted but graceful foliage has been grievously overlooked by the æsthetes and the sentimental Wilde men and women, of languishing attitudes and clinging draperies.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Travel and Geography. Travels and Observations in the Orient, and a hasty flight in the countries of Europe, by Walter Harriman (Lee & Shepard), is occupied chiefly with the author's experience in Palestine. He tells how he got there and how he came back, but his chief interest is in the East. Governor Harriman was an eager traveler, but he had stayed long enough in America before he went to become thoroughly patriotic; and if one wishes to know how an American looks upon the Holy Land he will have his desire gratified in this book, which is artlessly and honestly American. "The fountain of Elisha," for instance, "is a copious mill-stream. In our country it would be utilized as such; but here, on the plain of the Jordan, there is now neither business nor people. So the stream runs to waste." — By a curious coincidence, the next book we take up is Denton J. Snider's *A Walk in Hellas, or the Old in the New*. (Osgood.) Exactly why it is the old in the new, we do not see. Mr. Snider is the new; but perhaps he meant to signify how Greece appeared in his mind. A curious mind it is. Much learning has made him not mad, perhaps, but it will make his readers mad. A more cumbersome style it would be difficult to find. Mr. Snider's mind is like Greece, mountainous and very much cut up; the coast line is difficult to follow. If Governor Harriman was a son of the soil, Mr. Snider is equally American in the painfully metaphorical attitude with which he stands before Greek life and art. — The *Golden Chersonese*, and the way thither, is by Isabella L. Bird, Mrs. Bishop, whose travels in Hawaii, Japan, and in our own West have proved acceptable to readers. (Putnam.) The way thither in Mrs. Bishop's book is first by an historical survey, which puts the reader in possession of the principal facts regarding the Malay Peninsula as heretofore known to Europeans, and then by steamer from Hong Kong. Mrs. Bishop's account of Malay is in the form of letters, which have her own personal experience as well as observation. She announces that the book closes her series of travels. — *A Midsummer Lark*, by W. A. Croffut, is a volume of the *Leisure Hour* series (Holt). The writer starts from America, and comes back to it, after covering the customary routes in Europe. The chief difference between this and the usual book of travels is that the author is hopelessly bent on entertaining the reader with rhymed prose and verse, and a wearisome jingle of nonsense. It must be a very leisure hour indeed that can extract any amusement from the book. — *A Visit to Ceylon*, by Ernst Haeckel, translated by Clara Bell (S. E. Cassino & Co., Boston), is a narrative of travel by an eminent naturalist. The pursuits of the author largely determine the character of his observations, but he does not overlook humankind and landscape. The same work, translated by Mrs. S. E. Boggs, is published by the John W. Lovell

Co. — *The Hebrews and the Red Sea*, by A. W. Thayer (Warren F. Draper, Andover), is a small, readable, and very ingenious book, discussing the problem which has vexed critics for so many generations. Mr. Thayer uses the familiar text with a power derived from no merely theoretical knowledge of the localities and natural agencies. The book is accompanied by a map. — *An American Four-in-Hand in Britain*, by Andrew Carnegie (Scribners), is a lively and hearty account of a coaching-party from Brighton to Inverness. The persons in the party are reduced in the book to single letters, but the narrative is of real people, gentlemen and ladies, and the frolic is that of Americans, who have no less honest admiration for their own country that they can enjoy historic England. — The first volume of *The Wheelman*, an illustrated magazine of cycling literature and news (The Wheelman Co., Boston), is a really interesting and curious record of the enthusiasm for the bicycle, which is the narrowest gauge vehicle in use. To an ordinary observer the bicyclist has full use of his faculties in keeping himself upon a degree of longitude, but this magazine seems to warrant the belief that he is able to look to one side and the other, to indulge in reveries, compose poetry, and write book reviews. — In *The Shadow of the Pyrenees from Basque Land to Carcassonne*, by Martin R. Vincent (Scribners), is a little volume of travels attractively illustrated by etchings and accompanied by a convenient map. — Geo. Routledge & Sons have just published a new edition of Mr. Hare's *Cities of Southern Italy and Sicily*, — a very useful book. — *Kashgaria*, historical and geographical sketch of the country, its military strength, industries, and trade, is published at Calcutta, by Thacker, Spink & Co., who are represented in London by Thacker & Co. The work is a translation from the Russian, by Major Walter E. Gowan. *Kashgaria*, the reader may need to be told, is Eastern or Chinese Turkistan.

History and Biography. Outlines of the Constitutional History of the United States, by Luther Henry Porter (Holt), is designed to be a beginning book for students or general readers, who desire to learn something of the character and history of the Constitution of the United States. It is not a formal analysis of the Constitution alone, but a study of the events which led to it, and of the application of its principles. — *The Growth of a People* is a translation, by Lewis A. Stinson, of Paul Lacombe's *Petite Histoire du Peuple Français* (Holt), an admirable and suggestive little work for any one who has already made himself familiar with the annals of France, for it is the explanation of the historic process. — *Dissertations on Early Law and Custom*, by Sir Henry Sumner Maine (Holt), is a continuation of the studies formerly published upon *Village Communities*, and the *Early History of Institutions*. He endeavors, as he says, to connect a portion of existing insti-

tutions with a part of the primitive or very ancient usages of mankind, and of the ideas associated with those usages. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library is published an Outline of Irish History from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, by Justin H. McCarthy, a son of the well-known author. That the author is young enough to have a father living appears from the opening chapter. — Mosaics of Bible History is the title of a work in two volumes, by Marcius Willson and Robert Pierpont Willson (Harpers), which is further described as the Bible record, with illustrative poetry and prose selections from standard literature. The editors have arranged their work by topics, in chronological order, and, without giving the Bible text at much length, draw upon Stanley, Ewald, Keil, and other critics and commentators, and upon the poets, for a paraphrastic and illustrative view of the incidents. The result is a sort of well-arranged scrap-book about the Bible. — Historical and Biographical Sketches, by Samuel W. Pennypacker (Robert A. Tripple, Philadelphia), is the modest title of a really valuable work, since a large part of the contents is devoted to studies among the Mennonites. Mr. Pennypacker is an antiquarian rather than a historian, and he is a careful one; the materials which he has gathered have a value which is not merely that of rarity. The author has collected also various biographical and commemorative papers, and a narrative of his army experience.

Natural History and Science. The second part of New England Bird Life (Lee & Shepard) comprises the non-oscine passerines, birds of prey, game, and water-birds. The book is based upon the material gathered by Mr. W. A. Stearns, but is prepared for the press by Dr. Elliott Coues. The illustrations are abundant, and while not of a highly refined character of engraving are distinct and intelligible. — Man before Metals, by N. Joly, is the forty-fifth volume of the International Scientific series (Appleton), and is devoted to a *résumé* of the various evidence which has been collecting upon the antiquity of the human race and the nature of primitive civilization. It is not surprising that the author draws largely from French sources. — The Sciences among the Jews, before and during the Middle Ages, is a little book translated from the German of M. J. Schleiden (D. Binswanger & Co., Baltimore), and devoted to a rapid survey of the subject, the purpose being to vindicate the Jews as the repositories of learning. — Elementary Botany, with Student's Guide to the Examination and Description of Plants, by George Macloskie (Holt), is intended as a readable sketch of Botany, followed by a guide to work in the field and in the laboratory. The commonest plants have been used for investigation and illustration. The author is a professor at Princeton. — Dr. Galton's Inquiries into Human Faculty and its Development (Macmillan) is a continuation of his studies in Hereditary Genius, and consists of the contributions to journals which have appeared for many years wrought into a consistent whole. However the reader may view the conclusions of this suggestive writer, he cannot fail to be stimulated and helped by the many and curious investigations

which are recorded. It is an anecdote book of the human mind, and much more than that.

Romance and Fiction. Classic Mythology is a translation from Professor C. Witt's work on the subject, by Frances Younghusband (Holt), and is introduced and endorsed by Arthur Sidgwick. The book is a straightforward and quite simple narrative, and is supplied with all necessary indexes and glossaries. Probably the day of the simple story has gone by, and we must settle down to knowing just what these myths meant; but it is to the praise of this book that the interpretation is not mixed in with the dream. — In the Trans-Atlantic series (Putnams), a new number is King Capital, by William Sime, in which labor and capital go masquerading for love. — A recent number of the Leisure Hour series (Holt) is Beyond Recall, by Adeline Sergeant, the scene of which is laid in the East. If the title alarms the reader, the last sentence will reassure him: "Paul, there is no need. I have loved you all my life. I love you still." — Dialect Tales, by Sherwood Bonner (Harpers), is a collection of magazine stories, the scenes of which are laid in the South, chiefly among poor whites and blacks. They are lively, and perhaps may be relied upon as reports of the country whenever they do not yield sufficient story. — John's Alive, and Other Sketches, by Major Jones (David McKay, Philadelphia), is a posthumous publication by the author of a farcical book, Major Jones' Courtship, which had a rude, frontier humor. This volume seems born rather late. — The Story of Melicent, by Fayr Madoc (Macmillan), is a tale of English life charged with religious feeling. — Fanchette is the title of the latest of the Round Robin series (Osgood), in which golden America and mysterious Russia furnish the writer with his scenery and characters. — My Trivial Life and Misfortune, a Gossip with no Plot in Particular (Putnams), is an anonymous novel in two parts, occupying two volumes: the first part is Spinsterhood; the second, Meum and Tuum. It is said to be by a plain woman, and the plainness extends to the literature. — The Red Acorn, by John McElroy (H. A. Sumner & Co., Chicago), is a realistic novel of the war. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library, recent numbers are, Who is Sylvia? by A. Price, The Hands of Justice, by F. W. Robinson, The Story of Melicent, by Fayr Madoc, No New Thing, by W. E. Norris, and Like Ships Upon the Sea, by Francis Eleanor Trollope. — Whom Kathie Married is a domestic tale, by Amanda M. Douglas. (Lee & Shepard.) — The Macmillans have issued a very neat edition of the Essays of Elia, with introduction and notes by Mr. Alfred Ainger. — Mr. Cable's Old Creole Days (Charles Scribner's Sons) appear in two neat paper-bound volumes. The collection of stories includes Madame Delphine, previously published separately. — The reader will have to overhaul a great deal of nautical literature, past, present, and to come, before he will find a more entertaining novel than A Sea Queen, by W. Clark Russell. (Harper Brothers.)

Literary Criticism and Furnishing. Books, and How to Use Them is the title of a neat little book, by J. C. Van Dyke (Fords), which offers some

hints to those who are not familiar with books and libraries. Books have become such a considerable part of the impedimenta of modern civilization that they seem to require hand-books and guides; this book assumes the helplessness of the general or the average reader, and gives him good advice, yet we cannot help wondering if people read about books before they read books themselves. — Authors and Publishers (Putnams) is described as a manual of suggestions for beginners in literature, and contains in a readable form much that is desirable for a young author to know. If he would only remember what he reads, and act upon it! But most of the experience in such matters can be won only, not taken in through reading. — The English Novel and the Principle of its Development, by Sidney Lanier (Scribners), is the posthumous publication of a writer who has won a name since his death, which one wishes he might have enjoyed in his lifetime. Mr. Lanier had a sense of art which might have led him to withhold these lectures, in their present form, but we are glad to get his fresh and earnest thought upon a subject which has great interest for all students of literature. — English Style in Public Discourses, with special reference to the usages of the pulpit, by Austin Phelps (Scribners), is the work of a man of scholarship, who has had much to do with moulding the style of clergymen of the Congregational order. He writes out of a full mind, and with the command of a great storehouse of illustration.

Poetry and the Drama. D. Appleton & Co. have issued the complete poems of Bryant, beautifully printed in two volumes, uniform with Mr. Godwin's Life and Letters of the poet. — The taste for Gay's Fables went out of fashion with the poke bonnet, which now threatens to come back again. Whether a liking for Mr. Gay's neatly turned verses will return with it is doubtful; but there is no doubt touching the charm of Mr. Austin Dobson's introduction to the Parchment Edition of the Fables. (Appleton.) — Oriental Legends and Other Poems, by Rabbi H. M. Bien (Brown & Derby, New York), is a collection of poems which have their birthplace in America, but their ancestry in Judea. — A Day in the Woods, by D. C. Collesworthy (Williams), is a poem which recites the experience of the writer, who took his outing among familiar scenes. He brings back a very large collection for his poetical museum. — Joan of Arc is one of the perennial martyrs. She was burned once, but every generation sees her tortured in verse. J. S. Foote has made a poem upon her (Charles H. Whiting, Boston), which trots along in a measure as short as a child's footstep; Mr. George H. Calvert has reproduced his poem, originally published in 1860 (Lee & Shepard), with corrections, but one may patiently wait for the rubber of Time for the final revision of this poem. — Three Score and Other Poems is another of Mr. Calvert's volumes (Lee & Shepard), and one cannot help feeling a reflex pleasure from Mr. Calvert's own enjoyment of his verse. — Australian Lyrics, by Douglas B. W. Sladen (George Robertson, Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide), has not much poetry in it, but it has a good deal that is entertaining, and some verses that have a very

confidential air about them. — Songs of Toil and Triumph, by J. L. McCreery (Putnams), has a notion not common in volumes of verse, namely, little side notes to tell the reader how the idea of the poem is getting on. — Saul, a dramatic poem, by Algernon Sydney Logan (Lippincott), is also a new view of Saul, who is represented as having been chosen by the priests for a tool only to show himself a true patriot. — Mary Magdalene, by Mrs. Richard Greenough (Osgood), is a quiet and careful study in smooth and often sweet verse. — Poems, by William Cleaver Wilkinson (Scribners), is the work of a writer who uses poetic form. — Though the readers of epics may have passed away, it is clear that the race of epic writers has not become extinct. Here is Mr. Alfred Domett's Ranolf and Amohia, A Dream of Two Lives, in two volumes, of about four hundred closely printed pages each. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.)

Religion and Philosophy. The second part of Ten Great Religions, by James Freeman Clarke (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a comparison of all religions with a view to show what they all teach on the different points of human belief. — The Gospel of the Secular Life, by the Hon. W. H. Fremantle (Scribners), is a volume of sermons preached at Oxford, with the purpose to direct Christian thought into a new channel, "its great, not to say paramount, concern with the general, common, or secular life of mankind." It is thus a criticism and survey of the thought of the times from a Christian standpoint. — The Wisdom of Holy Scripture, with reference to skeptical objections, by J. H. McIlvaine (Scribners), is a volume of apologetics which seems to us perhaps better calculated to confirm those who already believe than to attract the thought of those who are skeptical. — Jesus, His Opinions and Character (George H. Ellis, Boston) is a volume of New Testament studies by a layman, who withholds his name. The fable of the eagle shot by an arrow drawn from his wings might be read to this writer. — The Possibility of Not Dying, A Speculation, by Hyland C. Kirk (Putnams), appears to put the cart before the horse, by suggesting the perpetuity of physical life as the reward of right living.

Humor and Curiosities. Our Choir, by C. G. Bush (Putnams), is a piece of grotesque drawing and versifying, with a free use of musical terms and symbols. The fun is of a somewhat painful order. — Games and Songs of American Children, collected and compared by William Wells Newell (Harpers), is a very interesting essay in a novel direction; novel, that is, in America, where we are not supposed to have any folk lore. — Mr. Jacobs, A Tale of the Drummer, the Reporter, and the Prestidigitateur (W. B. Clarke & Carruth, Boston), is a skit at Mr. Isaacs, and carries its amusing burlesque even into the cover. — "Eureka," or The Golden Door Ajar, by Asa T. Green (A. G. Collins, Cincinnati), is a mysterious revelation of the mysteries of the world, now published, as the title-page declares, for the first time. The reader will linger long over the lithographic portrait of Mr. Green and his two pails; longer than over the text of Mr. Green's discoveries, which do not seem so mysterious as one is led to expect.

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

A Delightful Book of Travel.



R. ALDRICH'S new book, "From Ponkapog to Pesth," comes as a most welcome variation from the regulation book of travel. There is no hint or quality of the guide book in it, and perhaps it would not be easy to say just what is in it, except seven marvellously bright and exquisitely humorous papers, narrating certain experiences and observations which would

make a very short list, if catalogued as mere matters of fact, but when touched by Mr. Aldrich's magical pen they fill the reader's mind with a multitude of sights and sounds, beautiful, grotesque, pathetic, humorous, and engaging.

The Critic, of New York, says: "Among recent books of travel we know of none which will be less willingly laid down. Mr. Aldrich has in abundance the power of caricature, of exaggeration, but he has also the power of restraint, the fine artistic sense."

Good Literature remarks:—

A more delightful volume than Mr. Aldrich's sketches of travel one rarely meets. It has precisely those charming qualities of humor and easy narrative that elude description.

The Boston Advertiser says:—

Mr. Aldrich is one of the satisfactory travelers who does not feel obliged to tell the number of miles he traveled, the height of the towers he climbed, or to give any statistics because they are considered useful or important. He tells only that which interested him, and frankly confesses that the one thing

he remembers of the old town of Chester is a grotesque bronze knocker that caught his eye for an instant, and still raps very distinctly on his memory. This is delightful, and his book is gay, sunny, picturesque, graphic, and entertaining.

The Hartford Courant pronounces the book "thoroughly fascinating, model travel-sketches, because the author puts into them so much of his delicate fancy and exquisite humor."

Pages from an Old Volume of Life.

Under this title Dr. Holmes has grouped several of the papers which appeared in the book entitled "Soundings from the Atlantic," published twenty years ago; the essay on "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," which has been published in a little volume by itself; and to these he adds other essays which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and other periodicals, including "Cinders from the Ashes," "The Physiology of Versification," "Crime and Automatism," "Jonathan Edwards," and "The Pulpit and the Pew." This volume is brought out in uniform style with the new edition of Dr. Holmes's works, to which it is a valuable and welcome addition.

The New Theology.

Mr. Munger's new book, "The Freedom of Faith," is attracting very marked attention. It is recognized as having a value altogether apart from the ordinary volume of sermons. It stands for something positive, and appeals to the experiences, thoughts, and hopes of hundreds of thousands who feel the need of a restatement, if not a larger statement, of the great religious ideas on which all true religion rests.

The New York *Tribune* says :—

His book proves him to be among the ablest of the exponents of the new theology in this country. It contains a number of sermons, prefaced by an essay defining some of the fundamental ideas of this new theology. Both the sermons and the essay will repay a careful perusal. His style is clear; his words are weighted with thought, felicitously ex-

pressed, and the reader is at once conscious that he is sitting at the feet of a master of sentences. Perhaps the most attractive characteristic of both these writers [Mr. Munger and Mr. Newman Smyth] is the humble reverence already referred to, joined to boldness and insight, in discussing the problems of theology.

The New York *Times* remarks :—

Mr. Munger's book is the most forcible and positive expression of the beliefs which are now in process of formation that has appeared in this country. He has Frederick

Maurice's power of stating inward truth without the frequent obscurity of style, and his sermons are destined to have a large circulation and an enthusiastic reception.

The *Christian Union* recalls the fact that Mr. Munger is the author of "On the Threshold," and says of the sermons in his new book :—

They are distinguished by the same characteristics : independence and individuality of thought ; sympathy with men ; absolute candor ; and a certain virile spirituality

equally removed from the superficial morality of modern times, and the sentimental spirituality of ancient times.

The Boston *Herald* remarks :—

They are lifted by their inherent qualities to a level with the great sermons of the cen-

tury, with Bushnell's, with Robertson's, with Newman's discourses.

But Yet a Woman.

Mr. Arthur S. Hardy's novel has not only reached the seventh edition, but it continues to receive unusually cordial and emphatic expressions of approval from critics whose word is recognized as authoritative among intelligent readers. It is strongly commended for the personal attraction of its characters, for the purity of its tone, for the scholarly elegance and grace of its style, and for the excellent quality of readableness which marks it from the first page to the last. Pages might easily be filled with commendatory paragraphs concerning it, but our space permits us to give only two. The New York *Tribune* says of it :—

There is a certain refinement in the portraits, a subtilty—never pushed too far—in the indication of motives and impulses, a grace and suggestiveness in the reflective passages on the boundary line between sentiment and philosophy, which are common enough in French literature but rare in our own. Moreover, the author has caught the spirit of a society far removed from anything we find in this country or anything the traveling American is likely to encounter abroad. His personages include legitimists of the

middle class, a quiet old scholar, a sensible and amiable priest, a lovely and pious young girl, and the story ends with an excellent description of the ceremony of taking the veil. It is singular to note how vividly he reflects not only the conversation and way of life of these people, but their line of thought and the quality of their virtues. He is not of them; and yet he knows how the world looks from their point of view, and what is more he can show us their best side.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* remarks :—

The latest really noteworthy contribution to the literature of fiction is Mr. A. S. Hardy's "But Yet a Woman," which is the

reigning sensation in the story line. There has not been a book published for years which took such quick hold upon popular

favor, or so promptly justified itself in the eyes of an enlightened and appreciative criticism. . . . It is an extremely difficult thing to put correct and sweet women into a story and guide them unharmed and unsullied through all the necessary vicissitudes. Mr.

Hardy, it is a gratification to note, succeeds in conquering this difficulty. His women are not only good to begin with, but they remain so to the end, and still continue to be remarkably interesting.

Whittier Calendar.

The Emerson and Longfellow Calendars for 1883 have been received with so much favor that new editions of them will be brought out for 1884. The selections for the days will be changed, but the same designs will be used, these being so satisfactory that there is no good reason for making any change. A Whittier Calendar is in preparation, on the same general plan with the Longfellow and Emerson Calendars. The selections for each day will be made with the utmost care, and the design will be prepared by Miss Marie A. Bigelow, who made the design for the Emerson Calendar. This design is entirely unlike that of either of the previous Calendars, but will be found strikingly representative of certain prominent characteristics of Mr. Whittier's writings, by which these are most strongly commended to the respect and affection of American readers.

Chapters from Life's Comedy

Is the sub-title of Mr. Augustus Hoppin's new book "A Fashionable Sufferer," and perhaps the story is best described under this name. It is a Summer novelette, full of bright conversations, cleverly-drawn scenes, and amusing situations, with a thread of love-making and romance running through it, without which, what summer novel is complete? The author says of his little work: "The mimic stage upon which these ideal personages are to appear is, first, a certain corner in a certain city; then, at the proper moment, the venue is changed to a blessed little "Paradise" among the green hills of Tucit-Kennoc, where the grass is greener and the air purer than in many another spot which goes by the same sweet name. Here we shall dally until the first chill of Autumn, listening to discussions on love and religion, on poetry and other interesting topics. It is as if we were invited to pay a visit among a number of congenial friends in the country; as if we had packed portmanteau and dressing-case and had actually proceeded to our destination; as if we had dwelt there during the Summer heat enjoying their intelligent conversation, and then had returned to town laden with pleasant reminiscences."

Among the persons introduced to us by text and illustration—for the book is illustrated quite fully in Mr. Hoppin's happiest manner—is a delightful sufferer from nervous exhaustion, "The Beautiful N. E.," as she is called, who is the "nervous centre" of the story; Lady Angela, her bright and breezy friend; and Cynicus Douce, a very genial pessimist; beside a complement of citizens, villagers, and "summer people," who laugh, talk, flirt, and disport themselves in equally graceful fashion either in the boudoirs of a "certain city," or on the lawns of "Paradise," in the not far distant province of Tucit-Kennoc.

Emerson's Works: Edition de Luxe.

A new large-paper edition is preparing of the complete works of Ralph Waldo Emerson hitherto published in nine volumes, to which will be added during the coming season two new volumes of essays heretofore unpublished. This edition will be brought out in the same elegant and sumptuous style in which the large-paper edition of Hawthorne's works is produced, which has been so highly satisfactory to the subscribers. The edition is limited to five hundred copies, nearly all of which are already subscribed for.

A handsome new library edition of Mr. Emerson's works will be published during the coming season, printed from the same plates which will be used in producing the Edition de Luxe. These will be published in accordance with the terms of Mr. Emerson's will, under the editorial care of Mr. J. Elliot Cabot and Dr. Edward W. Emerson.

A Book of Rare Quality.

The Poems of Jones Very are brought out in an uncommonly beautiful volume, which cannot fail to gratify those who find in these poems a fineness and an elevation altogether rare. Mr. George William Curtis writes to the publishers: "I am very sure that you have done our literature a good service in bringing this pure and lofty strain again to public attention."

Mr. Charles Eliot Norton says:—

I am glad that a new generation of readers is to have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with poems unique in their quality among American poetry, alike for their spiritual intensity and their absolute sincerity.

Apart from their interest as revelations of a rare character, they possess,—at least the best of them,—both in form and expression a purely poetic merit of high distinction.

A Chapter of American History Rewritten.

The publication of Mr. R. P. Hallowell's book on the treatment of the Quakers in Massachusetts two and a quarter centuries ago calls forth from Mr. Whittier the following note:—

In the name of fair dealing, justice to true and faithful Christian professors who suffered bonds and death two hundred years ago, and whose memories have ever since suffered at the hands of apologists of persecution, and in

the name of the truth of history, I thank thee for "The Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts." It is, as it should be, a full and candid presentation of the facts in the case, and its position cannot be successfully assailed.

The Boston *Advertiser* thus speaks of the book:—

In the present state of the evidence, Mr. Hallowell's argument seems to be utterly conclusive. Unless the apologists can show that he has misplaced dates and misrepresented facts, they might now properly begin to apologize for themselves. . . . We may

add that this compact and searching study is written in a decidedly animated and unaffected style, and is calculated to interest a wide circle of readers, while it will prove indispensable to all who would qualify themselves to express an opinion upon the subject treated.

Ten Great Religions. Part II.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke's new book, which is devoted to a comparison of the various systems of religion which have gained a sufficient hold on the affections and reverence of mankind to become historical, is welcomed by the large and constantly increasing number of people who desire to know the points of agreement and of difference in these historical religions. Dr. Clarke's treatment of a subject of this kind is at once so scholarly and so

candid, that his readers justly feel the utmost confidence in whatever statements he makes. The first book devoted to Ten Great Religions has been accepted as an authority, and its value has been attested in the most emphatic terms by missionaries who have known intimately the ideas and principles of some of the ethnic religions which Dr. Clarke discussed. The *Boston Advertiser* says of his latest book:—

In this volume he has described the way in which the various religious systems regard the main questions of man's relations to the unknown. This is a vast subject, but Dr. Clarke brings to its treatment long and careful study, and a generous determination to regard with fair-mindedness the views that oppose his own. It would be hard to find a

book freer from bigotry. Certainly, it is a cause for congratulation that a clergyman should give the general question of religious beliefs so careful study, and the probable popularity of his book will do much to prepare the public for the careful study of Christianity.

Zschokke's Meditations.

Among modern religious classics few are more widely known than Zschokke's "Meditations on Life, Death, and Eternity." Portions of this work were translated from the German, at the request of Queen Victoria, after the death of Prince Albert; and the serene, tender, devout character of the Meditations has consoled and strengthened a multitude of men and women under trial and perplexity and loss. A new edition of this excellent book has just been published, so that it may go forth anew on its mission of comfort and cheer.

Riverside Hawthorne Complete.

The excellent new Riverside Edition of Hawthorne's Works is completed by the publication of the eleventh and twelfth volumes; the last embracing, beside Tales and Sketches, an admirable and very full Biographical Sketch of Hawthorne by his son-in-law, Mr. George P. Lathrop, and the Life of Franklin Pierce, which, though written for the special purpose of showing the American people what a capable and worthy man his friend was, and persuading them to elect him President, as they did, is written in that charming style which made precious and imperishable whatever Hawthorne wrote.

Voices for the Speechless.

Under this title have been gathered from a great variety of sources poems and prose passages in which kindness to all animals is inculcated. Indeed, the book grew out of the public sentiment which formed the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which is one of the characteristic features of modern civilization. Many of the extracts in this book are from writers of the highest rank, and all of them are not only worth reading for the humane sentiments which they express, but for the excellence of their style. The book is admirably adapted for occasional use in schools, and also in Sunday Schools, to interest children in dumb animals, and to excite in them that sympathy and care which all should feel for our "inarticulate brethren."

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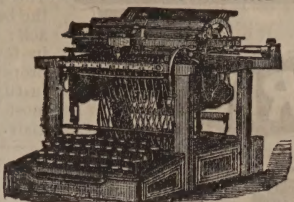
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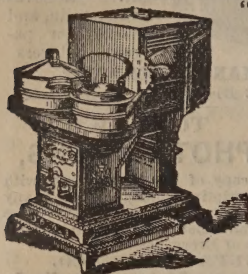


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A ROMAN SINGER.

III.

Now I ought to tell you that many things in this story were only told me quite lately, for at first I would not help Nino at all, thinking it was but a foolish fancy of his boy's heart and would soon pass. I have tried to gather and to order all the different incidents into one harmonious whole, so that you can follow the story; and you must not wonder that I can describe some things that I did not see, and that I know how some of the people felt; for Nino and I have talked over the whole matter very often, and the baroness came here and told me her share, though I wonder how she could talk so plainly of what must have given her so much pain. But it was very kind of her to come; and she sat over there in the old green arm-chair, by the glass case that has the artificial flowers under it, and the sugar lamb that the padre curato gave Nino when he made his first communion at Easter. However, it is not time to speak of the baroness yet, but I cannot forget her.

Nino was very amusing when he began to love the young countess, and the very first morning — the day after we had been to St. Peter's — he went out at half-past six, though it was only just sunrise, for we were in October. I knew very well that he was going for

his extra lesson with De Pretis, but I had nothing to say about it, and I only recommended him to cover himself well, for the scirocco had passed and it was a bright morning, with a clear tramontana wind blowing fresh from the north. I can always tell when it is a tramontana wind, before I open my window, for Mariuccia makes such a clattering with the coffee-pot in the kitchen, and the goldfinch in the sitting-room sings very loud; which he never does if it is cloudy. Nino, then, went off to Maestro Ercole's house for his singing, and this is what happened there.

De Pretis knew perfectly well that Nino had only asked for the extra lesson in order to get a chance of talking about the Contessina di Lira, and so, to tease him, as soon as he appeared the maestro made a great bustle about singing scales, and insisted upon beginning at once. Moreover, he pretended to be in a bad humor; and that is always pretense with him.

"Ah, my little tenor," he began; "you want a lesson at seven in the morning, do you? That is the time when all the washerwomen sing at the fountain! Well, you shall have a lesson, and by the body of Bacchus it shall be a real lesson! Now, then! Andiamo — Do-o-o!" and he roared out a great note that made the room shake, and a man who was selling cabbage in the

street stopped his hand-cart and mimicked him for five minutes.

"But I am out of breath, maestro," protested Nino, who wanted to talk.

"Out of breath? A singer is never out of breath. Absurd! What would you do if you got out of breath, say, in the last act of Lucia, so — Bell' alma ado — Then your breath ends, eh? Will you stay with the 'adored soul' between your teeth? A fine singer you will make! Andiamo! Do-o-o!"

Nino saw he must begin, and he set up a shout, much against his will, so that the cabbage vender chimed in, making so much noise that the old woman who lives opposite opened her window and emptied a great dustpan full of potato peelings and refuse leaves of lettuce right on his head. And then there was a great noise. But the maestro paid no attention, and went on with the scale, hardly giving Nino time to breathe. Nino, who stood behind De Pretis while he sang, saw the copy of Bordogni's solfeggi lying on a chair, and managed to slip it under a pile of music near by, singing so lustily all the while, that the maestro never looked round.

When he got to the end of the scale, Ercole began hunting for the music, and as he could not find it, Nino asked him questions.

"Can she sing, — this contessina of yours, maestro?" De Pretis was overturning everything in his search.

"An apoplexy on those solfeggi and on the man who made them!" he cried. "Sing, did you say? Yes, a great deal better than you ever will. Why can you not look for your music, instead of chattering?" Nino began to look where he knew it was not.

"By the bye, do you give her lessons every day?" asked the boy.

"Every day? Am I crazy, to ruin people's voices like that?"

"Caro maestro, what is the matter with you, this morning? You have forgotten to say your prayers!"

"You are a donkey, Nino; here he is, this blessed Bordogni, — now come."

"Sor Ercole mio," said Nino in despair, "I must really know something about this angel, before I sing at all." Ercole sat down on the piano stool, and puffed up his cheeks, and heaved a tremendous sigh, to show how utterly bored he was by his pupil. Then he took a large pinch of snuff, and sighed again.

"What demon have you got into your head?" he asked, at length.

"What angel, you mean," answered Nino, delighted at having forced the maestro to a parley. "I am in love with her — crazy about her," he cried, running his fingers through his curly hair, "and you must help me to see her. You can easily take me to her house to sing duets, as part of her lesson. I tell you I have not slept a wink all night for thinking of her, and unless I see her, I shall never sleep again as long as I live. Ah!" he cried, putting his hands on Ercole's shoulders, "you do not know what it is to be in love! How everything one touches is fire, and the sky is like lead, and one minute you are cold and one minute you are hot, and you may turn and turn on your pillow all night, and never sleep, and you want to curse everybody you see, or to embrace them, it makes no difference — anything to express the" —

"Devil! and may he carry you off!" interrupted Ercole, laughing. But his manner changed. "Poor fellow," he said presently, "it appears to me you are in love."

"It appears to you, does it? 'Appears' — a beautiful word, in faith. I can tell you it appears to me so, too. Ah! it 'appears' to you — very good indeed!" And Nino waxed wroth.

"I will give you some advice, Ninetto mio. Do not fall in love with any one. It always ends badly."

"You come late with your counsel, Sor Ercole. In truth, a very good piece of advice, when a man is fifty, and mar-

ried, and wears a skull-cap. When I wear a skull-cap and take snuff, I will follow your instructions." He walked up and down the room, grinding his teeth and clapping his hands together. Ercole rose and stopped him.

"Let us talk seriously," he said.

"With all my heart; as seriously as you please."

"You have only seen this signorina once."

"Once!" cried Nino, — "as if once were not" —

"Diavolo! let me speak. You have only seen her once. She is noble, an heiress, a great lady — worse than all, a foreigner; as beautiful as a statue, if you please, but twice as cold. She has a father who knows the proprieties, a piece of iron, I tell you, who would kill you just as he would drink a glass of wine, with the greatest indifference, if he suspected you lifted your eyes to his daughter."

"I do not believe your calumnies," said Nino, still hotly. "She is not cold, and if I can see her she will listen to me. I am sure of it."

"We will speak of that by and by. You — what are you? Nothing but a singer, who has not even appeared before the public, without a baiocco in the world, or anything else but your voice. You are not even handsome."

"What difference does that make to a woman of heart?" retorted Nino angrily. "Let me only speak to her" —

"A thousand devils!" exclaimed De Pretis, impatiently; "what good will you do by speaking to her? Are you Dante, or Petrarca, or a preacher — what are you? Do you think you can have a great lady's hand for the asking? Do you flatter yourself that you are so eloquent that nobody can withstand you?"

"Yes," said Nino boldly. "If I could only speak to her" —

"Then, in heaven's name, go and speak to her. Get a new hat and a

pair of lavender gloves, and walk about the Villa Borghese until you meet her, and then throw yourself on your knees and kiss her feet, and the dust from her shoes; and say you are dying for her, and will she be good enough to walk as far as Santa Maria del Popolo and be married to you! That is all; you see it is nothing you ask — a mere politeness on her part — oh, nothing, nothing." And De Pretis rubbed his hands and smiled, and seeing that Nino did not answer, he blew his nose with his great blue cotton handkerchief.

"You have no heart at all, maestro," said Nino at last. "Let us sing."

They worked hard at Bordogni for half an hour, and Nino did not open his mouth except to produce the notes. But as his blood was up from the preceding interview he took great pains, and Ercole, who makes him sing all the solfeggi he can from a sense of duty, himself wearied of the ridiculous old-fashioned runs and intervals.

"Bene," he said; "let us sing a piece now, and then you will have done enough." He put an opera on the piano, and Nino lifted up his voice and sang, only too glad to give his heart passage to his lips. Ercole screwed up his eyes with a queer smile he has when he is pleased.

"Capperi!" he ejaculated, when Nino had done.

"What has happened?" asked the latter.

"I cannot tell you what has happened," said Ercole, "but I will tell you that you had better always sing like that, and you will be applauded. Why have you never sung that piece in that way before?"

"I do not know. Perhaps it is because I am unhappy."

"Very well, never dare to be happy again, if you mean to succeed. You can make a statue shed tears if you please." Ercole took a pinch of snuff, and turned round to look out of the window. Nino

leaned on the piano, drumming with his fingers and looking at the back of the maestro's head. The first rays of the sun just fell into the room and gilded the red brick floor.

"Then instead of buying lavender kid gloves," said Nino at last, his face relaxing a little, "and going to the Villa Borghese, you advise me to borrow a guitar and sing to my statue? Is that it?"

"Che Diana! I did not say that!" said Ercole, still facing the window and finishing his pinch of snuff with a certain satisfaction. "But if you want the guitar, take it, — there it lies. I will not answer for what you do with it." His voice sounded kindly, for he was so much pleased. Then he made Nino sing again, a little love song of Tosti, who writes for the heart and sings so much better without a voice than all your stage tenors put together. And the maestro looked long at Nino when he had done, but he did not say anything. Nino put on his hat, gloomily enough, and prepared to go.

"I will take the guitar, if you will lend it to me," he said.

"Yes, if you like, and I will give you a handkerchief to wrap it up with," said De Pretis, absently, but he did not get up from his seat. He was watching Nino, and he seemed to be thinking. Just as the boy was going with the instrument under his arm, he called him back.

"Ebbene?" said Nino, with his hand on the lock of the door.

"I will make you a song to sing to your guitar," said Ercole.

"You?"

"Yes — but without music. Look here, Nino — sit down. What a hurry you are in. I was young myself, once upon a time."

"Once upon a time! Fairy stories — once upon a time there was a king, and so on." Nino was not to be easily pacified.

"Well, perhaps it is a fairy tale, but it is in the future. I have an idea."

"Oh, is that all? But it is perhaps the first time. I understand."

"Listen. Have you read Dante?"

"I know the *Vita Nuova* by heart, and some of the *Commedia*. But how the diavolo does Dante enter into this question?"

"And Silvio Pellico, and a little literature?" continued Ercole, not heeding the comment.

"Yes, after a fashion. And you? Do you know them?"

"Che c'entro io?" cried Ercole impatiently; "what do I want to know such things for? But I have heard of them."

"I congratulate you," replied Nino ironically.

"Have patience. You are no longer an artist. You are a professor of literature."

"I — a professor of literature? What nonsense are you talking?"

"You are a great stupid donkey, Nino. Supposing I obtain for you an engagement to read literature with the Contessina di Lira, will you not be a professor? If you prefer singing" — But Nino comprehended in a flash the whole scope of the proposal, and threw his arms round Ercole's neck and embraced him.

"What a mind! Oh, maestro mio, I will die for you! Command me, and I will do anything for you; I will run errands for you, black your boots, anything" — he cried in the ecstasy of delight that overmastered him.

"Piano, piano," objected the maestro, disengaging himself from his pupil's embrace. "It is not done yet. There is much, much to think of first." Nino retreated, a little disconcerted at not finding his enthusiasm returned, but radiant still.

"Calm yourself," said Ercole, smiling. "If you do this thing, you must act a part. You must manage to con-

ceal your occupation entirely. You must look as solemn as an undertaker and be a real professor. They will ultimately find you out, and throw you out of the window, and dismiss me for recommending you. But that is nothing."

"No," said Nino, "that is of no importance." And he ran his fingers through his hair, and looked delighted.

"You shall know all about it this evening, or to-morrow" —

"This evening, *Sor Ercole*, this evening, or I shall die. Stay, let me go to the house with you, when you give your lesson and wait for you at the door."

"Pumpkin-head! I will have nothing to do with you," said De Pretis.

"Ah, I will be as quiet as you please. I will be like a lamb, and wait until this evening."

"If you will really be quiet, I will do what you wish. Come to me this evening, about the *Ave Maria* — or a little earlier. Yes, come at twenty-three hours." In October that is about five o'clock, by French time.

"And I may take the guitar?" said Nino, as he rose to go.

"With all my heart. But do not spoil everything by singing to her, and betraying yourself."

So Nino thanked the maestro enthusiastically and went away, humming a tune, as he now and again struck the strings of the guitar that he carried under his arm, to be sure it was there.

Do not think that because De Pretis suddenly changed his mind, and even proposed to Nino a plan for making the acquaintance of the young countess, he is a man to veer about like a weather-cock, nor yet a bad man, willing to help a boy to do mischief. That is not at all like *Ercole* De Pretis. He has since told me he was much astonished at the way Nino sang the love song at his lesson; and he was instantly convinced that in order to be a great artist Nino must be in love always. Besides, the

maestro is as liberal in his views of life as he is conservative in his ideas about government. Nino is everything the most strait-laced father could wish him to be, and as he was then within a few months of making his first appearance on the stage, De Pretis, who understands those things, could very well foresee the success he has had. Now De Pretis is essentially a man of the people, and I am not; therefore he saw no objection in the way of a match between a great singer and a noble damigella. But had I known what was going on, I would have stopped the whole affair at that point, for I am not so weak as Mariuccia seems to think. I do not mean that now everything is settled I would wish it undone. Heaven forbid! But I would have stopped it then, for it is a most incongruous thing, a peasant boy making love to a countess.

Nino, however, has one great fault, and that is his reticence. It is true, he never does anything he would not like me, or all the world, to know. But I would like to know, all the same. It is a habit I have fallen into, from having to watch that old woman, for fear she should be too extravagant. All that time he never said anything, and I supposed he had forgotten all about the *contessina*, for I did not chance to see De Pretis; and when I did, he talked of nothing but Nino's *début* and the arrangements that were to be made. So that I knew nothing about it, though I was pleased to see him reading so much. He took a sudden fancy for literature, and read when he was not singing, and even made me borrow Ambrosoli, in several volumes, from a friend. He read every word of it, and talked very intelligently about it, too. I never thought there was any reason.

But De Pretis thinks differently. He believes that a man may be the son of a *ciociaro* — a fellow who ties his legs up in rags and thongs, and lives on goats' milk in the mountains — and that if he

has brains enough, or talent enough, he may marry any woman he likes without ever thinking whether she is noble or not. De Pretis must be old-fashioned, for I am sure I do not think in that way, and I know a hundred times as much as he — a hundred times.

I suppose it must have been the very day when Nino had been to De Pretis in the morning, that he had instructions to go to the house of Count von Lira on the morrow; for I remember very well that Nino acted strangely in the evening, singing and making a noise for a few minutes, and then burying himself in a book. However that may be, it was very soon afterwards that he went to the Palazzo Carmandola, dressed in his best clothes, he tells me, in order to make a favorable impression on the count. The latter had spoken to De Pretis about the lessons in literature, to which he attached great importance, and the maestro had turned the idea to account for his pupil. But Nino did not expect to see the young contessa on this first day, or at least he did not hope he would be able to speak to her. And so it turned out.

The footman, who had a red waist-coat and opened the door with authority, as if ready to close it again on the smallest provocation, did not frighten Nino at all, though he eyed him suspiciously enough, and after ascertaining his business departed to announce him to the count. Meanwhile Nino, who was very much excited at the idea of being under the same roof with the object of his adoration, sat himself down on one of the carved chests that surrounded the hall. The green baize door at the other end swung noiselessly on its hinges, closing itself behind the servant, and the boy was left alone. He might well be frightened, if not at the imposing appearance of the footman, at least at the task he had undertaken. But a boy like Nino is afraid of nothing when he is in love, and he simply

looked about him, realizing that he was without doubt in the house of a gran' signore, and from time to time brushing a particle of dust from his clothes, or trying to smooth his curly black hair, which he had caused to be clipped a little for the occasion; a very needless expense, for he looks better with his hair long.

Before many moments the servant returned, and with some condescension said that the count awaited him. Nino would rather have faced the mayor, or the king himself, than Graf von Lira, though he was not at all frightened — he was only very much excited, and he strove to calm himself, as he was ushered through the apartments to the small sitting-room, where he was expected.

Graf von Lira, as I have already told you, is a foreigner of rank, who had been a Prussian colonel, and was wounded in the war of 1866. He is very tall, very thin, and very gray, with wooden features and a huge moustache that stands out like the beaks on the colonna rostrata. His eyes are small and very far apart, and fix themselves with terrible severity when he speaks, even if he is only saying "good-morning." His nails are very long and most carefully kept, and though he is so lame that he could not move a step without the help of his stick, he is still an upright and military figure. I remember well how he looked, for he came to see me under peculiar circumstances, many months after the time of which I am now speaking; and, besides, I had stood next to him for an hour in the chapel of the choir in St. Peter's.

He speaks Italian intelligibly, but with the strangest German constructions, and he rolls the letter *r* curiously in his throat. But he is an intelligent man for a soldier, though he thinks talent is a matter of education, and education a matter of drill. He is the most ceremonious man I ever saw; and Nino says he rose from his chair to meet him, and

would not sit down again until Nino was seated.

"The signore is the professor of Italian literature recommended to me by Signor De Pretis?" inquired the colonel in iron tones, as he scrutinized Nino.

"Yes, Signor Conte," was the answer.

"You are a singularly young man to be a professor." Nino trembled. "And how have you the education obtained in order the obligations and not-to-be-avoided responsibilities of this worthy-of-all honor career to meet?"

"I went to school here, Signor Conte, and the Professor Grandi, in whose house I always have lived, has taught me everything else I know."

"What do you know?" inquired the count, so suddenly that Nino was taken off his guard. He did not know what to answer. The count looked very stern and pulled his moustaches. "You have not here come," he continued, seeing that Nino made no answer, "without knowing something. Evident is it, that, although a man young be, if he nothing knows, he cannot a professor be."

"You speak justly, Signor Conte," Nino answered at last, "and I do know some things. I know the *Commedia* of Alighieri, and Petrarca, and I have read the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, with Professor Grandi, and I can repeat all of the *Vita Nuova* by heart, and some of the"—

"For the present that is enough," said the count. "If you nothing better to do have, will you so kind be as to begin?"

"Begin?"—said Nino, not understanding.

"Yes, signore; it would unsuitable be if I my daughter to the hands of a man committed unacquainted with the matter he to teach her proposes. I desire to be satisfied that you all these things really know."

"Do I understand, Signor Conte, that you wish me to repeat to you some of the things I know by heart?"

"You have me understood," said the count severely. "I have all the books bought, of which you speak. You will repeat, and I will in the book follow. Then shall we know each other much better."

Nino was not a little astonished at this mode of procedure, and wondered how far his memory would serve him in such an unexpected examination.

"It will take a long time to ascertain in this way"—he began.

"This," said the count coldly, as he opened a volume of Dante, "is the celestial play by Signor Alighieri. If you anything know, you will it repeat."

Nino resigned himself and began repeating the first canto of the *Inferno*. When he had finished it he paused.

"Forwards," said the count, without any change of manner.

"More?" inquired Nino.

"March!" said the old gentleman in military tone, and the boy went on with the second canto.

"Apparently know you the beginning." The count opened the book at random in another place. "The thirtieth canto of *Purgatory*. You will now it repeat."

"Ah!" cried Nino, "that is where Dante meets Beatrice."

"My hitherto not-by-any-means-extensive, but always from-the-conscience-undertaken reading, reaches not so far. You will it repeat. So shall we know." Nino, passed his hand inside his collar as though to free his throat, and began again, losing all consciousness of his tormentor in his own enjoyment of the verse.

"When was the Signore Alighieri born?" inquired Graf von Lira, very suddenly, as though to catch him.

"May, 1265, in Florence," answered the other as quickly.

"I said when, not where. I know he was in Florence born. When *and* where died he?" The question was asked fiercely.

"Fourteenth of September, 1321, at Ravenna."

"I think really you something of Signore Alighieri know," said the count, and shut up the volume of the poet, and the dictionary of dates he had been obliged to consult to verify Nino's answers. "We will proceed."

Nino is fortunately one of those people whose faculties serve them best at their utmost need, and during the three hours — three blessed hours, — that Graf von Lira kept him under his eye, asking questions and forcing him to repeat all manner of things, he acquitted himself fairly well.

"I have now myself satisfied that you something know," said the count, in his snappish military fashion, and he shut the last book, and never from that day referred in any manner to Nino's extent of knowledge, taking it for granted that he had made an exhaustive investigation. "And now," he continued, "I desire you to engage for the reading of literature with my daughter, upon the usual terms." Nino was so much pleased that he almost lost his self-control, but a moment restored his reflection.

"I am honored" — he began.

"You are not honored at all," interrupted the count coldly. "What are the usual terms?"

"Three or four francs a lesson" — suggested Nino.

"Three or four francs are not the usual terms. I have inquiries made. Five francs are the usual terms. Three times in the week, at eleven. You will on the morrow begin. Allow me to offer you some cigars." And he ended the interview.

IV.

In a sunny room overlooking the great courtyard of the Palazzo Carmandola, Nino sat down to give Hedwig von Lira her first lesson in Italian literature. He had not the remotest idea

what the lesson would be like, for in spite of the tolerably wide acquaintance with the subject which he owed to my care and my efforts to make a scholar of him, he knew nothing about teaching. Nevertheless, as his pupil spoke the language fluently, though with the occasional use of words of low origin, like all foreigners who have grown up in Rome and have learned to speak from their servants, he anticipated little difficulty. He felt quite sure of being able to interpret the hard places, and he had learnt from me to know the best and finest passages in a number of authors.

But imagine the feelings of a boy of twenty, perfectly in love, without having the smallest right to be, suddenly placed by the side of the object of his adoration, and told to teach her all he knows — with her father in the next room and the door open between! I have always thought it was a proof of Nino's determined character, that he should have got over this first lesson without accident.

Hedwig von Lira, the contessina, as we always call her, is just Nino's age, but she seemed much younger, as the children of the North always do. I have told you what she was like to look at, and you will not wonder that I called her a statue. She looked as cold as a statue, just as I said, and so I should hardly describe her as beautiful. But then I am not a sculptor, nor do I know anything about those arts, though I can tell a good work when I see it. I do not wish to appear prejudiced, and so I will not say anything more about it. I like life in living things, and sculptors may, if it please them, adore straight noses, and level brows, and mouths that no one could possibly eat with. I do not care in the least, and if you say that I once thought differently, I answer that I do not wish to change your opinion, but that I will change my own as often as I please. Moreover, if you say that the contessina did not act like a statue

in the sequel, I will argue that if you put marble in the fire it will take longer to heat and longer to cool than clay; only clay is made to be put into the fire, and marble is not. Is not that a cunning answer?

The contessina is a foreigner in every way, although she was born under our sun. They have all sorts of talents, these people, but so little ingenuity in using them that they never accomplish anything. It seems to amuse them to learn to do a great many things, although they must know from the beginning that they can never excel in any one of them. I dare say the contessina plays on the piano very creditably, for even Nino says she plays well; but is it of any use to her?

Nino very soon found out that she meant to read literature very seriously, and, what is more, she meant to read it in her own way. She was as different from her father as possible in everything else, but in a despotic determination to do exactly as she liked, she resembled him. Nino was glad that he was not called upon to use his own judgment, and there he sat, content to look at her, twisting his hands together below the table to concentrate his attention, and master himself; and he read just what she told him to read, expounding the words and phrases she could not understand. I dare say that with his hair well brushed, and his best coat, and his eyes on the book, he looked as proper as you please. But if the high-born young lady had returned the glances he could not refrain from bending upon her now and then, she would have seen a lover, if she could see at all.

She did not see. The haughty Prussian damsel hardly noticed the man, for she was absorbed by the professor. Her small ears were all attention, and her slender fingers made notes with a common pencil, so that Nino wondered at the contrast between the dazzling white hand and the smooth, black, varnished

instrument of writing. He took no account of time that day, and was startled by the sound of the midday gun and the angry clashing of the bells. The contessina looked up suddenly and met his eyes, but it was the boy that blushed.

"Would you mind finishing the canto?" she asked. "There are only ten lines more" — Mind! Nino flushed with pleasure.

"Anzi — by all means," he cried. "My time is yours, signorina."

When they had done, he rose, and his face was sad and pale again. He hated to go, but he was only a teacher, and at his first lesson, too. She also rose, and waited for him to leave the room. He could not hold his tongue.

"Signorina" — he stammered, and checked himself. She looked at him, to listen, but his heart smote him when he had thus arrested her attention. What could he say, as he stood bowing? It was sufficiently stupid, what he said.

"I shall have the honor of returning to-morrow — the day after to-morrow, I would say."

"Yes," said she, "I believe that is the arrangement. Good-morning, Signor Professore." The title of professor rang strangely in his ear. Was there the slightest tinge of irony in her voice? Was she laughing at his boyish looks? Ugh! the thought tingled. He bowed himself out.

That was the first lesson, and the second was like it, I suppose, and a great many others about which I knew nothing, for I was always occupied in the middle of the day, and did not ask where he went. It seemed to me that he was becoming a great dandy, but as he never asked me for any money from the day he learned to copy music, I never put any questions. He certainly had a new coat before Christmas, and gloves, and very nice boots, that made me smile when I thought of the day when he arrived, with only one shoe — and it had a hole in it as big as half his foot. But

now he grew to be so careful of his appearance that Mariuccia began to call him the "signorino." De Pretis said he was making great progress, and so I was contented, though I always thought it was a sacrifice for him to be a singer.

Of course, as he went three times a week to the Palazzo Carmandola, he began to be used to the society of the contessina. I never understood how he succeeded in keeping up the comedy of being a professor. A real Roman would have discovered him in a week. But foreigners are different. If they are satisfied, they pay their money and ask no questions. Besides, he studied all the time, saying that if he ever lost his voice he would turn man of letters — which sounded so prudent that I had nothing to say. Once, we were walking in the Corso, and the contessina with her father passed in the carriage. Nino raised his hat, but they did not see him, for there is always a crowd in the Corso.

"Tell me," he cried excitedly as they went by, "is it not true that she is beautiful?"

"A piece of marble, my son," said I, suspecting nothing; and I turned into a tobacconist's to buy a cigar.

One day — Nino says it was in November — the contessina began asking him questions about the Pantheon. It was in the middle of the lesson, and he wondered at her stopping to talk. But you may imagine whether he was glad or not to have an opportunity of speaking about something besides Dante.

"Yes, signorina," he answered, "Professor Grandi says it was built for public baths; but, of course, we all think it was a temple."

"Were you ever there at night?" asked she, indifferently, and the sun through the window so played with her golden hair, that Nino wondered how she could ever think of night at all.

"At night, signorina? No indeed! What should I go there at night to do,

in the dark! I was never there at night."

"I will go there at night," she said briefly.

"Ah — you would have it lit up with torches, as they do the Coliseum?"

"No. Is there no moon in Italy, professore?"

"The moon, there is. But there is such a little hole in the top of the Rotonda" — that is our Roman name for the Pantheon — "that it would be very dark."

"Precisely," said she. "I will go there at night, and see the moon shining through the hole in the dome."

"Eh," cried Nino laughing, "you will see the moon better outside in the piazza. Why should you go inside, where you can see so little of it?"

"I will go," replied the contessina. "The Italians have no sense of the beautiful — the mysterious." Her eyes grew dreamy as she tried to call up the picture she had never seen.

"Perhaps," said Nino, humbly. "But," he added, suddenly brightening at the thought, "it is very easy, if you would like to go. I will arrange it. Will you allow me?"

"Yes, arrange it. Let us go on with our lesson."

I would like to tell you all about it; how Nino saw the sacristan of the Pantheon that evening, and ascertained from his little almanach — which has all kinds of wonderful astrological predictions, as well as the calendar — when it would be full moon. And perhaps what Nino said to the sacristan, and what the sacristan said to Nino might be amusing. I am very fond of these little things, and fond of talking too. For since it is talking that distinguishes us from other animals, I do not see why I should not make the most of it. But you who are listening to me have seen very little of the Contessina Hedwig as yet, and unless I quickly tell you more, you will wonder how all the curious

things that happened to her could possibly have grown out of the attempt of a little singer like Nino to make her acquaintance. Well, Nino is a great singer now of course, but he was little once; and when he palmed himself off on the old count for an Italian master without my knowledge, nobody had heard of him at all.

Therefore since I must satisfy your curiosity before anything else, and not dwell too long on the details — the dear, commonplace details — I will simply say that Nino succeeded without difficulty in arranging with the sacristan of the Pantheon to allow a party of foreigners to visit the building at the full moon, at midnight. I have no doubt he even expended a franc with the little man, who is very old and dirty, and keeps chickens in the vestibule — but no details!

On the appointed night Nino, wrapped in that old cloak of mine (which is very warm, though it is threadbare), accompanied the party to the temple, or church, or whatever you like to call it. The party were simply the count and his daughter, an Austrian gentleman of their acquaintance, and the dear baroness — that sympathetic woman who broke so many hearts and cared not at all for the chatter of the people. Every one has seen her, with her slim, graceful ways, and her face that was like a mulatto peach for darkness and fineness, and her dark eyes and tigerlily look. They say she lived entirely on sweetmeats and coffee, and it is no wonder she was so sweet and so dark. She called me “count” — which is very foolish now, but if I were going to fall in love, I would have loved her. I would not love a statue. As for the Austrian gentleman, it is not of any importance to describe him.

These four people Nino conducted to the little entrance at the back of the Pantheon, and the sacristan struck a light to show them the way to the door

of the church. Then he put out his taper, and let them do as they pleased.

Conceive if you can the darkness of Egypt, the darkness that can be felt, impaled and stabbed through its whole thickness by one mighty moonbeam, clear and clean and cold, from the top to the bottom. All around, in the circle of the outer black, lie the great dead in their tombs, whispering to each other of deeds that shook the world; whispering in a language all their own as yet — the language of the life to come — the language of a stillness so dread and deep that the very silence clashes against it, and makes dull, muffled beatings in ears that strain to catch the dead men’s talk: the shadow of immortality falling through the shadow of death, and bursting back upon its heavenward course from the depth of the abyss; climbing again upon its silver self to the sky above, leaving behind the horror of the deep.

So in that lonely place at midnight falls the moon upon the floor, and through the mystic shaft of rays ascend and descend the souls of the dead. Hedwig stood out alone upon the white circle on the pavement beneath the dome, and looked up as though she could see the angels coming and going. And, as she looked, the heavy lace veil that covered her head fell back softly, as though a spirit wooed her and would fain look on something fairer than he, and purer. The whiteness clung to her face, and each separate wave of hair was like spun silver. And she looked steadfastly up. For a moment she stood, and the hushed air trembled about her. Then the silence caught the tremor, and quivered, and a thrill of sound hovered and spread its wings, and sailed forth from the night.

“*Spirto gentil dei sogni miei*” —

Ah, Signorina Edvigia, you know that voice now, but you did not know it then. How your heart stopped, and beat, and stopped again, when you first

heard that man sing out his whole heartful — you in the light and he in the dark! And his soul shot out to you upon the sounds, and died fitfully, as the magic notes dashed their soft wings against the vaulted roof above you, and took new life again and throbbed heavenward in broad, passionate waves, till your breath came thick and your blood ran fiercely — ay, even your cold northern blood — in very triumph that a voice could so move you. A voice in the dark. For a full minute after it ceased you stood there, and the others, wherever they might be in the shadow, scarcely breathed.

That was how Hedwig first heard Nino sing. When at last she recovered herself enough to ask aloud the name of the singer, Nino had moved quite close to her.

"It is a relation of mine, signorina, a young fellow who is going to be an artist. I asked him as a favor to come here and sing to you to-night. I thought it might please you."

"A relation of yours!" exclaimed the contessina. And the others approached so that they all made a group in the disc of moonlight. "Just think, my dear baroness, this wonderful voice is a relation of Signor Cardegna, my excellent Italian master!" There was a little murmur of admiration; then the old count spoke.

"Signore," said he, rolling in his gutturals, "it is my duty to very much thank you. You will now, if you please, me the honor do, me to your all-the-talents possible-possessing relation to present." Nino had foreseen the contingency, and disappeared into the dark. Presently he returned.

"I am so sorry, Signor Conte," he said. "The sacristan tells me that when my cousin had finished he hurried away, saying he was afraid of taking some ill if he remained here where it is so damp. I will tell him how much you appreciated him."

"Curious is it," remarked the count. "I heard him not going off."

"He stood in the doorway of the sacristy, by the high altar, Signor Conte."

"In that case is it different?"

"I am sorry," said Nino. "The signorina was so unkind as to say, lately, that we Italians have no sense of the beautiful, the mysterious" —

"I take it back," said Hedwig gravely, still standing in the moonlight. "Your cousin has a very great power over the beautiful."

"And the mysterious," added the baroness, who had not spoken, "for his departure without showing himself has left me the impression of a sweet dream. Give me your arm, Professore Cardegna. I will not stay here any longer, now that the dream is over." Nino sprang to her side politely, though to tell the truth she did not attract him at first sight. He freed one arm from the old cloak, and reflected that she could not tell in the dark how very shabby it was.

"You give lessons to the Signora von Lira?" she asked, leading him quickly away from the party.

"Yes — in Italian literature, signora."

"Ah — she tells me great things of you. Could you not spare me an hour or two in the week, professore?"

Here was a new complication. Nino had certainly not contemplated setting up for an Italian teacher to all the world, when he undertook to give lessons to Hedwig.

"Signora" — he began, in a protesting voice.

"You will do it to oblige me, I am sure," she said eagerly, and her slight hand just pressed upon his arm a little. Nino had found time to reflect that this lady was intimate with Hedwig, and that he might possibly gain an opportunity of seeing the girl he loved, if he accepted the offer.

"Whenever it pleases you, signora," he said at length.

"Can you come to me to-morrow at eleven?" she asked.

"At twelve, if you please, signora, or half past. Eleven is the contessina's hour to-morrow."

"At half past twelve, then, to-morrow," said she, and she gave him her address, as they went out into the street. "Stop," she added, "where do you live?"

"Number twenty-seven, Santa Catarina dei Funari," he answered, wondering why she asked. The rest of the party came out, and Nino bowed to the ground, as he bid the contessina good-night.

He was glad to be free of that pressure on his arm, and he was glad to be alone, to wander through the streets under the moonlight and to think over what he had done.

"There is no risk of my being discovered," he said to himself, confidently. "The story of the near relation was well imagined, and besides, it is true. Am I not my own nearest relation? I certainly have no others that I know of. And this baroness — what can she want of me? She speaks Italian like a Spanish cow, and indeed she needs a professor badly enough. But why should she take a fancy for me as a teacher. Ah! those eyes! Not the baroness's. Edvigia — Edvigia de Lira — Edvigia Ca — Cardegna! Why not?" He stopped to think, and looked long at the moonbeams playing on the waters of the fountain. "Why not? But the baroness — may the diavolo fly away with her! What should I do — I indeed! with a pack of baronesses? I will go to bed and dream — not of a baroness! Macchè, never a baroness in my dreams, with eyes like a snake and who cannot speak three words properly in the only language under the sun worth speaking! Not I — I will dream of Edvigia di Lira — she is the spirit of my dreams. Spirto gentil" — and away he went, humming the air from the

Favorita in the top of his head, as is his wont.

The next day the contessina could talk of nothing during her lesson but the unknown singer who had made the night so beautiful for her, and Nino flushed red under his dark skin and ran his fingers wildly through his curly hair, with pleasure. But he set his square jaw, that means so much, and explained to his pupil how hard it would be for her to hear him again. For his friend, he said, was soon to make his appearance on the stage, and of course he could not be heard singing before that. And as the young lady insisted, Nino grew silent, and remarked that the lesson was not progressing. Thereupon Hedwig blushed — the first time he had ever seen her blush — and did not approach the subject again.

After that he went to the house of the baroness, where he was evidently expected, for the servant asked his name and immediately ushered him into her presence. She was one of those lithe, dark women of good race, that are to be met with all over the world, and she has broken a many hearts. But she was not like a snake at all, as Nino had thought at first. She was simply a very fine lady who did exactly what she pleased, and if she did not always act rightly, yet I think she rarely acted unkindly. After all, the buon Dio has not made us all paragons of domestic virtue. Men break their hearts for so very little, and, unless they are ruined, they melt the pieces at the next flame and join them together again like bits of sealing wax.

The baroness sat before a piano in a boudoir, where there was not very much light. Every part of the room was crowded with fans, ferns, palms, Oriental carpets and cushions, books, porcelain, majolica, and pictures. You could hardly move without touching some ornament, and the heavy curtains softened the sunshine, and a small open fire of

wood helped the warmth. There was also an odor of Russian tobacco. The baroness smiled and turned on the piano seat.

"Ah, professore! You come just in time," said she. "I am trying to sing such a pretty song to myself, and I cannot pronounce the words. Come and teach me." Nino contrasted the whole air of this luxurious retreat with the prim, soldierly order that reigned in the count's establishment.

"Indeed, signora, I come to teach you whatever I can. Here I am. I cannot sing, but I will stand beside you and prompt the words."

Nino is not a shy boy at all, and he assumed the duties required of him immediately. He stood by her side, and she just nodded and began to sing a little song that stood on the desk of the piano. She did not sing out of tune, but she made wrong notes and pronounced horribly.

"Pronounce the words for me," she repeated every now and then.

"But pronouncing in singing is different from speaking," he objected at last, and fairly forgetting himself and losing patience, he began softly to sing the words over. Little by little, as the song pleased him, he lost all memory of where he was, and stood beside her singing just as he would have done to De Pretis, from the sheet, with all the accuracy and skill that were in him. At the end, he suddenly remembered how foolish he was. But, after all, he had not sung to the power of his voice, and she might not recognize in him the singer of last night. The baroness looked up with a light laugh.

"I have found you out," she cried, clapping her hands. "I have found you out!"

"What, signora?"

"You are the tenor of the Pantheon — that is all. I knew it. Are you so sorry that I have found you out?" she asked, for Nino turned very white, and his eyes flashed at the thought of the folly he had committed.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF EARLY TRADITION.

Of late years an immense amount of research has been directed to separating the historical from the traditional elements in the ancient story of the world. But hardly any corresponding attention has been given to the question how far tradition itself may have been really historical. It seems to have been taken for granted that written records or contemporary monuments are alone reliable, and that as soon as we attempt to go beyond these we enter a realm of unlimited exaggeration and romance, in which myth and fable, allegory and legend, must necessarily be all mingled together in such indistinguishable proportions as to be practically useless.

This impression of the essential untrustworthiness of tradition has arisen quite naturally. Tradition in our own times is a very loose and trivial thing. Everything which it is important to have accurately kept in mind is carefully committed to writing. All that is left to tradition is the small gossip of the neighborhood, and incidents not worth formally recording. Thus tradition has become a mere plaything. No wonder that those who judge only by its operation in times of written records do not think much of it as a means of enabling us really to penetrate into the past. This has been the general tone of later historians. Niebuhr, indeed, in his great

Roman history, endeavored to make a distinct use of tradition; but, practically, he interpreted it by a sort of "brilliant divination," which for the time captivated the world, but could not permanently hold its ground. By and by came Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who cross-examined Niebuhr's theories and deductions like an Old Bailey lawyer, and insisted that nothing must be admitted that could not be verified by some sort of contemporaneous record. From his day this rigid criticism has been generally accepted as the only "historical method."

Perhaps the most interesting application of this stricter method, at present, is that to the early Hebrew history. There has been of late a marked revival of interest in the Old Testament in its historical and literary aspects. In Holland, especially, a group of notable scholars, with Professor Kuenen at their head, have been almost reconstructing the story of ancient Israel, upon the basis of this very distinction between written records and oral tradition. They have investigated with singular care, learning, and fairness the question of the dates at which the various Hebrew books came into their present shape. Their verdict is that the very earliest of those books are some written in the prophetic era of the eighth century B. C. The eighth century, then, must be the starting point of Hebrew history. This is, in itself, quite a respectable antiquity, but still it does not bring us within five hundred years of Moses and the Exodus; while as for Abraham, if there can now be supposed to have ever been such a person, he lies away back in the nebulous distances of a thousand years. All these accounts prior to the eighth century are mere tradition, and Kuenen's whole treatment of them is distinctly based upon the principle that tradition in the ancient world was simply what it is to-day. Indeed, in order to show how absolutely

he regards this principle as the true one, he gives an illustration of its application to the Exodus: "On the most favorable supposition," by his showing, "a period of more than five centuries" intervenes between the Exodus and the earliest written account of it. "Yet," he says, "a century was a hundred years then, as it is now;" and to make his meaning more unmistakable, he himself presses a modern parallel: "The oldest accounts of the Mosaic time were as far removed from Israel's lawgiver as we Dutchmen are from the beginning of the Hoek and Kabeljauw quarrels. Suppose that we only knew of the latter by tradition, which had never been committed to writing up to this time: should we have the boldness to trust ourselves to the historian who now wrote them for the first time, as a safe guide?" Further on he adds,¹ "Even before we have made acquaintance with the contents of the narratives, we take it for granted that they only give us half the truth, if even so much as that." In reality, as those who have read this work know, he does not use them as "half" true, hardly as having more than the feeblest basis of truth. A canon which should ascribe half truth to them would preserve all the great historical and religious features of the ancient Hebrew traditions. But the point at issue is, not the exact proportion of truth with which such traditions may be credited, but the whole principle on which that proportion is to be estimated. I believe it can be shown that ancient tradition, instead of being about the same thing as modern, had hardly anything in common with it; that it was a sacred thing, usually most carefully guarded and transmitted; and, therefore, that it is not to be thrown aside as worthless unless supported by contemporary records, but rather to be

¹ The Religion of Israel, by Dr. A. Kuenen, vol. i. pp. 17, 18. The edition of the Theological Translation Fund Library, Williams & Norgate.

regarded as itself a species of record, and classed among the recognized materials of history.

There is one great fact underlying the whole subject, which seems to have been almost entirely lost sight of: that tradition, before the times of writing, had a totally different part to play from anything required of it now. Now, as has been said, it is an *accident*, the mere fragmentary survival of things which have not been forgotten. Then, it was an *instrument*, a careful instrument for keeping in mind those things which needed to be remembered. Kuenen says, indeed, "It is certain that the thirst for reality which is proper to our age was unknown to antiquity" (vol i. p. 23). But is this so "certain"? Some things have to be remembered among savage just as among civilized peoples, and remembered accurately. Among these necessary things are the forms of their religion, their laws, the boundaries and possessions of tribes and families, the names and deeds of their great men. Ancient tradition was not merely the only history; it was the only law, the only records of succession, the only title-deed of property. It may seem to us a rude instrument; but nothing is more remarkable than the way in which, when man has only a rude instrument, he often acquires such skill in its use that it comes to supply his need almost as well as the far finer appliances of civilization. For instance, it would be a great mistake to estimate what bows and arrows might accomplish in days when men had nothing better, by seeing what we can make of archery, now that all serious work is done by gunpowder and rifles, and bows and arrows are used only for playthings. So, again, we must not judge of what manuscript was, as a means of preserving and disseminating literature, by considering how helpless we should find ourselves if we were suddenly deprived of the printing-press, and had to fall back upon copying by

hand, and that in the slipshod handwriting of the present day. It is just as complete a mistake to judge of what tradition might be in the old days, when it was men's only instrument of record, by what it has become now that everything of serious import is perpetuated in deeds or print. Modern tradition is mere formless hearsay; ancient tradition was a shaped and formal communication. Modern tradition is "hearsay," passed, without responsibility, from any one to any one else; ancient tradition was a formal communication, preserved, recited, handed on through chosen and responsible persons. Surely, then, ancient tradition must be credited with being carried down from age to age unchanged, and therefore reliable, to an extent of which we can form no idea from this casual hearsay of our modern days, which cannot pass through five narrators without being altered or exaggerated out of all recognition.

Proceeding now to consider the elements of tradition in detail, the first is the power of memory. Is memory capable of preserving through successive generations the facts of history, or whatever else peoples are continuously interested in knowing? At first one is apt to say "No," remembering how seldom two people can agree in their recollection of even the briefest saying or commonest occurrence. But look into the matter. Note how the power of memory differs in different people, and how it may be cultivated, and especially how it strengthens when systematically depended on, while when little is left to it, it weakens. It is a small fact, but not without significance, that among the first things which children are set to fix in their memories, apart from any idea of sacredness, are long series of historical names, dates, and events, — English kings, American colonists and presidents, — far exceeding in difficulty those Israelitish histories which Kuenen thinks cannot be trusted because only preserved

by memory. This shows that it is less a question of the power of memory than of how far memory is looked on as sacred, and guarded so as to hand on its contents unimpaired. As for evidence of the power of memory, what better can we desire than the well-known fact of the transmission of the *Iliad*, with its 15,677 lines, for generations, perhaps for centuries, before it was even written? Yet even that is a mere trifle compared with the transmission of the *Vedas*. The *Rig-Veda*, with its 1017 hymns, is about four times the length of the *Iliad*. That is only a part of the ancient Vedic literature, and the whole was composed, and fixed, and handed down by memory, — only, as Max Müller says, by “memory kept under the strictest discipline.” There is still a class of priests in India who have to know by heart the whole of the *Rig-Veda*. And there is this curious corroboration of the fidelity with which this memorizing has been carried on and handed down: that they have kept on transmitting in the ancient literal form laws prohibiting practices that have nevertheless become established. Suttee is now found to be condemned by the *Vedas* themselves. This was first pointed out by their European students, but has since been admitted by the native Sanskrit scholars. Nothing could show more clearly the faithfulness of the traditional memory and transmission. It has, too, this further bearing on the date of the so-called Mosaic legislation: it shows that the fact of customs existing in a country for ages unchallenged does not prove that laws condemning such customs must necessarily be of later origin. But there is more that is instructive in the transmission of this Vedic literature. There has been writing in India for twenty-five hundred years now, yet the custodians of the Vedic traditions have never trusted to it. They trust, for the perfect perpetuation and transmission of the sacred books, to disciplined memory. They

have manuscripts, they have even a printed text, but, says Max Müller,¹ “they do not learn their sacred lore from them. They learn it, as their ancestors learnt it thousands of years ago, from the lips of a teacher, so that the Vedic succession should never be broken.” For eight years in their youth they are entirely occupied in learning this. “They learn a few lines every day, repeat them for hours, so that the whole house resounds with the noise; and they thus strengthen their memory to that degree that, when their apprenticeship is finished, you can open them like a book, and find any passage you like, any word, any accent.” And Max Müller shows, from rules given in the *Vedas* themselves, that this oral teaching of them was carried on, exactly as now, at least as early as 500 B. C.

Very much the same was it with those Rabbinical schools amid which the Talmud gradually grew up. All of that vast literature, exceeding many times in bulk *Homer* and the *Vedas* and the Bible all together, was, at any rate until its later periods, the growth of oral tradition. It was prose tradition, too, which is the hardest to remember, and yet it was carried down century after century in the memory; and long after it had been all committed to writing, the old memorizing continued in the schools. Indeed, it has not entirely ceased even now, for my friend Dr. Gottheil, of New York, tells me that he has had in his study a man who thus knows the entire Talmud by heart, and can take it up at any word that is given him, and go on repeating it syllable by syllable, with absolute correctness.

In presence of such facts, surely we must be prepared to revise our ideas of what memory is capable of, derived from the very limited uses for which we usually depend upon it now. Such facts show that memory, consolidated into tra-

¹ *Origin and Growth of Religion*, Scribner's edition, page 151.

dition, is perfectly competent at least to act as an accurate instrument for transmitting along many generations whatever men are very anxious to have remembered. It is simply a question of being anxious, and of taking special care.

Here, then, we come to the second point, — care in transmission. We have to inquire whether, in ages and peoples that have had to depend on tradition for their history, we find any general anxiety and care to hand down their traditions, such as should lead us to ascribe more trustworthiness to them than has heretofore been usual.

At once we are met by one sure token of such care, in the fact that the depositaries of tradition were almost always a distinct and responsible class, carefully trained for that very function and peculiarly honored. The bards and minstrels always ranked high in the ancient world. The British bards were prepared by many years of discipline, and even as late as the ninth century, when the importance of the bardic traditions was lessening, the bard was still eighth in the king's household. We are apt to think of these bards as mere singers of religious myths or heroic deeds, such as might naturally tend to exaggeration. But they were much more than this. Just as in India the Vedic traditions included not only hymns but the laws of Manu in twelve books, so in Ireland the ancient body of jurisprudence known as the Brehon laws had been handed down through the bards from immemorial generations before it was written down in the old monastic parchments. Indeed, the various methods adopted by peoples to keep up a permanent remembrance of things which they needed to perpetuate would form one of the most interesting side-studies of sociology. Even in the present day there still lingers in some parts of England one of those curious survivals which tell of the care anciently bestowed to keep up exact traditions of matters important to be accurately

known, — I mean the custom of "beating the boundaries." In the old times when the towns were slowly buying or winning their freedom from baron or abbot, it was a matter of extreme importance to know and to be able to prove the boundaries of their townships or "liberties." There was writing, but they distrusted it. Writing was to the uneducated an unsafe thing, open to fraud, liable to be tampered with; far less safe, they thought, than the honest memory of common men. So year by year the boys of each town were taken round, in solemn procession, exactly along the ancient bounds. Each landmark was scored into them, as it were. At one place they were whipped; where the line crossed a stream they were ducked; at some other important point cakes and ale were doled out; anything to fix the places indelibly in the young minds, so that even sixty or seventy years afterwards, if need should arise, they might be able to give evidence. Such instances of distrust of writing, and trust in carefully disciplined memory, might be multiplied indefinitely. They may be small matters, but they all tend to enhance our estimate of early tradition; to show how it was used distinctly as an instrument of record, and to strengthen our trust in it as one of the substantial materials of history.

Still this only amounts to an argument as to what is likely to have been. We must try to get further back, to some sort of real evidence. Here, of course, we are met by the difficulty that, by the very nature of the case, traditions prior to written history are not susceptible of exact verification. There is, however, a sort of approximate verification possible, through the researches of archaeology. I may compare these archaeological diggings into the remains of ancient times to a sort of deep-sea soundings. We cannot minutely examine the ancient times, any more than we can the ocean beds; but, like the deep-sea lines

of the Challenger expedition, the researches of Layard and Rawlinson and Mariette and Schliemann take us down, as it were, here and there, into the depths of antiquity, and yield a general evidence as to whether the things and people and doings of the old world were about like what the traditions tell.

Now I think that no one who has carefully watched the course of archaeological investigation during the past thirty years can have failed to note the way in which almost every step among the uncovered relics of the past has afforded unexpected confirmation of its traditions and stories, and tended to prove that they have more truth in them—not less—than used to be supposed.

Herodotus was formerly regarded as a credulous old gossip, who took in every kind of hearsay and tradition, and handed it on without the least regard to truth. Gibbon sneers at him as having written, apparently, sometimes for philosophers and sometimes for children. Yet every day's progress in the knowledge of the ancient world shows that many of his stories, once passed by as mere hearsay marvels, were really based upon fact; and that sometimes, even in their very details, he was surprisingly near the truth. His description of ancient lake dwellings; his accounts of some of the tribes whom ancient travelers had met with in Africa, such as the tribe who have no intercourse with traders directly, but only through the exchange of goods left in some neutral place, and the "people of dwarfish stature," dwelling by the side of a great river, whom the five Nassamonians found after many days' journey westward from Libya across the desert,—these are fairly borne out by the discoveries of modern explorers. More curious yet is the corroboration of his mention of the Egyptian garrison at Syene deserting and flying to Ethiopia, and of the Greek auxiliaries of King Psam-

mitichus being sent to bring them back. This used to be treated as one of the improbable stories palmed off on him. But now, far up above Syene, in Nubia, in the temple of Ibsamboul, on the leg of one of the colossal statues, there has been found an inscription, in archaic Greek characters, carved by those mercenaries on their return from the fruitless expedition, and with the names of two of them, Damearchon and Pelephus. Quite recently, the London Academy contained a communication from Mr. George Dennis confirmatory of another discredited statement of Herodotus about the ancient water-works at Samos. The old historian says that through a mountain one hundred and fifty fathoms high the Samians had cut a tunnel seven stadia long and eight feet high by as many wide; and he describes how "by the side of this there is also an artificial canal, which in like manner goes quite through the mountain, and though only three feet in breadth is twenty cubits [thirty feet] deep. This, by means of pipes, conveys to the city the waters of a copious spring." It seemed so unlikely that there should be two separate parallel channels that it was supposed the whole account was an exaggeration, based upon some sort of an aqueduct; and some caverns with marks of excavation at their opening were supposed to be all the foundation for the tunnel story. A few months ago, however, a Samian priest, in unearthing some stone slabs on the hillside, came upon the entrance of a tunnel, and exploring it found that it is 1270 metres in length,—only thirty yards off the "seven stadia" of the historian,—and just eight feet high by as many wide. And, running the whole length, along the middle of the tunnel roadway is just such a deep, narrow channel, barely three feet wide and nearly thirty feet deep, almost exactly as Herodotus had stated. The only difference is that he, evidently writing from hearsay, represented this channel

as having been cut by the side of the tunnel, whereas it was really sunk along the centre of it.

We have another very interesting confirmation of ancient tradition — not of its minute historical accuracy, but of its fairly preserving the broad lines of ancient life and doings — in Dr. Schliemann's researches and discoveries. I know that it cannot be proved that any one of the buried cities, of which he found the ruins in successive strata at Hissarlik, was actually called Troy, and was the scene of the exact events described in the *Iliad*. So, also, there are grave disagreements among scholars, with a preponderance of leaning, I imagine, to the negative, as to whether those curious tombs at Mycenæ (of which all traces had been utterly lost, though tradition had clearly preserved the fact of their having existed) can be regarded as actually the tombs of Agamemnon and his companions. Yet these discoveries have entirely verified the ancient traditions of such a city having been on that mound at Hissarlik, and of such tombs having been at Mycenæ, even if the still earlier traditions, connecting them with specific names and persons, were only poetic fancies. So, even at the lowest estimate, these discoveries have given a new interest to the Homeric poems, and a new confidence that they were not mere retrospective myth-painting upon an unknown past, but the real, even if idealized, traditions of the actual heroes and struggles of the earlier world.

I know there is something to be said upon the other side of all this, namely, that a great many traditions, some even of a quite probable kind and deeply rooted, — such as that of William Tell, — have been rendered very doubtful, or even disproved, by the progress of historical research. True; but here is the curious thing, actually in the very line of my argument: almost every instance of a tradition thus exploded or discred-

ited has been of some tradition that has grown up within the period of writing, and that refers to comparatively modern events. In fact, historical research has acted about equally in these two opposite directions, — in proving that tradition prior to written history has more in it, and tradition subsequent to written history less than used formerly to be supposed. Both these results alike bring out into stronger relief what a much more sacred and guarded thing tradition was in that earlier world, in which it was all that peoples had to depend upon.

We are not left, however, to these traces of what tradition was in the earlier world. We are able to see what it actually is to-day, and how it is regarded and cared for among peoples still in the half-savage, what we may call prehistoric, stage. Every advance into the confidence whether of Indian tribes, or of African races, or of the Polynesian peoples, shows that they have, preserved among their wise men and regarded as a peculiarly sacred trust, historical traditions reaching back to an antiquity which a few years ago would have been considered incredible. In Stanley's hurried journey "through the Dark Continent," it was only at two places that he remained long enough to win the confidence of the people. But in those places see what he found! At Ukerewé, on Lake Nyanza, they gave him the names of the fourteen ancestors of the present king, tracing back the line to a founder who brought his people in canoes from another part of that great inland sea. In the great kingdom of Uganda he stayed a long time, and obtained not only the names of their kings through thirty-five generations (that is, nearly one thousand years!), but also the traditions of their history. How do we know that these are not all imaginary? By this: imagination, in evolving past heroes, can hardly move otherwise than along the lines of present ideas of hero-

ism. So that it is very striking to find those thirty-five generations, beginning with the mild, humane founder, Kintu, — one who taught his people agriculture, gave them laws of mercy, forbade bloodshed, and finally disappeared, leaving ever after imbedded in the popular heart the belief that he would some day reappear, — an utter contrast to all the ideals and character of Uganda.

But perhaps some of the most surprising illustrations of the care of ancient peoples for their traditions, and of their value as trustworthy memorials of history, are to be found in a quarter which has hitherto been little studied. When Captain Cook, a hundred years ago, discovered the Sandwich Islands, with their population of tattooed cannibals, in the flint stage of evolution, and without writing or records, it seemed little likely that they would be able to contribute much to the philosophy of history. And yet, as I have been studying recently some of the few works which have been published about these islanders, they have seemed to me peculiarly valuable in their relation to this special subject of tradition. For, as Europeans have gradually won their confidence, it is found that, though entirely without writing, they have genealogies and traditions reaching back in orderly succession for many centuries.

The Rev. William Ellis, many years ago, remarked at Tahiti the marvelous care with which the people preserved their genealogies, — mentioning some reaching back a hundred generations, of which he thought thirty might be regarded as accurate and reliable. He had judged this from an independent investigation of them; but it is rendered more likely by the study of similar genealogies in Hawaii, another group of the same Polynesian Archipelago, by Mr. Abraham Fornander.¹ This writer

is a gentleman who has lived for thirty-four years in the Hawaiian Islands, for nineteen years has held various high offices under the government, knows almost every inhabitant of the group, and has for many years been studying their history and traditions, and comparing them with independent researches carried on in other and distant groups scattered over the wide Pacific.

I can only glance at the evidence Mr. Fornander gives of the existence among the Hawaiians of carefully preserved genealogies and accompanying traditions. Thus the line of the present King Kalakaua is carried back through forty-three generations of traceable chiefs; then come about fifty more, reaching back to the supposed first man, in which earlier series the names of gods occurring give warning of a mythological element having come in. Those forty-three later generations do not stand for mere links in an impersonal chain of successions. Even in the first fifteen of these, which are the nearest to mere names, certain variations from the male to the female line in the succession are noted, and with some of the names a few venerated altars and very primitive stone buildings are associated. But after these first fifteen, say twenty-eight generations ago, begins in the traditions a time of great stir and enterprise, — heroes, kings, and priests, warlike adventures, and long voyages to distant lands. It seems to have been a period, for several generations, of remarkable migrations and intercommunications going on between the different Polynesian groups, which are separated, it must be remembered, by thousands of miles, and when discovered had no knowledge of each other. And this is curiously corroborated by the genealogies and traditions of the other groups. Alike in the Tahiti group, in the Ra-

¹ An Account of the Polynesian Race: Its Origin and Migrations, and the Ancient History of the Hawaiian People to the time of Kalakaua I.

By Abraham Fornander, Circuit Judge of the Island of Maui, H. I., Knight, Companion of the Royal Order of Katakaua.

ratongas, in the Marquesas, and in the Gambier Islands, none of them nearer to each other than about one thousand miles, and all from two thousand to three thousand miles from Hawaii, — in each of these, the latest twenty-five or thirty generations run quite distinctly from each other up to some founder, in each case, whom they venerate as having first come over the sea; while back of these later twenty-five or thirty generations, the traditions and genealogies become partially mixed names and legends from one group appearing in the others. Thus for thirteen generations back of this migratory epoch the genealogies of Hawaii and the Marquesas give the same names, all but one, and in the same order; and even in New Zealand, nearly five thousand miles away, the traditions show four generations of chiefs and their wives, in which seven out of the eight names are plainly identical with those of four chiefs and their wives in ancient Hawaii. It is in this period anterior to the great migrations that the chief difficulties occur in the Hawaiian genealogies, and Mr. Fornander believes the explanation to be — and it seems likely — that the great Hawaiian chiefs of that roving period adopted into their genealogies some of the great names which they found especially celebrated among their distant kinsfolk. But even if we simply take the last twenty-eight generations of distinctly historic chiefs, we have a pretty clear history for eight hundred years, and that is quite sufficient to illustrate the argument for the large reliability of tradition when at all carefully handed down. Because, for these eight centuries the names are evidently historic. Elements of mythology and miracle, of witchcraft and sorcery, still come in, indeed, but as a whole it is a recognizable human history. It tells of famous warriors and famous prophetesses. It notes their marriages, their children, and their deaths. It narrates

wars for love and wars for the succession; and all through it links itself naturally in, here and there, with the great works, institutions, changes, which form the usual landmarks of a people's life. It tells how one great temple was originally built, thirty generations back, by a certain high priest, who was more powerful than his king; and how they passed the stones for it, hand to hand, from the quarry, nine miles away. It tells how the son of a famous king, twenty-seven generations ago, cut — it actually appears to be a natural passage artificially deepened — the channel by which the great estuary of Pearl River is still navigable. It tells how, twenty-three generations ago, the son of another king established the great order of Hawaiian nobility, which to this day regulates the titles and precedence of the chiefs with the authority and precision of a herald's college. It tells when the road over the great mountains was paved, a stupendous work, of which traces still remain. Later on, it tells how, twelve generations ago, arrived a vessel, which was wrecked in the surf, and from which the commander and his sister, white people, swam ashore, prostrating themselves upon the beach, and afterwards living and marrying among the natives. Here is a point at which it is possible to take soundings into contemporary European records; for twelve generations ago, which would be somewhere about A. D. 1520, the vessels that would be afloat on the Pacific Ocean and liable to be wrecked there could almost be counted on the fingers. Mr. Fornander has found in Burney's Discoveries in the South Sea that on October 31, 1527, three vessels — names and numbers of the crews all given — left a little port in New Spain for the Moluccas, a course which would take them a few degrees south of Hawaii. Only one of these ships ever turned up, and it brought word that when they had sailed about one thousand leagues a great storm

arose and they parted company. "One thousand leagues" upon that course would leave those two ships, never afterwards heard of, within a couple of hundred miles of Hawaii, — a curious coincidence, if nothing more, but at any rate good to show that there is no improbability in their tradition.

These traditions in Hawaii, as in the other groups, are preserved in monotonous chants, which remind one most of all of Hiawatha, by the way in which the memory is helped by the frequent duplication of part of one line in the next. Of these chants there are great numbers, some of them many hundreds of lines in length; many bearing marks, in their rude archaic forms of speech, of great antiquity; and all of them chanted to-day, just as they have been, certainly for generations, possibly for centuries. At first these were guarded with the utmost jealousy; indeed, all over the Polynesian groups they are regarded as peculiarly sacred, are made known only to foreigners who have won their entire confidence, and even to them have been given to be written down only with misgiving and trembling.

One link more is needed. How about the formation of such traditions? We are able to obtain a glimpse even of this. Mariner, in his account of the natives of the Tonga Islands, tells how, when he had resided among them long enough to understand their language, he found that they had songs about various events in their history. These were chanted by a special class of singers, and he describes how when one of these, who was the most famous, had composed a new chant he taught it carefully, line by line, with constant repetition, to a company of his singer-scholars, until it was finally fixed in their memory in the form in which it would ever afterwards be sung and handed down. He heard such a song chanted describing Captain Cook's visit, some forty years before, and except for a little exaggeration it was tolerably

correct in its account. Here we see such tradition in its actual formation; for this chant had already passed into that permanent shape in which, like the Iliad, it would probably be perpetuated indefinitely. A different race these from the ancient Brahmins, and a different kind of tradition from the Vedas; yet how alike the care taken for their transmission — this teaching to selected pupils, line by line, repeated over and over again, until indelibly fastened on the mind — to that which the Vedas prescribed five centuries before the Christian era, and which Max Müller tells us is still practiced to-day!

What, in conclusion, is the practical point to which we are led by these various lines of indication? For this is what they are, — lines of indication and suggestion, not of any absolute proof. Some things, indeed, they prove. They prove that memory disciplined and systematized is perfectly capable of carrying and handing down traditions of any length and any minuteness of successive names and details. They show what has in different ages and countries been done in this way; and so they demonstrate, at least, how utterly absurd it is to lay down any *a priori* canon of narratives being untrustworthy because merely tradition. What has been adduced surely tends to show that tradition in the ancient world was not in general lightly regarded; was looked on as a sacred thing; was protected by solemnities and cautions which have no analogy whatever in the looseness of modern hearsay and repetition, and so, in fact, was not the mere accidental residuum of what had not been forgotten, but was worked up into a distinct system of recording and transmitting what needed to be remembered.

Tradition was not, of course, such a sacred and guarded thing among all peoples, nor to the same degree in all ages even of the same people. Traditions often bear on their very face the char-

acteristics of exaggeration and elements of miracle which cannot be received as sober history. But so, likewise, do many historical records and monuments. Rameses and Sheshonk are sculptured in the Egyptian bas-reliefs as giants among pigmies, and sometimes figures of the gods are at hand directing or shielding them; yet no one proposes, on this account, to treat these monuments as historically valueless. The same tendency has doubtless just as naturally magnified and surrounded with elements of legendary marvel the heroes of the bardic songs, the Homeric poems, and the Hawaiian chants. Possibly the perplexing longevity of the patriarchs may have been simply the Hebrew analogue for the gigantic stature of the sculptured Pharaohs. But these exaggerations are usually in each case easily discerned and easily allowed for, and ought not in themselves to discredit the historical value of the traditions any more than of the monuments. Travelers say that the Arab who will lie all day long about the qualities or achievements of his horse would fear a curse if he should falsify its pedigree. Thus, while in some directions ancient traditions may often have been magnifying myths, at the basis of all, the peoples of the older world wanted reality, the facts of their past, just as much as we do.

So, out of all the scattered lights which we can gather on the subject, a few helpful principles of criticism for the practical use of tradition suggest themselves, besides the general conviction that it must be more trustworthy than it has been usually regarded. For one thing, it seems a fair canon of elucidation that tradition is most trustworthy among those peoples whom we can discern to have been specially careful in cherishing and transmitting it. This, again: that it may be credited with having best retained that class of facts of the far past about which a people have throughout their history shown them-

selves most solicitous. A third rule will, I think, commend itself: that traditions which have been handed down in stereotyped forms of words are of especial value. Moreover, from the general qualities of human nature, I think these supplementary distinctions will approve themselves, that the things which most impress themselves on a people's memory, and are likely to perpetuate themselves in their traditions, are such as these: the great events which have changed their country, their religion, or their modes of life, and the great personalities and places associated with such events; while, on the other hand, mere numbers will be the weakest point; and as for dates, it is probably with the strata of tradition as with the strata of the earth, that — to apply a principle once given to me by Professor Boyd Dawkins — tradition, like geology, "knows nothing of dates, but only of successions."

These are, however, only hints, — suggestions of what may possibly be the available working principles by which to apply in historical investigations the fundamental thought of the trustworthiness of early tradition. But even apart from such more exact applications of it, it is a helpful thought. If there is anything in these facts which I have collected, they mean at least this: that we may take up again the discarded traditions of the old heroic ages and of the world's morning time with far more confidence than has been usual of late years. Homer will be read with a new interest, and Herodotus, and — best of all — the old-world histories in the Bible. I know they will not give us detailed narratives, by which this or that point can be proved, or names and dates to be learned off as school-boy tasks. But they will give us glimpses of the ancient days; pictures, here and there, of such men and women as loved and fought in those old buried cities of Hissarlik, or meditated by the Ganges, or wandered

from Chaldea with Abraham, or followed Moses out of the mighty empire of Egypt into those wild solitudes of Sinai ; — pictures of life ; landmarks of great

deeds, and thoughts, and worships, and laws ; a dawn to history, not of abstract theories, or dazzling, unreal sun myths, but of real peoples and real men.

Brooke Herford.

EN PROVINCE.

II.

THE COUNTRY OF THE LOIRE.

V.

THE second time I went to Blois I took a carriage for Chambord and came back by the Château de Cheverny and the forest of Russy ; a charming little expedition, to which the beauty of the afternoon (the finest in a rainy season that was spotted with bright days) contributed not a little. To go to Chambord, you cross the Loire, leave it on one side, and strike away through a country in which salient features become less and less numerous, and which at last has no other quality than a look of intense and peculiar rurality, the characteristic, even when it is not the charm, of so much of the landscape of France. This is not the appearance of wildness, for it goes with great cultivation ; it is simply the presence of the delving, drudging, saving peasant. But it is a deep, unrelieved rusticity. It is a peasant's landscape ; not, as in England, a landlord's. On the way to Chambord you enter the flat and sandy Sologne. The wide horizon opens out like a great *potager*, without interruptions, without an eminence, with here and there a long, low stretch of wood. There is an absence of hedges, fences, signs of property ; everything is absorbed in the general flatness — the patches of vineyard, the scattered cottages, the villages, the children, planted and staring and almost always pretty, the women in the

fields, the white caps, the faded blouses, the big sabots. At the end of an hour's drive (they will assure you at Blois that even with two horses you will spend double that time) I passed through a sort of gap in a wall, which does duty as the gateway of the domain of an exiled pretender. I drove along a straight avenue, through a disheveled park — the park of Chambord has twenty-one miles of circumference — a very sandy, scrubby, melancholy plantation, in which the timber must have been cut many times over and is to-day a mere tangle of brushwood. Here, as in so many spots in France, the traveler perceives that he is in a land of revolutions. Nevertheless, its great extent and the long perspective of its avenues give this desolate boskage a certain majesty ; just as its shabbiness places it in agreement with one of the strongest impressions of the château. You follow one of these long perspectives a proportionate time, and at last you see the chimneys and pinnacles of Chambord rise apparently out of the ground. The filling-in of the wide moats that formerly surrounded it has in vulgar parlance let it down, and given it an appearance of topheaviness that is at the same time a magnificent grotesqueness. The towers, the turrets, the cupolas, the gables, the lanterns, the chimneys, look more like the spires of a city than the salient points of a single building. You emerge from the avenue and find yourself at the foot of an enormous fantastic mass. Chambord has a strange mixture of society and solitude.

A little village clusters within view of its stately windows, and a couple of inns near by offer entertainment to pilgrims. These things, of course, are incidents of the political proscription which hangs its thick veil over the place. Chambord is truly royal — royal in its great scale, its grand air, its indifference to common considerations. If a cat may look at a king, a palace may look at a tavern. I enjoyed my visit to this extraordinary structure as much as if I had been a legitimist; and indeed there is something interesting in any monument of a great system, any bold presentation of a tradition. You leave your vehicle at one of the inns, which are very decent and tidy, and in which every one is very civil, as if in this latter respect the influence of the old régime pervaded the neighborhood, and you walk across the grass and the gravel to a small door — a door infinitely subordinate and conferring no title of any kind on those who enter it. Here you ring a bell, which a highly respectable person answers (a person perceptibly affiliated, again, to the old régime), after which she ushers you across a vestibule into an inner court. Perhaps the strongest impression I got at Chambord came to me as I stood in this court. The woman who had admitted me did not come with me; I was to find my guide somewhere else. The specialty of Chambord is its prodigious round towers. There are, I believe, no less than eight of them, placed at each angle of the inner and outer square of buildings; for the castle is in the form of a larger structure which incloses a smaller one. One of these towers stood before me in the court; it seemed to fling its shadow over the place; while above, as I looked up, the pinnacles and gables, and even the enormous chimneys, soared into the bright blue air. The place was empty and silent; shadows of gargoyles, of extraordinary projections, were thrown across the clear gray surfaces. One felt

that the whole thing was monstrous. A cicerone appeared, a languid young man in a rather shabby livery, and led me about with a mixture of hurry and delay, of condescension and humility. I do not profess to understand the plan of Chambord, and I may add that I do not even desire to do so; for it is much more entertaining to think of it, as you can so easily, as an irresponsible insoluble labyrinth. Within it is a wilderness of empty chambers, a royal and romantic barrack. The exiled prince to whom it gives its title has not the means to keep up four hundred rooms; he contents himself with preserving the huge outside. The repairs of the prodigious roof alone must absorb a large part of his revenue. The great feature of the interior is the celebrated double staircase, rising straight through the building, with two courses of steps, so that people may ascend and descend without meeting. This staircase is a truly majestic piece of humor; it gives you the note, as it were, of Chambord. It opens on each landing to a vast guard-room, in four arms, radiations of the winding shaft. One of these arms served as a theatre on the occasion on which Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* was played to Louis XIV. My guide made me climb to the great open-work lantern which, springing from the roof at the termination of the great staircase (surmounted here by a smaller one), forms the pinnacle of the bristling crown of Chambord. This lantern is tipped with a huge *fleur de lys* in stone — the only one, I believe, that the Revolution did not succeed in pulling down. Here, from narrow windows, you look over the wide, flat country and the tangled, melancholy park, with the rotation of its straight avenues. Then you walk about the roof, in a complication of galleries, terraces, balconies, through the multitude of chimneys and gables. This roof, which is in itself a sort of castle in the air, has an extravagant, fabulous quality,

and with its profuse ornamentation — the salamander of Francis I. is a constant motive — its lonely pavements, its sunny niches, the balcony that looks down over the closed and grass-grown main entrance, a strange, half-sad, half-brilliant charm. The stone-work is covered with fine mould. There are places that reminded me of some of those quiet, mildewed corners of courts and terraces, into which the traveler who wanders through the Vatican looks down from neglected windows. They show you two or three furnished rooms, with Bourbon portraits, hideous tapestries from the ladies of France, a collection of the toys of the *enfant du miracle*, all military and of the finest make. *Tout cela fonctionne*, the guide said of these miniature weapons; and I wondered, if he should take it into his head to fire off his little cannon, how much harm the Comte de Chambord would do. From below, the castle would look crushed by the redundancy of its upper protuberances, if it were not for the enormous girth of its round towers, which appear to give it a robust lateral development. These towers, however, fine as they are in their way, struck me as a little stupid; they are the exaggeration of an exaggeration. In a building erected after the days of defense, and proclaiming its peaceful character from its hundred embroideries and cupolas, they seem to indicate a want of invention. I shall risk the accusation of bad taste if I say that, impressive as it is, the Château de Chambord seemed to me to have altogether a little of that quality of stupidity. The trouble is that it represents nothing very particular; it has not happened, in spite of sundry vicissitudes, to have a very interesting history. Compared with that of Blois and Amboise, its past is rather vacant, and one feels to a certain extent the contrast between its pompous appearance and its spacious but somewhat colorless annals. It had indeed the good fortune to be erected by Francis I.,

whose name by itself expresses a good deal of history. Why he should have built a palace in those sandy plains will ever remain an unanswered question, for kings have never been obliged to give reasons. In addition to the fact that the country was rich in game and that Francis was a passionate hunter, it is suggested by M. de la Saussaye, the author of the very complete little history of Chambord which you may buy at the bookseller's at Blois, that he was governed in his choice of the site by the accident of a charming woman having formerly lived there. The Comtesse de Thoury had a manor in the neighborhood, and the Comtesse de Thoury had been the object of a youthful passion on the part of the most susceptible of princes before his accession to the throne. This great pile was reared, therefore, according to M. de la Saussaye, as a *souvenir de premières amours*! It is certainly a very massive memento, and if these tender passages were proportionate to the building that commemorates them, they were tender indeed. There has been much discussion as to the architect employed by Francis I., and the honor of having designed this splendid residence has been claimed for several of the Italian artists who early in the sixteenth century came to seek patronage in France. It seems well established to-day, however, that Chambord was the work neither of Primaticcio, of Vignola, nor of il Rosso, all of whom have left some trace of their sojourn in France; but of an obscure yet very complete genius, Pierre Nepveu, known as Pierre Trinqureau, who is designated in the papers which preserve in some degree the history of the origin of the edifice, as the *maître de l'œuvre de maçonnerie*. Behind this modest title, apparently, we must recognize one of the most original talents of the French Renaissance; and it is a proof of the vigor of the artistic life of that period that, brilliant production being every-

where abundant, an artist of so high a value should not have been treated by his contemporaries as a celebrity. We manage things very differently to-day. The immediate successors of Francis I. continued to visit Chambord, but it was neglected by Henry IV., and was never afterwards a favorite residence of any French king. Louis XIV. appeared there on several occasions, and the apparition was characteristically brilliant; but Chambord could not long detain a monarch who had gone to the expense of creating a Versailles ten miles from Paris. With Versailles, Fontainebleau, Saint-Germain and Saint-Cloud within easy reach of their capital, the later French sovereigns had little reason to take the air in the dreariest province of their kingdom. Chambord therefore suffered from royal indifference, though in the last century a use was found for its deserted halls. In 1725 it was occupied by the luckless Stanislaus Leszczynski, who spent the greater part of his life in being elected King of Poland and being ousted from his throne, and who, at this time a refugee in France, had found a compensation for some of his misfortunes in marrying his daughter to Louis XV. He lived eight years at Chambord, and filled up the moats of the castle. In 1748 it found an illustrious tenant in the person of Maurice de Saxe, the victor of Fontenoy, who, however, two years after he had taken possession of it, terminated a life which would have been longer had he been less determined to make it agreeable. The Revolution, of course, was not kind to Chambord. It despoiled it in so far as possible of every vestige of its royal origin, and swept like a whirlwind through apartments to which upwards of two centuries had contributed a treasure of decoration and furniture. In that wild blast these precious things were destroyed or forever scattered. In 1791 an odd proposal was made to the French government by a company of

English Quakers, who had conceived the bold idea of establishing in the palace a manufacture of some commodity not to-day recorded — possibly of soap or of candles. Napoleon allotted Chambord as a “dotation” to one of his marshals, Berthier, for whose benefit it was converted, in Napoleonic fashion, into the so-called principality of Wagram. By the Princess of Wagram, the marshal’s widow, it was after the Restoration sold to the trustees of a national subscription, which had been established for the purpose of presenting it to the infant Duke of Bordeaux, then prospective King of France. The presentation was duly made, but the Comte de Chambord, who had changed his title in recognition of the gift, was despoiled of his property by the government of Louis Philippe. He appealed for redress to the tribunals of his country, and the consequence of his appeal was an interminable litigation, by which, however, finally, after the lapse of twenty-five years, he was established in his rights. In 1871 he paid his first visit to the domain which had been offered him half a century before, a term of which he had spent forty years in exile. It was from Chambord that he dated his famous letter of the 5th of July of that year — the letter, directed to his so-called subjects, in which he waves aloft the white flag of the Bourbons. This amazing epistle, which is virtually an invitation to the French people to repudiate, as their national ensign, that immortal tricolor, the flag of the Revolution and the Empire, under which they have won the glory which of all glories has hitherto been dearest to them, and which is associated with the most romantic, the most heroic, the epic, the consolatory, period of their history — this luckless manifesto, I say, appears to give the measure of the political wisdom of the excellent Henry V. It is the most factitious proposal ever addressed to an eminently ironical nation. On the whole, Chambord

makes a great impression, and the hour I was there, while the yellow afternoon light slanted upon the September woods, there was a dignity in its desolation. It spoke, with a muffled but audible voice, of the vanished monarchy, which had been so strong, so splendid, but to-day has become a sort of fantastic vision, like the cupolas and chimneys that rose before me. I thought, while I lingered there, of all the fine things it takes to make up such a monarchy; and how one of them is a superfluity of mouldering, empty palaces. Chambord is touching — that is the best word for it; and if the hopes of another restoration are in the follies of the Republic, a little reflection on that eloquence of ruin ought to put the Republic on its guard. A sentimental tourist may venture to remark that in the presence of several châteaux which appeal in this mystical manner to the retrospective imagination, it cannot afford to be foolish. I thought of all this as I drove back to Blois by the way of the Château de Cheverny. The road took us out of the park of Chambord, but through a region of flat woodland, where the trees were not mighty, and again into the prosy plain of the Sologne; a thankless soil, all of it, I believe, but lately much amended by the magic of cheerful French industry and thrift. The light had already begun to fade, and my drive reminded me of a passage in some rural novel of Madame Sand. I passed a couple of timber and plaster churches, which looked very old, black, and crooked, and had picturesque wooden porches and galleries encircling the base. By the time I reached Cheverny, the clear twilight had approached. It was late to ask to be allowed to visit an inhabited house; but it was the hour at which I like best to visit almost anything. My coachman drew up before a gateway, in a high wall, which opened upon a short avenue, along which I took my way on foot; the coachmen in those parts being, for reasons best known to

themselves, mortally averse to driving up to a house. I answered the challenge of a very tidy little portress, who sat, in company with a couple of children, enjoying the evening air in front of her lodge, and who told me to walk a little further and turn to the right. I obeyed her to the letter, and my turn brought me into sight of a house as charming as an old manor in a fairy-tale. I had but a rapid and partial view of Cheverny; but that view was a glimpse of perfection. A light, sweet mansion stood looking over a wide green lawn, over banks of flowers and groups of trees. It had a striking character of elegance, produced partly by a series of Renaissance busts let into circular niches in the façade. The place looked so private, so reserved, that it seemed an act of violence to ring, a stranger and foreigner, at the graceful door. But if I had not rung I should be unable to express — as it is such a pleasure to do — my sense of the exceeding courtesy with which this admirable house is shown. It was near the dinner-hour — the most sacred hour of the day; but I was freely conducted into the inhabited apartments. They are extremely beautiful. What I chiefly remember is the charming staircase of white embroidered stone, and the great *salle des gardes* and *chambre à coucher du roi* on the second floor. Cheverny, built in 1634, is of a much later date than the other royal residences of this part of France; it belongs to the end of the Renaissance, and has a touch of the rococo. The guard-room is a superb apartment, and as it contains little save its magnificent ceiling and fire-place and certain dim tapestries on its walls, you the more easily take the measure of its noble proportions. The servant opened the shutters of a single window, and the last rays of the twilight slanted into the rich brown gloom. It was in the same picturesque fashion that I saw the bedroom (adjoining) of Henry IV., where a legendary-looking bed, draped in folds

long unaltered, defined itself in the haunted dusk. Cheverny remains to me a very charming, a partly mysterious vision. I drove back to Blois in the dark, some nine miles, through the forest of Russy, which belongs to the state, and which, though consisting apparently of small timber, looked under the stars sufficiently vast and primeval. There was a damp autumnal smell and the occasional sound of a stirring thing, and as I moved through the evening air I thought of Francis I. and Henry IV.

VI.

You may go to Amboise either from Blois or from Tours; it is about half-way between these towns. The great point is to go, especially if you have put it off repeatedly; and to go, if possible, on a day when the great view of the Loire, which you enjoy from the battlements and terraces, presents itself under a friendly sky. Three persons, of whom the author of these lines was one, spent the greater part of a perfect Sunday morning in looking at it. It was astonishing, in the course of the rainiest season in the memory of the oldest Tourangeau, how many perfect days we found to our hand. The town of Amboise lies, like Tours, on the left bank of the river, a little white-faced town, staring across an admirable bridge, and leaning, behind, as it were, against the pedestal of rock on which the dark castle masses itself. The town is so small, the pedestal so big, and the castle so high and striking, that the clustered houses at the base of the rock are like the crumbs that have fallen from a well-laden table. You pass among them, however, to ascend by a circuit to the château, which you attack, obliquely, from behind. It is the property of the Comte de Paris, another pretender to the French throne; having come to him remotely, by inheritance, from his ancestor, the Duc de Penthièvre, who toward the close of the last century bought it

from the crown, which had recovered it after a lapse. Like the castle of Blois it has been sadly injured and defaced by base uses, but unlike the castle of Blois it has not been completely restored. "It is very, very dirty, but very curious:" it is in these terms that I heard it described by an English lady, who was generally to be found engaged upon a tattered Tauchnitz in the little *salon de lecture* of the hotel at Tours. The description is not inaccurate; but it should be said that if part of the dirtiness of Amboise is the result of its having served for years as a barrack and as a prison, part of it comes from the presence of restoring stone-masons, who have woven over a considerable portion of it a mask of scaffolding. There is a good deal of neatness as well, and the restoration of some of the parts seems finished. This process, at Amboise, consists for the most part of simply removing the vulgar excrescences of the last two centuries. The interior is virtually a blank, the old apartments having been chopped up into small modern rooms; it will have to be completely reconstructed. A worthy woman, with a military profile and that sharp, positive manner which the goodwives who show you through the châteaux of Touraine are rather apt to have, and in whose high respectability, to say nothing of the frill of her cap and the cut of her thick brown dress, my companions and I thought we discovered the particular note or *nuance* of Orleanism — a competent, appreciative, peremptory person, I say — attended us through the particularly delightful hour we spent upon the ramparts of Amboise. Denuded and disfeatured within, and bristling without with bricklayers' ladders, the place was yet extraordinarily impressive and interesting. I should confess that we spent a great deal of time in looking at the view. Sweet was the view and magnificent; we preferred it so much to certain portions of the interior, and to

occasional effusions of historical information, that the old lady with the profile sometimes lost patience with us. We laid ourselves open to the charge of preferring it even to the little chapel of St. Hubert, which stands on the edge of the great terrace, and has, over the portal, a wonderful sculpture of the miraculous hunt of that holy man. In the way of plastic art this elaborate scene is the gem of Amboise. It seemed to us that we had never been in a place where there are so many points of vantage to look down from. In the matter of position Amboise is certainly supreme among the old houses of the Loire; and I say this with a due recollection of the claims of Chaumont and of Loches — which latter, by the way (excuse the Hibernianism), is not on the Loire. The platforms, the bastions, the terraces, the high-perched windows and balconies, the hanging gardens and dizzy crenellations of this complicated structure, keep you in perpetual relation with an immense horizon. The great feature of the place is the obligatory round tower which occupies the northern end of it, and which has now been completely restored. It is of astounding size, a fortress in itself, and contains (instead of a staircase) a wonderful inclined plane, so wide and so gradual that a coach and four might be driven to the top. This colossal cylinder has to-day no visible use; but it corresponds, happily enough, with the great circle of the prospect. The gardens of Amboise, perched in the air, covering the irregular remnants of the platform on which the castle stands, and making up in picturesqueness what they lack in extent, constitute of course but a scanty domain. But bathed, as we found them, in the autumn sunshine, and doubly private from their aerial site, they offered irresistible opportunities for a stroll, interrupted, as one leaned against their low parapets, by long, contemplative pauses. I remember, in particular, a certain terrace,

planted with clipped limes, upon which we looked down from the summit of the big tower. It seemed from that point to be absolutely necessary to one's happiness to go down and spend the rest of the morning there; it was an ideal place to walk to and fro and talk. Our venerable conductress, to whom our relation had gradually become more filial, permitted us to gratify this innocent wish — to the extent, that is, of taking a turn or two under the mossy *tilleuls*. At the end of this terrace is the low door in a wall, against the top of which, in 1498, Charles VIII., according to an accepted tradition, knocked his head to such good purpose that he died. It was within the walls of Amboise that his widow, Anne of Brittany, already in mourning for three children, two of whom we have seen commemorated in sepulchral marble at Tours, spent the first violence of that grief which was presently dispelled by a union with her husband's cousin and successor, Louis XII. Amboise was a frequent resort of the French court during the sixteenth century; it was here that the young Mary Stuart spent sundry hours of her first marriage. The wars of religion have left here the ineffaceable stain which they left wherever they passed. An imaginative visitor at Amboise to-day may fancy that the traces of blood are mixed with the red rust on the crossed iron bars of the grim-looking balcony, to which the heads of the Huguenots executed on the discovery of the conspiracy of La Renaudie are rumored to have been suspended. There was room on the stout balustrade — an admirable piece of work — for a ghastly array. The same rumor represents Catherine de' Medici and the young queen as watching from this balcony the *noyades* of the captured Huguenots in the Loire. The facts of history are bad enough, the fictions are, if possible, worse; but there is little doubt that the future Queen of Scots learnt the first

lessons of life at a horrible school. If in subsequent years she was a prodigy of innocence and virtue, it was not the fault of her whilom mother-in-law, of her uncles of the house of Guise, or of the examples presented to her either at the windows of the castle of Amboise or in its more private recesses. It was difficult to believe in these dark deeds, however, as we looked through the golden morning at the placidity of the far-shining Loire. The ultimate consequence of this spectacle was a desire to follow the river as far as the castle of Chaumont. It is true that the cruelties practiced of old at Amboise might have seemed less phantasmal to persons destined to suffer from a modern form of inhumanity. The mistress of the little inn at the base of the castle rock — it stands very pleasantly beside the river, and we had breakfasted there — declared to us that the Château de Chaumont, which is often, during the autumn, closed to visitors, was at that particular moment standing so wide open to receive us that it was our duty to hire one of her carriages and drive thither with speed. This assurance was so satisfactory that we presently found ourselves seated in this wily woman's most commodious vehicle, and rolling, neither too fast nor too slow, along the margin of the Loire. The drive of about an hour, beneath constant clumps of chestnuts, was charming enough to have been taken for itself; and indeed, when we reached Chaumont, we saw that our reward was to be simply the usual reward of virtue — the consciousness of having attempted the right. The Château de Chaumont was inexorably closed: so we learned from a talkative lodge-keeper, who gave what grace she could to her refusal. This good woman's dilemma was almost touching; she wished to reconcile two impossibles. The castle was not to be visited, for the family of its master was staying there; and yet she was loath to turn away a party of

which she was good enough to say that it had a "*grand genre*," for, as she also remarked, she had her living to earn. She tried to arrange a compromise, one of the elements of which was that we should descend from our carriage and trudge up a hill, which would bring us to a designated point, where, over the paling of the garden, we might obtain an oblique and surreptitious view of a small portion of the castle-walls. This suggestion led us to inquire (of each other) to what degree of baseness it is allowed to an enlightened lover of the picturesque to resort, in order to catch a glimpse of a feudal château. One of our trio decided, characteristically, against any form of derogation; so she sat in the carriage and sketched some object that was public property, while her two companions, who were not so proud, trudged up a muddy ascent which formed a kind of back-stairs. It is perhaps no more than they deserved that they were disappointed. Chaumont is feudal, if you please; but the modern spirit is in possession. It forms a vast clean-scraped mass, with big round towers, ungarnished with a leaf of ivy or a patch of moss, surrounded by gardens of moderate extent (save where the muddy lane of which I speak passes near it), and looking rather like an enormously magnified villa. The great merit of Chaumont is its position, which almost exactly resembles that of Amboise: it sweeps the river up and down, and seems to look over half the province. This, however, was better appreciated as, after coming down the hill and reëntering the carriage, we drove across the long suspension-bridge which crosses the Loire just beyond the village, and over which we made our way to the small station of Onzain, at the farther end, to take the train back to Tours. Look back from the middle of this bridge; the whole picture composes, as the painters say. The towers, the pinnacles, the fair front of the château,

perched above its fringe of garden and the rusty roofs of the village, and facing the afternoon sky, which is reflected also in the great stream that sweeps below — all this makes a contribution to your happiest memories of Touraine.

VII.

We never went to Chinon; it was a fatality. We planned it a dozen times, but the weather interfered, or the trains did n't suit, or one of the party was fatigued with the adventures of the day before. This excursion was so much postponed that it was finally postponed to everything. Besides, we had to go to Chenonceaux, to Azay-le-Rideau, to Langeais, to Loches. So I have not the memory of Chinon; I have only the regret. But regret, as well as memory, has its visions; especially when, like memory, it is assisted by photographs. The castle of Chinon, in this form, appears to me as an enormous ruin, a mediæval fortress of the extent almost of a city. It covers a hill above the Vienne, and after being impregnable in its time is indestructible to-day. (I risk this phrase in the face of the prosaic truth. Chinon, in the days when it was a prize, more than once suffered capture, and at present it is crumbling inch by inch. It is apparent, however, I believe, that these inches encroach little upon acres of masonry.) It was in the castle that Jeanne Darc had her first interview with Charles VII., and it is in the town that François Rabelais is supposed to have been born. To the castle, moreover, the lover of the picturesque is earnestly recommended to direct his steps. But one cannot do everything, and I would rather have missed Chinon than Chenonceaux. Fortunate exceedingly were the few hours that we passed at this exquisite residence.

"In 1747," says Jean-Jacques Rousseau, in his *Confessions*, "we went to spend the autumn in Touraine, at the château of Chenonceaux, a royal resi-

dence upon the Cher, built by Henry II. for Diana of Poitiers, whose initials are still to be seen there, and now in possession of M. Dupin, the farmer-general. We amused ourselves greatly in this fine spot; the living was of the best, and I became as fat as a monk. We made a great deal of music and acted comedies." This is the only description that Rousseau gives of one of the most picturesque houses in France, and of an episode that must have counted as one of the most agreeable in his uncomfortable career. The eighteenth century contented itself with general epithets, and when Jean-Jacques has said that Chenonceaux was a "beau lieu" he thinks himself absolved from further characterization. We later sons of time have, both for our pleasure and our pain, invented the fashion of special terms, and I am afraid that even common decency obliges me to pay some larger tribute than this to the architectural gem of Touraine. Fortunately, I can discharge my debt with gratitude. In going from Tours you leave the valley of the Loire and enter that of the Cher, and at the end of about an hour you see the turrets of the castle on your right, among the trees, down in the meadows, beside the quiet little river. The station and the village are about ten minutes' walk from the château, and the village contains a very tidy inn, where, if you are not in too great a hurry to commune with the shades of the royal favorite and the jealous queen, you will perhaps stop and order a dinner to be ready for you in the evening. A straight, tall avenue leads to the grounds of the castle; what I owe to exactitude compels me to add that it is crossed by the railway-line. The place is so arranged, however, that the château need know nothing of passing trains — which pass, indeed, though the grounds are not large, at a very sufficient distance. I may add that the trains throughout this part of France have a noiseless, desultory,

dawdling, almost stationary quality, which makes them less of an offense than usual. It was a Sunday afternoon, and the light was yellow, save under the trees of the avenue, where, in spite of the waning of September, it was dusky green. Three or four peasants, in festal attire, were strolling about. On a bench, at the beginning of the avenue, sat a man with two women. As I advanced with my companions he rose, after a sudden stare, and approached me with a smile, in which (to be Johnsonian for a moment) certitude was mitigated by modesty, and eagerness was embellished with respect. He came toward me with a salutation that I had seen before, and I am happy to say that after an instant I ceased to be guilty of the brutality of not knowing where. There was only one place in the world where people smile like that — only one place where the art of salutation has that perfect grace. This excellent creature used to crook his arm, in Venice, when I stepped into my gondola; and I now laid my hand on that member with the familiarity of glad recognition; for it was only surprise that had kept me even for a moment from accepting the genial Francesco as an ornament of the landscape of Touraine. What on earth — the phrase is the right one — was a Venetian gondolier doing at Chenonceaux? He had been brought from Venice, gondola and all, by the mistress of the charming house, to paddle about on the Cher. Our meeting was affectionate, though there was a kind of violence in seeing him so far from home. He was too well dressed, too well fed; he had grown stout, and his nose had the tinge of good claret. He remarked that the life of the household to which he had the honor to belong was that of a *casa regia*; which must have been a great change for poor Checco, whose habits in Venice were not regal. However, he was the sympathetic Checco still; and for five minutes after I left him I

thought less about the little pleasure-house by the Cher than about the palaces of the Adriatic. But attention was not long in coming round to the charming structure that presently rose before us. The pale yellow front of the château, the small scale of which is at first a surprise, rises beyond a considerable court, at the entrance of which a massive and detached round tower, with a turret on its brow (a relic of the building that preceded the actual villa), appears to keep guard. This court is not inclosed — or is inclosed, at least, only by the gardens, portions of which are at present in a state of reformation. Therefore, though Chenonceaux has no great height, its delicate façade stands up boldly enough. This façade, one of the most finished things in Touraine, consists of two stories, surmounted by an attic which, as so often in the buildings of the French Renaissance, is the richest part of the house. The high-pitched roof contains three windows of beautiful design, covered with embroidered caps and flowering into crocketed spires. The window above the door is deeply niched; it opens upon a balcony made in the form of a double pulpit — one of the most charming features of the front. Chenonceaux is not large, as I say, but into its delicate compass is packed a great deal of history — history which differs from that of Amboise and Blois in being of the private and sentimental kind. The echoes of the place, faint and far as they are to-day, are not political, but personal. Chenonceaux dates, as a residence, from the year 1515, when the shrewd Thomas Bohier, a public functionary who had grown rich in handling the finances of Normandy, and had acquired the estate from a family which, after giving it many feudal lords, had fallen into poverty, erected the present structure on the foundations of an old mill. The design is attributed, with I know not what justice, to Pierre Nepveu, *alias* Trinqueau, the audacious ar-

chitect of Chambord. On the death of Bohier the house passed to his son, who, however, was forced, under cruel pressure, to surrender it to the crown, in compensation for a so-called deficit in the accounts of the late superintendent of the treasury. Francis I. held the place till his death, but Henry II., on ascending the throne, presented it out of hand to that mature charmer, the admired of two generations, Diana of Poitiers. Diana enjoyed it till the death of her protector; but when this event occurred, the widow of the monarch, who had been obliged to submit in silence, for years, to the ascendancy of a rival, took the most pardonable of all the revenges with which the name of Catherine de' Medici is associated, and turned her out-of-doors. Diana was not in want of refuges, and Catherine went through the form of giving her Chaumont in exchange; but there was only one Chenonceaux. Catherine devoted herself to making the place more completely unique. The feature that renders it sole of its kind is not appreciated till you wander round to either side of the house. If a certain springing lightness is the characteristic of Chenonceaux, if it bears in every line the aspect of a place of recreation, a place intended for delicate, chosen pleasures, nothing can confirm this expression better than the strange, unexpected movement with which, from behind, it carries itself across the river. The earlier building stands in the water; it had inherited the foundations of the mill destroyed by Thomas Bohier. The first step, therefore, had been taken upon solid piles of masonry, and the ingenious Catherine — she was a *raffinée* — simply proceeded to take the others. She continued the piles to the opposite bank of the Cher, and over them she threw a long, straight gallery of two stories. This part of the château, which looks simply like a house built upon a bridge and occupying its entire length, is of

course the great curiosity of Chenonceaux. It forms on each floor a charming corridor, which, within, is illuminated from either side by the flickering river-light. The architecture of these galleries, seen from without, is less elegant than that of the main building, but the aspect of the whole thing is delightful. I have spoken of Chenonceaux as a "villa," using the word advisedly, for the place is neither a castle nor a palace. It is a great villa, but it has the villa quality — the look of being intended for life in common. This look is not at all contradicted by the wing across the Cher, which only suggests intimate pleasures, as the French say: walks, in pairs, on rainy days; games and dances on autumn nights; together with as much as may be of moonlighted dialogue (or silence) in the course of evenings more genial still, in the well-marked recesses of windows. It is safe to say that such things took place there in the last century, during the kindly reign of Monsieur and Madame Dupin. This period presents itself as the happiest in the annals of Chenonceaux. I know not what festive train the great Diana may have led, and my imagination, I am afraid, is only feebly kindled by the records of the luxurious pastimes organized on the banks of the Cher by the terrible daughter of the Medici, whose appreciation of the good things of life was perfectly consistent with a failure to perceive why others should live to enjoy them. The best society that ever assembled there was collected at Chenonceaux during the middle of the eighteenth century. This was surely, in France at least, the age of good society, the period when it was well for appreciative people to have been born. Such people should of course have belonged to the fortunate few, and not to the miserable many, for the prime condition of a society being good is that it be not too large. The sixty years that preceded the French Revolution were

the golden age of fireside talk and of those pleasures which proceed from the presence of women in whom the social art is both instinctive and acquired. The women of that period were, above all, good company; the fact is attested by a thousand documents. Chenonceaux offered a perfect setting to free conversation; and infinite joyous discourse must have mingled with the liquid murmur of the Cher. Claude Dupin was not only a great man of business, but a man of honor and a patron of knowledge; and his wife was gracious, clever, and wise. They had acquired this famous property by purchase (from one of the Bourbons; for Chenonceaux, for two centuries after the death of Catherine de' Medici, remained constantly in princely hands), and it was transmitted to their son, Dupin de Francueil, grandfather of Madame George Sand. This lady, in her Correspondence, lately published, describes a visit that she paid, more than thirty years ago, to those members of her family who were still in possession. The owner of Chenonceaux to-day is the daughter of an Englishman naturalized in France. But I have wandered far from my story, which is simply a sketch of the surface of the place. Seen obliquely, from either side, in combination with its bridge and gallery, the château is singular and fantastic, a striking example of a willful and capricious conception. Unfortunately, all caprices are not so graceful and successful, and I grudge the honor of this one to the false and blood-polluted Catherine. (To be exact, I believe the arches of the bridge were laid by the elderly Diana. It was Catherine, however, who completed the monument.) Within, the house has been, as usual, restored. The staircases and ceilings, in all the old royal residences of this part of France, are the parts that have suffered least; many of them have still much of the life of the old time about them. Some of the chambers of Chenonceaux, however, en-

cumbered as they are with modern detail, derive a sufficiently haunted and suggestive look from the deep setting of their beautiful windows, which thickens the shadows and makes dark corners. There is a charming little gothic chapel, with its apse hanging over the water, fastened to the left flank of the house. Some of the upper balconies, which look along the outer face of the gallery, and either up or down the river, are delightful protected nooks. We walked through the lower gallery to the other bank of the Cher; this fine apartment appeared to be for the moment a purgatory of ancient furniture. It terminates rather abruptly; it simply stops with a blank wall. There ought, of course, to have been a pavilion here, though I prefer very much the old defect to any modern remedy. The wall is not so blank, however, but that it contains a door which opens on a rusty draw-bridge. This draw-bridge traverses the small gap which divides the end of the gallery from the bank of the stream. The house, therefore, does not literally rest on opposite edges of the Cher, but rests on one and just fails to rest on the other. The pavilion would have made that up; but after a moment we ceased to miss this imaginary feature. We passed the little draw-bridge, and wandered a while beside the river. From this opposite bank the mass of the château looked more charming than ever; and the little peaceful, lazy Cher, where two or three men were fishing in the eventide, flowed under the clear arches and between the solid pedestals of the part that spanned it, with the softest, vaguest light on its bosom. This was the right perspective; we were looking across the river of time. The whole scene was deliciously mild. The moon came up; we passed back through the gallery and strolled about a little longer in the gardens. It was very still. I met my old gondolier in the twilight. He showed me his gondola; but I hated, somehow, to see it

there. I don't like, as the French say, to *mêler les genres*. A gondola in a little flat French river? The image was not less irritating, if less injurious, than the spectacle of a steamer in the Grand Canal, which had driven me away from Venice a year and a half before. We took our way back to the Grand Monarque, and waited in the little inn-parlor for a late train to Tours. We were not impatient, for we had an excellent dinner to occupy us; and even after we had dined we were still content to sit a while and exchange remarks upon the superior civilization of France. Where else, at a village-inn, should we have fared so well? Where else should we have sat down to our refreshment without condescension? There were two or three countries in which it would not have been well for us to arrive hungry on a Sunday evening, at so modest an hostelry. At the little inn at Chenonceaux the *cuisine* was not only excellent, but the service was graceful. We were waited on by mademoiselle and her mamma; it was so that mademoiselle alluded to the elder lady, as she uncorked for us a bottle of Vouvray mousseux. We were very comfortable, very genial; we even went so far as to say to each other that Vouvray mousseux was a delightful wine. From this opinion, indeed, one of our trio differed; but this member of the party had already exposed herself to the charge of being too fastidious, by declining to descend from the carriage at Chaumont and take that back-stairs view of the castle.

VIII.

Without fastidiousness, it was fair to declare, on the other hand, that the little inn at Azay-le-Rideau was very bad. It was terribly dirty, and it was in charge of a fat *mégère* whom the appearance of four trustful travelers — we were four, with an illustrious fourth, on that occasion — roused apparently to fury. I attached a great importance to

this incongruous hostess, for she uttered the only uncivil words I heard spoken (in connection with any business of my own) during a tour of some six weeks in France. Breakfast not at Azay-le-Rideau, therefore, too trustful traveler; or if you do so, be either very meek or very bold. Breakfast not, save under stress of circumstance; but let no circumstance whatever prevent you from going to see the admirable château, which is almost a rival of Chenonceaux. The village lies close to the gates, though after you pass these gates you leave it well behind. A little avenue, as at Chenonceaux, leads to the house, making a pretty vista as you approach the sculptured doorway. Azay is a most perfect and beautiful thing; I should place it third in any list of the great houses of this part of France in which these houses should be ranked according to charm. For beauty of detail it comes after Blois and Chenonceaux; but it comes before Amboise and Chambord. On the other hand, of course, it is inferior in majesty to either of these vast structures. Like Chenonceaux it is a watery place, though it is more meagrely moated than the little château on the Cher. It consists of a large square *corps de logis*, with a round tower at each angle, rising out of a somewhat too slumberous pond. The water — the water of the Indre — surrounds it, but it is only on one side that it bathes its feet in the moat. On one of the others there is a little terrace, treated as a garden, and in front there is a wide court, formed by a wing which, on the right, comes forward. This front, covered with sculptures, is of the richest, stateliest effect. The court is approached by a bridge over the pond, and the house would reflect itself in this wealth of water if the water were a trifle less opaque. But there is a certain stagnation — it affects more senses than one — about the picturesque pools of Azay. On the hither side of the bridge is a garden, over-

shadowed by fine old sycamores — a garden shut in by greenhouses and by a fine last-century gateway, flanked with twin lodges. Beyond the cheâteau and the standing waters behind it is a so-called *parc*, which, however, it must be confessed, has little of park-like beauty. The old houses (many of them, that is) remain, in France; but the old timber does not remain, and the denuded aspect of the few acres that surround the châteaux of Touraine is pitiful to the traveler who has learned to take the measure of such things from the manors and castles of England. The domain of the lordly Chaumont is that of an English suburban villa; and in that and in other places there is little suggestion, in the untended aspect of walk and lawns, of the vigilant British gardener. The manor of Azay, as seen to-day, dates from the early part of the sixteenth century, and the industrious Abbé Chevalier, in his very entertaining though slightly rose-colored book on Touraine,¹ speaks of it as “perhaps the purest expression of the *belle Renaissance française*.” “Its height,” he goes on, “is divided between two stories, terminating under the roof in a projecting entablature which imitates a row of machicolations. Carven chimneys and tall dormer windows, covered with imagery, rise from the roofs; turrets on brackets, of elegant shape, hang with the greatest lightness from the angles of the building. The soberness of the main lines, the harmony of the empty spaces and those that are filled out, the prominence of the crowning parts, the delicacy of all the details, constitute an enchanting whole.” And then the Abbé speaks of the admirable staircase which adorns the north front, and which, with its extension inside, constitutes the principal treasure of Azay. The staircase passes beneath one of the richest of porticos — a portico over which a monumental sal-

amander indulges in the most decorative contortions. The sculptured vaults of stone which cover the windings of the staircase within, the fruits, flowers, ciphers, heraldic signs, are of the noblest effect. The interior of the chateau is rich, comfortable, extremely modern; but it makes no picture that compares with its external face, about which, with its charming proportions, its profuse yet not extravagant sculpture, there is something very tranquil and pure. I took a particular fancy to the roof, high, steep, old, with its slope of bluish slate, and the way the weather-worn chimneys seemed to grow out of it, like living things out of a deep soil. The only defect of the house is the blankness and bareness of its walls, which have none of those delicate parasites attached to them that one likes to see on the surface of old dwellings. It is true that this bareness results in a kind of silvery whiteness of complexion, which carries out the tone of the quiet pools and even that of the scanty and shadeless park.

IX.

I hardly know what to say about the tone of Langeais, which, though I have left it to the end of my sketch, formed the objective point of the first excursion I made from Tours. Langeais is rather dark and gray; it is perhaps the simplest and most severe of all the castles of the Loire. I don't know why I should have gone to see it before any other, unless it be because I remembered the Duchesse de Langeais, who figures in several of Balzac's novels, and found this association very potent. The Duchesse de Langeais is a somewhat transparent fiction; but the castle from which Balzac borrowed the title of his heroine is an extremely solid fact. My doubt just above as to whether I should pronounce it exceptionally gray came from my having seen it under a sky which made most things look dark. I have, however, a very kindly memory of that

¹ Promenades pittoresques en Touraine. Tours. 1869.

moist and melancholy afternoon, which was much more autumnal than many of the days that followed it. Langeais lies down the Loire, near the river, on the opposite side from Tours, and to go to it you will spend half an hour in the train. You pass on the way the Château de Luynes, which, with its round towers catching the afternoon light, looks uncommonly well on a hill at a distance; you pass also the ruins of the castle of Cinq-Mars, the ancestral dwelling of the young favorite of Louis XIII., the victim of Richelieu, the hero of Alfred de Vigny's novel, which is usually recommended to young ladies engaged in the study of French. Langeais is very imposing and decidedly sombre; it marks the transition from the architecture of defense to that of elegance. It rises, massive and perpendicular, out of the centre of the village to which it gives its name, and which it entirely dominates; so that as you stand before it, in the crooked and empty street, there is no resource for you but to stare up at its heavy overhanging cornice and at the huge towers surmounted with extinguishers of slate. If you follow this street to the end, however, you encounter in abundance the usual embellishments of a French village: little ponds or tanks, with women on their knees on the brink, pounding and thumping a lump of saturated linen; brown old crones, the tone of whose facial hide makes their night-caps (worn by day) look dazzling; little alleys perforating the thickness of a row of cottages, and showing you behind, as a glimpse, the vividness of a green garden. In the rear of the castle rises a hill which must formerly have been occupied by some of its appurtenances, and which indeed is still partly inclosed within its court. You may walk round this eminence, which, with the small houses of the village at its base, shuts in the castle from behind. The inclosure is not defiantly guarded, however, for a small, rough path, which

you presently reach, leads up to an open gate. This gate admits you to a vague and rather limited parc, which covers the crest of the hill, and through which you may walk into the gardens of the castle. These gardens, of small extent, confront the dark walls with their brilliant parterres, and covering the gradual slope of the hill form, as it were, the fourth side of the court. This is the stateliest view of the château, which looks sufficiently grim and gray as, after asking leave of a neat young woman who sallies out to learn your errand, you sit there on a garden bench and take the measure of the three tall towers attached to this inner front and forming severally the cage of a staircase. The huge bracketed cornice (one of the features of Langeais), which is merely ornamental, as it is not machicolated, though it looks so, is continued on the inner face as well. The whole thing has a fine feudal air, though it was erected on the ruins of feudalism. The main event in the history of the castle is the marriage of Anne of Brittany to her first husband, Charles VIII., which took place in its great hall in 1491. Into this great hall we were introduced by the neat young woman — into this great hall and into sundry other halls, winding staircases, galleries, chambers. The cicerone of Langeais is in too great a hurry; the fact is pointed out in the excellent Guide-Joanne. This ill-dissimulated vice, however, is to be observed, in the country of the Loire, in every one who carries a key. It is true that at Langeais there is no great occasion to indulge in the tourist's weakness of dawdling; for the apartments, though they contain many curious odds and ends of antiquity, are not of first-rate interest. They are cold and musty indeed, with that touching smell of old furniture, as all apartments should be through which the insatiate American wanders in the rear of a bored domestic, pausing to stare at a faded tapestry

or to read the name on the frame of some simpering portrait. To return to Tours my companion and I had counted on a train which (as is not uncommon in France) existed only in the *Indicateur des Chemins de Fer*; and instead of waiting for another we engaged a vehicle to take us home. A sorry *carriole* or *patache* it proved to be, with the accessories of a lumbering white mare and a little wizened, ancient peasant, who had put on, in honor of the occasion, a new blouse of extraordinary stiffness and blueness. We hired the trap of an energetic woman who put it "to" with her own hands; women, in Touraine and the Blésois appearing to have the best of it in the business of letting vehicles, as well as in many other industries. There is in fact no branch of human activity in which one is not liable, in France, to find a woman engaged. Women, indeed, are not priests; but priests are, more or less, women. They are not in the army, it may be said; but then they *are* the army. They are very formidable. In France one must count with the women. The drive back from Langeais to Tours was long, slow, cold; we had an occasional spatter of rain. But the road passes most of the way close to the Loire, and there was something in our jog-trot through the darkening land, beside the flowing river, which it was very possible to enjoy.

X.

The consequence of my leaving to the last my little mention of Loches is that space and opportunity fail me; and yet a brief and hurried account of that extraordinary spot would after all be in best agreement with my visit. We snatched a fearful joy, my companion and I, the afternoon we took the train for Loches. The weather this time had been terribly against us: again and again a day that promised fair became hopelessly foul after lunch. At last we determined that if we could not make this

excursion in the sunshine, we would make it with the aid of our umbrellas. We grasped them firmly and started for the station, where we were detained an unconscionable time by the evolutions, outside, of certain trains laden with liberated (and exhilarated) conscripts. who, their term of service ended, were about to be restored to civil life. The trains in Touraine are provoking; they serve as little as possible for excursions. If they convey you one way at the right hour, it is on the condition of bringing you back at the wrong; they either allow you far too little time to examine the castle or the ruin, or they leave you planted in front of it for periods that outlast curiosity. They are perverse, capricious, exasperating. It was a question of our having but an hour or two at Loches, and we could ill afford to sacrifice to accidents. One of the accidents, however, was that the rain stopped before we got there, leaving behind it a moist mildness of temperature and a cool and lowering sky, which were in perfect agreement with the gray old city. Loches is certainly one of the greatest impressions of the traveler in central France — the largest cluster of curious things that presents itself to his sight. It rises above the valley of the Indre, the charming stream set in meadows and sedges, which wanders through the province of Berry and through many of the novels of Madame George Sand; lifting from the summit of a hill, which it covers to the base, a confusion of terraces, ramparts, towers and spires. Having but little time, as I say, we scaled the hill again, and wandered briskly through this labyrinth of antiquities. The rain had decidedly stopped, and save that we had our train on our minds, we saw Loches to the best advantage. We enjoyed that sensation with which the conscientious tourist is — or ought to be — well acquainted, and for which, at any rate, he has a formula, in his rough-and-ready language. We "experienced,"

as they say, an "agreeable disappointment." We were surprised and delighted; we had not suspected that Loches was so good. I hardly know what is best there: the strange and impressive little collegial church, with its Romanesque atrium or narthex, its doorways covered with primitive sculpture of the richest kind, its treasure of a so-called pagan altar, embossed with fighting warriors, its three pyramidal domes, so unexpected, so sinister, which I have not met elsewhere, in church architecture; or the huge square keep, of the eleventh century, the most cliff-like tower I remember, whose immeasurable thickness I did not penetrate; or the subterranean mysteries of two other less striking but not less historic dungeons, into which a terribly imperative little cicerone introduced us, with the aid of downward ladders, ropes, torches, warnings, extended hands, and many fearful anecdotes — all in impervious darkness. These horrible prisons of Loches, at an incredible distance below the daylight, were a favorite resource of Louis XI., and were for the most part, I believe, constructed by him. One of the towers of the castle is garnished with the hooks or supports of the celebrated iron cage in which he confined the Cardinal La Balue, who survived so much longer than might have been expected this extraordinary mixture of seclusion and exposure. All these things form part of the castle of Loches, whose enormous *enceinte* covers the whole of the top of the hill, and abounds in dismantled gateways, in crooked passages, in winding lanes that lead to postern doors, in long façades that look upon terraces interdicted to the visitor, who perceives with irritation that they command magnificent views. These views are the property of the sub-prefect of the department, who resides at the Château de Loches, and who has also the enjoyment of a garden — a garden compressed and curtailed, as those of old castles that perch on

hill-tops are apt to be — containing a horse-chestnut tree of fabulous size, a tree of a circumference so vast and so perfect that the whole population of Loches might sit in concentric rows beneath its boughs. The gem of the place, however, is neither the big *marronnier*, nor the collegial church, nor the mighty dungeon, nor the hideous prisons of Louis XI.; it is simply the tomb of Agnes Sorel, *la belle des belles*, so many years the mistress of Charles VII. She was buried, in 1450, in the collegial church, whence, in the beginning of the present century, her remains, with the monument that marks them, were transferred to one of the towers of the castle. She has always, I know not with what justice, enjoyed a fairer fame than most ladies who have occupied her position, and this fairness is expressed in the delicate statue that surmounts her tomb. It represents her lying there in lovely demureness, her hands folded with the best modesty, a little kneeling angel at either side of her head, and her feet, hidden in the folds of her decent robe, resting upon a pair of couchant lambs, innocent reminders of her name. Agnes, however, was not lamb-like, inasmuch as, according to popular tradition at least, she exerted herself sharply in favor of the expulsion of the English from France. It is one of the suggestions of Loches that the young Charles VII., hard put to it as he was for a treasury and a capital — "le roi de Bourges," he was called at Paris — was yet a rather privileged mortal, to stand up as he does before posterity between the noble Joan and the *gentille Agnès*; deriving, however, much more honor from one of these companions than from the other. Almost as delicate a relic of antiquity as this fascinating tomb is the exquisite oratory of Anne of Brittany, among the apartments of the castle the only chamber worthy of note. This small room, hardly larger than a closet, and forming part of the addition made to

the edifice by Charles VIII., is embroidered over with the curious and remarkably decorative device of the ermine and festooned cord. The objects in themselves are not especially graceful; but the constant repetition of the figure on the walls and ceiling produces an effect of richness, in spite of the modern whitewash with which, if I remember rightly, they have been endued. The little streets of Loches wander crookedly down the hill, and are full of charming pictorial "bits : " an old town-gate, passing under a mediæval tower, which is ornamented by gothic windows and the empty niches of statues; a meagre but delicate hôtel de ville, of the Renaissance, nestling close beside it; a curious *chancellerie* of the middle of the six-

teenth century, with mythological figures and a Latin inscription on the front—both of these latter buildings being rather unexpected features of the huddled and precipitous little town. Loches has a suburb on the other side of the Indre, which we had contented ourselves with looking down at from the heights, while we wondered whether, even if it had not been getting late and our train were more accommodating, we should care to take our way across the bridge and look up that bust, in terracotta, of Francis I., which is the principal ornament of the Château de Sansac and the faubourg of Beaulieu. I think we decided that we should not; that we were already quite well enough acquainted with the long nose of that monarch.

Henry James.

GLINTS OF NAHANT.

BEYOND the clatter of the town,
The surf-beat on the level strand,
The beds of sea-weed, dead and brown,
The ripple-etchings on the sand;

The wee sandpipers, as they fled
Like shadows down the sandy waste,
Pursuing every wave that fled,
And fleeing every wave that chased;

The isle, from whose lone cottage soon
The beacon light should flash aslant
Across the foam; the pale day-moon;
The purple headlands resonant;

The twilight, flecked with fading ships;
The passionate sea, that wooed the shore,
And kissed, with white and quivering lips,
Her garment's hem but could no more;

The night, with breaths of vague perfume,
And breezes wandering fitfully;
And ever, through the tremulous gloom,
The rhythmic thunder of the sea!

Charles F. Lummis.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

NOT many years ago, one day late in April — That is the way the story begins; but who could take time enough to describe either the place or the weather, since one was Beacon Street in Boston, and the other, as everybody had been saying, simply perfect? Mary Chester had just told the friend from whom she had parted at the corner of Park Street that it was the first day when one could be really comfortable in a spring dress. In the broad bay of the sidewalk, always sheltered by the high wall of the State House yard, a great fleet of baby-carriages was riding at anchor under a gorgeous rigging of blankets and afghans: while a dozen plump young persons, who had but lately learned the art of walking, toddled about and talked to each other, or else took shelter beside their maids, where, holding fast a hand, they surveyed the rest of the company and refused to make acquaintances.

Miss Chester walked quickly, with light steps. She had a pretty way of walking, and deft and slender feet. It was always a pleasure to see her go along the street, she was so much less awkward than most of her companions, and unlike them could hurry without its seeming unnatural, or a lately acquired kind of movement. She smiled, and had a consciousness that the spring dress was becoming, and she looked down the hill; but just then the sidewalk was quite deserted for some distance ahead. Two or three of the children ran toward her eagerly, with pretty chatter, and she stooped to kiss them and delayed good-naturedly to admire their dolls. The nurses smiled approvingly as she spoke or nodded to several of them and sent messages to their mistresses, who were oftener reported as invalids than as active persons. One bell after an-

other struck two o'clock, and presently Miss Chester went on down the street. She now met several grown-up acquaintances, who either gave her most indulgent smiles, or removed their hats with pleased alacrity. It was evident that our heroine was a favorite with her town's people, great and small, and also that she must not stop to speak to any one else, being already late to lunch.

But she found time, as she hurried, to look across the street at the trees in the Common, and to notice that the buds had grown larger since she had passed by earlier in the day. The grass was amazingly green, both under the trees and in the small samples of front yards close beside her, where the crocuses and hyacinths looked already wilted and out of season. Some robins and bluebirds were heard singing when there was a space between the carriages, and the English sparrows were squabbling as usual in the vines on the house fronts, and flocking down recklessly to the paving-stones.

Miss Chester bowed to an old lady who passed by in a well-closed carriage, and who felt a strange pang of regret and envy at the sight of so much beauty and such delightful youth. It seemed a very little while since she herself had scurried down Beacon Street, and what was more, had had something to scurry for; but this envy blew over presently, like a little gray spring cloud, since there really was nothing which one could not take one's time about, and Michael was certainly a most perfect driver. "Besides, the memory of my own youth is better than anything the young people of to-day can possibly enjoy," said Mrs. Temple to herself consolingly; and as she passed the little children whom Miss Chester had just left, she remembered with a smile what an aunt of hers used

to say; a dear old person, whose favorite window overlooked the length of a village street: "Every spring I see a new crop of little children come out to play in the sun; they bloom with the flowers after the April rains, and come out afoot to see what they think of the world, — one from this house and another from the next. Little they know what it all means!"

Just as the carriage had passed, our friend noticed a young man who came springing up the steps from the Common at the Joy Street gate. He was struck by a small colored boy, who had crossed the street at full run, and knocked backward a little; but the boy stopped civilly, and the young man did not seem to be angry, but laughed and nodded, and then remained standing by the posts for a minute or two, while he surveyed the houses opposite and took a good look up and down the street. In the course of this his eye fell upon Miss Chester, who had gone too far to steal another look at the stranger, which fact she somewhat regretted. However, it had been interesting enough; she had thought him a foreigner; there was something un-American about his dress, and it was very attractive to her. He was a slender fellow; even his hat was not without an artistic element; it was of soft felt, and there was a tip of a feather at one side of its slightly Tyrolean crown, whereas the young men whom she saw most were at that time decking themselves in hard Derbys with high round crowns, which when removed by their wearers displayed a crimson mark like a scar across the forehead.

Miss Chester took her latch-key out of her pocket at least two minutes before she reached the house to which it belonged, and quickly sought the dining-room, where three elderly women were gathered about the table, and each gave her a reproachful glance as she entered.

"I did n't know it was so late," said the girl pleasantly; "it struck two when

I was in front of the State House. I wonder if our clocks are n't a little fast!"

"I believe they are quite right," observed the lady at the head of the table. "Will you have the soup brought back?"

"Oh dear, no; it's too hot for soup. Have you been out, mamma?" But mamma shook her head deprecatingly, as if this were no time for trivial conversation.

"Would you mind removing your bonnet, my dear?" asked aunt Sophia, the first speaker. "I dare say I am quite out of date, but it never seems proper to me that young people should sit at the table in their street clothes. It appears like a restaurant. We shall have young men wearing their hats within doors presently."

"Oh, don't mind to-day, aunty. I am so hungry, and it takes some time to get my bonnet on and off. And you always go out to lunches in your own best bonnet." . . .

"That is different," responded Miss Duncan, after a moment's reflection, during which her niece had helped herself to cold prairie chicken, and Becket, the man-servant, moved forward with the salad from the side-board; a very good salad it was, of lettuce crisp and green enough to match the day.

"Could you find some raspberry jam, do you think, Becket?" inquired Miss Anne Duncan, who was very kind and almost entirely deaf. "Miss Mary likes it with cold grouse, though I don't know why," and she looked at her companions for confirmation; and when she saw that her elder sister wore a disapproving expression, she bowed her head over her plate as if grace were being said. "Sophia," she asked presently, "don't you think grouse are a little past? It must be getting late for them."

"They are much better with jam," the girl shouted gratefully across the corner of the table. "You should be

busy in the studio all the morning, and you would be ready to eat anything;" and the old lady nodded and Mary nodded, and they formally renewed the secret understanding of each other which had been an unbroken satisfaction since Mary could walk alone or tell one aunt from the other. It was a curious household, and a most interesting one to those who knew it well. Duncan Chester, Mary's father, had been the orphan ward of his aunts, and when he had married and brought his wife home to his pleasant house, nobody except outsiders had thought of expecting the ladies already established there to find a new house for themselves.

Although the house had come to Duncan by will, was it not their own father's to begin with, and the home of their childhood? They recognized no usurpers of their authority as its mistresses, that is, Miss Sophia did not; and young Mrs. Duncan was quietly thanked when she begged her to keep her time-honored seat at the head of the table. Mr. Duncan Chester frowned. He meant to have settled that point in good season; but alas, it would have made little difference, for early in the time of the war he died, leaving his wife and little daughter. A young son had died before him, and Mrs. Chester had had a long illness afterward, and after her husband's death she passed through a long siege of invalidism. Aunt Sophia was too kind and considerate, in those sad years, to be outwardly rebelled against, and as the true mistress of the house slowly regained her strength she not only saw that the chief occupation of the elder woman's life was in her not by any means light business of house-keeping; but she discovered at first that the care of her daughter and later on certain charitable employments were better suited to her own mind. As for dear Miss Anne, she was the comfort and delight of everybody who came within her reach. She was as cheerful

under her deafness as if it had been blindness instead. She could hear the conversation of people in books, at any rate, and she was as full of sympathy with the moods of her daily companions as if she were the personification of nature itself. She only cared not to be a trouble, and to make people happy, while her somewhat grim sister existed, one might believe, to remind people of their duties and delinquencies. The grand-niece of these two good women had been always scolded by one and excused by the other, but it was as impossible to resist respecting and sometimes admiring Miss Sophia Duncan as it was petting and amusing Miss Anne.

Mrs. Chester was a quiet, sad woman, who always had worn the deepest mourning, and who spent more and more of her time in connection with the work of the various charities of the city. Her daughter had been a decided little person, and after having had a good start she had taken the bringing up of herself pretty much into her own hands, and had dispensed with the assistance of her relatives. Since she was a child she had been on most intimate terms with all three of the elders and betters under the home roof. She listened respectfully to their generous advice, and usually followed her own instincts and inclinations. She was really the strongest natured of the three, and soon gained the highest level of authority; though this was quite unsuspected, especially by her aunt Sophia, who held herself accountable not only for her own doings, but those of all the rest of the household.

Mrs. Chester asked a few questions, and both she and the aunts remained at the lunch table while Mary finished a most satisfactory meal, and then all rose together with much solemnity. Three of the chairs proved to have cushions at their backs. Mary smiled at the sight of them, as she had often done before, and wondered if she should live on in

just the same fashion until her chair had its cushion also. She spoke to Miss Anne's unprincipled old parrot, who lived in great splendor in the sunny bay-window, and who gave a fierce squawk in reply that even her mistress heard and laughed at. This bird was a wellspring of joy to the family. Even Miss Duncan, who was hard to amuse, was a pleased spectator of Polly's comedies.

"She caught Mrs. Temple's finger, this morning," said aunt Anne in her careful, deafened voice. "I was really frightened for a moment, but the glove was only scratched a little."

"I saw Mrs. Temple just now, on her way down town," said Mary, snapping the parrot's guilty beak. "Had she been here?"

Miss Anne Duncan had turned away, and did not know that she was spoken to, but Mrs. Chester answered in her place. "She was just leaving the house as I came in. She wished to say that she would come to dinner this evening, instead of to-morrow, for there was already some engagement which she had forgotten. Henry could not come to-morrow evening, either."

"Oh, how provoking!" said Mary quickly; "but I am sure I shall not stay at home from the concert. Did n't you say that I was going out, mamma?"

"I hardly saw Mrs. Temple, you know;" and at this point Miss Duncan reappeared from the china-closet, where she had been holding as secret a conference with Becket as if the rest of the family were unfamiliar guests.

"Mrs. Temple said that Henry meant to go to the concert," she announced, "so you can go together. He has one of the Winterford's tickets, so it all happens very well."

"If there is anything I dislike, it is being obliged to talk with any one in the seat directly behind," said Mary, not without a suspicion of pleasure in her tone. She liked Mr. Temple well

enough, though she laughed at him a good deal, and always took the most unfavorable views of him when her aunts praised him, as they often did. He was the only son of his mother, a person of great wealth and dignity. He was himself a most irreproachable young man; he had lately returned from a three years' sojourn in foreign parts, which, instead of stimulating him to any youthful vanities and pleasing worldliness, had apparently served to settle him down more than even a residence in Boston would have done. Instead of growing wilder, he had become tamer and duller than before, and his correctness, his amiability, were unrelieved by any faults save an occasional flicker of self-satisfaction and conceit, which Mary Chester always pounced upon with delight, and promptly convicted him of, so bringing an excitement into an otherwise too prosaic intercourse. It was by no means a new idea to anybody, except perhaps themselves, that they would in course of time marry, and creditably represent the time-honored families from which they had descended. As for the aunts and Mrs. Temple, they had many a time spoken of this probability with delighted assurance. Mrs. Chester alone had a reserve of opinion. She had too often noticed that "nothing is certain to happen but the unforeseen." In the meantime the young people saw each other often. Mary had liked young Temple better than she expected, when he had returned in February, and she had not yet grown quite used to his being at home. He certainly talked twenty times better than most young men, and she was fond of new ideas, and of reminiscences of London and of Roman society, which she longed for, but had never yet seen except as a child. Miss Anne's deafness had carried them to the Paris physicians, and Miss Duncan's wish to improve herself had led her to drag her companions over various long routes at the mercy of a rapacious courier, whom

Mary Chester had laughingly pre-claimed ever since to be the only living person whom her aunt feared. Mrs. Chester had been for several years desiring to spend at least a summer abroad, but there had always seemed to be some good reason for putting it off to another season, until Mary had accused her aunt of being still afraid of the courier, whom she was quite as likely to meet if she stayed on this side of the sea. Any day they were likely to be swept off by Angelo to California and the Russian possessions, or to be shipped for Patagonia, in spite of any objections.

Dinner was to be half an hour earlier, a great concession to the concert-goers, and in good season Mrs. Temple appeared with her son. She belonged by birth to a noble Salem family, and was a very handsome and attractive woman. She had married somewhat late, and had spent a few years in the East Indies, where her son was born. She was never commonplace, though not a brilliant, woman. She knew the world of society much better than her friends the Duncans; beside, she was a little younger. They were very dependent upon her good opinion. They wished, above all things,—even Mrs. Chester felt this,—to put no obstacle in the way of her satisfaction with the projected marriage. No one would have acknowledged this, if accused of having anything to do with such a plot, but the tide of reason and propriety was set, as we have seen, very strongly in that direction.

There was some very clever talk at the little dinner. Henry Temple was given the foot of the table, which Miss Chester resented, since she liked her own place, and had a feeling beside that aunt Sophia's insistence upon this following out of etiquette had an inner meaning and suggestion to which she was not yet consenting. This evening, however, she was much pleased by her guest's kindness to her favorite aunt, who sat, hearing little but smiling kindly

at everybody, on his right. He carefully managed to keep her informed of at least the subjects of the conversation. Once or twice he twisted an entirely irrelevant remark into a seemingly appropriate one, and made her feel that she was taking an active part in most of the pleasure. He had never been so quick-witted or entertaining, Mary thought. It was possible to believe at last that he was nearer thirty than fifty; but he had an elderly way with him that had made her feel usually that she belonged to quite another generation. She laughed and talked with him gayly. He looked at her a good deal, and thought she had never been so pretty; while he looked very well himself, as all the ladies thought; a well-made man, at any rate, with his clothes of an unmistakable London cut. Mrs. Chester had given him a flower, and Mary had smiled to see him carefully take a pin from some secret hiding-place to fasten it into its button-hole. "I have broken the little cord from my coat," he explained. "I wish you would see to its being replaced, if you remember;" and he glanced at his mother affectionately, as if he desired to respond to the admiration with which she had been watching him.

"You ought to have a little pocket-pincushion," said Mary innocently, although filled with a wicked desire to tease him. "Ask aunt Anne to make you one; she would be delighted;" and aunt Anne, who knew her name by sight, took on such a pleading look that no one could have helped indulging her with the repetition of the sentence. Mr. Temple flushed and stuttered a little as he said, "Miss Chester says you ought to work me a pincushion;" at which everybody laughed, they hardly knew why, and Miss Anne with the rest, though she was much puzzled to know by what means the conversation had suddenly descended from the last subject of Carlyle's *Reminiscences*. It was an easy thing to throw Henry Temple off his

equilibrium, and Mary delighted in doing it. She often remembered things he had said and opinions he had given, yet it always provoked her if he managed to keep his equilibrium by the half hour together, and discoursed as if his decisions were to be regarded as final by all his listeners.

But he was good-tempered and interested, and his elder hostesses praised him after he went away with Mary and Miss Anne to the concert. He had given excellent advice about some new claret, having lately discovered a treasure when buying some for his mother. He had eaten his dinner as if he liked it even more than usual, and Becket had treated him with unusual deference and civility. There were some guests for whom Becket had suffered the loss of a near relative of his own in South Boston to defend himself from their reception or entertainment. Miss Sophia liked to avoid unpleasantness so far as she could, but Becket's power over her was not that of the courier's, and he often was obliged to suffer in silence when she had asked company at improper seasons, though gloom overspread his countenance at such times, until a skeleton would have seemed a *bon-vivant* and an enlivenment to the feast by contrast. More than once, however, when Mr. Temple had come to dinner, Becket had set forth the best silver and most unreplaceable wine quite of his own accord. He also thought that his young mistress was likely to marry this welcome guest, and Becket kept an eye to the windward, as his personal feeling toward the young man was kind, to begin with.

There were a few aggravating minutes of delay about the carriage, at which Miss Chester fretted, and she did not recover her spirits until she discovered that they were in good season, after all. It was a famous night of music, and the Music Hall was filled to overflowing. People were clustered about the doors that led to the galleries, like little

swarms of bees. One hardly knew whether they stood or clung, and the grim statue of Beethoven waited before the great sculptured wall of the organ as if it were impatient and annoyed because of the mild confusion and delay. Miss Anne Duncan had also excused herself to Mrs. Temple. She was the only musical member of the family except her grand-niece, and this was one of the few pleasures that still remained to her. She had never grown deaf to the sound of music, thank Heaven, and one friend after another recognized her with great satisfaction and sympathy as they passed by to their places.

The noise was hushed as the first notes of the violins called out loud and clear, with a cry together, to the other instruments. It was a fine orchestra to look at: the ugly little heads of the bass viols held themselves high in a proud, tall row, and overlooked the crowded musicians with a certain air of condescension, while the violin bows rose and fell as if they were the swaying bayonets of troops on the march. Sometimes the organ made itself heard, and dwarfed the smaller voices of the rest of the instruments as the sea overpowers the noises on its shore. The trumpets glistened; the symphony sang itself in one fashion after another most gloriously. We have done with mediæval vainglories in our New World life, for the most part, but there is still an instinct in the human breast for pomps and ceremonies, and the quaint orderliness of an orchestra, with the thousand-year-old shapes of its wind and string instruments, gives a pleasure that is altogether independent of their sound. The people were hushed and serious. Mary Chester took hold of her aunt's hand, as she had done many a time before, as they sat beside each other in feasts or fasts. They came very close together in their hearts, these two. That night it seemed to the elder woman as if the people whom she had known and loved,

and who had passed out of her sight and keeping, were listening to the music with her. It was a lovely sense of companionship, as if the same music could belong to the seen world and the unseen, and her angels could make her certain of their presence.

When the symphony ceased there was a gust of sighs and long breaths of delight. Mr. Temple leaned forward to say that it was well played, on the whole, but the *adagio* dragged, and one of the 'cellos was very flat; had not they noticed it? Mary Chester gave a little shrug of impatience, and at that moment she observed a young man who was sitting with some other persons on the stairs that led down at the side of the organ to the stage. He was quite still; he did not seem to know that the players had stopped. He was some distance away, and the space dulled his features somewhat, but Mary recognized the young stranger of the morning. He was now in evening dress. He presently clasped his hands at the back of his head, as if unconsciously, and looked up at the ceiling; then he suddenly came to himself, and looked about him hastily, and came down from his perch and disappeared. "He does n't wish to hear another note," said Mary to herself, with a feeling of great sympathy. "I wonder who he is!" and she asked Henry Temple, who arranged his eyeglasses and looked carefully at the deserted steps, as if he could solve the problem by a proper investigation.

The next piece on the programme seemed trivial and uninteresting, and our heroine commented upon it in a way that was far from flattering. "I wonder why the least attractive part of the performance always follows the best," she thought, and she was pleased with Mr. Temple's outraged whisper that it was injustice to give the audience such an inferior thing as this.

But aunt Anne turned to her niece at its close with a radiant face: "It

must be twenty years since I have heard that. You can't think how it has carried me back to the old days," at which her companions forbore further criticism.

They went home together, and the two ladies, at least, were very tired. Miss Chester leaned back in the corner of the carriage, and announced gravely that she never meant to attend more than half a concert in the future. "I like music too much," she explained, "and a concert of the average length is like a dinner of too many courses, to use an unworthy comparison. I envied a young man who whisked himself off after the symphony. Half a concert would be just enough, but a whole one is too long."

"By the way, have you seen young Dean?" asked Mr. Temple. "I don't know why I was reminded of him just now, I am sure;" and Miss Chester forgot her weariness, and sat upright in an instant to reply, "What young Dean do you mean?" and without waiting for his answer she exclaimed, "Why, when did he come home? Of course that was Dick Dean whom I saw this morning. It seemed to me then that I ought to remember his face; and again to-night. Don't you know, I spoke of him this evening. It was he who wished to hear nothing after the symphony!" The girl was very eager as she had said all this, and sat waiting for whatever Mr. Temple might have to tell her. Miss Anne looked from one to the other with great curiosity, and wondered what Mary was so excited about, but she did not like to ask. The young man might have even taken that occasion to make his proposal, and it would be an extremely awkward thing for him to be called upon to repeat his sentences.

"He has been at home a day or two, at least. He came in on the Parthia. I heard him scolding about her in the reading-room at the club, yesterday morning. I believe he is only here for a visit to his uncle. He told me that he

had lent his studio to a friend. I imagine that he often does that; he never was to be found there when I was in Paris. An idle fellow, I fear, though very well gifted by nature. It is a pity he had not been poor. I think he would have been sure to achieve something worth doing," said Mr. Temple, somewhat pompously; and Miss Chester had only time to return the assurance that she had always remembered him as being the most clever and delightful boy of her set, when she discovered that she had reached the door of her own home. Henry Temple was very kind, and escorted Miss Anne Duncan up the steps with great gallantry. He was well used to being his mother's squire, and when they were all in the brightly lighted parlor again, he was certainly much to be admired. Mary herself thought she had never seen him look so handsome, as when he waited beside his mother's chair for her last chapter of reminiscence and opinion to come to its end. The flower in his buttonhole was still unfaded. When the leave-takings were over, Miss Duncan and Miss Anne, and Mrs. Chester even, spoke in his praise, and Mary herself could not say that there was a better fellow in the world.

Next day, she went to Hovey's to do some long-deferred errands; for, like many another Boston girl, she often planned the disposal of her whole time for a fortnight ahead. She took kindly to society life; she was making the most of a somewhat uncommon talent for painting; and she joined, partly to please her mother, and partly from her own inclination, in various endeavors to prevent pauperism in her native city. She was to read German with a friend, it being the occupation of her Friday mornings from eleven to one, and it was already eleven o'clock, and the friend lived at some distance down Marlborough Street, which was discouraging to her own habit of punctuality. She hurried across the Common, for a message

must be left at the house, and she did not notice the footsteps which were rapidly overtaking hers, until she looked up suddenly to find the stranger of the day before, picturesque hat and all, walking alongside.

Of course it was Dick Dean, — as eager and quick to smile as ever! The hat was hardly touched, he was in such a hurry to shake hands and be sure that he was remembered, and the first greetings over they walked on together, side by side. This old friend had grown taller and browner, and had taken on a fine, half-boyish manliness since Mary had seen him last, many years before; indeed, they made themselves very merry because their first instinctive salutations of each other had been, "How you have grown!" And the girl was touched and saddened at the sight of him; he was very like his younger sister, who had been her dearest friend, and who had died when they were all three hardly more than children. This was the only real sorrow Mary had known; and Dick thought of his little sister too, and for a minute they both kept silent, until the remembrance of the old grief had faded away again out of the April day, and Mary said that she had been puzzled the day before when she had noticed him in the street and at the concert. She had been sure that he was a foreigner on his travels.

"I feel exactly like one," said the young fellow. "Indeed, Boston is like meeting one's grandmother in costume at a fancy ball. Here is all the Back Bay for a court train to her plain everyday gown. Was the dome of the State House always gilded? I think that is the best of the changes. This morning early, for a wonder, I could n't sleep, so I went out-of-doors to see what things were like; and do you know that there is a chance for a lovely picture, if one stands on Boylston Street, and takes in the brown tops of the elms on the Public Garden and the Common; the

high gables and windowed roofs on this street and Mount Vernon, and the dull gold of the old dome, and a very particularly clear blue sky."

They loitered for a minute, before Mary ran up the steps, to finish their merry chatter, looking frankly and delightedly in each other's faces all the while. Mr. Richard Dean promised himself the pleasure of calling very soon. "I have always meant to apologize to Miss Duncan for breaking one of the front windows with my ball, some time since," he said by way of parting; and after Miss Chester was in the hall, and had given a message to Becket for her aunt Anne, she thought it had been very foolish of her not to tell her old friend and playmate that she was going down the street directly. She was sure he would have been glad to wait for her; indeed, he had turned that way himself, as she left him. She lingered in the hall for a short time, however, for it would be very foolish to follow him so soon; it would seem as if she had not been able to resist going out again in quest of him. Becket reappeared presently, burdened with a jar of great pink roses. "It was Mr. Temple sent them, miss, to the ladies, a few minutes ago. I was just filling the jar with water as you rang." Mary thought it was very good of Mr. Temple, and crossed the room to pull the leaves out a little, and to enjoy their fragrance. "Oh, I might have known better," she told herself, a trifle disappointed; "these hybrid roses are only to look at;" and then she caught sight of the clock, and went away down the hill, and through the side path of the Public Garden, and noticed with admiration that Dick Dean was there also, quite out of reach, but looking about him as he strolled along; and once he crossed the forbidden grass and stooped to pick something, and placed it in his button-hole. She was sure it must have been a dandelion, which was her own favorite flower.

After this "the days flew by, as the spring days always do when there is so much to be done in-doors and out. The flowers are getting ready to bloom; the people are trying to get ready for summer also, some for their holidays and others for their toil; to some it means idleness and to others business. New clothes are brought home, new plans are made; the days grow longer and longer, and the leaves of the trees come out, and presently make a shade for the ground; the nurses and children take shelter under their kindly branches; one house after another is shuttered and closed, and as for the rest, they put out gay awnings, like flags and banners, as if summer were a queen, who walked up and down Beacon Street every day at the head of a grand procession.

Dick Dean has made his first call, and his second and third, for that matter. The grand-aunts and Mrs. Chester are all delighted with him. The families were always intimate in the old times, and he is a most well-bred and charming fellow. He must be asked to dinner; but he is placed at Miss Sophia's right hand, and Mary keeps her post at the foot of the table, next but one away. The guest is vastly entertaining; he has a ringing, clear voice, so that Miss Anne, who is close beside him, hears much that he says without being specially told, and he devotes himself to her in a way that reminds Mary of Henry Temple's attentions only to make them appear patronizing and clumsy; but she is angry with herself for her disloyalty a moment afterwards. Mr. Dean is able to give late news of some friends in London. It is proved that his studio is there now, and that he knows Mr. Burne Jones and has often met Rossetti, which is more than most persons can say. The ladies have kept themselves well informed of the progress of art and literature, as prominent Bostonians should; they even talk somewhat of English politics, and, to be in keeping with the fact that their im-

mediate ancestors were subjects of the British crown, the elder ladies begin almost unconsciously, as if from force of habit, like their grandmothers, to gossip about the royal family. The young man talks eloquently about some literary persons of tender years and great renown, of whom his listeners have not heard; he speaks modestly of his own pictures and his plans, and laughingly owns himself to be an idle fellow, who works hard when the fancy seizes him, and finds it terribly hard to keep himself long in harness. "There is so much to learn and to enjoy in London," he says. "I can't resist spending half my time in tramping about the country, either; it is lovely down in Surrey, and as for North Devon and Cornwall, one can never get enough of them! I wish I could show you the way around the shore," he tells Mary eagerly. "And everybody goes to the Hebrides, you know, since Black wrote *A Princess of Thule*;" while he suddenly thinks that it is Sheila whom Mary is so much like, and turns to look at her earnestly, blushing like a school-boy when she glances up at him, as if to question what his thought may be and why he has stopped speaking. "She is like a pink hyacinth, or a crocus, or something like that; she belongs to the spring flowers," he tells himself.

Mary longs to know more of his society life; she has often heard of his being a good deal of a society man. But he returns to his pictures; and says that he got the idea for the best thing he has ever done in a forlorn court-yard in the east of London, where the river and the old houses were kept apart by no Thames embankment of any sort but the most dismal. Mary wishes to have her aunts see the water-color sketch of his that some friends of theirs brought home a year before, and says that she has always liked it; and the guest is pleased. He means to work very hard when he goes back; indeed, he is going

to do one or two things while he stays in Boston. Some one has offered him a corner of a studio.

They talk about Newport and Nahant, and the changes at Harvard, and Becket is sent away to the library for the last copy of *Punch*, though if Miss Sophia objects to anything it is to people's reading at table; but Dick Dean must show them a capital caricature of a conspicuous society person, which they have not discovered, and Mary rearranges some flowers which have begun to droop in the heat of the gaslight, and gives aunt Anne a sprig of her favorite mignonette, and tosses the young man a dark carnation for his coat. "They are like port wine," he says. "I wonder if the little pale pink ones with a fringe grow in the country gardens as they used. I made a visit in Portsmouth every summer when I was a boy, and I used to drive about in that lovely country the other side of the river. I hope it has not been spoiled."

"What does he keep calling things 'lovely' for?" aunt Sophia said snappishly, when the hall door was shut behind him. "I think it is foolish enough for girls to do it. He is very agreeable, but he seems to me to have no distinct purpose in life and little stability. I like to see a young man with some dignity. Henry Temple is far more to be admired, it seems to me!"

"But they are so different," said Mary, who had spent a most delightful evening. "I should as soon think of not admiring Henry as of not respecting King's Chapel. He has given his whole attention to making himself admirable, you know. Dick Dean is like the champagne and *paté*, after Henry's sherry and soup. I think the dinner was very good to-night, but why Becket will insist upon spilling something over his gloves to begin with, I cannot understand."

"He is a most faithful and devoted

servant," said aunt Sophia reproachfully; and Mrs. Chester laughed a little at Mary when the others were not looking. Becket had been the picture of melancholy, and it was an omen of ill fortune to the cheerful guest. "It is a pity we had not asked some one to meet him," said Miss Anne, as she rose to go up-stairs; "but he seemed to enjoy himself, and it is quite too late for dinners."

There is no use in wearying the reader with details of the intercourse of Mary Chester's two lovers; for such they proved to be, with herself and her family, and with each other. It complicated matters not a little, because the two young men professed, or really felt, a great friendship for each other for a time; but they ceased spending their hours in each other's society after it was first patent to everybody else, and then to themselves, that they were in love with the same young lady. The month of May and the early weeks of June sped by. On the 15th of June the Duncans and Mrs. Chester and her daughter went annually to their country-place at Beverly. It sometimes seemed late in the season to make the change, but this year the summer had been late in coming, for May was cold and rainy.

It was soon known that Dick Dean and Miss Chester had been seen two or three times coming in from long rides together, and among his friends he was sometimes chaffed a little. He did not touch one of his carefully packed box of brushes, and the corner of the studio which his friend had offered was left without a tenant. He had found a capital horse to keep step with Mary Chester's, and she rode a great deal that spring.

Aunt Sophia's insistence upon the late date of flitting to Beverly suited her niece very well that year. Mary and her mother had sometimes gone down earlier by themselves, but it was

a movement requiring immense tact and diplomacy.

As for Mr. Temple, he at last took fright, and determined to press his suit. Mary Chester was still very young to marry, and though he had looked forward with increasing ardor to making her his own, it had seemed to him best to leave the time and season of it very much to circumstance and to favoring fortune. He had wished many times, for a year past, that he were entirely sure of her, but he felt little real uneasiness. They were growing more and more used to being together, and he thought he could see that she was becoming more and more attached to him. Until now he never had discovered a rival who seemed at all dangerous, although Miss Chester was much liked and admired. It was a very difficult thing to imagine himself pleading the cause of his heart, as they sat together in the parlors of either his house or hers, in constant expectation of the appearance of his mother or her own, or the aunts, if by any accident they found themselves alone. Her thoughts were not of any fashion of romance as they talked together or met in the street by chance, and he became more and more in earnest and determined to have the question settled in the minds of the world as it already was in his own. It seemed to him the proper thing that he should marry, and he found Mary Chester very pleasing; he really was fonder of her than he ever had been of any one in his life; besides, it was the chosen wish of his mother's heart that this girl should be her daughter-in-law.

With Dick Dean the case was quite different: he had been attracted by a dozen girls, who had wielded one sort of attraction or another; but he had never loved any one as he knew he could love. His few years of adventure and of artist life had amused and delighted him; he felt still as if he were beginning his intercourse with men and things. He

had been praised and flattered by some of his friends, and scolded by others for wasting his time; but there was good stuff in him; he had lived longer already than his friend Temple, who appeared sometimes like an elderly man. He had often felt that his active life had not begun; it seemed to him as if he were always waiting for something, — as if the world were a great railway station, where he expected a belated train. He was simply watching the people about him, and trying to amuse himself by reading the placards on the wall, or contemplating the not very wide outlook from the windows. But the train was sure to come, and then all would be different. He looked at Temple with much curiosity; he could not understand his satisfaction with his prosaic existence. The two men were well matched as to their wealth and respectability; they were by no means partners to be disdained, and each said to himself at last that he would be a single man no longer.

For young Dean's expected train had whistled at last, and he had fallen deep into love, and Mary Chester knew it; and at first was amazed and then frightened, until she undertook to resent the state of affairs, and spent long hours awake, when she should have been asleep, in thinking of her two lovers, and trying to make sure whom she loved best.

It was an untried and unknown life into which she must enter with Richard Dean, but the future with Temple seemed plain and familiar to her; it meant a great deal to a conservative and home-loving girl like herself that she should live on in the same dear way, among the well-known and comfortable associations. She could not give up so sweet a certainty for an uncertainty of many risks and dangers. All this process of thought went on while she still simply liked both her lovers, and was only consenting in either case to be loved. She was very ungracious to her family whenever the

cause of Henry Temple was mentioned, and this her aunts took for a good sign; for Mrs. Chester, in these dread days, was paying a visit in New York. It is true that Mary felt very lonely, and that life seemed a great puzzle and very hard to bear. "There is no reason why I should marry either of them," she told herself over and over; but the shadow of a great change not far beyond kept all the sunshine from her sky — until an evening came when she heard that Dick Dean was to join a party of artists who were going abroad directly to sketch in Venice and perhaps the Tyrol, whereupon she wondered that he had not told her himself, and suddenly the question was decided. Nothing that was left behind would be worth caring for if he went away, and this was the spark of news that kindled the great blaze of her love. She could hardly wait to see him again. A great faith in the career he was sure to have had possessed her; but she forgot even that now; she looked at his sketches only because he had done them, and not because he had done them well.

So at last a certain Wednesday morning dawned in the middle of June, which was to be a day of great decisions. Dick Dean had been spending a day and night with a friend in Newport, and did not reach town until toward noon. He would not try to go to see Mary until after lunch. She was at the painting lesson which he had longed of late to give her himself, and he should only take up the time of the not very friendly old ladies.

So he strolled along the street under the shade of the Common elms, and looked fondly at the house which had always been her home. One of the maids was giving a last polish for that season to the brasses of the door, and he wished to go and speak to her. It seemed to him as if he had been in Newport a month. Presently Mr. Temple, of all people, was seen approaching, and Mr.

Dean, in a strange fit of recklessness, stopped to propose that they should go out riding for a long distance together that afternoon. Mr. Temple was ill at ease; he looked at the sky, and finding no excuse there at last pleaded an engagement with Miss Chester at three o'clock. It was an awful moment to both, but they behaved with great composure, and parted serenely to outward view: one wending his way onward to the Union Club, and the other to the Somerset. If poor Dick had only known it, his rival had asked the interview at three o'clock, which Miss Chester, for lack of any excuse, had granted. "It must be something about the red setter he told me of day before yesterday," she tried to assure herself. "He never could mean to say anything else at that time in the afternoon."

Dick was more miserable than ever. There was something very self-assured and triumphant about Temple, who was not a person he ever wished to see again as long as he lived. It might be that he could go to see Mary early, soon after lunch, which she usually finished by half past two. Perhaps she would go out with him, after all, though it was such short notice. They might have a late afternoon walk or ride; perhaps it would be the last. But he must speak to her. At any rate, he had brought some messages from Newport. . . .

It was a long time since he had taken his hurried, early breakfast that morning, so he went straight to the dining-room of the club; and in spite of his love and his woe he took a reasonable pleasure in a salad and some other trifles, and afterward, finding that it was not much after one o'clock, he seated himself in a comfortable chair in the reading-room, and tried to beguile himself with the newspapers. He smiled at the placid face of an old fellow who was sleeping soundly in another chair, just opposite. He wondered idly if he had ever fallen in love in his day, and pres-

ently — O careless and unreasonable Hare! — he dropped the paper on the floor, and went to sleep himself in the shaded room, with the carriages and carts outside rumbling his lullaby.

There he dreamed, not about Mary Chester at all, but of riding to the club in dark November weather in February, and after a time he waked in great alarm. It took him a second or two to remember what he was so anxious about, and then he sprang from his chair and snatched his hat, which was a Derby now, like other young men's, in spite of Mary's deprecation. As he went out of the door he found it was three o'clock already, and his only hope was that Temple's watch might not be right. In fact, he had heard him complain of it more than once of late.

But alas! as he hurried down the hill he saw the punctual Temple on the opposite side of the way. There was an unpleasant triumphant expression in his very back and the way he held his head. He was walking at his usual dignified pace. He would not hurry, even to see Mary, and at this thought his impatient rival promptly overtook him. And just as the Tortoise prepared to cross the street the Hare ran quickly up the steps. Becket opened the door of the house, for a wonder; he had happened to be standing beside it.

Our heroine was waiting in the library; she thought it was late for Henry Temple, and she wished more and more that he would come and go away again. The aunts had ascended the stairs, and were making arrangements for their afternoon naps. She heard a quick footstep in the hall, but instead of any other voice it was Dick's, saying, "Oh, Mary!" in a wonderful sort of way, while Temple lingered for one awful, foreboding half minute on the edge of the sidewalk, looking at the closed door.

For in this new version of the story of the Hare and the Tortoise, it was the Hare that won.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

ACADEMIC SOCIALISM.

It is a striking tribute — and perhaps the most striking when the most reluctant — to the influence and authority of physical science, that the followers of the moral sciences (moral, not physical) are often compelled, or at least inclined, to borrow its terms, its methods, and even its established principles. This adaptation commonly begins, indeed, in the way of metaphor and analogy. The natural sympathy of men in the pursuit of truth leads the publicist, for example, and the geologist to compare professional methods and results. The publicist is struck with the superiority of induction, and the convenience of language soon teaches him to distinguish the strata of social development; to dissect the anatomy of the state; to analyze political substance; to observe, collect, differentiate, and generalize the various phenomena in the history of government. This practice enriches the vocabulary of political science, and is offensive only to the stern friends of abstract speculation. But it is a vastly graver matter formally and consciously to apply to moral inquiries the rules, the treatment, the logical implements, all the technical machinery, of sciences which have tangible materials and experimental resources constantly at command. And in the next step the very summit of impiety seems to be reached. The political philosopher is no longer content merely to draw on physical science for metaphors, or even to use in his own way its peculiar methods, but boldly adopts the very substance of its results, and explains the sacred mystery of social progress by laws which may first have been used to fix the status of the polyp or the cray-fish.

It is true that this practice has not been confined to any age. There is a distinct revelation of dependence on the

method, if not on the results, of the concrete sciences in Aristotle's famous postulate, that man is "by nature" a political being. The uncompromising realism of Macchiavelli would not dishonor a disciple of Comte. And during the past two hundred years, especially, there is scarcely a single great discovery, or even a single great hypothesis, which, if at all available, has not been at once appropriated by the publicists and applied to their own uses. The circulation of the blood suggests the theory of a similar process in society, comparative anatomy reveals its structure, the geologic periods explain its stages, and the climax was for the time reached when Frederick the Great, whose logic as well as his poetry was that of a king, declared that a state, like an animal or vegetable organism, had its stages of birth, youth, maturity, decay, and death. Yet striking as are these early illustrations, it is above all in recent times, and under the influence of its brilliant achievements in our own days, that physical science has most strongly impressed its methods and principles on social and political investigation. Mr. Freeman can write a treatise on comparative politics, and the term excites no protest. Sir Henry Maine conducts researches in comparative jurisprudence, and even the bigots are silenced by the copiousness and value of his results. The explanation of kings and states by the law of natural selection, which Mr. Bagehot undertook, is hardly treated as paradoxical. The ground being thus prepared — unconsciously during the last century — consciously and purposefully during this, for a close assimilation between the physical and the moral sciences, it is natural that men should now take up even the contested doctrine of evolution, and apply it to the progress

of society in general, to the formation of particular states, and to the development of single institutions.

Now, if it be the part of political science merely to adapt to its own use laws or principles which have been fully established in other fields of research, it would of course be premature for it to accept as an explanation of its own phenomena a doctrine like that of evolution, which is still rejected by a considerable body of naturalists. But may not political science refuse to acknowledge such a state of subordination? May it not assert its own dignity, and choose its own method of investigation? And even though that method be also the favorite one of the natural philosopher, may not the publicist employ it in his own way, subject to the limitations of his own material, and even discover laws contrary to, or in anticipation of, the laws of the physical universe? If these questions be answered in the affirmative, it follows that the establishment of a law of social and political evolution may precede the general acceptance of the same law by students of the animal or vegetable world.

At present, however, such a law is only a hypothesis, — a hypothesis supported, indeed, by many striking facts, and yet apparently antagonized by others not less striking. A sweeping glance over the course of the world's history does certainly reveal a reasonably uniform progress from a simpler to a more complex civilization. This may also be regarded in one sense as a progress from lower to higher forms; and if the general movement be established, temporary or local interruptions confirm rather than shake the rule. But flattering as is this hypothesis of progressive social perfection to human nature, it is still only a hypothesis, and far enough from having for laymen the authority of a law. The theologians alone have positive information on the subject.

If evolution be taken to mean simply the production of new species from a common parent or genus, and without implying the idea of improvement, the history of many political institutions seems to furnish hints of its presence and its action. Let us take, as an example, the institution of parliaments. The primitive parent assembly of the Greeks was probably a body not unlike the council of Agamemnon's chieftains in the *Iliad*; and from this were evolved in time the Spartan Gerousia, the Athenian Ecclesia, and other legislatures as species, each resembling the original type in some of its principles, yet having others peculiar to itself. Out of the early Teutonic assemblies were produced, in the same way, the Parliament of England, the States-General of France, the Diet of Germany, the Congress of the United States.

Yet it may be questioned whether even this illustration supports the doctrine of evolution, and in regard to other institutions the case is still more doubtful. Take, for example, the jury system. The principle of popular participation in trials for crime has striven for recognition, though not always successfully, in many countries and many ages. But from at least one people, the Germans, and through one line, the English, it may be traced along a fairly regular course down to the present day. Montesquieu calls attention to another case, when, speaking of the division of powers in the English government, he exclaims, "*Ce beau système est sorti des bois!*" that is, the forests of Germany. But in all such instances it depends upon the point of view, or the method of analysis, whether the student detects the production of new species from a common genus, or original creation by a conscious author.

Even this is not, however, the only difficulty. Evolution means the production of higher, not simply of new, forms; and the term organic growth

implies in social science the idea of improvement. But this kind of progress is evidently far more difficult to discern in operation. It is easy enough to trace the American Congress back historically to the Witenagemot, to derive the American jury from the Teutonic popular courts, to connect the American city with the municipality of feudal Europe, or of Rome, or even of Greece. The organic relation, or at least the historical affinity, in these and many other cases is clear. But it is a widely different thing to assert that what is evidently political development or evolution must also be upward progress. This might lead to the conclusion that parliamentary institutions have risen to Cameron and Mahone; that the Saxon courts have been refined into the Uniontown jury; and that the art of municipal government has culminated in the city of New York.

The truth is that there are two leading classes of political phenomena, the one merely productive, the other progressive, which may in time, and by the aid of large generalizations, be made to harmonize with the doctrine of evolution, but which ought at present to be carefully distinguished from the manifestations ordinarily cited in its support. The first class includes the appearance, in different countries and different ages, of institutions or tendencies similar in character, but without organic connection. The other class includes visible movements, but movements in circles, or otherwise than forward and upward. Both classes may be illustrated by cogent American examples, but it is to the latter that the reader's attention is now specially invoked.

Among the phenomena which have appeared in all ages and all countries, with a certain natural bond of sympathy, and yet without a clearly ascertainable order of progress, one of the earliest and latest, one of the most universal and most instructive, is that tendency

or aspiration variously termed agrarian, socialistic, or communistic. The movement appears under different forms and different influences. It may be provoked by the just complaints of an oppressed class, by the inevitable inequality of fortunes, or by a base jealousy of superior moral and intellectual worth. To these and other grievances, real or feigned, correspond as many different forms of redress, or rather schemes for redress. One man demands the humiliation of the rich or the great, and the artificial exaltation of the poor and the ignorant; another, the constant interference of the state for the benefit of general or individual prosperity; a third, the equalization of wealth by discriminating measures; a fourth, perhaps, the abolition of private property, and the substitution for it of corporate ownership by society. But widely as these schemes differ in degree, they may all be reduced to one general type, or at least traced back to one pervading and peremptory instinct of human nature in all races and all ages. It is the instinctive demand that organized society shall serve to improve the fortunes of individuals, and incidentally that those who are least fortunate shall receive the greatest service. Between the two extreme attitudes held toward this demand, — that of absolute compliance, and that of absolute refusal — range the actual policies of all political communities.

For the extremes are open to occupation only by theories; no state can in practice fully accept and carry out either the one or the other. Prussia neglects many charges, or, in other words, leaves to private effort much that a rigid application of the prevailing political philosophy would require it to undertake; while England conducts by governmental action a variety of interests which the utilitarians reserve to the individual citizen. The real issue is therefore one of degree or tendency. Shall the sphere of the

state's activity be broad or narrow; shall it maintain toward social interests an attitude of passive, impartial indifference, or of positive encouragement; shall the presumption in every doubtful case be in favor of calling in the state, or of trusting individual effort? Such are the forms in which the issue may be stated, as well by the publicist as by the legislator. And it is rather by the extent to which precept and practice incline toward the one view or the other, than by the complete adoption of either of two mutually exclusive systems, that political schools are to be classified. This gives us on the one hand the utilitarian, limited, or non-interference theory of the state, and on the other the paternal or socialistic theory.

Now although this country witnessed at an early day the apparent triumph of certain great schemes of policy, such as protection and public improvements, which are clearly socialistic, — I use the term in an inoffensive, philosophical sense, — it is noteworthy that the triumph was won chiefly by the aid of considerations of a practical, economical, and temporary nature. The necessity for a large revenue, the advantage of a diversified industry, the desirability of developing our natural resources, the scarcity of home capital, the expediency of encouraging European immigration, and many other reasons of this sort have been freely adduced. But at the same time the fundamental question of the state's duties and powers, in other words, the purely political aspect of the subject, was neglected. Nay, the friends of these exceptional departures from the non-interference theory of the state have insisted not the less, as a rule, on the theory itself, while even the exceptions have been obnoxious to a large majority of the most eminent publicists and economists, that is to say the specialists, of America. If any characteristic system of political philosophy has hitherto been generally accepted in

this country, whether from instinct or conviction, it is undoubtedly the system of Adam Smith, Bentham, and the Manchester school.

There are, however, reasons for thinking that this state of things will be changed in the near future, and that the new school of political economists in the United States will be widely different from the present. This change, if it actually take place, will be due to the influence of foreign teachers, but of teachers wholly unlike those under whose influence we have lived for a century.

It has been often remarked that our higher education is rapidly becoming Germanized. Fifty years ago it was only the exceptional and favored few — the Ticknors and Motleys — who crossed the ocean to continue their studies under the great masters of German science; but a year or two at Leipsic or Heidelberg is now regarded as indispensable to a man who desires the name of scholar. This is especially true of those who intend themselves to teach. The diploma of a German university is not, of course, an instant and infallible passport to employment in American colleges, but it is a powerful recommendation; and the tendency seems to be toward a time when it will be almost a required condition. The number of Americans studying in Germany is accordingly now reckoned by hundreds, or even thousands, where it used to be reckoned by dozens. It is within my own knowledge that in at least one year of the past decade the Americans matriculated at the University of Berlin outnumbered every other class of foreigners. And "foreigners" included all who were not Prussians, in other words, even non-Prussian Germans. That this state of things is fraught with vast possible consequences for the intellectual future of America is a proposition which seems hardly open to dispute; and the only question is about the nature, whether good or bad, of those consequences.

My own views on this question are not of much importance. Yet it will disarm one class of critics if I admit at the outset that in my opinion the effects of this scholastic pilgrimage will in general be wholesome. The mere experience of different academic methods and a different intellectual atmosphere seems calculated both to broaden and to deepen the mind; it corresponds in a measure to the "grand tour," which used to be considered such an essential part of the education of young English noblemen. The substance, too, of German teaching is always rich, and often useful. But in certain cases, or on certain subjects, it may be the reverse of useful; and the question presents itself, therefore, to every American student on his way to Germany, whether the particular professor whom he has in view is a recognized authority on his subject, or, in a slightly different form, whether the subject itself is anywhere taught in Germany in a way which it is desirable for him to adopt.

In regard to many departments of study, doubts like these can indeed hardly ever arise. No very strong feeling is likely to be excited among the friends and neighbors and constituents of a young American about the views which he will probably acquire in Germany on the reforms of Servius Tullius, or the formation of the Macedonian phalanx, or the pronunciation of Sanskrit. Here the scientific spirit and the acquired results of its employment are equally good. But there are other branches of inquiry, in which, though the method may be good, the doctrines are at least open to question.

One of these is social science, using the term in its very broadest sense, and making it include not only what the late Professor von Mohl called *Gesellschaftswissenschaft*, that is, social science in the narrower sense, but also finance, the philosophy of the state, and even law in some of its phases.

The rise of the new school of economists in Germany is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern times. The school is scarcely twenty years old. Dr. Rodbertus, the founder of it, had to fight his cause for years against the combined opposition of the professors, the governments, the press, and the public. Yet his tentative suggestions have grown into an accepted body of doctrine, which is to-day taught by authority in nearly every German university, is fully adopted by Prince Bismarck, and has in part prevailed even with the imperial Diet.

The *Catheder-Socialisten* are not unknown, at least by name, even to the casual reader of current literature. They are men who teach socialism from the chairs of the universities. It is not indeed a socialism which uses assassination as an ally, or has any special antipathy to crowned heads: it is peaceful, orderly, and decorous; it wears academic robes, and writes learned and somewhat tiresome treatises in its own defense. But it is essentially socialistic, and in one sense even revolutionary. It has displaced, or rather grown out of, the so-called "historical school" of political economists, as this in its time was a revolt against the school of Adam Smith. The "historical" economists charged against the English school that it was too deductive, too speculative, and insisted on too wide an application of conclusions which were in fact only locally true. Their dissent was, however, cautious and qualified, and questioned not so much the results of the English school as the manner of reaching them. Their successors, more courageous or less prudent, reject even the English doctrines. This means that they are, above all things, protectionists.

It follows, accordingly, that the young Americans who now study political economy in Germany are nearly certain to return protectionists; and protectionists, too, in a sense in which the term

has not hitherto been understood in this country. They are scientific protectionists; that is, they believe that protective duties can be defended by something better than the selfish argument of special industries, and have a broad basis of economic truth. The "American system" is likely, therefore, to have in the future the support of American economic science.

To this extent, the influence of German teachings will be welcome to American manufacturers. But protection is with the Germans only part of a general scheme, or an inference from their main doctrine; and this will not, perhaps, find so ready acceptance in this country. For "the socialists of the chair" are not so much economical as political protectionists. They are chiefly significant as the representatives of a certain theory of the state, which has not hitherto found much support in America. This will be better understood after a brief historical recapitulation.

The mercantile system found, when it appeared two centuries ago, a ready reception in Prussia, both on economic and on political grounds. It was singularly adapted to the form of government which grew up at Berlin after the forcible suppression of the Diets. Professor Roscher compares Frederick William I. to Colbert; and it is certain not only that the king understood the economic meaning of the system, but also that the administration which he organized was admirably fitted to carry it out. Frederick the Great was the victim of the same delusion. In his reign, as in the reign of his father, it was considered to be the duty of the state to take charge of every subject affecting the social and pecuniary interests of the people, and to regulate such subjects by the light of a superior bureaucratic wisdom. It was, in short, paternal government in its most highly developed form. But in the early part of this century it began, owing to three coöper-

ating causes, to decline. The first cause was the circumstance that the successors of Frederick were not fitted, like him and his father, to conduct the system with the patient personal attention and the robust intelligence which its success required of the head of the state. The second influence was the rise of new schools of political economy and of political philosophy, and the general diffusion of sounder views of social science. And in the third place, the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, and the complete destruction of the ancient bases of social order in Germany revealed the defects of the edifice itself, and made a reconstruction on new principles not only possible, but even necessary.

The consequence was the agrarian reforms of Stein and Hardenberg, the restoration to the towns of some degree of self-government, the agitation for parliaments, which even the Congress of Vienna had to recognize, and other measures or efforts in the direction of decentralization and popular enfranchisement. King Frederick William III. appointed to the newly created Ministry of Instruction and Public Worship William von Humboldt, the author of a treatise on the limits of the state's power, which a century earlier would have been burned by the common hangman. In 1818 Prussia adopted a new tariff, which was a wide departure from the previous policy, and in its turn paved the way for the Zollverein, which struck down the commercial barriers between the different German states, and practically accepted the principle of free trade. The course of purely political emancipation was indeed arrested for a time by the malign influence of Metternich, but even this was resumed after 1848. In respect to commercial policy there was no reaction. That the events of 1866 and 1870, leading to the formation, first, of the North German Confederation, and then of the Empire, were

expected to favor, and not to check, the work of liberation, and down to a certain point did favor it, is matter of familiar recent history. The doctrines of the Manchester school were held by the great body of the people, taught by the professors, and embodied in the national policy, so far as they concerned freedom of trade. On their political side, too, they were accepted by a large and influential class of liberals. Few Germans held, indeed, the extreme "non-interference" theory of government; but the prevailing tone of thought, and even the general policy of legislation, was, until about ten years ago, in favor of unburdening the state of some of its usurped charges; of enlarging in the towns and counties the sphere of self-government; and of granting to individuals a new degree of initiative in respect to economical and industrial interests.

But about the middle of the past decade the current began to turn. The revolt from the doctrines of the Manchester school, initiated, as has been stated, by a few men, and not at first looked on with favor by governments, gradually acquired both numbers and credit. The professors one by one joined the movement. And finally, when Prince Bismarck threw his powerful weight into the scale, the utilitarians were forced upon the defensive. They had to resist first of all the Prussian scheme for the acquisition of private railways by the state, and they were defeated. They were next called upon to defend in the whole Empire the cause of free trade. This battle, too, they lost, and in an incredibly short space of time protection, which had been discredited for half a century, was fully restored. Then the free city of Hamburg was robbed of its ancient privileges, and forced to accept the common yoke. Some minor socialistic schemes of the chancellor have been, indeed, temporarily frustrated by the Diet, but repeated efforts will doubtless break down the re-

sistance. The policy even attacks the functions of the Diet itself, as is shown both by actual projects and by the generally changed attitude of the government toward parliamentary institutions.

Now, so far as protection is concerned, this movement may seem to many Americans to be in principle a return to wisdom. In fact, not even American protectionists enjoy the imposition of heavy duties on their exported products; but the recognition of their system of commercial policy by another state undoubtedly gives it a new strength and prestige, and they certainly regard it as an unmixed advantage that their sons, who go abroad to pursue the scientific study of political economy, will in Germany imbibe no heresies on the subject of tariff methods. Is this, however, all that they are likely to learn, and if not, will the rest prove equally commendable to the great body of thoughtful Americans? This is the same thing as asking whether local self-government, trial by jury, the common law, the personal responsibility of officials, frequent elections, in short, all the priceless conquests of Anglican liberty, all that distinguishes England and America from the continent of Europe, are not as dear to the man who spins cotton into thread, or makes steel rails out of iron ore, as to any free-trade professor of political economy.

To state this question is to answer it; for it can be shown that, as a people, we have cause not for exultation, but for grave anxiety, over the class of students whom the German universities are annually sending back to America. If these pilgrims are faithful disciples of their masters, they do not return merely as protectionists, with their original loyalty to Anglo-American theories of government otherwise unshaken, but as the advocates of a political system which, if adopted and literally carried out, would wholly change the spirit of our institutions, and destroy all that is oldest and noblest in our national life.

Protection, it was said above, is not the main doctrine of the German professors, but only an inference from their general system. It is not an economical, much less a financial, expedient. It is a policy which is derived from a theory of the state's functions and duties; and this theory is in nearly every other respect radically different from that which prevails in this country. It assumes as postulates the ignorance of the individual and the omniscience of the government. The government, in this view, is therefore bound, not simply to abstain from malicious interference with private enterprises, not simply so to adjust taxation that all interests may receive equitable treatment, but positively to exercise a fatherly care over each and every branch of production, and even to take many of them into its own hands. All organizations of private capital are regarded with suspicion; they are at best tolerated, not encouraged. Large enterprises are to be undertaken by the state; and even the petty details of the retail trade are to be controlled to an extent which would seem intolerable to American citizens.

And this is not the whole, or, perhaps, the worst.

The "state," in this system, means the central government, and, besides that, a government removed as far as possible from parliamentary influence and public opinion. The superior wisdom, which in industrial affairs is to take the place of individual sagacity, means, as in the time of Frederick the Great, the wisdom of the bureaucracy. Now it may be freely granted that in Prussia, and even throughout the rest of the Empire, this is generally wisdom of a high order. It is represented by men whose integrity is above suspicion. But the principle of the system is not the less obnoxious, and its tendencies, if introduced in this country, could not be otherwise than deplorable.

This proposition, if the German

school has been correctly described, needs no further defense. If Americans are prepared to accept the teachings of Wagner, Held, Schmoller, and others, with all which those teachings imply,—a paternal government, a centralized political authority, a bureaucratic administration, Roman law, and trial by executive judges,—the new school of German publicists will be wholly unobjectionable. But before such a system can be welcome, the American nature must first be radically changed.

There are, indeed, evidences other than that of protection—which it has been shown is not commonly defended on political grounds—that this change has already made some progress. One of these is the growing fashion of looking to legislation, that is, to the state, for relief in cases where individual or at least privately organized collective effort ought to suffice. It is a further evil, too, that the worst legislatures are invariably the ones which most promptly respond to such demands. The recent act of the State of New York making the canals free, though not indefensible in some of its aspects, was an innovation the more significant since the leading argument of its supporters was distinctly and grossly socialistic. This was the argument that free canals would make low freights, and low freights would give the poor man cheaper bread. For this end the property of the State is henceforth to be taxed. A movement of the same nature, and on a larger scale, is that for a government telegraph; and if successful, the next scheme will be to have the railways likewise acquired by the separate States, or the Union. Other illustrations might be given, but these show the tendency to which allusion is made. It is significant that such projects can be even proposed; but that they can be seriously discussed, and some of them actually adopted, shows that the stern jealousy of governmental interference, the dispo-

sition rigidly to circumscribe the state's sphere of action, which once characterized the people of the republic, has lost, though unconsciously, a large part of its force. No alarm or even surprise is now excited by propositions which the founders of the Union would have pronounced fatal to free government. Some other symptoms, though of a more subtle kind, are the multiplication of codes; the growing use of written procedure, not only in the courts and in civil administration, but even in legislation; and, generally speaking, the tendency to adopt the dry, formal, pedantic method of the continent, thereby losing the old English qualities of ease, flexibility, and natural strength.

But, as already said, the bearings of schemes like those above mentioned are rarely perceived even by their strongest advocates. They are casual expedients, not steps in the development of a systematic theory of the state. Indeed, their authors and friends would be perhaps the first to resent the charge that they were in conflict with the political traditions of America, or likely to prepare the way for the reception of new and subversive doctrines. Yet nothing better facilitates a revolution in a people's modes or habits of thought than just such a series of practical measures. The time at length arrives when some comprehensive genius, or a school of sympathetic thinkers, calmly codifies these preliminary though unsuspected concessions, and makes them the basis of a firm, complete, and symmetrical structure. It is then found that long familiarity with some of the details in practice makes it comparatively simple for a people to accept the whole system as a conviction of the mind.

Such a school has not hitherto existed in this country. There have of course always been shades of difference between publicists and philosophers in regard to the speculative view taken of the state; and the division between gov-

ernmental patronage and private exertion has not always been drawn along the same line. But these differences have been neither great nor constant. They distinguished rather varieties of the same system than different and radically hostile systems. The most zealous and advanced of the former champions of state interference would now probably be called utilitarians by the pupils of the new German school.

It has been the purpose of this paper to describe briefly the tendencies of that school, and to indicate the effects which its patronage by American youth is likely to have on the future of our political thought. The opinion was expressed that much more is acquired in Germany than a mere belief in the economic wisdom of protection. And it may be added, to make the case stronger, that the German system of socialism may be learned without the doctrine of protection on its economic side. For the university socialists assert only the right, or at most the duty, of the state actively to interfere in favor of the industrial interests of society. The exercise of this right or the fulfillment of this duty may, in a given case, lead to a protective tariff; in Germany, at present, it does take that form. But in another case it may lead to free trade. The decision is to be determined by the economic circumstances of the country and the moment; only it is to be positive and active even if in favor of free trade, and not a merely negative attitude of indifference. In other words, free trade is not assumed to be the normal condition of things, and protection the exception. Both alike require the active intervention of government in the performance of its duty to society.

But with or without protection, the body of the German doctrine is full of plausible yet vicious errors, which few reflecting Americans would care to see introduced and become current in their own country. The prevailing idea is

that of the ignorance and weakness of the individual, the omniscience and omnipotence of the state. This is not yet, in spite of actual institutions and projected measures, the accepted American view.

Now I am not one of those who are likely to condemn a thing because it is foreign. It may be frankly conceded that in the present temper of German politics, and even of German social and political science, there is much that is admirable and worthy of imitation. The selection of trained men alone for administrative office, the great lesson that individual convenience must often yield to the welfare of society, the conception of the dignity of politics and the majesty of the state, — these are things which we certainly need to learn, and which Germany can both teach and illustrate. But side by side with such fundamental truths stand the most mischievous fallacies, and an enthusiastic student is not always sure to make the proper selection.

It seems to me that in political doctrine, as in so many other intellectual concerns of society, this country is now passing through an important crisis. We are engaged in a struggle between the surviving traditions of our English ancestors and the influence of different ideas acquired by travel and study on the continent. It is by no means certain, however desirable, that victory will rest with those literary, educational, and political instincts which we acquired with our English blood, and long cherished as among our most precious possessions. The tendency now certainly is in a different direction, as has already been discovered by foreign observers. Some of Tocqueville's acute observations have nearly lost their point. Mr. Frederic Pollock, in an essay recently published by an English periodical, mentions the gradual approach of America toward continental views of law and the state. There is, undoubtedly, among

the American people a large conservative element, which, if its attention were once aroused, would show an unconquerable attachment to those principles of society and government common to all the English peoples, under whatever sky they may be found. But at present the current is evidently taking a different course.

It would, however, be a grave mistake to regard this hostile movement as a forward one. Not everything new is reform; but the socialist revival is not even new. Yet it is also not real conservatism. The true American conservatives, in the present crisis, are the men who not only respect the previous achievements of Anglo-Saxon progress, but also wisely adhere to the same order of progress, with a view to continued benefits in the future; while their enemies, though in one sense radicals, are in another simply the disguised servants of reaction, since they reject both the hopes of the future and the lessons of the past. They bring forward as novelties in scholastic garb the antique errors of remote centuries. The same motives, the same spirit, the same tendency, can be ascribed to the agrarian laws of the Gracchi, the peasant uprisings in the Middle Ages, the public granaries of Frederick the Great, the graduated income-tax of Prussia, the Land League agitation in Ireland, the river and harbor bills in this country. They differ only in the degree in which special circumstances may seem to render a given measure more or less justifiable.

The special consideration is, however, this: these successive measures and manifestations, whether they have an organic connection or only an accidental resemblance, reveal no improvement whatever in quality, no progress in social enlightenment. The records of political government from the earliest dawn of civilization will be searched in vain for a more reckless and brutal measure of

class legislation than the Bland silver bill, which an American Congress passed in the year 1878.

It is the same with the pompous syllogisms on which the German professors are trying to build up their socialistic theory of the state. Everything which they have to say was said far better by Plato two thousand years ago. If they had absolute control of legislation, they could not surpass the work of Lycurgus. It is useless for them to try to hide their plagiarism under a cloud of pedantic sophistry; for the most superficial critic will not fail to see that, instead of originating, they are only borrowing, and even borrowing errors of theory and of policy which have been steadily retreating before the advance of political education.

If the question were asked, What more, perhaps, than anything else distinguishes the modern from the ancient state, and distinguishes it favorably? the unhesi-

tating reply from every candid person would be, The greater importance conceded to the individual. We have attained this result through a long course of arduous and painful struggles. The progress has not, indeed, been uninterrupted, nor its bearings always perceived; but the general, and through large periods of time uniform, tendency has been to disestablish and disarm the state, to reduce government to narrow limits, and to assert the dignity of the individual citizen. And now the question is, Shall this line of progress be abruptly abandoned? Shall we confess that we have been all this time moving only in a circle; that what we thought was progress in a straight line is only revolution in a fixed orbit; and that society is doomed to return to the very point from which it started? The academic socialism invites us to begin the backward march, but must its invitation be accepted?

Herbert Tuttle.

TO A HURT CHILD.

WHAT, art thou hurt, Sweet? So am I,—
Cut to the heart;
Though I may neither moan nor cry,
To ease the smart.

Where was it, Love? Just here? So wide
Upon thy cheek?
Oh, happy pain that needs no pride,
And may dare speak!

Lay here thy pretty head. One touch
Will heal its worst;
While I, whose wound bleeds overmuch,
Go all unnursed.

There, Sweet! Run back now to thy play;
Forget thy woes.
I too was sorely hurt this day,—
But no one knows.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

NEWPORT.

III.

MRS. BLAZER'S DINNER.

PORTER had not shown himself at the Casino dance, his calibre requiring entertainments of greater weight. But he sent his dog-cart to the hotel, next morning, to transfer Oliphant to the villa.

"You look tired," he observed solitiously, on his guest's arrival.

"I'm all right," said Eugene. "I was up rather late. But what a cosey place you've got here!"

"Yes; it does well enough for me. Not mine, you know; merely taken it for the season." Porter was addicted to brevity of speech. "It belongs to a man named Craig. He lives here in winter, but during the summer he crawls off into a boarding-house and lets the cottage. Rent keeps him in funds for the rest of the year, you see. Guess he put most of his money into this shebang, for he seems hard up. His son has to play the organ in one of the churches here, to eke things out. Quite a genius by the way, that young fellow. Justin they call him. You fond of music?"

"Exceedingly."

"Well, I'll get him to come and play for you; piano goes with house. I furnish a good many things, though, including turn-outs. Come, I'll show you your room."

The house was an attractive one, placed near the old Green End Road, which now — with the sham elegance of a parvenu taste — has been rechristened Buena Vista Street. It was supposed to be in the style of Queen Anne; but had that virtuous matron made a progress in its direction, it may be doubted whether she would have recognized it

as a real subject of her reign in art. The deep brown of its exterior more naturally suggested the domestic inspiration of pumpkin pie. But the room to which Raish Porter conducted his guest was quite to Oliphant's taste, and was provided with a sheltered ombra where, in the midst of flowering plants, one could inhale the fresh air and gaze upon the green water in front of Easton's beach, and the gently mounded pastures farther off, which, as Oliphant knew of old, rolled away into the sheltered vale of Paradise. On those slopes rose a squat, comfortable-looking gray wind-mill, past which a delicate fog was beginning to float in from the ocean, spreading its ghostly influence over the land.

"Now at last I feel that I'm in Newport!" Oliphant exclaimed, with satisfaction.

"Well, my boy, make yourself at home. This afternoon, if you like, I'll take you the long drive. Do as you please — independence compact, you know. I've put you down at both the clubs; convenient. If you want anything, ring that bell. And oh, by the way," he added, looking around the door, which he had already opened, to go out, "there's a little wagon entirely for your own use. Any time you want it, just tell James."

Without giving his friend time to thank him, he disappeared.

When Oliphant went down stairs, a few moments later, Porter was nowhere to be seen. He looked out of the window; the fog, he saw, had increased. "This is devilish queer," he said to himself. "Where can Porter be?" It seemed to him that his host must have vanished into the fog, and he allowed himself to fancy that perhaps he might not return.

He rang the bell. "Do you know," he asked of the servant, "whether Mr. Porter is in?"

"No, sir, he's not in," said James. "He went out a few moments ago."

"Do you expect him in presently?"

"Can't say, sir."

There came over Oliphant an uncomfortable sense of being a prisoner, and he said to the servant who still waited, "I think I shall go down to the club—the old club; not the Casino. If Mr. Porter comes in, will you tell him that I shall be back to lunch?"

He escaped, and was ridiculously glad to be in the free air once more. He was conscious that the old club, the Newport Reading-Room, was the conservative stronghold, and for this reason he took his way thither, instead of to the Casino. It occurred to him that he had been a trifle rash in accepting Porter's hospitality without ascertaining more about his present status.

At the club, which was nearly untenanted, he tried to read the newspapers; but the letter which he had discovered the night before kept coming into his mind. What was he to do with it? That was the vexatious point, for apparently there was nothing to be done. One might say that, in an honorable sense, the document belonged to Mrs. Gifford as much as to himself; that she ought to take it and dispose of it in her own way. Yet it would never do to give it to her. No; that was decided: she must not know of it, on any account. He would burn it. Here again he was obliged to ask himself whether he had any right to do so; and he could not be sure that he had. Throwing down the newspaper, he saw Roger Deering, who had just entered the room, standing in front of him.

They dropped into a slow dialogue, and Porter became the subject.

"Yes, I'm staying with him," said Eugene. "But this sudden prosperity of his rather bewilders me. The last

time I knew of him he was merely traveling agent of the Magawisca Manufacturing Company. He tells me now that he's launched out for himself; and he appears to be opulent. It's a great change, seems to me."

"So it is," Roger assented. "But I suppose he's entitled to it. He developed a great head for business, and some people think he is a remarkable financier. He certainly has made some long-sighted operations, and is very successful so far."

"So far, eh? Then you doubt his future?"

Deering answered diplomatically: "Why should I? I know nothing about what he's projecting. Only this, Eugene: as you're my cousin, I'll warn you that I've sometimes suspected Raish"—he lowered his voice,—“of rather snide transactions; and setting that apart, I know that he is taking great risks."

Eugene smiled. "And, as a stock-broker, you consider that against him?"

"I presume, Eugene," was the reply, "that your head is well settled on the horizontal plane; in other words, level. You're not a lamb, and accordingly I can click the shears in your hearing with impunity. You had your stint of Wall Street some time ago, I take it. But Raish Porter is even more seductive than stock-quotations, and I advise you to keep clear of his schemes."

"Oh, I suppose I shall do that any way," said Oliphant; "but I'm obliged for the hint, all the same." He had an inclination to talk to Roger about Atlee. Roger, with his ruddy face, his short hair, his busy, active manner, seemed so honest, that Oliphant's dawning anxiety with regard to the attentions of Atlee became doubly painful. But he really had nothing to go upon, and Roger probably would not thank him for revealing it if he had; so he merely

asked a few questions about the Anglicized young man. Except for his foreign nonsense, Roger thought him one of the best of fellows, and showed perfect confidence in him. Confidence, it struck Eugene, was the broker's strongest trait; confidence in himself, in his wife, in Atlee, combined with a confidence that he knew the ways of the world, and did not trust anybody too much. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to get his advice regarding the letter? Accordingly, Eugene put the case to him as a supposititious one.

"What would I do?" said Roger in reply, casting up the pros and cons with his chin in the air. "Well, that depends on how much you are acquainted with the lady. However, I should say there is no doubt she ought to have, or at least see the letter, some time. It's the square thing. When you know her better, say; or perhaps Mary could help you."

"Oh no; no. Don't say a word to Mary. Please keep the whole thing strictly to yourself. I'll wait and see."

"All right."

Going back to the cottage, Eugene lunched alone, Raish still not having returned; and when at last the latter made his appearance, it was time for the drive. "By the way," said Raish, "I met Mrs. Blazer, and she wants us both to dine with her on Friday."

"She's very kind; but I don't know her yet, you remember."

"Oh, I'll arrange that. I shall present you to-morrow. There will be some interesting people at the dinner; Count Fitz-Stuart, and Lord Hawkstane, and Vivian Ware," — Oliphant continued to look dubious, — "and that fascinating woman, Mrs. Gifford," Raish concluded.

"Ah, she is to be there? I should like to see *her* again."

"And I don't blame you," said his companion, with an off-hand familiarity that somehow grated on Eugene. But

they were now spinning along in the dog-cart; and the soft marine air, with the prospect of soon meeting Mrs. Gifford once more, speedily put him into good humor. Porter went on fluently, telling who lived in the various houses along the way, and striking out witticisms from whatever material offered itself. But when they had passed out on to the ocean road that follows the shore to Bateman's Point and around again to the harbor, his tone changed.

"I tell you, Oliphant," he declared with vehemence, "that life we've left behind us in the town is all a sham. It drops itself down in one of the loveliest regions Nature can show, and just devotes itself to a surfeit of amusement and artifice, to fal-lal and lah-de-dah. I despise it!"

"Why do you come here, then?"

"Why do *you*, my dear fellow? We must be 'of our time,' you know." And he continued to talk in a strain of capacious dissatisfaction; satirizing the superficial republicanism of American institutions, and declaring with solid cheerfulness that the present state of things must eventually be swept away and a new civilization be built up above the ruins. But as they drew near the outer streets again, on the homeward stretch, he subsided into contented acceptance of the hollow present, and was careful to show Oliphant where Mrs. Gifford lived. It was a house with timbers let into the walls, and raised its high-piled gables showily above the trees on a hill to the west of the polo-grounds, commanding the harbor and Narragansett Bay. "They call it High Lawn," Porter said.

The fog had continued to hang about the island, and it increased at nightfall; so that when Oliphant repaired to his room to sleep, he was glad to see a cheerful fire on the modern-antique hearth. The winking flames reminded him of his first design of burning Gifford's letter. Mustering his resolution,

he took the paper out of its repository and went straight to the fire with it, intending to drop it upon the blazing wood; but at the last moment his doubts returned, and he concluded to wait. There was a force in it, a something approaching personality, which he could not overcome; it began to make him nervous; he disliked to put it away again and leave it — as if it might take some action against him unawares, when his back should be turned — for it was no longer a passive thing. Prompted by this unreasoning impression, he put the letter into a safe pocket in his coat, determined thereafter to carry it about with him.

At the usual morning assemblage in the Casino, the next day, he was presented to Mrs. Blazer, who made herself agreeable, but wore a pained, abstracted look. He noticed, too, that she constantly, in moments of silence, compressed her upper lip so that it became suddenly creased with fine downward lines, like those of hidden steel springs.

"I'm glad you will come, Friday," she said, relaxing this pressure and smiling at him; but it was a weary smile, — that of a person absorbed in schemes, all of which were perhaps not going as she wished. Oliphant had a suspicion that this Social Usurper, like her congeners in the history of thrones, must always remain insecure.

"It is very considerate in you to ask me," he replied, "when you have so many to choose from here, and I am little more than a stranger."

"My dear Mr. Oliphant," — her use of this address savored of imperial condescension, — "I am delighted to entertain an old friend of Mr. Porter's. Besides, you are not so much a stranger."

"No? How is that?"

"Mr. Sweetser has been telling me that he knows all about you."

"He must be a magician, then."

"Oh no, he's a very simple man; a delightful man, too — Mr. Sweetser.

He's like a glass of soda-water, always sparkling."

Oliphant caught sight of him in the distance, at that moment, smirking to some ladies on the balcony. "Yes," he said; "he seems to enjoy life thoroughly. But you make me curious. I should like to hear my history from him, because he'd be sure to give it a new vivacity."

"Ah, that's very well said," Mrs. Blazer declared, showing her large teeth in a heartier smile than before. "But he only said he remembered seeing you, or knowing of you, some years ago in Springfield. Mr. Sweetser can remember a long time back — for a young man."

"I don't think I remember *him*," said Oliphant, reflecting.

"I dare say not; I believe he had known Mrs. Oliphant, when she was Miss Davenant. But I notice your cousin beckoning for you over there: she wants to see you."

"Where?" Oliphant turned, and discovering Mrs. Deering, went to join her.

"I am dying to ask you one question," said that alert little lady, when she had drawn him apart to a quieter spot. "Is it Mrs. Gifford?"

"It? What? And what about her?"

"Why, I mean the letter. Is she the widow you meant, when you told Roger?"

Oliphant was thunderstruck. "Is it possible he mentioned that to you?" he inquired, showing his vexation. "I told him particularly" —

"Oh, never mind that," interrupted Mrs. Deering, good-humoredly. "Of course he tried to keep it to himself, but he was so much interested, he could n't. And do you know, I guessed right away that it was Mrs. Gifford. Was n't that 'cute of me?" She gazed up at him with such a saucy triumph, that he was obliged to pocket his annoyance.

"I don't know that it makes any difference to me," he said. "But Mrs.

Gifford certainly has some claim. I'm sorry I spoke to Roger, even vaguely."

"You might trust me a *little*," said his cousin, in a tone of injury. "Of course I sha'n't allude to it to any one else, in the faintest way. But I want to know if you're really going to show her that letter."

"Of course not. How can I? Would *you* do such a thing?"

"Decidedly not, unless I wanted to give her a shock and make her unhappy."

"You think, then, that it really would make her unhappy?"

"I'm sure of it."

"But possibly she knows of the original fact already, even if she never heard of the letter."

Mrs. Deering shook her head. "I doubt if she knows; and even if she did, showing her this old letter would only bring it up in a painful, unnecessary way."

"So I think," he returned. "But as long as you had been told, I thought I'd get your opinion."

"Well, I've given it; but you mustn't consider me as advising," said she, settling her chin with the placidness of sated curiosity.

Olyphant was exasperated at the semi-publicity into which he had allowed his secret to be dragged; but he consoled himself with the fact that husband and wife had flatly contradicted each other's counsel.

The day for the dinner arrived, and at Mrs. Blazer's everything appeared light, gay, brilliant; but the elegance of her big mirrors, teakwood furniture, and huge vases was tarnished by a suspicion that it could not be quite genuine.

"We are just waiting for the Count," said the hostess, while she welcomed Porter and his companion. She had on a dress of cream-colored silk, plaited and draped with the elaboration of a bastioned fortress; and around the tightly drawn space at the bottom was spread,

like a victorious ensign, a rich applied Turkish embroidery, full of red and yellow.

The servant announced Count Fitz-Stuart, and Porter whispered to Olyphant, "'Positively the last' of the Stuarts. They don't last especially well, eh?"

In truth, the young Count made no very distinguished figure: slim, habile in form, face the color of an apricot ripened under artificial conditions; insignificant teeth, slightly injured; a general expression of light-hearted readiness for whatever should turn up; all this glazed over with a thin magnificence of manner, somewhat run down from want of exercise.

Among the others present were Vivian Ware and her brother Stillman, Perry Thorburn and Miss Hobart, and the two Misses Blazer. Olyphant was keenly on the lookout for Mrs. Gifford, who greeted him with a smile that was flattering because it seemed to premise that, having seen him once, she was glad to meet him again in a more intimate circle. He crossed over to speak with her.

"I did n't see you at the Casino, to-day," he said.

"No, I go only now and then. And to-day I—I was particularly occupied." She looked down for an instant, and then at him, with an almost girlish anticipation of the surprise she meant to give him. "Where do you suppose I was? The most romantic thing you can imagine!"

"If it's romantic," said Olyphant, "I sha'n't try to guess; for only like knows like."

"I don't know what makes me tell you," Mrs. Gifford proceeded; "I'm sure I don't. Well, I was down at old Trinity Church, listening to the organ—on a week-day, you know."

He thought this a flat conclusion, but exclaimed with fervor, "How singular!"

"Yes," said his new friend; "but

that's nothing at all. The great point is the organist."

"Ah? Who is he?"

"A young musical magnificence. Justin Craig is his name."

"Craig? Why, I've heard of him. I'm staying in his father's house, with Mr. Porter. Is n't it the same?"

"Yes, yes," cried Mrs. Gifford, alive with enthusiasm. "Have you met Justin?"

The gaslight appeared to Oliphant to burn several degrees brighter, under the influence of this sudden interest.

"No, I don't know him," he said, reluctantly. "You have a high opinion of his talent, then?"

"You shall see for yourself what it is, Mr. Oliphant. He is coming to play for us here, later in the evening."

"Then that is n't he over there by the window, talking with Miss Hobart?" Oliphant had reference to a tall young man with a palish, elongated face, and vaguely high-bred air, who seemed to be uncomfortable in whatever position he took, and had just shaken himself into a fresh attitude before Josephine.

Mrs. Gifford returned an incredulous gaze. "That! Why, that's Lord Hawkstane; did n't you know? Poor Justin would never be invited here to *dine*."

Oliphant was now taken away for presentation to Miss Blazer, the elder, Ruth by name, with whom he was to go in to dinner. Mrs. Blazer led with Lord Hawkstane, and Count Fitz-Stuart escorted Vivian Ware. The dining-room was a rotunda, and the table was circular, too; so that although Oliphant was placed between Vivian Ware and Ruth Blazer, with Lord Hawkstane and Tilly Blazer opposite, he had a good view of the whole company. There were burning candles in slim brass holders set on small circular mirrors; red and yellow flowers, repeating the tints of Mrs. Blazer's embroidery, abounded; and trails of fern led from the central mass to each plate, softening the glitter

of the lights, the brass, the glass, and the flame-colored blossoms.

As the turbot à la béchamel followed the Little Neck clams, the Count was heard remarking to Vivian: "But this I do not see, why they call him Little Neck, for this feeshes has not any necks of all."

"Next to none," Oliphant hazarded; whereupon Vivian gave him a merry glance that put value into the wretched pun.

Just then Lord Hawkstane monopolized attention by what he was saying to Miss Tilly Blazer; a young woman, by the way, sagacious and picturesque after her manner, with a cultivated air of silliness, and sleepy-looking eyes and nose. She listened with absorption to his account of the fox-hunt. "Yes, I got the mask," he said. "But all this sort of thing," he continued, in his high-pitched, boyish voice, "is very different to England, you know. Beastly stone walls and all that, don't you know; but then it was awfully jolly w'en we came in at the death. How've'r, on the way, we got to one of those windmills, don't you know, — ha, ha!" — he burst into a watery little laugh — "and the fox ran in there. Yes he did, 'pon my word."

"How mean of him!" sighed Miss Tilly.

"Yes," agreed his lordship, after gulping a glass of Sauterne. "Awfully. It was what you call here 'cussed,' don't you know? 'Pure cussedness.'" And he laughed again, with gratification at having proved himself a wit. "He was a nasty little fox. Well, we had to call the hunt together, you know, and begin again. They beat him out, and then I got in front and had an awfully tight pull with Thorburn, and came in ahead; so I got the mask, you understand."

"How perfectly lovely!" Tilly exclaimed. "And the mask is the head, is n't it?"

"Yes."

"It sounds so awfully mysterious, don't you know?" she went on, bringing her manner softly into accord with his. "The mask, and the brush, and pads! How I wish I'd been there."

"Why did n't you come?" Lord Hawkstane asked. "Miss Hobart took the run with us, you know: she was almost in."

"I was afraid of those dreadful leaps," said Tilly. "But I *should* so like to see a mask! Do you have it to keep, all for your own?"

"Oh yes," said the youthful nobleman, dallying with the enjoyment of some unexpressed joke. "I'm not sure, how'ever, that I shall keep it." (Tilly blushed, and exhibited a readiness to be overwhelmed by his kindness). "Rather a baw, you know: what can one do with those sort of things?"

"Oh, I should think it would be so *very* interesting to have," Tilly replied, with expectant timidity.

"If you really care for it so much," he began, showing the energy of sudden munificence, "I can let you see it, I dassay."

Mrs. Blazer observed that he here stole a look at Miss Hobart, who was at some distance from him; and the hidden springs in Mrs. Blazer's upper lip began to move nervously, in consequence.

Oliphant made good progress with Vivian Ware, during those intervals when Mrs. Blazer engaged the Count. Miss Ware was unlike most of the young Boston women he had known, in that she quite threw aside the prim reserve usually assigned to them as a characteristic. She had been much about the world, and there was a gay freedom in her manner which even subjected her at times to the charge of being "fast;" yet there lurked in her tone, in her refined features and soft complexion crowned with golden hair

— briefly, in her entire presence — an unspoiled sweetness that belonged to the flowering-time of life.

"One of the chief things," he said to her, "when I was last in Newport, was to go to the Fort, on Thursdays. Were you there yesterday?"

"Bless you, no!" exclaimed Miss Ware. "It's all out of date, now. Last week I believe just one carriage went. It must have felt like a fossil."

"So do I," he responded. "I see I shall have to remodel myself. How would you advise beginning? Buy a white hat?"

"If you do that," said Vivian, "you are lost. Black is *de rigueur*, this summer. And then, you must wear little pointed shoes with cloth down the front."

"Why?"

"Because you must. It's supposed to be the latest English wrinkle."

"How is it with our friend the lord, opposite? Does he get himself up that way?"

"Oh, no; he can wear anything he likes. He's *real*, you see, and our young men are only imitation. They have to take great pains to pass for even that much: the danger is, they may turn out to be nothing, — not even imitation."

"I'm glad I'm not one of the young men," Oliphant observed, "if that's the way you talk about them."

"And well you may be," said Vivian with sprightly ease. "You'd much better stay as you are."

Meanwhile he had opportunities enough to glance across the flower-strewn board at Mrs. Gifford, and the more he contemplated her the greater was the charm. He retraced the lines of her delicate face; the thin lips, the small mouth and decisive eyebrows. Her brown hair was of the palest that it could be without merging into blonde, but she had chosen to invest it with a slight ornamentation of black lace, which

though not sombre gave a hint of widowhood. Her dress was black and white, with a skillful introduction of violet. Quite to the slender throat it came; and the face above, having no strong color, acquired by contrast the remote beauty of warm-toned ivory. To see her smile, toss back her head, drink, look, was to feel a wondrousness about it all, as if an exquisite work of art had suddenly been endowed with life.

As soon as the dinner had worn its way through numerous courses to the cloyment of sweets and coffee, and a respite of smoke had been allowed, Oliphant hastened to rejoin her.

"I begin to think," he commenced, "that you have held out false hopes as to your youthful prodigy, Craig. He does n't seem to have come."

"No," said Mrs. Gifford, plainly disappointed. "Mrs. Blazer received a note after we left the dining-room, and it seems he won't be here."

There occurred, instead, a duet by the Misses Blazer; after which he renewed the conversation. But the knowledge of the letter he had discovered hampered him at every step; he was haunted by suspicions that she might know all about that old courtship, and by an uncomfortable fancy that perhaps she knew nothing, in which case he had her at a disadvantage. The temptation to approach the topic indirectly became irresistible.

"We were speaking of Springfield, the other evening," he finally remarked, as if by an accident of thought. "It's strange that I never met Mr. Gifford there. You never heard him speak of me, I suppose?"

"No, I don't remember to have heard him," said Octavia. "What makes you think of that?"

"Well, your name struck me as one that I knew, when I heard it here, on meeting you. Possibly it had come to me in some other way. Perhaps my wife — you see, Mr. Gifford may have

been known to her; that is, of course, before we were married."

The reconaissance was as clumsy as it could well be; but Octavia gave no sign of apprehending his motive. "Your wife?" she repeated, in a hushed tone. "As I told you, I never was in Springfield. What was her name, Mr. Oliphant, before your marriage?"

His voice came lingeringly, as he replied: "Alice Davenant."

"What a beautiful one!" Octavia exclaimed, sincerely, in subdued tones. "It has the ring of poetry in it. Alice Davenant! I'm quite sure, though, that Mr. Gifford did not know her: if he had, I should have remembered his mentioning it."

Oliphant's doubts were thus set at rest. He changed the topic quickly, and availed himself of the first opportunity to ask if he might call upon her.

"Why not?" she replied. "I shall be glad to see you. Are you to remain some time in Newport?"

"Probably through the season," he answered.

"A wise resolve," said she, "in any one who comes here. You won't regret it."

I shall not deny that Oliphant attributed to these words a superstitious force which they were not fitted to bear. "That's a good prophecy," he said with vigor, after an instant's revery. "And, since you make it, I think it must be a true one."

When they had all gone, Mrs. Blazer — left alone with her swan-like nieces, — drew a crumpled note from her pocket. "There!" she cried, to Ruth. "Read that. Read it aloud."

Miss Blazer obeyed. The note was from Justin Craig, declining to be present and returning the check she had sent him. "Allow me to add," it ended, "that I will not debase my art to the amusement of people who, considering me unfit to associate with on equal terms, would have me sit in the same

room and exhibit the beauty of something they are unable to appreciate. If you are content with your position, so am I with mine."

"Did you ever hear such an insult!" stormed Mrs. Farley Blazer, walking swiftly about and fanning herself ferociously. "After Octavia Gifford had been at me to send for him, and I had done it out of pure charity, too! Well, it's just the same, high and low: there's a constant fight with people, even now when I've made them acknowledge me; and it's hardly worth while to do anything. And you there, Tilly, why didn't you go to the meet? Do you know what I've found out? It's another piece of Gifford work, getting Josephine Hobart over here; and I heard Hawkstane saying, just before he left, that he was going to send her a memento of the fox-hunt. Of course it's the mask, which you'd have got for yourself, if you had any vim!"

Saying which, the matron broke into a violence of epithet that, if I were to repeat it, would at once be pronounced unnatural and incredible: therefore we will leave it to be washed away by the tears to which she gave free vent in the midst of her tirade.

But Oliphant, wending back to the supposed Queen Anne cottage, was soothed by his delightful impressions of Octavia Gifford, which like a refreshing autumn rain had begun to lay the dust of his arid past; nor, if he had known of Mrs. Blazer's explosion, could he have guessed how it would affect his own fate.

IV.

SOME IMPORTANT TRIFLES.

"Here's a pretty go with young Craig," said Raish to his visitor, the next afternoon; and he related the manner of Justin's refusal, which Mrs. Blazer had been confiding to him. "But the funny

part of it," he added, "is the rage she's in. She's formed such a habit, in her long social war, of feeling slighted that she can't be comfortable now without an injury. The case between Craig and her reminds me of the eagle who refused to carry off a fine plump ewe, on the ground that the muttonish creature would n't appreciate the honor; and then the ewe went around complaining that the eagle had insulted her."

"Did you tell Mrs. Blazer that?" Oliphant inquired.

"'Gad, no!" Raish exclaimed. "I told Craig, though, when I saw him, a little while ago: thought it would pacify him."

"Well, what does he say?"

"Oh, he's in a sumptuous and haughty frame of mind. It's a pity he behaved so, because this would really have been a good opening for him. But I think I calmed him down a little; and I succeeded, according to promise, in making him consent to come up here and play for you — this evening."

"I'm glad of that," said Oliphant. "This quixotic proceeding of his makes me more anxious than ever to see him."

"The real inside reason why he would n't accept Mrs. Blazer's offer," Porter volunteered, "was probably that he has a desperate attachment for Miss Ware, and did n't wish to appear before her in the light of an inferior."

"Good!" rejoined Oliphant. "The interest increases. And the attachment is hopeless, you think?"

"Oh, I don't know that it is. On the face of it, you'd think so: fact, it's ridiculous. Of course I'm with him in sympathy: smash up the cliques, I say — except when you're in 'em yourself. 'Down with exclusiveness,' and so forth. Let the genius in humble circumstances marry the swell girl, and all that. As I said to you recently, we must do away with all this old humbug which is reasserting itself in a country that was made for better things, and start a new order.

But for the present the obstacles in Craig's way appear insurmountable; enough so, any way, to make the hopelessness profitable. To him as a musician, you see, despair is just so much stock in trade."

"For heaven's sake," remonstrated the other, "don't put it that way — as if he were carrying on a business in emotions! You make my blood run cold."

Porter laughed indulgently. "It's true, all the same," he said. "Everything is business, nowadays. The poets and painters and musicians are all traders, but they catch the public by pretending not to be. A mere financial genius like me can succeed only by casting up the value of those things that are assumed not to be business at all, and making them count at the right time. I don't suppose Craig has come as yet to the point of seeing these things clearly; but he instinctively seizes on ecstasy and despair as being in his line."

They were smoking their cigars in the cosey bachelor drawing-room, that evening, with black coffee in small Sattsuma cups awaiting them on a tray, when Justin Craig made his appearance. Eugene had expected something eccentric; he thought the young man would be tall, gloomy, and in all likelihood long-haired. He was surprised, therefore, to find him so gentle, so inconspicuous, and yet so uncommonly attractive as he proved to be.

"Did you bring any music with you?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Justin, nodding, but with a reserve of humor in his eyes; "I've brought some."

Then, taking his place at the piano, he looked quietly at the keys for a moment, and, before it could well be noticed that he had actually begun, was tracing his way through the first bars of a prelude by Chopin. As the delicate, gradual tones succeeded each other, Oliphant was strangely affected.

Something there was so pure and refined in the player's touch, his beginning with this perfectly simple theme showed so true a sensibility, that the world-worn man who listened was carried back to his boyhood, and then far away out of himself into an unknown, sunny-misted region of fancy, where pleasant visions floated round him. All the while, there recurred in the melody, which had about it a great though heart-broken peacefulness, some fine and slow descending notes that brought into his mind imperceptibly the idea of light rain falling.

"Is life so dreary as I have thought?" mused Oliphant, under this spell. "Surely, if it has room for this young fellow, with his heart and head responding to such sweet fantasies, it may yet hold a possibility of genuine happiness for me."

The piece stopped as quietly as it had begun, and he asked what it was. "It's usually called *The Raindrop*," said Justin. "One of the best of Chopin's things, too. Now I'll give you some of Raff," he continued, plunging at once into a brilliant impromptu.

Porter, after a congenial remark or two, took his leave, on the plea of a business engagement. Thus left alone, the young musician and his new friend enjoyed an hour of rare delight, both in discussing various composers and listening to their productions, as Justin gave them wing upon the keyboard. Justin had a long face; rather a long nose; an expression of natural pride, which yet had nothing domineering about it, and was tempered with natural sweetness. His lips were slightly drawn back at the corners, without being strained; and there was a small hollow just above the chin, caused by the firm jut of the lower lip, so decided that, as the light streamed over him from above, a spot of shadow rested there. His own shadow was thrown behind him upon the dim-papered wall, wavering somewhat with

his firm, unexaggerated motion as his hands changed position and grasped from the keys the secret of their harmonies. Altogether, that keen, unusual face, so steady and concentrated in the midst of shifting lights and shadows, with wave on wave of intelligent sound rising up and floating around it, became singularly impressive.

"I'm sorry," said Oliphant at length, when Craig had stopped to rest, and was lounging in a deep chair with a cigarette in his mouth, — "I'm sorry we could n't have heard you last night, at Mrs. Blazer's."

Justin jumped up, letting an angry whiff of smoke escape. "I could n't have played there, Mr. Oliphant, — I could n't!" he exclaimed. "Why, my fingers would have rebelled, even if I had consented. Don't you see how it is? You would n't ask me to do such a thing, I should hope. You have too much of the artist in you, for that, even if you have been a business man."

"I'm glad you think so well of me, at any rate," smiled Eugene. "Certainly I appreciate your feeling, but" —

"Oh, 'but,' 'but!'" interrupted the younger man. "There is no 'but' about it. Pardon me; I did n't mean to be rough," he added. "But if you only knew how the snobbishness of this whole place jars on me, and how that incident of last night brings it all back! Oh, it's insufferable, it's miserable! Sham, sham, sham, all around: we're on an island of sham, with the big ocean of reality on every side, which they're all afraid of being drowned in if they once venture off!" He curved his arms out, downward, and swept them round him, to describe this ocean, and went on railing more and more. "Of course," he wound up at last, "I know there are lovely people here, amiable and cultivated, and so forth; but even they are affected. I see a little of some of them who stay during the winter; but somehow, except with the poor ones, I am

made to feel my inferiority. And here is this house — our home — that we have to abandon during the season. Why should I feel humiliated by that fact, if we can't help it? But I am; I'm humiliated. There's no sense in it, and it only shows how you can't help breathing in this poison of the plutocracy, that fills the air. I hate everything and everybody in the place!"

"Including Mrs. Gifford?" inquired Oliphant mildly.

"Ah, Mrs. Gifford! No; I believe she is a good friend. Such a woman as she is! Perfect in herself — standing way off from a fellow, yet so sympathetic. No; I ought n't to have said everybody; for there's another — one other" — Justin stopped short, relighted his cigarette, which had gone out, and subsided into his chair.

As he sat there, a distant look came into his face; the storminess of his recent mood died away in an expression of great gentleness. Oliphant knew he must be thinking of Vivian Ware.

It was after this that, returning to the piano, Justin played something which startled his auditor by its crisp, clear, bounding individuality. Coming after so many German pieces, it was like the scent of aromatic New England woods and the sound of native speech, on the return from Europe. Oliphant recognized in the music something native and original; and it turned out to be, in fact, Justin's own composition. He no longer hesitated to regard the young man as a promising genius; and he foresaw that to take him in charge and aid him in his professional education might furnish just the sort of motive in life which he himself would like.

Raish did not return until late, when Craig had been gone some time. He appeared in more than good spirits: he was excited, which with him was rarely the case. His eyes glowed as if from the reflected glare of some crucible seething with combinations that were to

yield marvelous results. "You've lost a great pleasure," said his guest. "I would n't have missed it, for a good share in the profits I suppose you've been figuring up."

"Do you really mean that?" queried Raish, blandly rubbing his hands.

"Thoroughly."

The shining look passed away from the other man's eyes, which rapidly cooled down under pressure of the will. "My dear fellow," said he, carelessly, seating himself, "a tenth in one of my operations — say my new Orbicular Machinery Company, whose patents you know are going to make it an enormous success — would give, with what you have, a really handsome fortune. But, bah!" he ended impatiently. "I resolved when you came that we should n't talk money; and we won't. Don't let me forget again. Have some beer, before bed?"

His hand was on the bell; but Oliphant declined the refreshment. Arrived at his room, he suspected that Porter really wanted to discuss business, and he was glad he had escaped. Assuredly there was something about this man which made it hard to trust him fully; and it was odd that both he and Justin, of whose sincerity Oliphant had n't a doubt, should have taken the same tone in criticising the Newport spirit. If two men so opposite could agree, there must be something in it, Oliphant thought. This, however, was not what he thought about chiefly, as he sat in his *ombra* indulging a brief meditation, and watching the pale stars that shot forth their gleams in a silent rhythm. He was brooding over Justin's enamored subjection to Vivian Ware. Wonderful must be the refined passion which drew the young minstrel towards her. Wonderful, too, in a world so full of disappointments, to find a youthful heart — so like millions of other youthful hearts — fired with lofty enthusiasm, lavish in scorn and unreasonableness,

and devoutly believing in love! . . . At last, Oliphant's reverie settled upon Octavia Gifford, and he even harbored a wish that he also could be young, like Justin.

Two or three days later, Dana Sweetser, bestarched, perfumed, roseate of countenance, and resplendent as to neck-scarf, was making a morning call at Mrs. Blazer's. Something occurred in the conversation which led Mrs. Blazer to tax him with being forgetful. This was touching him in a tender spot, and he became determined to show her that his mind was still young and active. "My dear madam," he exclaimed, "you could n't make a greater mistake! Accuse me of other faults, if you like, — ah, too great a fondness for the fair sex — he, he! — but don't accuse my memory. Why, it's the easiest thing to give you proofs of its strength." Dana was really on the verge of being incensed: his little thimbleful of soul was tossing with puny indignation. It occurred to him that he might tell her how well he remembered the time when her father was a butcher, — not a very good one, either, — and how her husband had begun in life as the proprietor of a junk-shop. But it did not lie in Dana's composition to do anything so harsh as that; so he punished her merely by recalling a quantity of dry details about long past trivial events. Mrs. Blazer was beginning to wince under the infliction, when he suddenly struck a new vein. "Oh, and Mr. Oliphant, you know!" said he. "I was telling you I knew about *him*. But I did n't get a chance to mention the oddest thing. What do you suppose?"

"Can't imagine, Mr. Sweetser. What?"

"Why," — Dana laughed, seemingly inclined to prolong the pleasure of imparting, — "his wife, you know, the girl he married" —

"Whom did he marry?" Mrs. Blazer asked, growing curious.

"Alice Davenant, — Miss Davenant, of Springfield. But the joke is this: she had previously jilted Gifford, the husband of Mrs. Gifford the lovely, here. Is n't that singular?"

Mrs. Blazer's eyes glowed. "As a coincidence, yes; very singular. And Octavia had n't known this Mr. Oliphant, do you suppose, till they met, the other day?"

"No," said Dana; "I believe they were strangers."

"Well, well, upon my life!" Mrs. Blazer exclaimed, smiling with peculiar relish for the situation. "Of course they must have known the facts, though," she added, contracting her glance to an evil watchfulness.

"That I can't say," Dana rejoined, thoroughly mellowed, and as much exhilarated as if he had taken a glass of wine. "I should think Oliphant must have known; but it would n't be so certain that Mrs. Gifford did, you know: would it?" And he cocked his appreciative eye at her, like one competent to get the full value out of such matters, by discussing all the minute possibilities of doubt.

The lady of the smoky white complexion humored him and suited herself, by carrying out this process. "First tell me all the particulars you know," she said, "and then I can form a judgment."

So Dana bubbled on, joyously chattering out the shallowness of his information, with utmost generosity: it was all he had to give, and he gave it. He had vindicated his memory; he had interested Mrs. Blazer.

From what she had gathered, Mrs. Farley Blazer came to the conclusion that Octavia probably knew nothing of that old history; but, for purposes of her own, she assumed just the contrary when she next saw the widow. She could not forgive Octavia for having drawn down a mortification upon her, by urging her to invite Craig to play for hire, and so putting her into a posi-

tion to be snubbed by the youngster. Still less could she overlook the offense of bringing Josephine Hobart back to Newport, to distract Lord Hawkstane's attention from Tilly. Accordingly, when Octavia came, to pay her dinner call, Tilly's aunt found an apt moment for remarking casually, "Oh, my dear, what a queer thing it is that you two should have met here, — you and the man whose wife was an old flame of your husband's!"

Mrs. Gifford showed an amused surprise. "It would be queer," she said, calmly, "if there were any such man; but there is n't. What put it into your head? Whom do you mean?"

Mrs. Blazer unfolded her meaning; but, to her chagrin, it produced no shock. Octavia persisted in her laughing incredulity, and ridiculed Dana Sweetser's evidence. "You may be sure," she said, "that he has been mixing us up with some other people." And before Mrs. Blazer saw clearly how it was done, Octavia brought in another topic, and then took her leave, completely uncrushed.

These things had happened before Eugene, on his way to see Mrs. Gifford, stopped in at his cousin's.

"Have you heard the news?" she immediately asked him.

"Yes; Major Bottick told me at the club," he answered.

Mary Deering's face became blank with astonishment. "Major Bottick!" she exclaimed.

"Certainly; he's up in all these war matters. Of course you mean about the English and the Suez Canal?"

"What have I said about a canal?" inquired Mrs. Deering, aggrieved.

"Oh, then you're thinking of the President's expected visit here?"

"No, indeed," said his cousin, still more reproachfully. "How dull of you! Do you call those things news? What I'm talking about is Lord Hawkstane's engagement."

"Hullo! Is n't he rather 'previous' ? Whom is he engaged to?"

"Josephine Hobart."

"Well, that has the approved stamp of news; it's so incredible. Have they announced it?"

"Not yet; but a few of us know it. He sent her the mask that he won at the hunt; had it set in a collar of gold and surrounded with the most magnificent flowers: just think of it! Then he went up yesterday to call, and, as we suppose, offered himself. He's been so puffed-up and vainglorious ever since, that hardly any one can approach him, even to offer a congratulation. So you see there's no doubt of it at all: they're engaged. And it will be an awful blow to Mrs. Farley Blazer!"

"I can hardly believe it yet," said Eugene. "I can't see why Miss Hobart should take him. Have you asked Mrs. Gifford about it?"

"No; I've had no chance. But I intend to."

Oliphant told her that he was about to call upon the widow.

"Oh, do," urged his cousin, "and then tell me what you find out about the engagement. But mind you, don't let her know of that letter."

"No danger," said he. "I have decided *that* point." Before long he broke out, "By the way, speaking of its being a blow, how about young Thorburn? If you were right in thinking he was in love with Miss Hobart, this will be a bitter thing for him."

"Ah, Eugene," said Mrs. Deering, laying her hand on his arm, "save your compassion. I was mistaken about that: it's Mrs. Gifford that he's after."

"Oh," said Oliphant, amazed at the ease with which she changed her view. "Being a woman, I suppose you must know. But don't you remember how at the first I thought Mrs. Gifford was his object?"

"Yes, Eugene. It must be that you have a sort of feminine instinct."

"Possibly," he answered, with some dryness, and became silent. "I am thinking," he then said slowly, "that his courtship of the widow will leave him as badly off as if he had been trying to marry Miss Hobart; provided you are right as to Mrs. Gifford's being so unapproachable. You recall what you said, I suppose."

"Yes."

"It does n't seem to me, though, that because she was so happy, before, is any reason against her attempting matrimony again. I should say her former experience would work as an argument directly in favor of renewing her happiness with some other worthy person, if she should by accident find one."

"I know," was Mrs. Deering's reply. "That's the way men would look at it. But then — Eugene," she recommenced, with unwonted earnestness, "have you noticed those clear, bright diamonds she always wears in her ears?"

"I think I have, the few times I have seen her."

"Well, they're a kind of symbol," said Mrs. Deering, impressively. "I think they are like petrified tears! They don't attract attention, but they're always in sight, as silent emblems of her loss. Yes, yes," she went on — and it was remarkable to Oliphant how his lively and conventional little cousin was aroused and thrilled by her own fantasy, — "they are talismans! And until a man had got them away, or persuaded her to stop wearing them, it would be no use to attempt winning her." In reaching this climax, nevertheless, Mary Deering, apparently overcome by the absurdity of the notion, burst into a laugh.

"That will do very well as a superstition," said Oliphant, smiling, although her remark had produced no little effect upon him.

She sat there unheeding: one would have supposed she had not heard what

he said. She picked away with her needle at some rosy thread which she was stitching into a pattern, and the light from it threw a soft reflection on her face. Can it have been that she had deliberately tried to incite Oliphant to make some advance towards the widow?

I only know that he grew restless. He began to think it was of the highest importance to see Mrs. Gifford immediately, as if something of great moment was to be settled by doing so.

"I must go along," he said, rising. And in half an hour he was at Octavia's door.

V.

A WOMAN'S AGONY.

At High Lawn, Oliphant was ushered into an apartment so prettily devised that it was like a fair and open countenance.

He was conscious of having made a real advance in his acquaintance with Octavia, merely by stepping into this dwelling-place of hers. The room was finished in holly-wood, with a dead surface, smooth like ivory, but pleasanter, because it still had somewhat of the freshness of a limber growth that had once swayed in the breeze. Panels along the walls were filled in with wine-colored silk, upon which silver thread and varicolored floss were embroidered in slender lines. There were low seats scattered about, covered with pale tints of this wine hue and with clear sea-green; and the whole place looked above all cosey and inhabited, as if its usual occupant were not afraid of its richness and refinement, or at all subordinated by it, but made herself at home there as in her native element. On a small side-table lay some new worsted-work and a large book, open at the page she had last been reading. The plan of the room was slightly irregular, includ-

ing near one end a spacious embayed window, the panes of which were set in delicate wood-tracery, where the sunlight was treasured up and some plants grew brightly. Oliphant moved thither, and while he was looking at the gossamer threads of the embroidery on the wall, he heard a light movement, turned, and discovered Mrs. Gifford, who had come into the window-space through an unnoticed doorway. So for a moment she stood there against a vista of lawn slope and trees that led down to the level, shining reaches of the bay; a figure full of brilliancy and gladness, that seemed to concentrate in itself all the charm of the surroundings.

"You see I have come soon," he said, shaking hands. "And is Miss Hobart still with you?"

She had motioned him to a chair, and had taken a place for herself on a sort of huge pale-green cushion which did duty as a seat.

"Yes, Miss Hobart is still here, but she has to excuse herself to-day."

Oliphant wondered whether Josephine's invisibility were due to a rapturous privacy consequent upon her engagement. Just then his eye fell upon the fox's head, of which he had heard so much: encircled by a mass of flowers, it lifted its furry nose from a table near by.

"A little trophy," said Octavia, smiling. "Lord Hawkstane sent it to Josephine. How does it strike you?"

"I think I should like the flowers alone better."

"I'm glad to have you say so," she declared. "It's dreadfully cruel."

"The sport? Yes, it is cruel; and it's empty, — emptier than that poor creature's head."

"Of course you mean the fox's head," observed Octavia, a twinkle of sarcasm in her eyes.

"Of course," he answered, laughing.

"As to the sport," said Octavia, "Josephine followed the hounds, and that

part of it does n't seem so cruel, you know. But having the poor head served up in flowers does strike me as rather savage. Hawkstane got the idea from one of his American friends. He never would have thought of anything so barbarous himself; but it was suggested to him as the proper way to do things here."

"Possibly," Oliphant contended, "his friend was right. Is n't it the spirit of the place to be idly busy and fill up the time with expensive nonsense?"

"Do you really think so?" she asked.

"I'm not sure that I do," he returned. "I really enjoy this Newport existence. Still, I suspect it of being what I just called the sport—empty. What does it all come to? There's an immense amount of occupation: dressing, dining, driving, show. But it becomes a routine, and there does n't seem to be any good reason for the thing. In fact, I have a radical friend who declares that Newport is wholly un-American, and ought not to exist."

"Ah, that's the trouble with us," Octavia remarked. "There are so many American things that are un-American."

"What's your own opinion?" Oliphant asked.

"Mine? Oh, I glory in Newport! I'm devoted to it. I don't pretend to account for myself, in that; but when you love a place or a person—really love, I mean—you like the faults as well as the virtues, don't you know?"

"And on that basis, if there are no faults, it's just so much deprivation, I suppose," said he, enlarging on her theory. "But I'm afraid I made a mistake in speaking so scornfully of Newport. You will condemn me."

"Not at all. I like candor, though of course it need n't always be put as Justin Craig put his to Mrs. Blazer. What an unfortunate affair, by the way!"

"Yes, conventionally speaking. But

don't you find it refreshing sometimes to have people come out with exactly what they feel, even if they are a little crude about it?"

"Indeed, yes." Octavia spoke quickly, and as quickly added, "It depends on who the people are. I like Justin very much: he's so true to himself. But I remember your cousin saying—and how sharp she is!—that it's the same with people as with some of the things we eat. When fish tastes too much like fish, we don't like it, simply because we say it's 'too fishy.' And so it won't do for people to be too much themselves in society: if they are, they're not acceptable—though a slight flavor of individuality is much esteemed. Is n't that clever?"

"Rather so. A certain amount of deceit is necessary."

Octavia sighed, placidly. "At our age, Mr. Oliphant, one comes to recognize that principle."

"Still," Oliphant observed, "there must be exceptions. Now when I meet anybody in whom I'm likely to be interested, I go for clearing away all surface deceptions at once: I try to get down to a simple and straightforward understanding as soon as possible."

"That's the best way in those cases," said Octavia. "The danger is, your frankness may be misapprehended."

"Very possibly it may," he returned. "But there's an instinct that tells us when it will be taken amiss. I imagine, in fact I'm pretty confident, that *you*, for instance, would be careful not to misapprehend."

She laughed, greatly at her ease: his admission that he was likely to be interested in her was so ingenuous. "I should try to be careful," she replied.

He recognized the position in which he had placed himself. "There," he said, "you see how, the moment we try to be sincere and direct, we become personal. That's the reason people are so afraid of sincerity: they dread being

personal. I had no intention about it, but now I find that I've been trying to get this very point settled between us."

Again Octavia laughed, adding, "It seems to have settled itself." And so, in truth, it had: they were no longer mere acquaintances, but had made a beginning of friendship.

Oliphant now remembered his cousin's injunction to find out something about the engagement. Mentioning it, he asked, "May I offer my congratulations, through you?"

"I have n't been empowered, Mr. Oliphant, to receive them."

"Then the rumor is n't true, I infer."

Octavia saw fit to be mysterious. "If you want to know," she counseled him, "you must go to Josephine herself, or to Lord Hawkstane."

"I can't very well do that," he said.

Octavia's face wore an amused look, but very soon this changed to one of deepening interest.

"It is queer how reports get into circulation," she began. "Something has just come into my mind" — Then she hesitated.

"Some other rumor?" Oliphant queried.

"Yes: a ridiculous one. But it is n't worth mentioning."

He was wondering what it could be, when the maid entered with a letter on her salver. "Beg your pardon, ma'am: the man said it was to be given you right away."

Octavia apologized to her caller and broke the envelope, which bore a glowing gold monogram on one side and a dashing superscription on the other. It was a note from Perry Thorburn, asking her to drive with him that afternoon. "There's no answer at present: I will send one very soon," she said to the maid, and laid the note in its cover on a bracket-shelf.

"Don't let me incommode you," said Oliphant, rising.

"Oh, no. Wait a little. I think you are interested in Justin, and I want to talk with you about him. Perhaps we can get him a chance for a concert which can be made fashionable, and you may be useful in persuading him to it."

Oliphant resumed his place; but she noticed, as she thought, a strange look in his eyes, which had not been there before the arrival of the note. The incident brought freshly up in his mind his secret concerning Gifford's letter. He was imagining how it would be if that letter, instead of the one with the gilt monogram, had just come to her.

"Of course," he said, "I shall be glad to do anything I can to assist Craig, especially if I please you by it."

"Ah, that is very nice," said the young widow, with almost girlish enjoyment. Nevertheless, they were both thinking of something else than their words indicated. Octavia, for her part, had been growing restless over Mrs. Blazer's assertion of a former attachment between Gifford and Miss Davenant, particularly since a second rumor had come to her ears, and was anxious to controvert it. This was what really occupied her mind while she spoke so glibly of Craig. "It's very nice," she repeated, inertly, once more becoming aware of that look in Oliphant's eyes. "But you seem to speak in a different tone now. You're not enthusiastic. Are you concealing something unfavorable?"

He tried vainly to shake off the reserve which he knew was creeping over his manner. "About Craig? No; nothing."

"At any rate," said Octavia, with unconcern, "I have no right to cross-examine you. We were just talking," she went on, "about frankness. If you're not keeping anything back, I confess that I *am*, though it has nothing to do with Justin. That rumor I mentioned just now — that is what I'm

holding in reserve; but I think I must tell you about it. You will see that it's not quite pleasant to speak of, perhaps; but I am annoyed by it, and want your help."

"Well, then, there's that much of good in it," Oliphant answered, more at ease.

She paused an instant; then resumed, in a tone of wonderful gentleness: "You asked lately, Mr. Oliphant, if I had known your wife's name."

A chill passed through him. What was coming? What had she discovered? He merely bent his head assentingly, and she continued: "It was a coincidence that you should have asked me that question, because of something else that came up soon afterwards."

"Indeed?" he said, his apprehensiveness increasing.

Octavia exhibited embarrassment. "Yes; it was hinted to me that Mr. Gifford had known Miss Davenant and had been an admirer of hers—a devoted admirer, in fact, before he and I had met." Here she smiled, perhaps only from nervousness; but Oliphant remained gravely silent, waiting to hear more. "Of course," she added, "as Mr. Gifford never had spoken to me of her, the notion seemed improbable; but now there has been a second rumor, and this time it is said that you know all about the history. I hope you will pardon me for talking of it: you can guess that I never would do so unless I thought there was a duty involved. The gossips have no right to be inventing tales about those two who have gone. I thought you ought to know how your name is being used; and really it is for both our interests to stop such idle talk, don't you think?"

The gentleness in her voice had insensibly increased, until the words flowed like the notes of distant music: the tone was subdued, verging upon tremulousness. Both she who spoke and he who listened were thrilled by one chord

of memories solemn and sweet, though to Oliphant it brought an after-tone of endless repining.

"Who would have thought," he mused aloud, not answering her questions at once, "that we who did not know of one another's existence, a few days ago, should so soon be speaking of things that lie nearest to us? I think it shows that there ought to be confidence between us. And now in regard to your question, Mrs. Gifford, if you will only place such confidence in me—I quite agree that our interests coincide; we want to stop the chatterers. I suggest that the best way is to ignore them."

"That's easily said," Octavia objected; "but I can't do it unless you help me. You see, they are quoting you."

She gazed at him with a certain innocent confidence, against which a vague inquiry contended. It was evident to Oliphant that she counted upon him to deny the rumor, and so assist her to a triumph; and it gave him a poignant regret that he could not do this.

"What have you heard as to my knowledge?" he inquired, still dallying.

"It's hardly worth while to go into that," she replied, "unless you really know something. But tell me; there is no truth in the report, is there?"

Oliphant was in a pitiable dilemma. "Are you not troubling yourself needlessly?" he said, in perplexity. "I am not responsible for all this. If you compel me, I suppose I must admit that there is ground for what has been said; but it is wiser to let it rest."

"That is impossible," declared Octavia, becoming imperious. "I want to put the whole thing down; and, in the form which it has taken, that can be done only by positive denial."

"I see that my doctrine of candor is being put to a terrible test," he interposed, attempting to take a light tone, although really in consternation.

"Mr. Oliphant," said she, "I must know whatever you have to tell me. Is it not my right?"

"Undoubtedly, if you choose to assert it. But, after all, I have little to tell."

"You have no disproof" — she hesitated — "or proof?"

"I have a letter; that's all."

Octavia did not respond. She withdrew into herself; her eyes sank. Oliphant fancied that she shuddered.

"A letter from Mr. Gifford?" she then asked, looking straight at him.

"Yes; a letter to my wife, before she became my wife." He met her eyes, and tried to appear as if he attached slight importance to his statement.

"Ah," she scarcely more than whispered, "it was something of that sort that I heard."

"You heard of the letter, too!" he cried, hotly. "Then some one must have been guilty of treachery."

"What else could you expect, if you told any one?" the widow inquired, as icy as he was the opposite. But her eyes were not cold: their luminous depths were softened by a look of tender pleading.

"I have not told. I beg you to believe" —

"I will believe nothing that you say I ought not," she interrupted with dignity.

"Very well. What has become known is due to an accident. I cannot even comprehend how you have been spoken to as you have." Oliphant rose, and, moving a pace or two, drew his gloves impatiently through one hand, knitting his brows in bewilderment and vexation. "It's wrong, it's unfair," he muttered, "that this should be brought upon me."

Octavia changed her mood as instinctively as one might in improvising upon a sympathetic instrument. "Oh, well, we ought not to distress ourselves," she

said; though Oliphant knew perfectly well that she was suffering keenly.

"Why should n't Mr. Gifford have written to Miss Davenant, if he pleased? I dare say it quite passed out of his mind afterwards; and that is what makes it seem so odd that we should only now be discovering their acquaintance. The whole thing is simple enough."

"Certainly; quite simple," Oliphant rejoined, grasping at a chance of escape that promised so well. He was dumfounded by the rapid and conflicting turns through which he was being led, but made a manful effort to keep his balance. "I'm glad you don't give it too much consequence," he ended.

"Only I shall want to see the letter, you know," she suddenly reminded him, with a gracious smile, but looking very determined. Her head was bent a trifle sidewise, and she gave him a long, steady glance, which was like a sharp-shooter's in taking aim.

Then Oliphant recognized that it would be futile to hold out any longer. "It shall be as you like," he said. "Only let me say that no one else has read the letter."

"So much the better. Have you it here?"

"In Newport? Yes: I can send it to you." He could not face the ordeal of handing it to her in person.

"Thanks. Very soon, too, I hope. Could you let me have it to-day? You will understand my eagerness to see anything that my husband wrote."

"Oh, yes, I understand." He pitied her from the bottom of his heart, as he stood there looking down at her. Did she see the compassion in his eyes, I wonder? Why could she not comprehend his reluctance to give her pain; and why could she not let him judge what was best for her peace of mind?

What a beautiful picture of grace and contentment she made in that charming room, with its embroideries and sunlight and delicate colors! What

a picture of a smiling and unruffled life her face suggested, too! And here was Oliphant compelled to bring disturbance and disaster into the scene, through no fault of his own; knowing well that when he next beheld her there would be a change — that things could not remain the same after she should have seen the letter. “You shall have it in half an hour,” he said. Then, instead of going at once, he paused. “I hope you will not misjudge me in this matter. I can explain more, perhaps, by and by. But would you mind letting me know who it was that brought you the reports?”

“I’d rather not, now, Mr. Oliphant. Let us leave that till afterwards, too; but I will try to think that you are not to blame.”

And so, with the friendly smile she gave him in parting, he made a barren effort to solace himself as he drove away, heavy at heart. Wondering how Mary Deering could have been so reckless as to circulate the story of the letter — for he supposed that it must have come from her — he mechanically put his hand into the inner pocket where he had been carrying the vexatious little paper burden; but it was no longer there! Where to begin the search for it he could not decide; but as he was near Mrs. Deering’s he ordered the coachman to stop at her house, resolving at least to investigate her conduct. He reappeared in the small parlor in a stormy mood; questioning and accusing his cousin, and denouncing people in general. She persisted in asserting her innocence; and he went his way again within five minutes, a dim hope that he might have left the letter in another coat lending haste to his movements. His anxiety increased every instant, until he reached the Queen Anne cottage, and, dashing up-stairs, entered his room. There, surely enough, he found the momentous letter slumbering in a coat which he had not had on for two days.

Not until he had inclosed it and sent it away by a paid messenger did the ugly surmise enter his mind that his occult and ubiquitous host, Raish, might have played the spy, coming upon this document during some one of his own absences from the room.

When Octavia received the long envelope, she was still in her pretty holly-wood drawing-room. Not a word of comment accompanied the inclosure, and, tearing off the cover, she instantly scanned the contents.

Unnoticed, the yellow sheet fell to the floor, when she had read the last words. For whatever purpose circumstance and the power above circumstance had preserved it, it had done its work.

Octavia remained passive for some time in her chair, gazing blankly before her. When she finally stirred, it was as a somnambulist might have done: she moved from one part of the room to another, unconsciously, with hands knotted together and knuckles pressed backward against her smooth forehead. Heat at its utmost becomes white, like numb, chill snow: was it by a similar transformation that the burning agony in her brain now seemed not to burn at all, but to be freezing her into insensibility? A curious effect, this. She began to wonder at it; she had a wild inclination to laugh; but with that desire a clearer sense of her misery awoke. “What right had he to send me this?” she moaned. “What have I done, to be so crushed? — and he a mere acquaintance, a stranger! It’s unbearable; yes, it’s a crime! And I shall never, never” — her voice sank to a whisper more ominous than even the dreary wail that had preceded — “never forgive it.”

Ah, if she could have wept then! But the fountains of her life were choked; a parched desert seemed to spread itself all around her and within.

Turning away, she strayed slowly down the room again; this time looking closely at one object after another: at

the opaline glass of the chandelier, at a rotund porcelain Buddha contemplating with his fat face a Spanish *navaja* six times his own length; and at the fox's head, which she could almost believe returned a sardonic gleam of intelligence. Everything was strange, as if she had never been in the room before. Finally, she came to the table where her fancy-work and the open book lay. The volume was a sumptuous one, suggesting leisure, elegance, peace; and her eye rested on these words:—

"The Heart is a garden, and youth is its Spring, and Hope is its sunshine, and Love is a thorny path that springs up and bears one bright blossom that has nothing like it in all the world."

"Oh no, no, no!" she said aloud, not with protest, but with scorn. "That is n't true. It is n't a thorny plant, but only a weak and miserable weed, with a black, deadly blossom. The 'heart is a garden,' you say—but what if there's nothing but grave-dust in the garden? Oh, why do they write so of love? Why should we be fooled with this sort of thing, and be brought up on it, when it's all a lie!"

Again her hands were locked; she sank upon a couch; she was shaken by her rage against fate, as the air is made to quiver with visible heat in the furnace of summer.

Everything on which she had built her happiest faiths was swept away at one blow. She had believed that her husband had never loved any one before; but she could never again be sure that he had really loved her at all. Perhaps she had been to him only the solace of a concealed disappointment. Her own pride was wounded: she was angry at her husband, impalpable shade though he was, because he had hidden this thing, had left her to be humiliated and to question where his heart's deepest fealty had been given. Yet at the same moment her pride on his behalf was stirred up against Oliphant,

because he knew of Gifford's rejection by another woman.

"I shall go mad, if I think of it!" she groaned. A spasm of unearthly jealousy seized her: Gifford had passed away to another world, and Alice Oliphant had gone thither, also. "He is mine!" Octavia muttered passionately, with a force as if she were calling to some one far away. "We were to meet there; because the fable is that love is everlasting. Have *they* met, instead?" And as the shadow of her love and wrath loomed up distorted on the mist that veils all life beyond us, she trembled for her sanity; the prospect grew so dark, she began to doubt of heaven itself.

In the midst of this horrible turmoil, she rose, crossed the floor, and mechanically picked up the fallen letter. That petty precaution brought her back to self-control.

She was hungry for action. Something definite must be done. She must find a relief, a compensation, for the strain she had undergone. Should it take the form of revenge? A plan flitted through her brain, and she adopted it instantly; but, whatever it was, the first steps did not suggest anything like danger.

Ring the bell for her maid, "Take away that fox's head," she commanded, "and don't let me see it again. And come back immediately: I shall have a note to send."

Seated at her writing-table in the embayed window, she dashed off not one note, but two. The first was to Perry Thorburn, accepting his invitation to drive, two hours later. "Mr. Oliphant shall see, at any rate, that I am not crushed," she declared aloud. The second note consisted of a few lines to Oliphant himself, thanking him for his promptness in gratifying her wish, and saying that, if he would call soon, she would like to speak with him further.

Thereupon she consulted the lozenge-

shaped mirror that hung in velvet on the wall; and the mirror gallantly sustained her: instead of the lines of distress which had so recently shown in her face, it revealed a triumphant energy. No; in all this there was noth-

ing to alarm a possible observer. Yet any one who knew Octavia well might have thought her too determined to be safe; and there was a hard glitter about those symbols of her widowhood, the diamonds at her ears.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE GIFT OF TEARS.

THE legend says, In Paradise
 God gave the world to man. Ah me!
 The woman lifted up her eyes:
 "Woman, I have but tears for thee."
 But tears? and she began to shed,
 Thereat, the tears that comforted.

(No other beautiful woman breathed,
 No rival among men had he;
 The seraph's sword of fire was sheathed,
 The golden fruit hung on the tree.
 Her lord was lord of all the earth,
 Wherein no child had wailed its birth.)

"Tears to a bride?" "Yea, therefore tears."
 "In Eden?" "Yea, and tears therefore."
 Ah, bride in Eden, there were fears
 In that first blush your young cheeks wore,
 Lest that first kiss had been too sweet,
 Lest Eden withered from your feet.

Mother of women! Did you see
 How brief your beauty, and how brief,
 Therefore, the love of it must be
 In that first garden, that first grief?
 Did those first drops of sorrow fall
 To move God's pity for us all?

O sobbing mourner by the dead,
 One watcher at the grave grass-grown;
 O sleepless for some darling head,
 Cold pillowed on the prison stone,
 Or wet with drowning seas, He knew
 Who gave the gift of tears to you!

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS COUTURE.

It was a beautiful day in the middle of July, 1876, when we glided out of the Gare du Nord, in Paris, on our way to see Thomas Couture, at the little village where for many years he passed the summer months in the seclusion of the country.

We descended, after about half an hour's ride, at the little station of Villiers le Bel, which seemed stranded in the open fields, as no village was in sight. We began to fear that we too were stranded, and had perhaps been left at the wrong station. However, following the few people who, like ourselves, had been spilled, as it were, by the now fast-vanishing train, we passed through the station, and found, drawn up in the shade, an old dusty omnibus, with two sturdy Normandy horses attached. We were assured by a worthy in a blouse, and with a very thick and almost unintelligible *patois*, that this would conduct us to our destination, the village of Villiers le Bel itself, and that he would have the honor to drive us.

With a great cracking of the whip we were soon off at a good pace, over a well-macadamized road which led straight out into the country, and the little station was left deserted and quiet till the arrival of the next train.

Before us stretched the broad, dusty road, and on either hand, with no fence between, were spread the fields of fast-ripening grain, waving and rippling in the breeze; the great red poppies blazed in the sun, and the whole air was musical with the larks soaring far up in the blue sky. How strange it all seemed, and yet how familiar! At every step one was reminded of pictures by Lambinet and Rousseau, Troyon and Daubigny, but Lambinet more than the others; for he it is who has made this part of France peculiarly his own, as Rous-

seau the Forest of Fontainebleau and Daubigny the river Oise. When, at one point, we passed some peasants at their noonday meal under the shadow of their cart, which was tipped up with its shafts in the air, while the good horse, with harness off, browsed hard by, "Ah," I involuntarily thought, "what a perfect Millet!" So it is that the familiarity born of books and pictures gives an added charm to travel.

Aside from this, the landscape in Normandy has a special grace of its own. The gently flowing lines of the hills, and the wide stretch of level plain, without fence or bound to break the view; the little hamlets scattered here and there, and the groups of graceful trees, which from the custom of trimming the lower branches for firewood lift themselves against the soft skies with peculiar character in their silhouettes, all lend themselves ready made to the artist's hand. In the atmosphere full of moisture from the English Channel, the distance melts away in a soft haze, and there is never that knock-down aspect of things, near or remote, with which we are so familiar in New England.

After a twenty minutes' drive across the level plain, we reached the outskirts of the village, nestled among its trees at the foot, and running up the slope, of the hill of Ecouen. As we rattled up its little narrow paved street, amid a salvo from the driver's whip, which echoed and reëchoed from the gray houses on either hand like a very successful Fourth of July celebration, loungers came out from doors; and fresh faces, framed in white caps, peeped at us from upper windows, to give and receive voluble sallies from our blue-bloused driver, who was evidently in high favor with his townfolk. At length we reached the little square in

the middle of the village and drew up in front of the Bureau de Poste. Here we alighted and looked about us.

On one side of the square rose the little Gothic church, with its spire terminating in a ridge. The inside, unhappily, has been spoiled by a thick coat of whitewash, but the outside is quite picturesque, and, dominating as it does the little hamlet, is an attractive object from many points in the surrounding country, and has often figured in pictures by French and American artists. With the assistance of an old gentleman with a wheelbarrow, on which were deposited our few *impedimenta*, we set out for the inn, along one of the streets leading from the square. The streets of Villiers, as in other French country towns, are all paved with large square blocks of stone; the houses abut directly on the street, and the sidewalk, where there is any, is also paved, and so narrow that in places it is quite lost, where some obtrusive house elbows its way out of the general line. The gutter is often in the middle of the street and answers for a drain as well. Being open to the air, gases have no chance to accumulate; and although you are sometimes greeted by unpleasant odors, no fevers are the result.

The inn proved to be also a pastry cook's. The landlord was the cook, and was rarely seen out of his well-ordered kitchen, while his wife sat all day in the shop, with her knitting, and demanded exorbitant prices for the very sweet but generally flavorless *confitures* in which the French delight. No well-regulated French household ever makes its own puddings or pies, but sends for them to the *patisserie*, which therefore exercises an important function.

In the mean time the hotel part of the establishment was expected to run itself, with such help as it could get from the much-put-upon man of all work, who did everything, from making the beds to washing out the court-yard.

The natural result was that between over-work and Madame's temper, which was none of the best, the poor *garçon* generally left at the end of his first month, to be succeeded by another unfortunate. He in turn would be summoned from his bed-making by the shrill voice of Madame in the court-yard below, to attend to some newly arrived guest, only to be scolded back again because his rooms were not done.

We entered the inn through the large green doors of the paved court-yard, and after paying our aged conductor waited patiently for the clanging of the great bell, which he had set ringing, to subside. We decided to postpone the inspection of rooms for the more pressing demands of hunger; and so expressed ourselves to the for once smiling landlady. At her suggestion, a table was spread for us in what was called by the somewhat misleading name of *Bosquet*, a sort of arbor running along one side of the court-yard, and composed of straggling vines on espaliers, and sickly creepers running up the high wall that inclosed the court on that side. The other three sides were occupied by the house, under which, in one part, was the stable. We felt that now we were indeed in Bohemia, and our *al fresco* repast was none the less enjoyable from the fact that the beef-steak was tough and the *vin ordinaire* very ordinaire.

Omelettes and bread are always good in France, and we found no exception here, while later we learned that our landlord had a very good vintage of Beaune, if we chose to pay for it.

Our meal was shared by a cat and a dog, the former, however, only in imagination, as she dared not descend from her vantage-ground on the high wall. The dog was a large setter in the hobble-de-hoy stage of puppyhood, and had been christened Stop by an Italian artist at the hotel, with, I fear, rather vague ideas of English: something as

the Japanese supposed "Come here" to be the English for dog, because their masters used that phrase in calling to them.

Stop, this particular dog certainly never did, but went tumbling over everything; getting between the waiter's legs, and causing no end of mischief, but all in such a good-natured way that the vituperations with which he was greeted usually ended in caresses.

After lunch, while the ladies installed themselves in such rooms as we were able to make up our minds to accept, I determined to take the bull by the horns and pay my visit to Couture, to get his consent to give me some instruction. I had often heard him described as a man with a very bad temper and brusque manners, and I feared my imperfect command of the French language might lead me to say something to rouse his ire, as what may be quite polite in one language is very often rude in another. Besides, he had for many years refused to take pupils, properly so called, and had only recently made exception in favor of some American ladies. Whether he would take a male into his harem seemed quite doubtful, and indeed he refused, while I was there, to take some Frenchmen as pupils, though after my advent admitting other Americans and an Italian.

It was therefore with trembling that I sought the abode of the great man. I was directed to a neighboring street, where in a long, high wall, overhung by beautiful old trees, I found the large gate of his *château* as it was called. Beside this gate was a smaller one, with a grating in it about six inches square. I pulled the iron bell-rod that hung on one side, and immediately, as if both bell and dog had been attached to the same cord, there ensued a great jangling and barking. Inside I heard the clack, clack, of wooden shoes coming across a paved court; the slide behind the little grating was pushed back, and

an old woman in a Bretonne cap peered out at me. The dog, meanwhile, having been partially suppressed, kept up a muttered protest. "Dear me," I said to myself, "this is indeed a Blue Beard's castle;" and the dog, who was still invisible, assumed to my imagination gigantic proportions. In response to my inquiry if M. Couture was at home, — my outward appearance being, I suppose, satisfactory, — I was greeted with a smiling "Entrez, monsieur," and the drawing back of bolts and opening of the little gate. Somewhat reassured by the smiles of the old lady, and finding that the dog, although of evil countenance, was not so very large, I entered, and followed the Bretonne cap and wooden shoes across the court, that had once been laid out with some care, with flower beds, and a fountain in the middle, but was now all in disorder, with a general tangle of weeds and grasses growing up between the paving-stones. Bringing up the rear came the dog, a sort of mongrel mastiff, sniffing unpleasantly near to my trouser legs. Had I but known, as I very soon learned, that both dog and master were the most good-natured of creatures, instead of the bugbears my imagination had painted them, I should not have felt so like a man going to his execution. Although I still marched on, my French, if not my courage, basely deserted me, and left me to stumble through the ensuing interview as best I could, and then taunted me when safely back at the hotel with ^{the thought} ^{of what I might have said, if I had} ^{been} ^{able} ^{to} ^{do} ^{it} ^{at} ^{the} ^{time} ^{of} ^{the} ^{interview}. The *Château Couture*, more properly a *maison de campagne*, was a long, two-storied stuccoed building, without much architectural pretense, like many another country-house in the suburbs of Paris. It rested so low on the ground that one step carried you into its front door, or through its long French windows. I was ushered into a room on the left of the entrance, used, I afterwards learned, as the dining-room;

catching on the way, through the door opposite, a glimpse of the kitchen, with its large, old-fashioned fire-place and bright array of copper saucepans, evidently the pride of the Bretonne cap. Knowing that mine host had a weakness for Americans as more liberal patrons of art than his own countrymen had proved to be, to him at least, I took care to impress on the good dame that it was an American who wished to see monsieur. It was an even chance whether the disappointment of finding that I was not a rich American amateur would not counterbalance the supposed advantage of my nationality; but I hoped for an amiable reception before he found that out.

Nor was I mistaken. Clack, clack, went the wooden shoes up the stone stairs, and clack, clack, they soon returned, to say that monsieur would immediately descend.

The dog, all the while, had followed close at my heels, and stood guard to see that I did not run off with the family spoons. He had a bloodshot look in his eyes, that boded no good to any such attempt, and fearing he might mistake my Western freedom for republican license, I sat as still as I could on the edge of my chair.

Presently, clack, clack, clack, another pair of wooden shoes came down the stairs, and there entered a short, stout man, in a broad-brimmed Panama hat, dressed in a crumpled suit of gray linen, and with black sabots on his feet. I rose as he came, and after a few minutes' salutation, laid himself down in the sun with a great flop and sigh of relief that his duties as policeman were over for the present.

Couture — for it was he — extended to me a soft, pulpy, but small and white hand, and welcomed me with much *empressment*.

"Always charmed to see Americans. Had many American amateurs, who had bought his pictures," etc. Ah, I said to myself, I feared as much! How shall I ever dare to undeceive him?

Seeing my evident embarrassment in trying to express myself intelligibly, with great tact he suggested that we should go for a walk in the park, as he called it.

He rightly divined that a stroll round the grounds would be less formal than sitting up on chairs, and that I should be more at my ease in the open air. This eye to the main chance and extreme sensitiveness to the feelings and motives of others, as well as to any supposed slight upon himself, I found to be among his strongest characteristics.

His sharp little eyes read with wonderful insight the characters of his pupils; and although he understood not a word of English, we were often startled to find how quick he was to interpret some passing remark from one to another, when we thought ourselves safe behind our foreign tongue, and his abrupt "*Comment?*" would speedily bring us back to our good manners.

Leading the way into the next room, Couture called my attention to some writing in charcoal on one of the panels of the white wainscoting that reached to the ceiling. At the time of the siege of Paris he had written here an appeal to the Prussians to spare his house and pictures, as the home of an artist well known in Europe, and some of whose paintings graced the walls of the galleries of Berlin. I wish I could remember the exact words, they were so other, in their egotism, of which his hav-

This served them to this day was a salon, much long, and reached the house, with two windows on either hand, through one of which we passed to a terrace overlooking the

ing. The grounds had once been laid out with much skill, but Couture's little to spending money had allowed them to become overgrown and out of repair.

A broad vista of fine trees led down to where the paved *chaussée* from Paris to Ecouen terminated the estate. By skillful planting, and the substitution of an iron paling for the high wall that elsewhere bordered the road, this was quite overlooked, and the eye was led on over smiling fields to the hills of Montmorency, four miles away. Thus the name of "park" did not seem altogether undeserved, although there could not have been over six acres in the whole place.

As we wandered about among the trees and shrubberies, I found little need of talking; my companion, it seemed, liked nothing better than to hold forth. With his arm drawn through mine, a favorite habit of his when walking with any one, he stumped along in his wooden shoes, and was the picture of good nature and *bonhomie*. A short and thick man, as I have said, with a great shock of iron-gray hair protruding from under his old straw hat; small but very bright eyes, set in a rather heavy and puffy face, of a pale and sallow hue; nose large, with open and very sensitive nostrils; clean-shaved, save for a heavy, drooping gray mustache, which concealed a large, sensuous mouth; finally, a receding chin, almost lost in a thick neck, suggestive of apoplexy,—not a handsome man, certainly. At the same time, despite his small stature, he gave you a sense of power that was unmistakable; there was a flash in his eyes that revealed the sacred fire, and you felt that he was no common man, as his outward aspect might lead you at first to imagine. He was ungraceful, but with a certain old-fashioned courtesy, especially with ladies, that made up for the want of polish that could hardly be expected from his origin.

He often made fun of his awkwardness, and told amusing stories of going to receptions at the Tuileries in the days when he was in high favor with Napoleon; of putting his feet through great ladies' trains, and committing other *gaucheries*, to the disgust of the more accomplished courtiers.

I found him anything but the bear he had been depicted, and, with the exception of extreme sensitiveness to any imagined slight, the most good-natured of men; very fond of telling stories, and quite willing to laugh at himself, but unwilling to be laughed at; very sure that he was the greatest painter living, and that all others were mere daubers, and very sore at the ill-treatment he fancied he had received at the hands of the French government and artists; in a word, a childlike nature within a rough exterior, but very lovable. Driven into voluntary exile by the jealousy of other artists and intrigues in high places, for ten years he did not touch a brush. Living on the reputation made in his younger days, he could not consent to enter the arena a second time, and notwithstanding his love of money he was content to remain idle, unless spurred on to do something by the importunity of buyers seeking him out. I never succeeded in getting at the right of the case in his quarrel with the world.

The ill-treatment, the slights cast upon him by other artists, and his breaking with the government when in the midst of large commissions, because, as he alleged, he would not give a present to the Minister of Fine Arts for procuring him these orders, may have been in great part due to his over-sensitive imagination. To crown all, he rashly wrote a book. "Oh, that mine enemy had written a book!" All the art-world of Paris set up a howl, and its echoes still linger in the ateliers on either bank of the Seine. He retired to nurse his wrongs at Villiers le Bel, and so entirely

did he become a thing of the past that most lovers of art, if they thought about him at all, thought of him as dead, and wondered why his great painting of *Les Romains de la Décadence* was not removed to the Louvre, as is the custom with works owned by the state after the artist has been dead ten years. What had the poor man done? He had written a slight sketch of his life, given an account of his method of painting, and dared to criticise, but perhaps without sufficient prudence, the works of other painters. If he had had more worldly wisdom he would have held his tongue.

The "*méthode Couture*" has been a by-word in the ateliers of Paris ever since. Not that it was not a good-enough system in its way and as employed by him; but yet it was a difficult method to copy, especially when learned only from his book, and like a written constitution, the too exact formulation of ideas gave a chance for cavaliers to find fault. To many, to paint by rule, and not by inspiration, seemed absurd. His system was either misunderstood or misapplied, and certainly has never been successfully held to by any of his pupils. Pupils of other men have been allowed to follow in the footsteps of their masters without discredit, but those of Couture have been pursued relentlessly as long as any trace of the master's method has remained.

Why this should be I cannot say. Why bitumen used by Couture is any more sinful than when used by others I do not know, but so it is. His great aim was freshness and purity of color, which he sought to get by mixing or stirring the colors together as little as possible, and by placing on the canvas the exact tint as nearly as he could hit it, and not disturbing it afterwards. Rather than disturb it, he preferred either to remove an unlucky touch with the palette knife and bread, or leave it till dry, and then repaint it.

His great maxim was to make things slowly. He used to say, "Give me ten minutes to looking at a thing, and I will paint it." "Make up your mind exactly what ought to be done, and then do it with rapidity and decision, as if it were the easiest thing in the world." "If a thing does not come right at first, do not fuss over it, but go to something else; and if necessary, come back to it later, when you will often find that it is not so bad, or at least is so unimportant in the general result as to be hardly worth doing over," — all of which maxims are most difficult to beginners.

The great trouble with the *méthode Couture* was that, like the battle-axe of *Cœur de Lion*, only the master could wield it. To get additional brilliancy, he liked to employ very long brushes that took up a great quantity of paint. This he applied in a single decisive touch with a peculiar movement of the hand, which none of us were ever able to imitate, and which left the paint all bristling and sparkling, like grass with the morning dew fresh upon it. He contended that when put on in this way and varnished it would remain fresh forever, whereas the painting over and over resulted only in deadening the paint and turning it dark in time. Nevertheless, he was always ready, if a thing did not please him, either to scrape it out, or, when dry, to glaze it down and repaint it, but always trying as far as possible to retain the brilliant qualities of a first painting.

By this process of glazing and repainting he was able, contrary to the generally received opinion, to obtain, when he chose, the most minute finish. Many of his smaller pictures will bear witness to this, and it was only in his larger canvases that he left things in what might seem an incomplete state.

He did not invariably work in the same way; but his usual method was to put in the shadows with a very little bitumen and light red mixed with a dry-

ing medium, then load the lights, and by the time the shadows had become a little sticky from drying, drag the proper colors into them, which gave a more transparent quality than painting them in more solidly would have done.

In his drawing he insisted on style: every line should express character, and every line he ever drew was full of it. His careful study of the antique had made him an idealist; he could not be a servile copyist. With a few telling strokes he would express the whole essence of an object distilled through the alembic of his imagination. He was one of the last of the classical school, and had no sympathy with the growing realism of the age, nor it with him.

Alas for the man who is born too late, or who outlives his proper period! He who is ahead of his time may come to be revered as a prophet, but he who is behind has no one so poor to do him reverence. The whirligig of time alone may bring him adequate recognition. Among modern painters, Couture is preëminent for nobleness of conception and design; but in cleverness of technique he has been much surpassed. His faults were a certain dryness in execution, from the roughness of his paint, and a want of unity in his larger compositions, arising in part from his habit of studying each figure separately, and in part from a lack of feeling for the just relation of values.

His fondness for subjects of a satirical nature worked him harm. It is a doubtful point how far art should be used as a moral agent, except as it elevates the mind. The satirist has his place, but it is not the highest place, and the noblest art is degraded if used to point a moral too openly. In such pictures as *The Realist* (a student seated upon the bust of the Venus of Milo, engaged in drawing a pig's head), *The Love of Gold*, *The Courtesan*, and similar subjects, he squandered the talent that ought to have been devoted to

higher aims. It was, I think, a perversion of the intellectual quality in art. In *Les Romains de la Décadence*, his best known picture, and the one which made his reputation, we have, however, a lesson of the debauchery of luxury and vice which is very powerfully told. The utter weariness and satiety of over-indulgence is admirably indicated in the attitudes and expression of the figures. The fair cease to charm or the wine to cheer, and the moral is not too obtrusively drawn in the despair of the poet on the one hand, and the scorn of the philosophers on the other.

As a portrait-painter he was not very successful. He idealized the likeness out of his sitters, and left only what he thought they ought to be. We prefer ourselves as our looking-glass shows us, and not as others see us, in spite of the old saying.

Before parting with Couture, on that first visit, I secured his consent to my becoming a pupil. He seemed much less averse to my project than I had anticipated, but confessed that he had intended never to take another scholar, although willing to criticise works brought to him by artists. He had broken his resolution because an American girl had come to him and said, "*Je veux prendre des leçons*," instead of "*Je désire*," which so amused him with its maidenly imperiousness that he yielded. Having once given way (and, I suspect, seeing a chance for a little money, though he did not mention that), he thought he would try a few pupils for one summer. I was to return the next morning with my paints and such sketches as I had with me, that he might see how proficient I was.

I shall never forget that morning. It was very hot. After a repetition of the formalities of the day before at the gate only with broader smiles on the part of the good dame, and this time with appropriate recognition on that of the dog that I was henceforth a priv-

ileged person, I was shown up to the room used for a studio. Couture, with the inevitable straw hat, received me warmly, and after rummaging about among a lot of old canvases, at which I longed to get a better look, produced a superb study of a man nude to the waist, which he had made years ago for the picture *L'Amour de l'Or*. This he set me to copy. To put me a little at my ease, he took up a book and pretended to read, but I felt all the time that he was looking with those sharp little eyes at every stroke I made. Although the perspiration started at every pore, there was nothing for it but to go on. Oh, how hot it was! The flies buzzed on the window panes, or lit on my nose; there was no other sound save an occasional grunt from my tormentor, whether of approval or disgust I could not tell. After a painful struggle, my task was finished. I felt that I had done myself scant justice, but perhaps it was just as well, as the improvement thereafter would be all the more marked, and that would please the teacher. With a "Not so bad," he informed me that "we should soon change all that," and that the next day I could regularly begin. As other pupils arrived soon after, he arranged a class, which met at his house during the first week of every month. He would either give us something of his own to copy, or, painting himself from a model in the morning, make us do the same in the afternoon. In this way we learned how he attacked a subject, and his method of treating it; also gathered many useful hints from his criticism of our own and others' sketches. The rest of the month we worked by ourselves from models, or sketched in the fields, carrying the results to him for correction.

He liked to have us come to his house on Sunday afternoons, when he held a sort of levee, seated under the trees in the park. Barbèdenne, the celebrated

dealer in bronzes, who was his most intimate friend, often came from Paris to pass his Sunday, and other artists from the neighboring Ecouen, a great centre for *genre* painters, were frequent visitors on those pleasant afternoons. Surrounded by his family, with a clean white linen suit on, his best Panama on his head, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole, he poured forth by the hour together a stream of racy anecdotes and amusing conceits.

The family consisted of his wife and two daughters and the dog Didi, a very important member. When the Prussians were approaching Paris, the Couture family fled, like so many others; leaving the writing on the wall that I have before mentioned, to mollify the conquerors. But alas, on reaching Paris Didi the cherished was missing! He had been left behind, and the Prussians would surely get him. So, in face of the whole advancing host, Couture sallied forth to rescue the dog. He passed the French lines, and advanced into the now deserted country; he reached Villiers le Bel in safety, to find it silent and almost uninhabited, but he found the dog. As yet no Prussians were in sight, and he was about to return, when suddenly, over the hill from Ecouen, two Uhlans appeared; they came to a halt; then two more appeared from another direction; then, silently, stealthily, like the coming-in of the tide, from all sides, by every alley and street, came the spiked helmets. The village was surrounded and occupied, and Couture a prisoner. The officers, however, were very kind and polite, and allowed him to return to his family in Paris in triumph, with the dog. History does not relate how Didi escaped being eaten during the siege, but he would have been a tough morsel, and that fact probably saved him.

Couture's youngest daughter, Jeanne, was his favorite. She was at that time a very sweet girl of about sixteen, and acted as her father's *rapin*, that is, helper

in the studio. She kept his palette beautifully clean, washed his brushes, and always had a fresh rag or paint-tube ready to his hand in time of need. She spoke a little English, which she had learned at school, but was very shy of her accomplishment. Painting a little herself, she took a great interest in the work going on, and with her dark olive skin and the bright ribbon in her hair was always a charming picture, beside her rugged old father.

We passed two summers at Villiers le Bel, working in the manner described; the class varying from two to nearly a dozen, mostly of the fair sex. One day in the second summer there came near being an end to the whole thing through our touching the master on his sensitive spot. We had been having a model whom we all disliked, except Couture, who found in her beauties lost on our duller perceptions. I suppose we regarded her from too realistic a standpoint. Her good points were all rudimentary, and it needed the master to add what nature had denied her. He used to say that he preferred a thin to a stout model, because you could study the structure, and could add as much as you liked; whereas in the other case, the flesh hid everything from view, and you did not know how much to take off. Be that as it may, in this case we got very tired of her and her want of beauty, and without any special concert it so happened that one fine morning all the class stayed away, save one faithful mortal. I had taken the day to go up to Paris on necessary business, and the others had similarly found something else to do. Of course the faithful one reported that there was a rod in pickle for us.

The next morning we went to Couture's prepared for an outburst, and sure enough it came.

When we assembled in the room used for a studio, Couture had not yet come down, and he kept us waiting

some time, which was an ominous sign. Presently we heard his wooden shoes stumping along through the room leading to ours. He entered with great ceremony, making a low bow to us all, and not with his usual jovial salutation. He was carefully dressed in his best, freshly shaved (a rather rare occurrence, by the way), with his hat in his hand instead of on his head, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole,—altogether *en grande tenue*. Addressing me as the oldest pupil, he made an oration on the disrespect of our conduct, when he gave us lessons only as a great favor, and wound up by saying that this rebellion had very much wounded his feelings, and that he should give us no more instruction. Feeling that I was called upon to speak for the others, I expressed my extreme regret at what had happened; explained that no disrespect was intended, that I had been obliged to go to town on business, and that it was a mere accident that the others stayed away at the same time. Remembering that the French are more easily influenced by an epigram than a sound reason, I wound up by saying that what he had thought a revolution was nothing at most but an *émeute*, and should not be regarded seriously. This had the desired effect: the clouds cleared away, he burst out laughing, and we all set to work, and I never knew him more good-natured than he was for the rest of the day. And so the lessons went on.

The last time I saw Couture was in Paris, in the autumn of 1878. We were about leaving for Egypt, and invited him and his daughter Jeanne to come and lunch with us at our hotel in the Latin Quarter. He was in a very hilarious mood, and, like a school-boy out for a holiday, bent on enjoying himself. After our repast we proposed that we should all go to the Exposition and look at the pictures; thinking his criticism would be both instructive and amusing. But no; he said, he was tired

of the Exposition; he was a provincial up from the country, and preferred to *flâner* in the streets of the great city. So off we set; Couture in front with my wife on his arm, and I behind with mademoiselle.

We must have made a queer group, and I am afraid the good people at home would have been much scandalized at our behavior. Couture acted out to the letter the part of countryman; insisting on looking in all the shop windows, as if he had never before been in Paris; calling loudly to Jeanne to come and admire some object; rushing wildly across the street, to his own and my wife's imminent peril, his hat usually flying off in the passage, which we behind were obliged to rescue from under the feet of the horses or wheels of passing cabs.

Even in Paris, where people are used to eccentric behavior, such actions and actors attracted a good deal of notice, and I was glad to get him into Goupil's on pretense of showing him one of his own pictures which I had seen there several days before. The young man who conducted us to the gallery up-stairs seemed at first inclined to treat with

much coldness such an unpromising set of visitors, and with reluctance produced the head I asked for. No sooner was it placed on the easel than Couture burst out in derisive laughter, abused it roundly, and, although it was an undoubted Couture, saw fit to ridicule the whole thing. The showman was naturally much incensed, and proceeded to point out to us the excellences of the painting; but Couture would not listen to him, and continued to call it all sorts of names, saying that they used to make omelettes on it, and kicked it about generally in the atelier. The man now looked puzzled, as if he were dealing with a madman; suddenly a gleam of intelligence shot across his face, as he began to realize that this eccentric must be Couture himself. Never was there a greater change: he ransacked the whole shop for pictures that would interest us, and finally bowed us out with all the obsequiousness he could muster.

It was now time for Couture and his daughter to leave us, to take the train for Villiers le Bel, and the flourish of the large Panama hat from a cab window was the last I ever saw of my worthy master.

Ernest W. Longfellow.

IN THE OLD DOMINION.

FOUR o'clock of a lovely day in the early autumn; a chilly wind, contradicted by a hot sun; a touch of crimson in the sumach bushes lining a country lane in Virginia, down which a gentleman is galloping, — a fine, erect figure mounted on a stout hack, which is carefully groomed, somewhat dingy in accoutrement, and just now putting out its best paces. At the mouth of the lane, where it debouches into the high-road, there is a glorious maple, that a month later might well stand for the burning

bush of Moses, with its shimmering lights, glowing and sparkling in new and beautiful combinations of color, as sunshine, cloud, and breeze make of it alternately a tree of gold, a tree of blood, a tree of bronze.

Already the ground at its feet is carpeted in a way to delight the æsthetic soul, and a girl who has been sitting for an hour with a lap full of leaves, which she has been admiring, arranging, comparing, unable to decide which to keep and which to throw away, rises,

seizes two parcels, drops three, recaptures them only to drop half her leaves, makes a triumphant swoop upon these, and picks her way toward the horseman. Not a lady at all; an awkward, freckled factory-girl, going home with the coming week's work; yet the moment he catches sight of her, he pulls up his horse with a suddenness that sends streams of liquid mud flying up the animal's flanks, and as he walks past her takes his hat off and executes a profound and courtly salute, — such as Sir Charles Grandison may have kept for the duchesses of his acquaintance, — goes on quietly for a few hundred yards, and then resumes his gallop for a couple of miles, when he reaches a shackling, low-spirited gate, off the hinge, set in a luxuriant, unclipped hedge of *bois d'arc*, and turns into the grounds of Edgewood. In its day Edgewood was known from New England to the Carolinas as one of the colonial show-places, with a thousand acres at its back, half as many slaves to till its fields, stables that accommodated fifty horses, and room and welcome for a perennial stream of guests, — the belles, beaux, and local magnates of the country and neighborhood, with such distinguished foreigners as chanced to stray that way. The house was built of English bricks, in a pseudo-Grecian style of architecture, with portico sufficient for the Madeleine, and a noble hall, through which one could drive a coach-and-four: two features greatly insisted upon by the Virginian gentry of the period. It stood in a park of seventy-five acres of beautiful woodland, and was set on a knoll commanding fine views of the surrounding country. But the place was sadly shorn of its past glories, and in China would properly have been regarded as a monument, not a home, and promptly converted into a chapel and grounds for the worship and deification of ancestors. The lawn was ragged and unkempt, and the grass dying, apparently, of a green

and yellow melancholy. The enormous wooden pillars of the portico were almost destitute of paint, and the boards under-foot were rotting away in various places. In front, a weather-stained, chipped marble fountain seemed incapable of pumping up so much as a single tear over its own bright past and arid future, or that of its owners. Of the original estate, only two hundred and fifty acres remained, producing chiefly blue thistles, and having no modern devices, such as phosphates, rotation of crops, and improved machinery, to stimulate its flagging cereals.

The front door was a fine old piece of mahogany, to which time had given a rich wine-color; it was further adorned with a huge brass lock and knocker, polished by several generations of muscular Africans, under the lynx-eyed supervision of as many notable housewives. It stood open, revealing a section of the hall, with its stained floor, spindle-legged furniture, racks for hats, whips, and fishing-tackle, family portraits, and a group of crossed swords wielded by revolutionary sires, supplemented by two others that had belonged to the dead sons of the house, — two gallant young cavalry officers, who fell on the same day in the Wilderness.

Just outside, in a rustic arm-chair, sat an old man of ninety, who looked as though he would crumble at a touch; with long, scanty locks of white hair hanging down on his shoulders, a face wrinkled like a baked apple, a nose that still insisted on being handsome amid the wreck and ruin of all the other features, and two bristling tufts of white hair set above a pair of pale blue eyes, deeply sunken in their sockets and wandering in expression. He was dressed with extreme care, in the style of the "fine old English gentleman," in a dark suit of some long-past period, very long as to the waistcoat and tight as to the coat; wore a patched boot neatly blacked, topped by gray gaiters, a fob,

and a voluminous cravat, wrapped around his neck again and again, until the tip of chin and ears disappeared. It was this, combined with a trick he had of moving his entire body, from the waist, in turning to address one, that gave a curious Jack-in-the-box effect to the shining bald crown which had, indeed, been engaged for a life-time in trying to keep itself above water. With one tremulous, deep-veined hand he held a brown vellum book, from which he was reading aloud to a gentleman sitting near, using the other to turn over the yellow leaves, and pointing his moral with a skinny forefinger as he peered closely at the text.

"Listen to this, my boy," said he, his cracked voice rising in shrill exultation, as he went on with the passage from his favorite author: "If New England be called a receptacle of Dissenters, Pennsylvania a nursery of Quakers, Maryland the retirement of Roman Catholics, North Carolina the refuge of runaways, and South Carolina the delight of buccaneers and pirates, Virginia may justly be esteemed the happy retreat of true Britons and true Churchmen." It is impossible to give an idea of the emphasis and importance he contrived to throw into his "Virginia." Even in his thin tones it had a dignified, Old Dominion, Mother-of-States-and-Presidents swell to it that told its own tale of love and pride; it was a roll-call of the States, in which his heart said "Here!" as plainly as possible to the listening ear.

His companion had given a merely mechanical attention, and was saying, "You are very fortunate, Mr. Vesey, in being able to read without your glasses. I suffer considerable inconvenience from the necessity I am always under of carrying them about with me wherever I go. My carelessness and absence of mind are such that" —

"There's my son!" exclaimed the old gentleman abruptly; "and he has

taken the chestnut out again, in spite of my having distinctly forbidden it. A troublesome lad, — a very troublesome lad." Saying this for the third time, he rose with great difficulty, and aided by his cane limped to the edge of the veranda, and stood there waiting for his son to dismount.

"You have taken the chestnut again, Wyndham, although you knew it was contrary to my wishes. I am surprised at your want of filial respect, sir, — surprised, surprised," he called out fretfully, as soon as his son came within ear-shot. "You have three saddle-horses of your own, sir, and had better leave mine alone. I should think that an intimation of my wishes on the subject would be all that is necessary; but you forget yourself, sir, — forget yourself entirely."

Although assailed in this way, the son did not seem at all disturbed, but fastened his bridle-rein composedly to a staple driven into one of the oaks; a substitute for the stable-boys who used to dart out from behind the house, by some happy inspiration, the moment there was any need of them. Mr. Vesey the elder was in his second childhood, and had a fixed idea that, with a stable full of thoroughbreds, his son would ride his father's horses. It was useless to argue the point, or explain that the chestnut was the only decent bit of horseflesh about the place; so his son advanced, hat in hand, made his apologies elaborately, and was told that "Mr. Brooke, of Shirley, had been waiting for more than an hour." Now, although the two men had been neighbors, schoolmates, college chums, and intimate friends all their lives, and were moreover in the habit of meeting daily at the same hour for a game, or games, of backgammon, of which both were very fond, the mere suspicion of discourtesy to a guest was so intolerable that Mr. Wyndham Vesey hastened to go through a second set of apologies, as

formal and punctilious as though they had been meant for an entire stranger. On examination, "the troublesome boy" proved to be a man of sixty-five, with gray hair and beard, and dignity and ease of manner quite incomparable, and a diction as clear-cut as his profile. His friend was a year or two older, of equally good address, with a manner suggestive of intense self-respect, utterly untinged by self-assertion, delightfully simple and unaffected, and with that unspoken deference for the opinions and utterances of others which scores so many points for the accomplished man of the world, especially with women.

After shaking hands, the friends stood for several minutes making the usual inquiries after each other's health, and that of each member of their respective households. It was, "I hope the ladies at Shirley are in the enjoyment of their usual good health to-day," and "I trust that Miss Gertrude has quite recovered from the extremely severe attack of neuralgia from which she was suffering yesterday," accompanied by repeated bows and thanks, and so on through the list. To have omitted anybody or slurred over so important a ceremony would have been considered almost indecent. The three gentlemen took chairs, and began a desultory conversation, which was soon interrupted by the arrival of the daughter of the house, Miss Gertrude Vesey, a smiling little lady, who trotted out, key-basket in hand, and greeting Mr. Brooke informed him that she was "right glad to see him," and "it certainly was a mighty fine day for him to ride over:" two phrases whose Elizabethan quaintness suited her and her surroundings. She was so fair and plump and rosy that, though only three years younger than her brother, she looked a softened fifty, and was regarded by her father as a mere child. If in consequence of her poverty she belonged to the black-alpaca sisterhood, by virtue of her ladyhood she had contrived

to take out of that dubious material all its unpleasant shininess and suggestion of vulgarity. Worn as Miss Gertrude wore it, with lace at the throat and wrists, — a miniature of an ancestress, a court beauty of Queen Anne's reign, — and a watch from whose chain depended a cross made from the wood of General Washington's coffin, it became to all intents and purposes a black silk, and could have held its own in the very finest company.

Yes, Miss Vesey wore alpaca and took boarders, who seemed to have taken her, so gentle and mild was she, and to have been the gainers by the transaction. For it had come to this. The scanty living afforded by the land had to be supplemented by something; and if every helpless incapable in petticoats and difficulties runs to boarders as inevitably as a garden to weeds, it is no wonder that a woman whose recipe for pickled oysters had been copied in half the cookery-books of a State where all the housewifely arts are esteemed and practiced, as they used to be among English dames a couple of centuries back, should take an impregnable position, and, first inserting advertisements demanding and according the "very highest testimonials," await the result as calmly as Napoleon before Austerlitz. Among the family heirlooms was a treasure, — the only one on which no one had counted or been able to dissipate, — in the shape of a small book bound in leather, in which several generations of ladies had recorded their domestic experiences and experiments. Here, in faded, crabbed characters, with a liberal use of capitals, and not always a fanatical adherence to the rules of spelling, were recorded recipes of every conceivable kind. A tremendous compound of honey, hyssop, licorice root, anise-seed, pulverized elecampane, angelica root, pepper, and ginger, called "Queen Elizabeth's Cordial Electuary," and said to have been "Her Majesty's

favorite remedy when troubled with straitness," which must have been pretty often, if we may judge from her pictures; "The Honorable Mr. Charles Hamilton's Method of Making Grape Wines," which "the Duke de Mirepoix," presumably a judge of such matters, "preferred to any other;" "Dr. Fuller's Chemical Snuff for Drowsy Distempers;" an "Incomparable Method of Salting Meat as Adopted by the late Empress of Russia," "more expensive than common brine," as imperial brine has a right to be, "but promising advantages that most people would be glad to purchase at a much higher price," — these, with recipes for "Bragget," "Ink Powder," a "Grand Ptisan or Diet Drink of Health and Longevity, by a Celebrated French Physician, who lived nearly one hundred and twenty years," doubtless on his own mixture, and a highly genteel "Remedy for Noisome Vermin," which "if applied with only the tip of a pin will cause the insect to be instantly deprived of existence," jostled each other in this quaint record of the dark age in which a woman was supposed to "superintend her family arrangements, investigate her accounts, instruct her servants, and keep within the bounds of her husband's income."

There was ample field for the expenditure of all Miss Vesey could earn; for, in addition to other claims, she had a brother's widow and her two daughters to take care of, beside a little boy, a distant cousin, who, being left orphaned and homeless, drifted, as a matter of right and of course, under the roof of a fourth cousin, who felt that she was only fulfilling a plain duty in engaging to support and educate him.

We will now go back to the company on the veranda, talking over several matters of local interest, with occasional interruptions from Mr. Vesey, senior, whose chair is set a little apart, so that he catches only a word here and there.

MR. BROOKE: "I saw Egerton Wharton, yesterday, when I went into town; and it was a great source of gratification to me to meet him again, and recall the pleasant week we spent together at Baltimore in the winter of '70. He has been living out in the West for thirty years, you know, but tells me that he has come home to remain, and has bought back the old place. He has been remarkably successful in his commercial ventures, I hear, and has achieved an independent fortune."

MR. W. VESEY, flicking with thumb and middle finger one of his sister's neatest darns on the knee of his trousers: "I am glad to hear it. Now that his time is no longer monopolized by money-making, a mechanical routine of sordid cares, in which there is little or no expansion of the higher faculties, or room for more elevating pursuits, he will be at liberty to cultivate the feelings and pursue the objects that exalt our nature, rather than increase our fortune. He married a Stainsforth, did he not?"

MR. BROOKE: "Yes. I was at his wedding, and it was a most interesting occasion. I still remember the alacrity with which I saluted the lovely bride, a most bewitching young enchantress; a second-cousin of mine, once removed. Her mother was a Fosbrooke, and her grandmother a Noel."

OLD GENTLEMAN, who has slipped down in his chair, and has been dozing, with his head on his breast: "Eh? What's that?"

MR. W. VESEY: "We are saying that Egerton Wharton's wife's mother was a Fosbrooke, and the grandmother a Noel."

OLD GENTLEMAN, sitting bolt upright: "Nothing of the sort, Wyndham, — nothing of the sort. Her mother was a Flower, and her grandmother was a gentlewoman of great worth and discretion, a daughter of Richard Jocelyn, of Helstone."

MR. W. VESEY: "I think you are mistaken, sir. You are thinking of the other brother."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Nothing of the sort, — noth-ing-of-the-sort. How can I be mistaken? I never was mistaken in a thing of the kind in my life, — never. His father's place in King and Queen marched with mine, and I knew him when he was in long clothes. Visiting in the West, isn't he?"

MR. BROOKE: "He has come home, but he is looking wretchedly ill, and tells me the doctors give him a lease of only two years on life; just as he has gained all that he hoped for. Well, 'Sunt superis sua jura.'"

OLD GENTLEMAN, decisively: "He had better retire to his estate to die, and be buried among his own people."

MISS VESEY, on hospitable thoughts intent: "Is he staying in the neighborhood?"

MR. BROOKE: "I am unable to say. He was with Heathcote yesterday."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "That is a tide-water name. What is he doing up here?" (Glancing suspiciously from son to guest, from under his white, tufted eyebrows, as if the fact of Mr. Heathcote's being out of his own county required satisfactory explanation, and was in itself damaging.)

MR. W. VESEY: "He has come to settle up his aunt's property. She died without a will, and he is next of kin."

OLD GENTLEMAN, mollified by the respectable nature of his errand: "Oh, indeed! Fine man, his father. He was the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the county, when we were young fellows. No such people about here. The gentleman ceases with the oyster, in Virginia."

MR. W. VESEY, aside to his friend: "He is talking of the grandfather. Are you disposed to give me my revenge, now? If so, we may as well go inside for our game, unless, indeed, you prefer to woo the fickle goddess on the porch."

MR. BROOKE, rising: "Not at all; but

may I trouble you for a glass of water, first?"

MISS VESEY: "Not water alone, Mr. Brooke. You must try my raspberry cordial."

Interval of five minutes, after which a small African, with his wool carded out carefully and a snow-white apron over his every-day suit, appears in the doorway, a sulky frown on his face, the result of being forced to make a *toilette de circonstance*, and in his hand a silver tray, bearing glasses of cordial, in which bits of ice tinkle temptingly, flanked by a blue India plate, full of golden sponge-cake that clamors to be eaten.

"Ah, here is our Mercury," says Mr. Vesey; and after a little more conversation and liberal refreshment of the inner man, both gentlemen rise, and take their way to a large, bare room on the right of the hall, with windows giving on the porch. Left alone, outside, the weary old man takes intermittent naps, or lets his eyes wander to the white monuments in the cemetery on the hillside, where the declining rays of the sun are shining sadly upon the lonely graves of many a gallant soul who wore the blue or gray; and then to the mist-veiled mountain peaks, on which their eyes must often have nested, too, with God knows what longings for the distant home and friends they were never to see again. At last sleep wins what remains of the day. Not content with sleeping, he snores, and presently wakes himself up, and cries out with feeble fierceness, "Who's that?" It is the inquiry he usually makes under such circumstances, and never meets a response; but this time, as soon as he gets done blinking and staring, in the general confusion of his senses, he sees a dapper, spruce-looking man coming up the steps and approaching him. The new-comer has not dropped from the clouds at all, but has driven up in a smart buggy, very like a tea-tray set on wheels, freshly painted, glittering with varnish, and

presenting a striking contrast to the vehicle in which Mr. Brooke was wont to make his appearance, — a dingy, mud-splashed, ram-shackle affair, made up of blistered leather and black wood, the shafts being tied up in various places with bits of rope, and the harness three sizes too large for the small pony it festooned. With a good deal of difficulty old Mr. Vesey gets himself out of his chair, and bows to the stranger; then sinks back, and, leaning on his cane, peers suspiciously into the unfamiliar face.

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Good evening to you, sir. Take a seat" (waving him stiffly toward a chair).

Taking the seat indicated, he lolled back in it with breezy ease, crossed his legs aggressively, and, running his hand through his hair, began with breathless volubility to explain his errand, in short, staccato phrases, that irritated his listener very much as a fusillade from a peashooter might have done, though he caught only one in a dozen.

STRANGER: "Been traveling through your country. Very poor country, I call it. Should n't think it would yield twelve bushels of anything to the acre. Going to rack and ruin. Guess we'll have to buy you out and put you down in truck farms. Convenient to markets. Raised on a farm. Worked on it till I took to the road. Know all about it. Got a better thing. Always on the lively hop, but layin' up the circulatin' cornstant." (In his satisfaction he here jerks up his coat-sleeves a little way, and rubs his hands together.) "Got a cousin down here. Been sick, and had to stop to see him." (Here he winked facetiously, and laid a finger on the side of his nose.) "Know him? Name's Perkins, — Obadiah."

OLD GENTLEMAN, shaking his head: "I have never met the relative you mention. There is no such name in the county."

STRANGER: "What say? Been livin'

five miles from here twenty years! Spick-spanking farm on the Woodville pike. No rags, bones, dirt, nor weeds there, you bet. Wife and ten children, mostly of the female gender."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Now that I think of it, there *has* been a person of that name about here for a good while. I trust that you are enjoying your visit, sir." (At this moment a pretty, dark-eyed boy of about six runs out on the porch, and seeing the stranger shrinks behind Mr. Vesey's chair.)

STRANGER: "Nice little chap. Grandson?"

OLD GENTLEMAN: "No, sir: a young relative, who has been the subject of a most afflicting dispensation of Providence, and has lost both his parents, whose places we are endeavoring as far as possible to fill."

STRANGER: "Fond of children. Got two little buckets of my own, out my way. Come here, young'un." (Child declines.)

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Go and speak to the — ah" — (hesitates, and wipes his face with an enormous red bandana, laboriously searched for and applied) "the gentleman, my dear." (Child goes.)

STRANGER: "That's right. Be polite. It's always worth ninety cents on the dollar. Now, tell me, who are you?"

CHILD, as though he were announcing himself a Guelph or Ghibelline: "I am a Vesey."

STRANGER: "Oh, you are, are you?" (Laughing.) "How old are you?"

CHILD: "Going on seven."

STRANGER: "Well, how do you like it as far as you've got?" (Silence.) "Now tell me what you know. Can you read and write? Can you say your catechism?"

CHILD: "Which one?"

STRANGER: "How's that? How many do you learn?"

CHILD: "I know two: cousin Gertrude's and grandpa's. But I've forgot my duty to my neighbor."

STRANGER: "That's bad. Well, suppose you say the other. Sail in, now."

CHILD: "I can't say it, 'less grandpa asks the questions."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Very well, my son. Come here, and I will hear you. Speak so you can be heard. What are you?"

CHILD: "A gentleman."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "What is a gentleman, my son? What does he do?"

CHILD, in a shrill treble, running all the words together: "Fears God, loves his country, tells the truth, respects women, pities the unfortunate, helps the needy, and does his duty." (Old gentleman explains to stranger, and both laugh heartily.)

OLD GENTLEMAN, concluding that stranger is not quite as objectionable as he at first thought: "May I offer you a glass of wine?"

STRANGER: "No, I'm 'bliged to you. Must be off. Smart-like chap, that. Gets that off like it was greased. Like to see the lady of the house." (Child goes in search of Miss Vesey, who presently comes out, dropping a stiff courtesy on the door-sill to the stranger.)

STRANGER, not rising: "How are yer, ma'am? My name's Bates. I'm down here introducin' the finest thing of the age. Sold two thousand of 'em since the 1st of April. Can't get 'em made fast enough. Buckwheat cakes don't go off no faster. Got a large wash, ain't yer? Done in the house? Now I tell yer what yer want to do. Yer want to buy one of Baker's patent, automatic-action, self-feeding, double-cylindered wringers. Have all your petticoats and stockings out on the fence by eight o'clock, ef yer was born deaf and dumb and blind!"

A faint color tinged Miss Vesey's cheek at this "bold and indelicate allusion to certain garments," as she put it afterward, in talking over the merits of the new invention with her sister; but she passed it over at the time, though

she stiffened perceptibly, and pushed her chair back a little further from the presumptuous speaker. The family linen weighed as heavily upon Miss Vesey as it ever did upon Falstaff, and when got up at home was about equivalent to a weekly case of small-pox; so she listened not only with patience, but with interest, to Mr. Bates's exposition of the incomparable advantages to be derived from the use of his wringer, and then went for a paper and pencil with which to take his address, in the event of her deciding to invest in the machine. Mr. Vesey, with one of the changes of humor to which he was subject, had grown more and more irritated during the conversation, and had interrupted it several times with stage asides, such as, "Send the man away, Gertrude. We shall not sell any of the land, tell him." Wholly mistaking Mr. Bates's mission, he had an idea, born doubtless of much painful experience in the past, that some more of the Edgewood acres were about to be put into the melting-pot. When his daughter had gone, he leaned forward, and said with a puzzled air, "What part of the country did you say you lived in, sir?"

"Bad Axe, Michigan," promptly and proudly replied Mr. Bates.

"Good God! What a place to come from!" said the old man, a look of positive horror overspreading his face; and getting up, he tottered into the hall without another word, and shuffled slowly out of sight, every line in his figure expressive of the profoundest disgust.

It was not long after Miss Vesey had dismissed the florid Bates that some Washington people, staying in the neighborhood, came to call, and flocking up the steps were soon dotted about the porch in groups of two or three, enlivening the scene by their gay costumes and comments. The other ladies of the family were sent for, — a timid, sad-eyed widow and her two daughters. Conversation flourished apace, and old Mr. Vesey, com-

ing back after a while with two books under his arm, exclaimed, "Well, I declare!" at the sight of so many visitors, and was about to beat a retreat, when one of the gentlemen pulled up an arm-chair, and insisted on installing him in it. They entered into a friendly, if on Mr. Vesey's part rambling and incoherent, chat, and the younger man was highly diverted to hear his companion talk of "Tom Jefferson" and "Tom Paine," "the Resolutions of '98;" quote from "Mr. Addison's works" and Euripides; enter into an ardent defense of the principles and practices of the Whig party; and make a tremendous onslaught in Johnsonian periods upon foreigners in general, and the French in particular. It was, "I apprehend that the greatest danger threatening the perpetuity of our institutions lies in the unrestricted powers of our Chief Executive, sir. What does Patrick Henry say? 'The President of the United States will always come in at the head of a party. He will be supported in all his acts by a party. The day is coming when the patronage of the President will be tremendous, and from this power the country may sooner or later fall.'" Or, "Don't talk to me of the French, sir. I have no prejudices, but look at the Reign of Terror! They are a dirty race; they eat the Lord knows what kind of messes and kickshaws, and you can't believe a single word they say, sir. I was educated in England, and the day I left Southampton to return to my native land I looked toward France, and then toward England; and I said to myself, 'I thank my God that I sprang from this people, and not from that.'"

Meanwhile Miss Vesey had been taken possession of by a bright, pretty girl, of whom she was very fond, though the girl was as unlike as could be the ideal model young lady whom Miss Vesey had been trained to admire and imitate in her own youth. "So awfully glad to see you, dear Miss Gertrude," the girl

was saying. "Do sit right down here by me, and let me tell you what stacks of fun we've been having lately."

"'Awful' is a very suitable word to use when you have occasion to allude to the Day of Judgment, Amy; but I hardly think it applicable to the pleasure we experience on meeting a friend," objected Miss Vesey. "I wish you would try" —

"Oh, never mind, you dear old-fashioned thing! Don't scold. Everything is awful nowadays that is n't quite too perfectly jolly. I've been to a party at the Seaforths', and I danced twenty-three dances running. What do you think of that? Weren't you awfully fond of waltzing, too, when you were a girl?" asked the girl. "It's just too delightful for anything."

"I never waltzed in my life, my dear," said Miss Vesey, gently patting her young friend's hand as she spoke. "I don't approve of it, at all, you know. It seems to me a most indelicate proceeding, and I think that if you should read *Salmagundi* you would agree with me. I used to dance quadrilles, sometimes, but I never gave the gentleman more than the tips of my fingers, and I *always* wore gloves."

"Good gracious! You don't mean it!" cried Miss Amy, amazed and not a little amused by such a code of propriety. "How glad I am that I didn't live then! There was a sweet little man, with a perfect love of a mustache, who danced like an angel, at the party, the other night, and how we did spin! I tore all the embroidered flounce off my dress, and my hair all came down, and I dare say I looked a fright; but that didn't matter."

MISS VESEY, severely, for her: "My dear child, how can you talk of any gentleman in such a shocking way? And alluding to his — his mustache, — it is positively bold. It is a fault of heedlessness, no doubt," she went on, afraid of having given offense, "yet it cannot

but give rise to scandal among the gossips. It is a great pity that you spoil so expensive a dress, dancing in that violent way."

"Oh, that don't matter. Popper will give me a dozen like it, if I want them," said Amy.

"But surely you can repair the injury," urged Miss Vesey.

"No, I can't. I can't darn a bit, and it would be an awful bother."

Now Miss Vesey was amazed, in her turn. Her own needlework was exquisite. She had been pinned by her skirts to the chintz covering of a mahogany chair, at her grandmother's side, for two hours daily, from the age of three until such a measure was no longer necessary; and a child of six, at that period in Virginia, who could not make a shirt for her father neatly and completely was regarded as either hopelessly stupid, or a disgrace to her family. She could only murmur, "Dear me, dear me! I never knew any one so sadly neglected. You must not be angry with me for saying so, my dear."

"Why, of course not. I don't mind about not sewing. Popper's got lots of money, just pots of it, and he don't care how much I spend. My shoe-bill at school last winter was sixty dollars for three months, and my candy-bill was seventy-five, and Popper never said a word."

"I think I never heard of such extravagance!" exclaimed Miss Vesey. "It is really wicked to throw away money in that reckless fashion. What would you do if reverses came, my dear?"

"Oh, come and be housemaid at Edgewood, you dear thing!" replied the warm-hearted girl, with a kiss and pressure of Miss Vesey's hand. "There, they are going! I must say good-by." And say good-by she did; and Miss Vesey, having waited to get a last nod and bright smile from her through the carriage window, pulled out her knit-

ting, and clicked away briskly with her needles in the twilight. Through the open window close by came the rattle, rattle, rattle, and clop, clop, of the dice-boxes, with fragments of the conversation of the two gentlemen inside, "Ha! Had you there, Everard." "I've crossed the Rubicon now." "Look out for your laurels!" "Ten games ahead! Really, your hand seems to have lost its cunning. You block your game by heaping up men in the corners, I think." The voices grew higher and higher, expressing exultation on the one hand, and much irritation on the other. Presently Mr. Vesey called out, "Sixes!" "That takes all your men in," exclaimed his opponent, in a disgusted tone. "Sixes again, by the beard of the Prophet!" cried Mr. Vesey, and a clatter of pieces taken off and dumped down in the vacant board followed. "Sixes *again*!" he next shouted, in delighted amazement. "AND AGAIN!" he exclaimed, in genuine astonishment. "Did you ever hear of such luck?"

This was more than poor Mr. Brooke could bear, for he was of an impulsive temperament, and had been losing steadily all the afternoon. "By Heaven, it is n't fair! It is n't fair!" he roared, and, getting up, seized board, dice, and men, and threw them violently out of the window upon the lawn.

A dead silence followed this outburst, and then Miss Vesey, all of whose faculties had come out to hear, overheard her brother say, in his lowest, quietest, and most distinct tones, as he pushed back his chair, "You have called my honor in question, Mr. Brooke, and I am under my own roof. Allow me to wish you good-evening." With this he walked up-stairs, and a moment later Mr. Brooke bolted out on the porch, hastily untied his horse, scrambled into the buggy, and belaboring an astonished pony with the butt end of his cane was soon out of the Edgewood grounds.

The estrangement that followed be-

between the two friends was one of the most painful episodes either had ever known. A most melancholy hiatus in their relations set in. They met continually, but only to stalk past each other fiercely, with averted looks, and then to go home to brood over their respective injuries.

"To think that Everard Brooke, whom I have known, man and boy, for fifty years, should accuse me of cheating! Loading the dice! A Vesey loading dice!" groaned Mr. Vesey to his sister, throwing himself about in his comfortable arm-chair as though it contained nests of scorpions, instead of well-stuffed cushions.

"Wyndham Vesey is too hard on me," Mr. Brooke would say. "I met him at the post-office this morning, and he could not have treated me with more contempt if I had been a tramp! He must know that I said what I did in an impulse of ungovernable temper; but I am not going to tell him so while he continues to assume that confounded air of superiority."

This state of affairs continued until Mr. Brooke, implacable, as people in the wrong generally are, having raged and abused and suffered his fill, came suddenly, one morning, in looking over an old trunk, upon a handsome silver-mounted whip, the gift of his friend. Forthwith habit, affection, regret, enforced by a conscience silenced, not convinced, all made a united, and this time successful, assault upon the weakened citadel, and sitting down he wrote as follows:—

THE HONORABLE WYNDHAM VESEY:

SIR,—Feeling as I do that I have almost forfeited the right to address you at all, it is with considerable trepidation that I approach the subject of our late misunderstanding. I cannot too

deeply deplore that in a moment of extreme irritation I allowed myself to be betrayed into a most ungentlemanly and indeed unpardonable display of temper and ill-breeding; but at the same time, I must be allowed to utterly disclaim the construction you unhappily placed upon my hasty utterances, reflecting severely upon you as a gentleman and a man of honor, to offer you an unconditional apology for the same, express my profound regret at what has happened, and assure you of the high esteem in which I have ever held you.

With assurances of distinguished consideration, I have the honor to remain very faithfully yours,

EVERARD BROOKE.

If the grave, orderly, dignified Mr. Brooke knew how to lose his temper with a good-will on rare occasions, he also knew how to atone for his indiscretion. He got in reply an extremely frank and cordial acceptance of his *amende honorable*, and, meeting Mr. Vesey two days later, looked so dreadfully embarrassed, held out his hand with such an uncertain air, and murmured in such an agitated tone, "You will shake hands with me, won't you, Wyndham?" that Mr. Vesey nearly wrung it off, and they were soon going through the usual stilted inquiries for the ladies at Shirley and Edgewood, with a barely perceptible additional tinge of formality and deference. The friendship that had withstood the shocks of a life-time, to be imperiled, strange to say, by four throws of a dice-box, flowed on ever after in a current strong as it was deep, undisturbed by the faintest breath of disagreement; and every day in the week, at the usual hour, the two men may still be seen, deeply engaged in the mysteries and intricacies of their favorite pastime.

F. C. Baylor.

STUDY OF A CAT-BIRD.

FOR more than eight months a cat-bird has lived in my house, passing his days in freedom in the room where I sit at work, and his nights in a cage not six feet from my head.

Having spent a summer in watching his ways in his home, and acquiring a proper respect for his intelligence, I now wished to test him under new conditions, to see how he would adapt himself to our home, and I found the study one of the most absorbing interest.

He had been caged a few weeks only, but he was not at all wild, and he soon grew so accustomed to my silent presence that, unless I spoke, or looked at him, he paid no attention to me. By means of a small mirror and an opera-glass I was able to watch him closely in any part of the room, when he thought himself unobserved.

To the loving student of bird ways his feathered friends differ in character, as do his human ones. My cat-bird is a decided character, with more intelligence than any other bird I have observed. The first trait I noticed, and perhaps the strongest, was curiosity. It was extremely interesting to see him make acquaintance with my room, the first he had ever been free to investigate.

Usually with birds long caged, it is at first hard to induce them to come out. I have been obliged actually to starve them to it, placing food and water outside, and repeating it for many days, before they would come out freely, and not be frightened. Not so with the cat-bird. The moment he found that a certain perch I had just put into his cage led into the room through the open door, he ran out upon it, and stood at the end, surveying his new territory.

Up and down, and on every side, he looked, excited, as the quick jerks of his expressive tail said plainly, but

not in the least alarmed. Then he took wing, flew around and around several times, and at last, as all birds do, came full speed against the window, and fell to the floor. There he stood, panting. I spoke to him, but did not startle him by a movement; and in a few minutes he recovered his breath, and flew again, several times, around the room.

As soon as he became accustomed to using his wings and learned, as he did at about the second attempt, that there was a solid reason why he could not fly to the trees he could see so plainly outside the window, he proceeded to study the peculiarities of the new world he found himself in. He ran and hopped all over the floor, into every corner; tried in vain to dig into it, and to pick up the small stripes on it. (The floor was covered with matting.) That being thoroughly explored, — the lines of junction of the breadths and the heads of the tacks, the dark mysteries of far under the bed and the queer retreat behind the desk, — he turned his attention to the ceiling. Around and around he flew slowly, hovering just under it, and touching it every moment with his bill, till that was fully understood to be far other than the blue sky, and not penetrable. Once having made up his mind about anything, it was never noticed again.

The windows next came under observation, and these proved to be a long problem. He would walk back and forth on the top of the lower sash, touching the glass constantly with his bill, or stand and gaze at the pigeons and sparrows, and other objects outside; taking the liveliest interest in their doings, and now and then gently tapping, as if he *could* not understand why it was impossible to join them. If it had not been winter, his evident longing would

have opened windows for him; a pining captive being too painful to afford any pleasure.

But he soon became entirely contented, and, having satisfied himself of the nature of glass, seldom looked out, unless something of unusual interest attracted his attention: a noisy dispute in the sparrow family, trouble among the children of the next yard, or a snow-storm, which latter astonished and disturbed him greatly, at first.

The furniture then underwent examination. Every chair round, every shelf, every table and book, every part of the bed, except the white spread, of which he always stood in awe, was closely studied, and its practicability for perching purposes decided upon. My desk is an ever fresh source of interest since its contents and arrangements vary. The top of a row of books across the back is his regular promenade, and is carpeted for his use, with a long strip of paper. There he comes the first thing in the morning, and peers over the desk to see if I have anything for him, or if any new object has arrived. Here he gets his bit of apple or raisin; here meal worms are sometimes to be had; and here he can stand on one foot and watch the movements of my pen, which he does with great interest. Occasionally he finds an open drawer, into which he delights to go, and continue his explorations among postage-stamps and bits of rubber, pencils and other small things, which he throws out on the floor, with always the possibility of discovering what is still an enigma to him, a rubber band, to carry off for his own use, as I will explain further on.

The walls and the furniture understood, he proceeded with his studies to the objects on the table. A mechanical toy interested him greatly. It moved easily, and the wind of his wings, alighting near it the first time, joggled it a little. He turned instantly, amazed to see signs of life where he did not expect

them. For a moment he stood crouched, ready for flight if the thing should make hostile demonstrations. Seeing it remain still, he touched it gently with his bill. The toy moved, and he sprung back. In a moment it was still, and he tried again; and he did not leave it till he had fully exhausted its possibilities in the way of motion.

At another time he saw his bath-tub, a tin dish, standing upon a pitcher. He alighted on the edge. It was so poised that it shook and rattled. The bird flew in a panic to the top of a cornice, his usual place of refuge, and closely watched the pan while it jarred back and forth several times. Apparently seeing that it was a harmless motion, he again flew down to the same spot; and the rattle and shake did not drive him away till he had seen if there was still a drop of water left for him in the bottom of the dish.

One day, in his travels about the floor, he found a marble. It was too large to take up in his mouth, so he tried to stab it, as he does a grape. The first peck he gave sent it rolling off, and he hastily retreated to the cornice. When it stopped he returned and tried it again. This time it sprang toward him. He gave one great leap, and then, ashamed of his fright, stood and waited for it to be still. Again and again he tried to pierce the marble, till he was satisfied that it was not practicable, when he abandoned it forever.

There is one mystery in the room not yet penetrated, though it is a subject of the deepest longing: it is my waste-basket; the contents are so varied and so attractive. He will stand on the edge, hop all around it, and view it from every side; but it is so deep and narrow that he evidently does not dare to venture further. Every day he goes to the edge, and gazes sadly and earnestly, but is never satisfied.

This interest in my doings is always intense, and at every fresh movement

he will come down to the corner nearest me, if in his cage, or alight on the back of my desk, if out, and peer at me with closest attention. One thing that seems to amaze and confound him is my appearance in a different dress. "What sort of a monster is this," his manner will say, "which can change its feathers so rapidly and so often?"

If I want him to go into his cage, or to any part of the room, I need only go there myself and put some little thing there, or even appear to do so; and as soon as I leave he will rush over to see what I have done.

Next to his curiosity is his love of teasing. The subject furnishing opportunity for a display of this quality is a cardinal grosbeak, which cannot be coaxed to leave his cage. The latter is the older resident, and he did not receive the cat-bird very cordially. In fact, he grew cross from the day the latter arrived, and snarled and scolded every time he came near. The cat-bird soon found out that his enemy never left the cage, and since then has considered the cardinal a fit subject for annoyance. He will alight on the cardinal's cage, driving him nearly frantic; he will stand on a shelf near the cage, look in, and try to get at the food dish,—all of which is in the highest degree offensive, and calls forth violent scolds and screams of rage. Finally, he will steal a grape or bit of fruit stuck between the wires, when the cardinal will fairly blaze with wrath. At one time the cat-bird indulged in promenades across the top of the cage, until the exasperated resident resorted to severe measures, and by nipping his toes succeeded in convincing his tormentor that the top of his house was not a public highway.

Worse than all his other misdeeds, however, was a deliberate insult he paid to the cardinal's singing. This ardent musician was one day sitting down on his perch, as he is fond of doing, and singing away for dear life, when the cat-

bird alighted on the window sash, close by the cage. The singer kept his eye on him, but proceeded with the music till the end of the strain, when, as usual, he paused. At that instant the cat-bird gave his tail one upward jerk, as if to say, "Humph!" I noticed the insulting air, but I was surprised to see that the cardinal appreciated it, also. He began again at once, in much louder tone, rising to his feet,—which he rarely does,—lifting his crest, swaying back and forth in a perfect rage, glaring at his enemy, and pouring out his usual song in such a flood of shrieks and calls that even the calm cat-bird was disturbed, and discreetly retired to the opposite window. Then the cardinal seated himself again, and stopped his song, but gave vent to his indignation in a most energetic series of sharp "tsips" for a long time.

Quite different is the cat-bird's treatment of two English goldfinches. On them he plays jokes, and his mischievous delight and his chuckling at their success are plain to see. One of them—Chip; by name—knows that when he is in his cage, with the door shut, he is safe, and nothing the cat-bird can do disturbs him in the least; but the other—Chipee—is just as flustered and panic-stricken in her cage as out, and the greatest pleasure of his life is to keep her wrought up to the fluttering point. He has a perfect perception of the difference between the two birds. When both are out he will chase them around the room, from cornice to cornice; drive them away from the bath, which they all have on a table, purely for fun, as his manner shows. But once caged, he pays no further attention to Chip, while always inventing new ways to worry Chipee. He alights on the perch between the cages, crouches down, with eyes fixed upon her and tail jerking, as if about to annihilate her. She flies in wild panic against the wires, to his great gratification. Then he ruffs himself up to look terrible, spreads his

legs wide apart, blusters, and jerks his body and wings and tail, making feints to rush at her, till she is so frightened that I take pity on her and drive him away.

One day, when she was more nervous and he more impish than usual, I covered her cage with a towel. He came back as soon as I had left it, and proceeded to inquire into this new screen. After looking at it sharply on all sides, he went around behind the cage, pulled at the end of the towel, and peeped in. She fluttered, and he was pleased. I arranged it more securely, and the next performance was to take hold with his bill, and shake it violently. This also remedied, his last resource was to come down on the end of the perch with a bounce, making much more noise than usual; he generally alights like a feather. After each bounce he would stand and listen, and the flutter he always heard delighted him hugely. As long as they lived in the same room, she never got over her fear, and he never tired of playing pranks around her.

If to learn by experience is a sign of reason in an animal, the cat-bird plainly demonstrated his possession of that quality. He learned very fast by experience. Once or twice alighting on the cane seat of a chair, and catching his claws, taught him that that was not a place for him, and he did it no more. When his claws grew so long as to curve around an ordinary perch, or a book, after being caught once or twice, he managed to accommodate himself to this new condition, and start in a different way. Instead of *diving* off a perch, as he naturally does, he gave a little jump up. The change was very marked, and he caught his claws no more.

He learned to ask to be uncovered in the morning, in about three days. He would begin his uneasiness quite early, flying back and forth violently in the cage, and at last he would call. I wanted to see if he would learn, so the moment he called I would get up and take

off the cover which protected him from cold at night. For two or three mornings he did the same, became uneasy, flew a while, and then called, when I at once responded. From the third day he called the instant he wanted to be uncovered, showing no more restlessness, and calling again and again if I did not move at once, at last giving his most harsh cry, and impatiently scolding with rage.

To beg for worms was an easy lesson. Having two or three times received them from a pair of tweezers on my desk, he came regularly; perched on the books; looked at me, then at the cup which had held the worms; then, if I did not get them, opened and closed his bill, and jerked his tail impatiently.

His great delight and mystery is a rubber band, of which I keep two sizes: one hardly larger than a thread, and the other an eighth of an inch wide and two inches long doubled. These he is wild to get; and since he treats them as he does worms, I conclude that their softness and elasticity are deceptive, and a mystery, like the glass, which he cannot solve. At any rate, after beating them on the floor as he does a worm, he always swallows them. He will persist in swallowing even the large ones, and sit puffed out on his perch in evident suffering for hours, before he discovers that he cannot digest it, and at last disgorges it. To find a rubber band is the desire of his heart, and to keep him from it is the desire of mine. At first, when he pounced upon one, he would stand on my desk and swallow it; but after I tried to get it away, he learned cunning. The instant his eye would spy one, generally under some paper in my drawer, he would first glance at me, then snatch the treasure, and instantly fly to the cornice, where I cannot reach him. I always know by the manner of his departure that he has found what he knows, perfectly well, is a forbidden object.

Another thing interesting to observe in the cat-bird is his way of hiding himself, when in plain sight all the time. He simply remains entirely motionless, and one may look directly at him, and not see him, so well does his plain dark dress harmonize with his usual surroundings. Often I come into the room and look about for him, in all his favorite places, — on the cornice, the desk, and before the glass; no bird to be seen. As I move about to look more closely, he will suddenly fly up almost from under my hand. Still as he can keep, his movements are rapid; he is deliberation itself in making up his mind to go anywhere, but once decided he goes like a flash.

When a new bird was introduced into the room, an English song thrush, twice as big as himself, the cat-bird was at first uncertain how to treat him; but in one day he learned that he could frighten him. The small, dark, impish-looking fellow, rushing madly at the big, honest, simple thrush, put him into an uncontrollable panic. As soon as this fact was established the cat-bird became a tyrant. He will not allow him to enjoy anything on the floor, drives him away from the bath, mocks his singing

with harsh notes, and assumes very saucy airs towards him.

The worst effect of the thrush's coming, however, was to show me a new trait of the cat-bird's character, — jealousy. The first day or two he sulked, would not go out of his cage, would not touch meat, and though he has gradually returned to his liberty and his meat, he still refuses, now after two months, to alight on my hands for his tid-bits, as he did before.

Nothing is more interesting than to note the variety the cat-bird will give to the cry which at a distance resembles the "mew" of a cat. He has many other notes and calls, besides his exquisite songs, but there is hardly a shade of emotion that he cannot express by the inflection he will give to that one cry. Whether he proclaims a melancholy word by softly breathing it from closed bill, or jerks it out with a snap at the end, as though he bit it off, when he is deprived of some cherished treasure, — as, for instance, a rubber band, — from one extreme to the other, with all the shades between, each expresses a meaning, and each is intelligible to a loving and observing student of his ways.

Olive Thorne Miller.

AROUND THE SPANISH COAST.

On the 14th of April, four days' sail from Malta on the steamer *Mizapore*, we sighted the Pillars of Hercules, two lofty rocks, apparently some ten miles apart, — the gateway to a new world. The wind was west and the day showery. These historic monuments gained imperiousness from the thunderous clouds that concealed their summits, and left something of their majesty to the imagination. They frown at each other across the highway of commerce and dis-

covery, a symbol of Spanish and English distrust. In order to command the strait one power should hold both headlands. But since the English cannot be dislodged from Gibraltar, the Spaniards have seized the opposite rock, the high headland of Ceuta, the Punta de Africa, fortified it and garrisoned it, and converted it into an important military prison. Ceuta was the point from which the Moors embarked for the conquest of Spain, and the Spaniards now hold it

in terrorem over Morocco. But the Moors, who have little desire to reconstruct the world, do not fret over its occupation, as the Spaniards do over the sight of the English flag on Gibraltar.

The Mizapore had come from Sydney, and her passengers, with a sprinkling of travelers picked up at Bombay, returning East Indians, olive-skinned nurses with heavy silver anklets, and lithe Lascars, — just enough to add picturesqueness to the ship, — were mostly Australians, going “home” for the first time in their lives; loyally English, exceedingly curious to see the old country, but entirely un-English in manner and speech, having a provincial (or was it democratic?) manner, not agreeable, I noticed, to the real English on board, and wanting both the polish and the individual assertion, amounting almost to indifference to people not born on the great island, — the sort of bitter-sweet which makes the English traveler usually the most interesting of companions.

Statisticians could have proved that the death-rate was high on the Mizapore, for we had two funerals in our short passage. One was that of a returning Indian officer, who succumbed to consumption the night we left Malta, and the other that of a baby. Among the passengers was another Indian officer, who had been eager to join his wife and child at Malta and take them home. Mother and child were at the dock, but the child was ill, and the happy reunion was followed by a day of anxiety. On the second day, the body of the child, after a brief prayer, was pushed out of the same funeral opening, on the middle deck, where the dead officer had been launched, and two more were contributed to the myriads who make the smiling Mediterranean one of the most populous of graveyards.

The isolated rock of Gibraltar, presenting perpendicular points to the east and north about fourteen hundred feet

sheer above the sea, slopes away in a series of terraces to the west, where the straggling town lies, and helps, with the opposite coast of Algesiras, to form a small harbor, little protected by the low hills on the west of it, open to the southwest and the southeast, and swept by the current of air which draws over the flat land north of the rock, — the neutral ground between the rock and Spanish territory. The west wind was blowing freshly as we rounded into the bay, and the hundreds of vessels in the harbor were bobbing about like corks. It was no easy matter to get into one of the little boats that came off to take us to the landing, and we formed a very poor opinion of the harbor of Gibraltar as a place of shelter. Nor, although we were hospitably received, and given a ticket that permitted us to land and remain five days on the rock, with a warning not to be caught outside the gates at the sundown gun, could we get up much enthusiasm for the commonplace town. We endeavored to appreciate its military position and the labor that has been expended in cutting galleries and tunnels in the rock, and mounting big guns which peep out of embrasures and threaten Spain. I could not see that the strait was commanded against the passage of vessels; most of the armament is on the land side, and the rock is no doubt impregnable to any Spanish attempt, and a perpetual offense to Spanish pride. It looks insolent and dominating, both from land and sea. From a spacious chamber hewn out of the rock hundreds of feet above the water, on the north side; a chamber furnished with long, downslanting, wicked-looking guns, ready with a turn of their carriage wheels to poke their cold noses out of the embrasures; a chamber in which the officers of the establishment give lunches to their lady friends; a cool retreat, where the artillery of love is just now more dangerous than that of war, because love is a

repeating and revolving arm, that never needs to be reloaded, and is often dead-ly when it is empty,—from this banqueting hall, that might become lurid with smoke and saltpetre, we looked down upon the narrow neck of sandy flat that separates England from Spain. Immediately at the foot of the rock is the burial-ground of the English troops; beyond that, barracks, and then a line of British soldiers, slowly pacing forward and backward; beyond the soldiers, a strip of neutral sand, perhaps three hundred yards in width; and beyond that, a line of Spanish sentinels, also pacing forward and backward in hostile show, and behind them barracks again, and the town of San Roque on rising ground. And thus stand Spain and England, in this day of grace and Christianity, watching each other in mutual distrust, while their peoples meet in the friendship of trade and social intercourse.

The most prominent object in San Roque is the new Bull Ring, a vast stone structure like the Coliseum,—a sign of the progress in civilization of the people of the Peninsula.

There are several pleasant villas nestled among the rocks on the southeast exposure, and the Alameda runs along to the southeast from the main town through flowering gardens and sweet-scented trees,—a cheerful promenade and drive when wind and dust are laid. Beyond, dwelling in caves in the east end of the rock, is said to be a remnant of the old and very respectable colony of tailless and harmless apes, who obey a leader, and seem, having discarded the tail as vulgar, to be trying to develop into citizens and voters. They have only reached the bandit stage of civilization of the region, and rob the gardens by way of varying their diet of sweet roots and the fruit of the cactus. There seems to be here an opportunity of encouraging the development theory, and a tempting field for Positivist mis-

sionaries. Our scientific age is not living up to its opportunities. Why should we grope about in the past to prove that men once had tails, when we have here an almost brother, who shows by coming out of the tail period that he is waiting for the higher education? Why should we not take hold of him,—not by the organ we would once have taken hold of him,—and lift him up?

Such thoughts come to the perplexed traveler, as he sees and hears, in the narrow street by the hotel, another rudimentary institution,—the drum and fife corps of Old England, piping and pounding out that barbarous and soul-stirring music which inspires the courage of the living, drowns the cries of the wounded, and is a requiem for the dead. I have never heard the drum and fife played with such vigor, vim, exactness of time, and faith, and, let me add, with such pride. These stalwart musicians gloried in their profession, and their magnificent vaunting of the power of England and the advantage of the trade of war seemed to me irresistible as a recruiting argument. Certainly, I followed them about as long as I could, without enlisting, and was never tired of watching the drummers toss their sticks in air and catch them without missing a note, nor of feeling the thrill imparted by their vigor, nor of sympathizing with the swelling efforts of the fifers to split the ears of the town, nor of studying, as a scientific problem, the elevating effect upon the mind of well-regulated noise. This is, surely, the perfection of martial ostreperousness; and I scarcely wonder that soldiers, for a shilling a day and pretty girls for nothing, are willing to follow the English drum-beat round the world; and I do not wonder at all at the military prowess of the Briton. With such incentives, it would seem to be easy to kill a Frenchman, or an Egyptian, or a Chinaman, or to do anything except to sit on this sun and wind

beaten rock, and wait for the hidalgos to come and take it.

It seems, on the map, an easy voyage across the sunny strait to Tangier. The high coast of old Africa looks inviting, and the distance is not more than thirty miles. We went on board the steam-tug *Hercules* at noon. Getting on board was not agreeable, for the exposed harbor was exceedingly rough; all the vessels at anchor were as active as dancers in a jig, and the small boats bobbed about like chips on the heaving, chopping waves. The steam-tug, neither clean nor commodious, is a cattle and passenger boat. A deck passage for both is imperative, because the small cabin in the stern is a loathsome hole, in which the motion and smells forbid any human being to abide. The passengers stowed themselves about the deck seats under the bulwarks and on the hatchway, and a few of the first class on a platform raised above the engine. It was a choice assortment of traders and vagabonds, Moors, Jews, disconsolate women and children, and half a dozen English and Americans. In the teeth of a head wind we bore away for Point Tarifa, — a frontier fortress, which I suppose gave us the blessed word “tariff,” — now a city of crumbling walls, and the sweetest oranges and most gracious and complacent women in Spain, — according to the guide-book. The women wear the mantilla drawn over the head, so as to conceal all the face except one destructive eye, and the place is said to retain more Moorish characteristics than any other in Andalusia. In front of it is a fortified rocky island with a lighthouse. When we ran past this we were in the open strait, and nobody paid much attention to the scenery. The wind seemed to freshen, and when the boat struck the inward flowing current, which the captain said was seven knots an hour, she began to climb over the waves and sink between them, and bob about in a most

confusing manner. To meet the wind and the current, her nose was pointed straight out to the Atlantic, and for weary hours we appeared to be going to America, while we were actually drifting nearer the African coast. In this battle with waves and wind, the waves had the best of it, and every few moments spray and volumes of water dashed aboard, drenching us all, even the occupants of the upper platform. It was almost impossible to keep a seat, or even to hang on to the hatchway. Most of the passengers gave up all effort, and sprawled about on the deck in any position chance gave them. I was particularly interested in a Jewish family, a man and his wife and a boy and girl of twelve and fourteen, who had established themselves on the floor in front of the cabin hatchway. The children, rolled up in blankets and locked in each other's arms, seemed to be sleeping, regardless of the tumult. But the quiet did not long continue. Father and mother soon ceased to take the least interest in their offspring, and rocked about the deck in utter misery. The children began to moan and writhe and twist under their blankets, and then to howl and kick, until they had rid themselves of half their clothing. Deathly sick, and apparently enraged at such treatment, they kicked and screamed, but never unclasped themselves from each other's arms. It would have been pitiful, if the misery had not been so nearly universal. The sun shone in bright mockery of our calamity, the west wind blew with fresh inspiration, the salt water soaked and blinded us, and the nasty little tug plunged about like an unbroken colt. We were five hours on this voyage of thirty miles; and when the vessel at last floated in calm water, behind the breakwater in the harbor of Tangier, it seemed as if an age separated us from Europe.

The harbor is shallow, and is open to the northeast. We anchored some

distance from the shore, and were at once surrounded (who does not recall the familiar oriental scene?) by a fleet of clumsy boats, and the usual hordes of eager, excited boatmen swarmed on board, — Moors in gowns and turbans, — who seized upon our baggage as if we had been captives, and fought for the possession of our persons. Amid pulling, hauling, shouting, screaming, swearing, and wild gesticulation, we found ourselves transferred to a small boat, and on the way to the landing. Boats were dashing about in all directions, with frantic splashing of oars and reckless steering; collisions were imminent; everybody was shouting as if crazy; and in all the tumult there was laughing, chaffing, and abundant good humor. Half-way to shore our boat stuck in the sand, and overboard went the chattering crew, pushing, pulling, and howling, till we reached the landing pier, when there was another scramble out of the boat and a rush along the shaky scaffolding. The most helpful people these, — the whole population is eager to take a hand in disposing of us; and the moment we touch Africa a couple of dozen of men and boys have seized upon our trunks, bags, and bundles, and have rushed away with them through the gate and into the city. It looks like a robbery; in New York it would be; but this is not a civilized land, and we shall find every piece of baggage at our hotel, with a man guarding it, recounting the exhausting labor of carrying it, and demanding four times the pay he expects to get.

The hurry is over, the tumult subsides, and as we walk leisurely on there begins to fall upon us the peace of the Orient. At the gate sit, in monumental calm, four officers of the customs, in spotless white raiment of silk and linen, who gravely return our salute. We ascend through a straight street, roughly paved and not too clean, lined with shops displaying the tempting stuffs of

Eastern ingenuity, — the shops of workers in metal, leather, slippers, horse furniture, and bricabrac, — and emerge, by the gate into the market-place under the wall, into a scene wholly oriental: groups of camels squatting in the dust, moving their ungainly necks in a serpent-like undulation, or standing, weary, in their patient ugliness; donkeys loaded with sticks, grass, and vegetables; on mats spread on the ground heaps of wheat, beans, salads, oranges, and all sorts of grimy provisions; water-sellers; money-changers, with piles of debased copper, and scales to weigh it; half-naked children tumbling about in the dirt, negroes, stately Moors in tattered gowns, wild-looking camel drivers, women enveloped in single pieces of white cloth, draped about the body and drawn over the head. We make our way, amid this swarm, up a hill gullied by the water, through a narrow lane thick-set with gigantic aloes and cacti, to the hotel *Ville de France*, — a spacious and very comfortable French house, backed and flanked by splendid gardens of flowers and fruit.

Outside and above the town, higher than any part of it except the castle hill, which is on the sea-bluff on the right entrance of the harbor, the hotel occupies a commanding position, and offers a lovely prospect. On its left, toward the north, the ground slopes gently up to a wide grassy plain, the level of the sea-bluff, along which are the picturesque cottages and plantations of the foreign embassies, lying amid gardens in the full sun, but fanned by the ocean breeze. From a window in one side of the room I occupied, I looked over the garden, blooming with roses, geraniums, acacias, oranges, to the sandy curve of the harbor and the blue-green of its shallow water, and the opening into a plain in the direction of Tetuan; and from a window on the other side, over the white town to the blue sea and the dim mountain coast of Spain. No

lovelier and more restful prospect exists. When the traveler reaches the hotel of M. Brugeaud, opens the windows to let in the odors of the garden, and gazes out on the smiling prospect of land and sea, he feels that he has come to a place of rest. It is one of the few spots in the world where the wanderer loses his unrest and all desire to go further. The town, which is shabby enough as we walk through it, is picturesque from this point. It shines like silver, under the sun; all the whitewashed, flat-roofed houses contrasting with the blue water beyond; a couple of mosque towers, green, looking as if tiled, but probably painted; and flags of all nations flying here and there on roofs that climb above their humbler neighbors.

Sunday is the best market-day. When I awoke at dawn I heard the throb of the darabuka down in the place below, and the innumerable hum of traffic; and when I looked out I saw that the Soko was swarming like an ant-hill. When we descended into the motley throng, the business of the day was in full blast. The beggars followed us about; the snake-charmers and story-tellers had already formed rings of delighted spectators: women clad in coarse white stuff, with children slung on their backs; stately, handsome Moorish merchants in cool, gauzy robes; comely urchins in rags begging and offering to act as guides; sellers of unattractive goods crying their merchandise; camels roaring, and donkeys braying, and dervishes posturing, — the picture shifted like the bits in a kaleidoscope. Here was a fantastic dervish arrogating to himself the title of Sheriff of Beggars, with a variegated turban, his dress thickly hung with ornaments, and four rings on each finger. Here were the unpleasant Riffs from the country, men in dirty embroidered robes, with the head all shaved except one long curl on one side, — a lock left for Lord Mahomet to pull the wearer up to heaven. The high civilization

and lack of self-consciousness of these people are shown by the fact that everybody may wear any dress he chooses, or none, and attract no attention.

In the town it was Sunday, also, and just as lively. The Jews form a considerable portion of the population, and are in appearance the most decent and thrifty. We were admitted to several Jewish houses, built with open courts, in the Moorish style, which were exceedingly neat and comfortable. The women, who have a reputation for beauty, are of light complexion, — much lighter than the men, — and many of them have fine eyes, and all the national fondness for jewelry. Notwithstanding their wealth and orderly behavior, the Jews are liked by nobody, and the Moorish merchants, who are no more scrupulous than other traders, always regard the Jew as dishonest. In no oriental community does the Jew rise above this prejudice.

On a street corner was a roulette table in full operation, whirled by an honest man from Malaga, who coveted our good opinion, without expecting us to join his game; supposing that, as foreigners, we looked down, as he did, upon these ignoble surroundings.

"You ought to be very good here," I said, "with three Sabbaths, — the Moslem Friday, the Jewish Saturday, and the Christian Sunday."

"Oh, yes," replied the devout Spaniard, giving the wheel a whirl; "but Moors no keep Sunday. And" (said suddenly, as if it were a new thought) "Christians no keep it, neither! Jews *must* keep it; 'bliged by their law."

We left this introducer of Christian ways whirling his wheel and gathering in the stray coppers. How much sin it is to gamble with the Moorish copper is a question. Having need to fill my pocket with it to satisfy the beggars, I received from a money-changer a large bowlful of it in exchange for a *peseta*, a silver piece worth twenty cents.

Tangier, for climate, scenery, novel entertainment, is a delightful winter residence. In two weeks, at any rate, we did not tire of it, and every day became more in love with the easy terms of existence there. The broken country in the direction of Cape Sportel is inviting both to the foot-pad and the horseman, and the embassies, when they are not paying their annual visit to Morocco, the capital, must offer some good society. We went one day to the plantation of the American consul, some two miles out on the road to Cape Sportel, which is laid out on one side of a glen; sheltered from the prevailing wind, but open to the ocean breezes. Here in a pretty oriental cottage, with an extensive garden, blooming the winter through with flowers of every sort, fragrant with the orange, the banana, the pepper, and the acacia trees, one might forget that snow and ice and "blizzards" and politics and all the discomforts of civilization in the temperate zone exist.

Tangier, notwithstanding its openness to the world, is still a place of civility and repose. Oriental costume is the rule; the streets are dirty, the people are amiable, the oranges are sweet, the climate is lovely. The *laissez-aller* of the town is attractive, and the shopmen and beggars have something of the politeness of the grave Moors. I used to be attended often in my strolls by a charming boy, in a ragged gown, handsome, and with the breeding of a prince. He had picked up a little French and a little English, broken fragments, which were melodious in his mouth, and he aspired to be a guide and earn a few daily coppers. He assumed an air of protection, and kept off the more clamorous beggars and the rabble of urchins that are willing to accompany the stranger all day in his walks. His gracious, deferential, and superior manner was guided by a sure instinct, which enabled him to keep the narrow line between haughtiness and servility, and to remain

near me without compromising his dignity, when he was bluntly told that his company was no longer wanted.

"You know Mark Twal?" he asked, by way of scraping acquaintance, on his first appearance.

"Yes, I know Mark Twain very well. Do you?"

"Yaas; he friend to me. I guide to him. He vely good man, Mark Twal."

"Why, you young rascal, you were n't born when he was in Tangier, sixteen years ago."

"Oh, yaas, born enough. Me know him. He vely good man."

"What makes you think him a good man?"

"Oh, he vely good man; plenty backsheesh. You go castle?" And the handsome boy made a dive, and routed the increasing throng of beggars; and then returned to my side, with the easy but high-bred manner of an established friendship, and strolled along with the air of a citizen of the place pointing out the objects of interest to a stranger.

To reach Cadiz from Tangier, it is usually necessary to go to Gibraltar, thus making two voyages on the strait. We thought ourselves fortunate, therefore, when a Spanish steamer came into port, one evening, bound for Cadiz. Passage was taken, and we were on board at seven o'clock in the morning. The steamer was a small tug-propeller, with a weak engine, an inclination to roll and pitch simultaneously, with that peculiar corkscrew motion that landmen loathe, and absolutely no accommodation for passengers except a chance to lie on deck, or sit on the hatchway and hang on with both hands. It was a charming day; the wind west, the sky blue, with scattered white clouds sailing in it, and the coasts of Africa and Europe in sharp outline. When we got away into the strait, and began to feel the long swell of the Atlantic, nothing could be more inviting than the fair, indented Spanish coast, — the blue water lapping the white

sand ridges, the shining cities and towers, the rolling hills behind; and yet, as we turned to look upon receding Africa, the green bluffs and white houses of Tangier, the mass of mountains rising into the snowy heights of the Atlas, we felt reluctance to leave it. Our reluctance was indulged. The dirty little tug, discouraged by the Atlantic waves, had no heart to drive on, but staggered about like a footman in a plowed field, unable to make more than five miles an hour. All day long we loafed along the charming coast of Spain, the sport of the waves, which tossed us and flung us; laughed at by the merry breeze, which dashed us with spray; cheered by the sun and the blue sky; wearied beyond endurance with trying to keep our seats on the slanting hatchway; diverted by the historic pageant, points, bays, watch-towers, and towns famous in wars and adventure. And we had time to study the shore; for "passing a given point" was not the forte of the little Pablo. It was often a matter of doubt whether we, or some town or point of which we were abreast, were going ahead. In this way we loitered along the low sandy lines of Cape Trafalgar, where the dashing Nelson, at a quarter past one o'clock on the 21st of October, 1805, received his death-wound. Inland a few miles is the Laguna de Janda, near which, in 711, Tarik, in a single battle, won Spain for the Moslems. All this coast has been fought over. Further along to the west is the knoll of Barrosa, where the allied English and Spaniards barely escaped defeat in 1811. We are long in sight of San Fernandino, which we mistake for Cadiz, — a gay-looking city, straggling along the shore, distinguished by a great observatory, the southernmost on the continent of Europe. Abreast of it is La Isla de Leon, an island which masqueraded under half a dozen classic names, and is believed to be the place where the fat cattle which Hercules stole were fed. A different

breed of bulls is bred on it now, for the ring. The island gets its name from the Ponce de Leon family, to whom it was for a time granted in the fifteenth century. The marshes here are celebrated for the production of salt and delicious small crabs, — a most obliging animal, which grows its claws again after the epicures have torn them off and cast the crab adrift.

We stayed here, loitering over the waves, long enough for a crab to grow new claws. Cadiz was at last in sight, brilliant white over the blue sea, conspicuous with its hundred *miradores*. We thought our long agony was over. We drew near to Cadiz, we sailed along it, we kept on and on and sailed by it, and appeared to be making for another city across the bay, which we began to think must be the real Cadiz. But the fact was that we were beating entirely around the city to get into the channel that enters the harbor on the west side. For Cadiz is on a rocky peninsula, the shape of a ham, curving out into the ocean, and its harbor is on the narrow isthmus. This peninsula rises from ten to fifty feet above the sea, and white Cadiz, lapped by the blue sea on every side, is like the diamond setting of a ring in turquoise. Nothing certainly could be more brilliant than the coast picture as we saw it that afternoon: the white, jutting city with its strong walls and bastions, the dancing, sparkling sea flecked with lanteen sails leaning from the breeze, and the white sand of the curving shore twinkling in the sun. It was all life and motion.

There were ten hours of pitch and toss before the sluggish little tug anchored in the inner harbor, within the breakwater behind the town; and we lay there an hour longer, waiting the pleasure of the lazy officials. At six o'clock a sail-boat came off, with a health officer and an inspector, and after we were found to be in good health we embarked on the boat and sailed about the

harbor for half an hour longer, tacking back and forth, before we could make the landing. Besides our company of four, the only other passengers were a Jew commercial traveler and a Tangier Moor with a box of live chickens. We made friends with the customs officer, gave him an exact list of our luggage, hand-bags and all, explained that we had only the ordinary baggage of travelers, and thought our troubles were over when we stepped ashore. Desperately tired, and hungry after fasting all day, we inquired for hotel porters, and thanked the officer for his courtesy. The dock loafers picked up our luggage and carried it across the quay a few steps, and deposited it in a musty shed with grated windows. We followed and entered, when the polite official informed us that we could go now. "It is finish."

"What is finish?" we asked, in astonishment.

"Finish, the baggage; you can't have it till morning."

"Can't have it? We must have it. We cannot go to the hotel without it."

"Can't help that; too late; inspector gone home."

"That's not our fault," we said; "you kept us waiting in the harbor an hour; and we must have our hand-bags at least,—our night-clothes and brushes and combs. You can see there is nothing else in the bags. This is simply barbarous."

"You can have them in the morning."

"But can't we take out what we absolutely need from the bags?"

"Nothing;" and the official turned abruptly away, and left us amid a pushing, jeering crowd of Spanish spectators, who were bent on exhibiting the native courtesy to strangers. I inquired for the American consul, and went in search of him, leaving the ladies seated on their baggage in the musty room, near a grated window. The crowd increased about the door and windows,

and during the hour I was absent the ladies were the objects of the most insulting remarks. I found that the customs officials had a reputation for extreme incivility and no disposition to oblige travelers. The consul was prompt in his offers of assistance, and set out at once to see what he could do, but had little hope of extricating us from our difficulties that night. But when I returned, the appeal to the consul had had some effect, for we were permitted to take a hand-bag each and depart. It was nearly nine o'clock before we reached our hotel. To make the vexatious story short, it occupied us all the morning to get our handful of baggage free. The inspector did not appear till ten o'clock, and I owed our late deliverance to a young English resident of the town, who dispensed the necessary coin to the officials and various impudent hangers-on, who put in preposterous claims, and got our baggage away to the railway station. "Your troubles have just begun," said our young friend; "the Spaniards hate all strangers, and you will find little civility."

This little experience of our entry into Spain was so contrary to my preconceived notions of the behavior of the "politest nation in Europe" that I have departed from my usual habit in regard to such annoyances of travel, and set it down. We learned afterwards that the self-conscious and provincial Spaniard has a peculiar way of showing his superior breeding.

Cadiz, though old, looks modern in its complete suit of whitewash, which is spread over every building, from basement to summit. Its narrow streets, flanked by high buildings, are clean, and it is well lighted and paved and pleasing to the eye. But it does not attract the sight-seer. We saw enough of it from the high old tower *La Torre de la Vigia*, whence we looked upon the entire town, smokeless, dustless, whitewashed, with its flat roofs and picturesque look-

out towers. Indeed, the peculiarity of the city is in these towers, or miradores, of which there are hundreds rising from the lofty roofs all around, each one with a little turret on the side. In the days of her commercial prosperity the merchants of Cadiz used to ascend these to look out for their laden galleons returning from the West Indies. They have the air now of being unused, and merely ornamental; the merchants of Cadiz have little to expect from the Indies, and I doubt if they often climb into the miradores to see the sunsets.

When the traveler has walked in the spick-span-clean streets, shaded by tall balconied houses in endless perspective, peeped into the *patios*, the centre courts of the houses, where flowers and fountains suggest family groups and the guitar, and strolled about the sea ramparts to inhale the sea breeze, he will have little to detain him in Cadiz. It boasts two cathedrals, both despoiled, and both renovated and unattractive. An idle man might sit a good while on the sea wall and angle for red mullet with a long cane, and enjoy it, watching meantime his fellow fishers the gulls. We went to the suppressed Capuchin convent to see the last picture Murillo painted, — the admirably composed and harmoniously colored Marriage of St. Catherine. The artist was on a scaffold finishing this picture — that was in 1682

— when he fell and received injuries from which he died shortly after in Seville. In the same chapel is another work of this master, St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, — a charming piece.

We left Cadiz without reluctance, yet I confess I look back upon it with some longing; it is so white and shining and historically resplendent. I wish the Romans or the Phœnicians were still there, or even the Moors. I cannot be reconciled that this sea-blown, picturesque town is not more attractive. We went out by rail through interminable salt marshes, where the salt is stacked up like the white tents of encamping soldiers; keeping at first by the sea, and then still over level and barren plains, to ground slightly rolling, past Jerez, with its great whitewashed sheds, which are the famous *botegas*, or wine vaults, where the sherry is manipulated and refined; and so on, approaching the Guadalquivir over land as flat as a floor and extensive as a Western prairie, and as treeless, we came at evening to the last station before reaching Seville, eight miles distant, the poetically named Two Sisters, embowered in great orange gardens. The night was mild; we could see faintly the twinkle of dark shining leaves and golden fruit, and all the air was heavy with the perfume of the blossoms. It was the odor of the Spain of our fancy.

Charles Dudley Warner.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. McMASTER gives notice of the school to which he belongs when he entitles his history of the United States *A History of the People of the United States*.¹ The late Mr. J. R. Green was not precisely a pioneer, but his brilliant

history was so conspicuous an example of a mode of treatment which commends itself to the minds of men educated under democratic principles that it has served to stimulate other writers, and to make historical students take

¹ *A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War.* By JOHN

BACH McMASTER. In five volumes. Volume I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

more careful note than formerly of the multitudinous life which finds expression in the varied form of human life, and to cease concerning themselves mainly with governmental development. The rise of this school of history is a distinct witness to the new leading of humanity which the present century has known. The growth of democratic ideas has given dignity to the study of the individual; the emancipation of the intellect, which is a part of the great renaissance of modern times, has resulted in an intense inquiry into the reign of law: so that the most acceptable historian to-day, the one most in accord with the temper of the age, is he who is able to detect the operation of the greatest variety of individual life, and to discover the comprehensive laws which govern in the development of the nation.

A country like England, where the idea of government by class has not been so much overthrown by the violence of revolutions as displaced by the greater energy of democratic principles, offers a most attractive theme to the historian who would disclose the undercurrent of popular life and its gradual emergence into the light of day. A history of the English people is a protest against an interpretation of history which makes it the drama of kings, and its finest success is in tracing a confessed power back into periods when it was dumbly, unconsciously, working out its destiny. Dean Stanley leading a party of workingmen through Westminster Abbey, and discoursing upon the historic monuments to which they are heirs in common, is a fine picture of contemporary England; but by what steps were the figures in the picture brought together? To tell that is to tell the history of the people of England.

The contrasts which such a picture suggests are abundant in English history, and they arrest the mind; but is there an equally suggestive theme in

American history? Is the history of the American people a protest against false views of that history which once prevailed? Certainly not in so distinct a degree as may be averred of English history, although the habits of historical writing prevalent in one country have naturally influenced and largely determined the same habits in the other. Nevertheless, one is aware that Mr. McMaster has had a deliberate intention to recover in his history the true note which should be struck. "In the course of this narrative," he says at the outset, "much, indeed, must be written of wars, conspiracies, and rebellions; of presidents, of congresses, of embassies, of treaties, of the ambition of political leaders in the senate-house, and of the rise of great parties in the nation. Yet the history of the people shall be the chief theme. At every stage of the splendid progress which separates the America of Washington and Adams from the America in which we live, it shall be my purpose to describe the dress, the occupations, the amusements, the literary canons, of the time; to note the changes of manners and morals; to trace the growth of that humane spirit which abolished punishment for debt, which reformed the discipline of prisons and of jails, and which has, in our own time, destroyed slavery and lessened the miseries of dumb brutes. Nor shall it be less my aim to recount the manifold improvements which in a thousand ways have multiplied the conveniences of life and ministered to the happiness of our race; to describe the rise and progress of that long series of mechanical inventions and discoveries which is now the admiration of the world, and our just pride and boast; to tell how, under the benign influence of liberty and peace, there sprang up, in the course of a single century, a prosperity unparalleled in the annals of human affairs; how, from a state of great poverty and feebleness, our country grew rapidly to

one of opulence and power; how her agriculture and her manufactures flourished together; how, by a wise system of free education and a free press, knowledge was disseminated, and the arts and sciences advanced; how the ingenuity of her people became fruitful of wonders far more astonishing than any of which the alchemists had ever dreamed."

This is unquestionably a brilliant prospectus, and the spirit with which Mr. McMaster enters upon his task is so generous and enthusiastic that we are quite willing to forgive the somewhat extravagant terms in which he forecasts his work, especially as we find him, in the progress of the volume, ready with his indignation whenever the people, whose historian he is, deviates from the straight line which his opening paragraph almost intimates was the historic course. It is because of this high spirit and generous temper that we venture to believe in a slight falsification of the prospectus as the work shall proceed; for by the time Mr. McMaster has reached the end of his fifth volume he will have opportunity to revise his judgment as to the comparative unimportance in history of wars, conspiracies, rebellions, presidents, congresses, embassies, treaties, ambitions of political leaders, and the rise of great parties. The ease with which he sets all these aside is a mere rhetorical burst, borrowed from the creed of the school to which he belongs, and the style of the master on whose heels he treads. It is very true that in English history there is a people in distinction from a government; but no one, we are convinced, who is so honest as Mr. McMaster can make an exhaustive study of United States history without revealing the fundamental doctrine that the people constitutes the nation, and that there is no political order external to it. No doubt this truth is one which grows clearer in the progress of the nation, and yet the organic life of the people of

the United States has always been integrity; it is merely a habit of mind borrowed from traditional study, which speaks of wars, presidents, congresses and the like as if they were something foreign from the life of the people, or only incidental to it. There is a radical defect in any conception of the history of the United States which invests the political life and institutions and administration of government with any foreign property. It is a defect resident in much of our political thought, and it is slowly wearing away from our political consciousness; but it ought to be wholly absent from the mind of a historical teacher, and we shall be greatly disappointed if Mr. McMaster does not himself abjure the heresy before he comes to the end of his work.

There is, indeed, one view in which an author, governed by such a notion, is in danger of missing the greatness of his subject altogether. The history of a nation is scarcely worth telling if it leave upon the mind the impression that an improved mower, or even a public-school system, represents its highest attainment. There is a national life which surpasses any individual product, or any system which human ingenuity has evolved. It is in the realization of freedom, and has its record in public acts and the deliberate registration of the public conscience. A bill of rights is a more admirable representation of the life of the people than letters patent, and the organic unity of the nation has been found to mean more to the individual member of the nation than any well-ordered or comfortable life, however adorned by the arts and graces of civilization. It is for this reason that congresses and courts, proceeding from the people and responsible to them, may occupy the thought of an American historian of the people with far more just propriety than the same subjects may engage the attention of an historian of the English people.

The survey of the country with which Mr. McMaster opens his history gives the reader a cross-section of popular life immediately at the close of the war for independence. It was in Mr. McMaster's plan to give rather an external view of the nation at that time; and thus, while he portrays the American in his various phases of life, he omits altogether any view of him as a political animal. It belongs to such a survey to make the scene vivid by contrasting the conditions of life then with what is familiar to us now, and there is always danger of raising the lights and deepening the shades in the contrasted pictures; but one comes to be a little cautious in accepting the colors as merely strong, and not false, when one observes Mr. McMaster's occasional recklessness in handling facts. The treaty which secured the independence of the colonies did not "clearly define the region given up by the mother country;" for Mr. McMaster will be compelled to relate, further on, how near we came once or twice to a war to determine just what the bounds were. "In New Hampshire," he tells us, "a few hardy adventurers had marked out the sites of villages in the Green Mountains;" a form of statement which certainly would leave in most readers' minds the impression that the Green Mountains were to-day to be found in New Hampshire. "In every city were to be seen women who had fled at the dead of night from their burning cabins; who had perhaps witnessed the destruction of Schenectady." This "perhaps" is a saving clause; but any old woman who could, in 1784, remember the destruction of Schenectady must have been a hundred years old. "Faneuil Hall, the Old South, the old State House, and a few other relics of ancient time still exist; but they exist in a state of ruinous decay, and before another generation has passed away old Boston will be known in tradition only." Prophecy like this may be safe, but it

should not be coupled with misrepresentation of fact. We suspect Mr. McMaster has not been in Boston lately, from the off-hand manner in which he says, in an explanatory foot-note, that "the neck seems to have been quite a barrier to the daily travel between Boston and Charlestown." It is in one of his vague generalizations, also, that he says of the New England minister of 1784, "Compared with Cotton or Hooker, he had indeed made vast strides towards toleration. He was a very different man from the fanatics who burned Catholics at the stake [!], who drove out the Quakers, who sent Roger Williams to find an asylum among the Indians of Rhode Island, and sat in judgment on the witches of Salem and Andover." But the supposed vast stride is nothing to Mr. McMaster's stretcher.

There are statements of a loose character, which irritate one because they are just true enough to read well, and yet do not stand for exact historical knowledge. When Mr. McMaster says, "New England had been settled by the Puritans, and there the leveling spirit, the stern theology, the rigid and strait-laced morality, were as unyielding as ever" (in 1784), he is rhetorical and conventional, and shows that he is not acquainted with the changes in New England life apparent upon any honest reading of its history. When he is drawing a picture of the industry of New England, at the same time he is misleading by the half truth of his statement: "New England produced scarce enough corn and rye for the needs of her citizens. Beyond a few stately trees, suitable for masts for his majesty's ships of war, the Eastern States grew nothing the mother country wished to buy. These men built ships, sailed the ocean, caught fish, extracted oil from the blubber of whales, put up great warehouses, and kept great shops." But in belittling the agriculture of the Eastern States, he succeeds also in turning away atten-

tion from the fisheries and commerce. He gives the impression that books in Boston, at that time, were a ragged regiment of unreadable literature, and intimates that, because many of the books would be very dull now, they were good for nothing then; but the evidences are clear that the literature of the time was abundant in Boston then. A circulating library of twelve hundred volumes and a bookseller's stock of ten thousand books could not have made a despicable show. It is the misfortune of such contrasts of the past with the present that they ignore many of the relative conditions of life. It may be a marvelous thing that the telegraph can now carry a message in a twinkling from one city to another; but before we commiserate our ancestors, who had no telegraph, we need to find out how much they required one. The same consideration applies when we find Mr. McMaster representing the New England minister as in the depths of poverty, because Dr. Buckminster never had more than six or seven hundred dollars a year, and the ordinary clergyman saw little money. But the small salary and the absence of money did not mean what they would to-day, for the minister had his farm, and the demands upon his purse were far less than they now are: the whole order of the society in which he moves has changed. Mr. McMaster's wish to make a point leads him into other sweeping statements. "There did not then exist in the country," he says, "a single piece of architecture which, when tried even by the standard of that day, can be called respectable;" and yet some of these pieces, both in whole or in detail, are accepted as standards to-day, and architects study to reproduce their features in the latest buildings which they put up. He draws a forlorn picture of the mechanic's life, without stove, coal, or matches. But was the rich man of the same day any better off?

A carelessness in minute points makes

us a little reluctant to commit ourselves to Mr. McMaster when we cannot verify his authorities. Twice he speaks of Symbert when he means Smybert; he says that Honorius was Noah Webster's pen name, when it was Honestus. While the proposition to make the President's term one of seven years is given in detail, there is no hint of the change to four years, nor of the erection of the electoral college. So important a matter as the treatment of slavery in the ordinance of 1787 is passed over in silence.

In pursuance of his general plan, Mr. McMaster naturally has recourse for much of his material to the newspapers of the day, which supply him with curious information, and especially with the drift of public sentiment. This reference to newspapers undoubtedly has enabled him to make a livelier narrative, but the instances of carelessness which we have noted would lead us to doubt his caution in making use of such dubious authorities. It may be, however, — for we do not pretend to have verified his newspaper references, — that he depends upon them rather for the embellishment of his narrative, while he relies upon more formal annals for his main historic facts. He makes no reference, for instance, to Minot, in his animated account of Shays' rebellion, yet a comparison with Minot's history leads one pretty definitely to the conclusion that it furnished Mr. McMaster with a guide through the scenes.

The spirited style of the book makes the petty inaccuracies very irritating. The transitions are admirably managed, so that the reader is led dexterously from one subject to another, and he would like to surrender himself to so entertaining a guide; but when he finds that flourishes and antithetical phrases are made to do service for exact details of fact, he begins to distrust his leader, and to be uncomfortable lest he should be receiving impressions which a more accurate knowledge of history would

show him to be false. We do not wish Mr. McMaster to be any less picturesque, but we wish he were not so eager to make points, and that he would employ contrasts less in his pictures. Since he has engaged upon this important task of writing a history of the people of the United States in five volumes, he is not likely to be followed immediately by any one else in the same track,

and the readableness of his work will doubtless make it a popular one for some time to come. All the more is it to be desired that he should scrutinize his authorities and present his facts with accuracy. Few students will follow him through the files of papers in order to test his fidelity, and we must ask him, therefore, to honor the trust which readers will repose in him.

JOHN A. DIX.

THESE handsome volumes,¹ which, be it said in passing, are in every respect a credit to American book-making and to the good taste of the author and publishers, contain the memoirs of a man who for sixty-five years, with only brief intervals, served his country, and for a large portion of that period filled a conspicuous place among the public men of his day. Dr. Dix has written the story of his father's life in a most simple and attractive manner. There would be very few persons who would dissent from the affectionate and yet modest estimate which he makes of his father's character, abilities, and public services. The biography has an individual and personal rather than a historical quality. The memoirs of John A. Dix would of course be an important contribution to our history if they did no more than present a faithful picture of their subject; and they do not, in fact, go much beyond this. They do not, except in a few instances, throw much light on the general history of the time. As Dr. Dix says, the period since the war is too recent, and too many of the actors are still living, to permit a full and critical discussion of the affairs in which his father

was then engaged. But this is not true of the long period before the war during which General Dix was in active public life. It might fairly have been expected that we should learn much that was new of the Albany Regency, of which General Dix was a member, and of the inside history of the democratic party from 1830 to 1860. There are occasional glimpses of the political history of those years, which are from a new point of view, and which have a freshness that makes the reader wish for a more extended acquaintance with the sources from which these suggestions arise. But Dr. Dix seems to have been so absorbed in the central figure of his biography that he has ventured but little into the wider field of general history. This is perfectly natural and perhaps equally wise. The result is certainly a very vivid picture of the hero of the story. One can only say that when so much has been so well done there is a feeling of regret that a little more was not attempted.

General Dix was born in New Hampshire, the rugged little State which has sent forth so many distinguished men to seek elsewhere a more generous fortune than was offered them among their rocky hills. At the age of fifteen he entered the army, and served in the war

¹ *Memoirs of John Adams Dix*. Compiled by his son, MORGAN DIX. Illustrated. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Bros. 1883.

of 1812 with his father, whose life was finally sacrificed by disease and exposure on the Canadian frontier. Then followed sixteen years of military life, and then came a happy and fortunate marriage and the abandonment of the army for law and politics. Even in the army General Dix had given much attention to public affairs, and exerted a considerable influence by writing for the newspapers. Once released from the trammels of the army, he drifted, after a brief interval, into active politics, for which he had great natural fitness. He was appointed Adjutant General, and then Secretary of State, in New York, and in this capacity was a leading member of the famous Albany Regency. General Dix, like his father, was a democrat, and what is more a New England democrat, which meant a good deal in the days when democracy was synonymous with resistance to the dominant and often domineering federalism of that part of the country. At the outset an admirer of Mr. Calhoun, General Dix naturally became, in the progress of events, an ardent supporter of Jackson, and then of Van Buren. For the latter gentleman, indeed, General Dix appears to have had a strong affection, and his son and biographer takes a view of the astute New York manager which certainly seems a little rosy. Dr. Dix writes with much indignant warmth of the rejection of Van Buren by the Senate when he was nominated for the mission to England. It is, as Dr. Dix says, perfectly true that this rejection helped Van Buren to the presidency, and was an unprecedented proceeding. But he omits to state that Van Buren was the first, and we believe the last, American statesman who in an official paper addressed a foreign court as the representative of a party, and not of the nation, and cast reflections upon his predecessors for the benefit of a foreign minister. A meaner act of extreme partisanship could not have been committed, and it is pleasant

to think that the Senate rebuked it as it deserved. Dr. Dix also refers to Van Buren as one of the "purest" statesmen of the country. This seems hardly the epithet to apply to a man who, whatever his abilities and merits, was conspicuous for an adroitness which often became trickery.

The Whig victories, in 1838, forced General Dix into retirement, from which he soon emerged to sit in the New York assembly, and then to represent the State in the Senate. His career as a senator was honorable and distinguished. He was always an independent and fearless man, and although he was involved in the contradiction of opposing the extension of slavery, and at the same time of sustaining the Mexican war and the acquisition of territory without the Wilmot proviso, he never hesitated to differ from his party. It was this bold and manly spirit which led Mr. Polk to try to remove General Dix from the Senate by sending him to England. On the same occasion, Mr. Polk assured General Dix that he had no idea of conquests in Mexico. The characteristic duplicity of which this is fresh evidence is still further brought out by the way in which General Dix was deluded in regard to certain New York appointments by this same administration, described more forcibly than politely by one of the general's friends as "a mere elongation of the trading, time-serving, mongrel Tyler concern."

General Dix's differences with his party arose on the slavery question, upon which he never bent the knee. He was opposed to meddling with slavery in the States, but he was still more opposed to the system and to its extension. He was in principle a free-soiler, and it is not surprising that he was nominated for governor by that party in 1848. He ran in the election much against his will, and yet he was in the right and natural place. But although never an extreme partisan except to-

ward his youthful foes, the federalists, it was an essential quality of his nature to be very loyal to his party and his friends. The free-soil movement having been checked, General Dix devoted his best energies to a reunion of the democracy. To his efforts and those of his friends this reunion and the consequent victory were largely due. But General Dix soon found that he had committed the unpardonable sin. He had dared to speak out on the subject of slavery, and the South stood between him and all advancement, and held back the hand of Franklin Pierce — poor, weak creature — when, as President, he tried to do his duty to the high-minded New York leader. The democratic party had no use for such a man as General Dix until their post-office at New York was beset with corruption, and then they called on him to repair the mischief. It was at this time that General Dix wrote a letter which would serve as an admirable campaign document to-day, forbidding political assessments in the post-office. He was a Jackson democrat, but with the chief dogma of his old leader, "the spoils system," he would have nothing to do. He was a thorough-going civil-service reformer in every respect.

But while General Dix was managing the New York post-office, the country was drifting rapidly upon the rocks of rebellion and secession. In the last hours of Buchanan's administration, with driveling timidity in the White House and bold treason in the cabinet, General Dix was called upon to take charge of a bankrupt treasury. He restored confidence and raised money; but he did more, far more, than this. Andrew Jackson was national to the core, and that was the essential quality of all his best followers, one of whom now found himself in Washington at the head of a great department, confronted with panic, treachery, and a breaking Union. Above the confused noises of

that miserable winter, the voice of John A. Dix rises clear and strong: "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." With characteristic modesty, General Dix said afterwards that he should be chiefly remembered by a "savage order, justified by a still more savage provocation." The truth was that he had the good fortune and the inspiration to strike the keynote, to say the one all-embracing word at the very moment of a great conflict. All else might go, but the symbol of unity, the flag, should never be hauled down or given up; and that was the war cry of the North, and what they fought for and won. The war revived all General Dix's old love of military life. He was at once made a general, and was deeply disappointed that he was not sent to the front. But that was the work for younger men, who probably could not have fulfilled the delicate, difficult, and most important duties which came to General Dix at Baltimore and in the Department of the East, where the rare combination of civil and military training which he possessed was so essential. After the close of the war came the mission to France, and a term as governor of New York, — well-earned distinctions, which closed General Dix's public career. He lived five years longer, happy and active, and then died, surrounded by his family and full of years and honors.

We have touched only on the public side of General Dix's career, but he had many interests and many admirable qualities wholly apart from public affairs. He had a vigorous administrative faculty, great diligence, and a marked aptitude for business, and he never shrank from any task when he could render valuable services. He was a good linguist; he had much literary taste and skill, as is shown by his version of the *Dies Iræ*; and he was a really fine Latin scholar. He spoke well, and sensibly, with great force and effect,

and was master of a strong and simple style. Above all, he was courageous and affectionate, with a keen sense of humor, and manly in all his ways and habits.

The first feeling that comes to us, after reading these volumes, is one of pride in the character and career of this typical American gentleman, who was so simple and brave, a lover of learning for its own sake, and a modest, industrious, and patriotic man. General Dix was not one of those who sway the course of events, and leave their individ-

ual impress on a nation's history; but he was a type of man of which the country has a right to be proud, and of which there are far too few examples in our public life to-day. He will always be remembered as the man who, at the crisis of the nation's fate, put into one short sentence the great principle which was at stake, and to which the people rallied and clung for four long years. Any man may be content who has thus succeeded in associating his name indissolubly with the emblem of a great and united country.

THE REMINISCENCES OF ERNEST RENAN.

THERE has always been an element of the magical in the style of M. Ernest Renan — an art of saying things in a way to make them beautiful. At the present moment he is the first writer in France; no one has in an equal degree the secret of fairness of expression. His style is fair in both the senses in which we use the word — in that of being temperate and just, and in that of being without a flaw; and these Reminiscences of his younger years,¹ lately collected from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, are perhaps the most complete revelation of it. His problem here was unusually difficult, and his success has been proportionately brilliant. He proposed to talk uninterruptedly about himself, and yet he proposed — or rather he was naturally disposed — to remain a model of delicacy. M. Renan is the great apostle of the delicate; he upholds this waning fashion on every occasion. His mission is to say delicate things, to plead the cause of intellectual good manners, and he is wonder-

fully competent to discharge it. No one to-day says such things so well, though in our own language Mr. Matthew Arnold often approaches him. Among his own countrymen, Sainte-Beuve cultivated the same art, and there was nothing too delicate for Sainte-Beuve to attempt to say. But he spoke less simply — his delicacy was always a greater complexity. M. Renan, on the other hand, delivers himself of those truths which he has arrived at through the fineness of his perception and the purity of his taste with a candid confidence, an absence of personal precautions, which leave the image as perfect and as naked as an old Greek statue. It is needless to say that there is nothing crude in M. Renan; but the soft serenity with which, in the presence of a mocking world, he leaves his usual plea for the ideal to any fate that may await it is an example of how extremes may sometimes meet. It is not enough to say of him that he has the courage of his opinions; for that, after all, is a comparatively frequent virtue. He has the resignation; he has the indifference; he has, above all, the

¹ *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse.* Par ERNEST RENAN, Membre de l'Institut, etc. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1833.

good humor. He combines qualities the most diverse, and, lighted up as he is by the interesting confessions of the volume before us, he presents himself as an extraordinary figure. He makes the remark that in his opinion less importance will be attached to talent as the world goes on; what we shall care for will be simply truth. This declaration is singular in many ways, among others in this: that it appears to overlook the fact that one of the great uses of talent will always be to discover truth and present it; and that, being an eminently personal thing, and therefore susceptible of great variety, it can hardly fail to be included in the estimate that the world will continue to make of persons. M. Renan makes light of his own talent—he can well afford to; if he appears to be quite conscious of the degree in which it exists, he minimizes as much as possible the merit that attaches to it. This is a part of that constant play of taste which animates his style, governs his judgments, colors all his thought; for nothing can be in better taste, of course, than to temper the violence with which you happen to strike people. To make your estimate of your own gifts as low as may seem probable is a form of high consideration for others; it corresponds perfectly with that canon of good manners which requires us to take up a moderate space at table. At the feast of existence we may not jostle our neighbors, and to be considerate is for M. Renan an indefeasible necessity. He informs us of this himself; it is true that we had long ago guessed it. He places the fact before us, however, in a relation to other facts, which makes it doubly interesting; he gives us the history of his modesty, his erudition, his amiability, his temperance of appetite, his indifference to gain. The reader will easily perceive the value that must attach to such explanations on the part of a man of M. Renan's intelligence. He finds himself in con-

stant agreement with the author, who does nothing but interpret with extraordinary tact the latent impressions of his critic.

M. Renan carries to such a high point the art of pleasing that we enter without a protest into the pleasantness of the account he gives of himself. He is incapable of evil, learned, happy, cheerful, witty, devoted to the ideal, indifferent to every vulgar aim. He demonstrates all this with such grace, such discretion and good humor, that the operation, exempt from vulgar vanity, from motives of self-interest, M. Renan being at that point of literary eminence where a writer has nothing more to gain, seems to go on in the pure ether of the abstract, among the causes of things and above all questions of relative success. Speaking of his ancestors in Brittany, whom he traces back to the fifth century, simple tillers of the earth and fishers of the sea, he says, with great felicity, "There they led for thirteen hundred years a life of obscurity, saving up their thoughts and sensations into an accumulated capital, which has fallen at last to me. I feel that I think for them and that they live in me. . . . My incapacity to be bad, or even to appear so, comes to me from them." Many men would hesitate to speak so freely of their incapacity to be bad; others, still more of their incapacity to appear so. But M. Renan has polished to such clearness the plate of glass through which he allows us to look at him that we are quite unable to charge him with deceiving us. If we fail to see in him so much good as that, it is simply that our vision is more dim, our intelligence less fine. "I have a strong taste for the people, for the poor. I have been able, alone in my age, to understand Jesus and Francis of Assisi." There is a great serenity in that, and though, detached from the text, it may startle us a little, it will not seem to the reader

who meets it in its place to be a boastful note. M. Renan does not indeed mean to say that he has been the only Christian of his time; he means that he is not acquainted with any description of the character of Jesus containing as much historic truth as the *Life* he published in 1864. The passage is curious, however, as showing the lengths to which a man of high delicacy may go when he undertakes to be perfectly frank. That, indeed, is the interest of the whole volume. Many of its pages are rare and precious, in that they offer us together certain qualities that are almost never combined. The aristocratic intellect is not prone to confess itself, to take other minds into its confidence. M. Renan believes in a caste of intellectual nobles, and of course does not himself belong to any inferior order. Yet in these volumes he has alighted from his gilded coach, as it were; he has come down into the streets and walked about with the multitude. He has, in a word, waived the question of privacy — a great question for such a man as M. Renan to waive. When the impersonal becomes personal the change is great, and it is interesting to see that sooner or later it must become so. Naturally, for us English readers, the difference of race renders such a fact more difficult to appreciate; for we have a traditional theory that when it comes to making confidences a Frenchman is capable of almost anything. He is certainly more gracefully egotistic than people of other stock, though he may have more real reserve than his style would indicate. His modesty is individual, his style is generic; he writes in a language which makes everything definite, including confessions and other forms of self-reference. The truth is that he talks better than other people, and that the genius of talk carries him far. There is nothing into which it carries people more naturally than egotism. M. Renan's volume is a prolonged *causerie*,

and he has both the privileges and the success of the talker.

There are many things in his composition and many things in his writing; more than we have any hope of describing in their order. "I was not a priest in profession; I was a priest in mind. All my defects are owing to that: they are the defects of the priest." The basis of M. Renan's character and his work is the qualities that led him to study for the priesthood, and the experience of a youth passed in Catholic seminaries. "*Le pli était pris* — the bent was taken," as he says; in spite of changes, renunciations, a rupture with these early aspirations as complete as it was painful, he has remained indefinitely, ineffaceably, clerical. The higher education of a Catholic priest is an education of subtleties, and subtlety is the note, as we say to-day, of M. Renan's view of things. But he is a profane philosopher as well as a product of the seminary, and he is in the bargain a Parisian and a man of letters; so that the groundwork has embroidered itself with many patterns. When we add to this the high scholarship, the artistic feeling, the urbanity, the amenity of temper, that quality of ripeness and completeness, the air of being permeated by civilization, which our author owes to his great experience of human knowledge, to his eminent position in literature and science, to his association with innumerable accomplished and distinguished minds — when we piece these things together we feel that the portrait he has, both by intention and by implication, painted of himself has not wanted an inspiring model. The episode which M. Renan has had mainly to relate in these pages is of course the interruption of his clerical career. He has made the history so suggestive, so interesting, and given such a charm to his narrative, that we have little hesitation in saying that these chapters will rank among the most brilliant he has

produced. We are almost ashamed to express ourselves in this manner, for, as we have said, M. Renan makes very light of literary glory, and cares little for this kind of commendation. Indeed, when we turn to the page in which he gives us the measure of his indifference to successful form we feel almost tempted to blot out what we have written. "I do not share the error of the literary judgments of our time. . . . I tried to care for literature for a while only to gratify M. Sainte-Beuve, who had a great deal of influence over me. Since his death I care no longer. I see very well that talent has a value only because the world is childish. If it had a strong enough head it would content itself with truth. . . . I have never sought to make use of this inferior quality [literary skill], which has injured me more as a *savant* than it has helped me for itself. I have never in the least rested on it. . . . I have always been the least literary of men." The reader may be tempted to ask himself whether these remarks are but a refinement of coquetry; whether a faculty of expression so perfect as M. Renan's was ever a simple accident. He will do well, however, to decide that the writer is sincere, for he speaks from the point of view of a seeker of scientific truth. M. Renan is deeply versed in the achievements of German science: he knows what has been done by scholars who have not sacrificed to the graces, and in the presence of these great examples he would fain persuade himself that he has not, at least consenting-ly, been guilty of that weakness. In spite of this he will continue to pass for one of the most characteristic children of the race that is preëminent in the art of statement. It is a proof of the richness of his genius that we may derive so much entertainment from those parts of it which he regards as least essential. We do not pretend in this place to speak, with critical or other in-

tention, of the various admirable works which have presented M. Renan to the world as one of the most acute explorers of the mysteries of early Christian history; we take for granted the fact that they have been largely appreciated, and that the writer, as he stands before us here, has the benefit of all the authority which a great task executed in a great manner can confer. But we venture to say that, fascinating, touching, as his style, to whatever applied, never ceases to be, none of the great subjects he has treated has taken a more charming light from the process than these evocations of his own laborious past.

And we say this with a perfect consciousness that the volume before us is after all, in a certain sense, but an elaborate *jeu d'esprit*. M. Renan is a philosopher, but he is a sportive philosopher; he is full of soft irony, of ingenious fancy, of poetic sympathies, of transcendent tastes. He speaks more than once of his natural gayety, and of that quality in members of the Breton race which leads them to move freely in the moral world and to divert themselves with ideas, with sentiments. Half of the ideas, the feelings, that M. Renan expresses in these pages (and they spring from under his pen with wonderful facility) are put forward with a smile which seems a constant admission that he knows that everything that one may say has eventually to be qualified. The qualification may be in one's tact, one's discretion, one's civility, one's desire not to be dogmatic; in other considerations, too numerous for us to mention. M. Renan has a horror of dogmatism; he thinks that one should always leave that to one's opponent, as it is an instrument with which he ends by cutting himself. He has a high conception of generosity, and though his mind contains several very positive convictions, he is of the opinion that there is always a certain grossness in insistence. Two or three curious passages throw light upon this

disposition. "Not having amused myself when I was young, and yet having in my character a great deal of irony and gayety, I have been obliged, at the age at which one sees the vanity of everything, to become extremely indulgent to foibles with which I had never had to reproach myself: so that various persons, who perhaps have not behaved so well as I, have sometimes found themselves scandalized at my complaisance. In political matters, above all, people of a Puritan turn cannot imagine what I am about; it is the order of things in which I like myself best, and yet ever so many persons think my laxity in this respect extreme. I cannot get it out of my head that it is perhaps, after all, the libertine who is right and who practices the true philosophy of life. From this source have sprung in me certain surprises, certain exaggerated admirations. Sainte-Beuve, Théophile Gautier, pleased me a little too much. Their affectation of immorality prevented me from seeing how little their philosophy hung together (*le décousu de leur philosophie*). There is a certain stiffly literal sense in which, of course, these lines are not to be taken; but they are a charming specimen of what one may call delicacy of confession. The great thing is to have been able to afford to write them; on that condition they are delightfully human and charged with the soft irony of which I have spoken — the element to which M. Renan alludes in a passage that occurs shortly after the one I have quoted, and in which he mentions that, "save the small number of persons with whom I recognize an intellectual fraternity, I say to every one what I suppose must give him pleasure." He says that he expresses himself freely only with people "whom I know to be liberated from any opinion, and to be able to take the stand-points of a kindly universal irony." "For the rest," he remarks, "I have sometimes, in my conversation

and my correspondence, *d'étranges défaillances*. . . . My inanity with people I meet in society exceeds all belief. . . . Devoted on a kind of system to an exaggerated politeness, the politeness of the priest, I try to find out what my interlocutor would like me to say to him. . . . This is the result of a supposition that few men are sufficiently detached from their own ideas not to be wounded if you say something different from what they think." We should not omit to explain that what we have just quoted applies only to M. Renan's conversation and letters. "In my published writings I have been of an absolute sincerity. Not only have I not said anything that I do not think, but, a much more rare and more difficult thing, I have said all that I think." It will be seen that M. Renan tells us a good deal about himself.

His Reminiscences are ushered in by a preface which is one of the happiest pieces of writing that has ever proceeded from his pen, and in which he delivers himself of his opinion on that very striking spectacle, the democratization of the world. He is preëminently a man of general views. Few men have more of them at their command; few men face the occasion for speech with greater serenity, or avail themselves of it with more grace. His prefaces have always been important and eloquent; readers of the first collection of his critical essays, published upwards of thirty years ago, will not have forgotten the enchanting pages that introduced it. We feel a real obligation to quote the opening lines of the preface before us; from the point of view of style they give the key of the rest of the volume. We must add that it is not easy to transport their exquisite rhythm into another tongue. "Among the legends most diffused in Brittany is that of a so-called town of Is, which at an unknown period must have been engulfed by the sea. They show you, in sundry places on the coast, the site of

this fabled city, and the fishermen tell you strange stories about it. They assure you that on days of storm the tip of the spires of its churches may be seen in the hollow of the waves; that on days of calm you may hear the sound of its bells come up from the deeps, intoning the hymn of the day. It seems to me often that I have in the bottom of my heart a city of Is, which still rings bells that persist in gathering to sacred rites the faithful who no longer hear. At times I stop to lend an ear to these trembling vibrations, which appear to me to come from infinite depths, like the voices of another world. On the limits of old age, above all, I have taken pleasure in collecting together such echoes of an Atlantis that has passed away." It may have been that M. Renan wrote these harmonious lines with the same ignorance of what he was about that characterized M. Jourdain; in this case he is only to be congratulated the more. The city of Is represents his early education, his early faith, a state of mind that was peopled with spires and bells, but has long since sunk deep into the sea of time. He explains in some degree the manner in which he has retraced this history, choosing to speak of certain things and to pass in silence over others, and then proceeds, by those transitions through which no one glides so gracefully as he, to sundry charming considerations upon the present state of mankind and the apparent future of our society. We call his reflections charming, because M. Renan's view of life always strikes us as a work of art, and we naturally apply to it the epithets which we should use in speaking of any delightful achievement. As a votary of the ideal, a person who takes little interest in the practical, a distinguished member of that beneficent *noblesse* of intellect of which we have spoken, it would be natural that M. Renan should tend to conservative opinions; and he expresses such opinions, in

various later pages, with exquisite humor and point: "In other terms, our great democratic machines exclude the polite man. I have long since given up using the omnibus; the conductors ended by taking me for a passenger of no intentions. . . . I was made for a society founded upon respect, in which one is saluted, classified, placed, according to his costume, and has not to protect himself. . . . The habit that I found in the East of walking only preceded by a forerunner suited me not ill; for one's modesty receives a lift from the apparatus of force. It is well to have under one's orders a man armed with a scourge which one prevents him from using. I should not be sorry to have the right of life and death, so that I might never put it into practice; and I should be very glad to own a few slaves, in order to be extremely mild with them and make them adore me." There is a certain dandyism of sensibility, if we may be allowed the expression, in that; but the author's perfect good-humor carries it off, as it always carries off the higher flights of his fastidiousness, making them seem simply a formal, a sort of cheerfully hopeless, protest in the name of the ideal. M. Renan is always ready to make the practical concession, and he shows that it is a great thing to have a fine taste, which tells us when to yield as well as when to resist, and points out, moreover, the beauty of passing things by. "One should never write save about what one likes. Forgetfulness and silence are the punishment that we inflict on what we find ugly or common in the walk that we take through life." This discretion helps M. Renan to feel that, though the immense material progress of this century is not favorable to good manners, it is a great mistake to put ourselves in opposition to what our age may be doing. "It does it without us, and probably it is right. The world moves toward a sort of Americanism, which wounds our refined ideas, but

which, once the crisis of the present hour is passed, may very well be no worse than the old *régime* for the only thing that matters; that is, the emancipation and the progress of the human mind." And M. Renan develops the idea that, in spite of all that the votaries of disinterested speculation may find wanting in a society exclusively democratic and industrial, and however much they may miss the advantages of belonging to a protected class, their security is greater, on the whole, in the new order of things. "Perhaps some day the general vulgarity will be a condition of the happiness of the elect. The American vulgarity [*sic*] would not burn Giordano Bruno, would not persecute Galileo. . . . People of taste live in America, on the condition of not being too exacting." So he terminates with the declaration that the best thing one can do is to accept one's age, if for no other reason than that it is after all a part of the past that one looks back to with regret. "All the centuries of a nation are the leaves of the same book." And in regard to this intelligent resignation, which fortifies itself with curiosity, M. Renan says several excellent things: "There will always be an advantage in having lighted on this planet as late as possible. . . . One must never regret that one sees a little better." M. Renan's preface is a proof that he possesses the good spirits which he notes as an ingredient of his character. He is a *raffiné*, and a *raffiné* with an extraordinary gift of putting his finger on sensitive spots; with a reasoned ideal of the millennium. But a *raffiné* without bitterness is a very harmless person.

The first chapters of this volume are not the most vivid, though they contain a very interesting picture of the author's birthplace, the little dead town of Tréguier, a gray cluster of convents and churches on the coast of Catholic Brittany. Tréguier was intensely conventual, and the young Renan was, as a mat-

ter of course, predestined to the church. "This strange set of circumstances has given me for historic studies those qualities that I may possess. The essence of criticism is to be able to understand states very different from those in which we live. I have seen the primitive world. In Brittany, before 1830, the most distant past was still alive." The specimens which M. Renan gives of this primitive world are less happily sketched than the general picture; the coloring is rather pale; some of the anecdotes — that of the little Noémi, that of the Bonhomme Système — are perhaps slightly wanting in point. He remarks somewhere, in regard to the opposition, about which so much used to be said, between the classic and the romantic, that, though he fully admits the latter, he admits it only as subject — not in the least as a possible form. To his mind there is only one form, which is the classic. And in another place he speaks of Flaubert, the novelist — "ce pauvre Flaubert" — as being quite unable to conceive of anything abstract. Putting these things together, we see a certain reason why M. Renan's personal portraits (with the exception of the picture of himself) should be wanting in reality. They are too general, too white; the author, wonderfully at home in the abstract, has rather neglected the concrete. "Ce pauvre Flaubert" would be revenged for M. Renan's allusion, if it were possible to him to read the episode of the Flax-Grinder — revenged (an exquisite revenge for an artist) by simply finding it flat. It is when he comes to dip into his own spiritual history that M. Renan shows himself a masterly narrator. In that region of abstractions, where the most tangible thing was the palpitating conscience, he moves with the firmest step. The chapters on the two seminaries in which he spent the first years of his residence in Paris, Saint Nicholas du Chardonnet and Saint Sulpice, are full of the most acute nota-

tion of moral and intellectual conditions. The little Breton seminarist moved too fast, and, to speak briefly, very soon transcended his instructors. He had a passion for science, and his great aptitude for philology promptly defined itself. He traces with singular art the process by which, young, simple, devout, dedicated to the church from his infancy, the object of maternal and pastoral hopes, he found himself confronted with the fact that he could no longer be a Catholic. He also points out well that it was the rigidity of the Catholic system that made continuance impossible, it being all of one piece, so that dissent as to one point involved rejection of the whole. "It is not my fault if my masters had taught me logic, and by their pitiless argumentations had converted my mind into a steel blade. I took seriously what I had learned — the scholastic philosophy, the rules of the syllogism, theology, Hebrew. I was a good scholar; I can never be damned for that." M. Renan holds, moreover, that little was wasted of his elaborate religious education. "I left their hands [those of the priests] with a moral sentiment so prepared for every test that Parisian levity could afterwards put a surface on this jewel without hurting it. I was so effectually made up for the good, for the true, that it would have been impossible for me to follow any career not directed to the things of the soul. My masters rendered me so unfit for all temporal work that I was stamped with an irrevocable mark for the spiritual life. . . . I persist in believing that existence is the most frivolous thing in the world, if one does not conceive it as a great and continual duty." This moral richness, these spiritual aspirations, of M. Renan's, of which we might quote many other examples, pervade all his utterances, even when they are in-

terfused with susceptibilities which strike us at times as those of a dilettante; with refinements of idealism which suggest to us occasionally that they correspond to no possible reality, and even that the natural corrective for this would be that reality, in some of the forms which we children of less analytic race are obliged to make our peace with it, would impose itself a little more absolutely upon our critic. To what extent M. Renan's nature has been reduplicated, as it were, by his intellectual curiosity may be gathered from his belief, recorded in these pages, that he would have gone much further in the exploration of the universe if he had not taken his inspiration from the historical sciences. "Physiology and the natural sciences would have carried me along; and I may certainly say it, the extreme ardor which these vital sciences excited in my mind makes me believe that if I had cultivated them in a consecutive manner I should have arrived at several of the results of Darwin, of which I had had glimpses. . . . I was drawn [instead] toward the historical sciences — little conjectural sciences which are pulled down as often as they are set up, and which will be neglected a hundred years hence." We know not what M. Renan may have missed, and we know not what may be the ultimate fate of historical conjecture and of the hapless literary art, in both of which he so brilliantly excels; but what such a volume as these mingled, but on the whole delightful, *Reminiscences* represents in the way of attainment, suggestion and sympathy is a sum not easily to be calculated. With his extraordinarily composite nature, his much-embracing culture, he is a most discriminating critic of life. Even his affectations are illuminating, for they are either exaggerations of generosity or ingenuities of resignation.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

MR. JAMES, in his entertaining paper on Anthony Trollope, says that if Trollope "had taken sides on the rather superficial opposition between novels of character and novels of plot, I can imagine him to have said (except that he never expressed himself in epigram) that he preferred the former class, inasmuch as character in itself is plot, while plot is by no means character." So neat an antithesis would certainly never have found itself between Mr. Trollope's lips if Mr. James had not cunningly lent it to him. Whatever theory of novel-writing Mr. Trollope may have preached, his almost invariable practice was to have a plot. He always had a *story* to tell, and a story involves beginning, middle, and end, — in short, a framework of some sort. Of course if one had to choose between the frame and the portrait, one would naturally not prefer the frame. It would depend a good deal on the portrait, though. There have been delightful books filled wholly with character-drawing; but they have not been great novels. The great novel deals with human action as well as with mental portraiture. That "character in itself is plot" is true only in a vague sense. A plan, a *motif* with a logical conclusion, is as necessary to a novel or a romance as it is to a drama. A group of skillfully made-up men and women lounging in the green-room or at the wings is not the play. It is not enough to say that this is Hamlet and that Ophelia. It is not enough to inform us that certain passions are supposed to be embodied in such and such persons: these persons should be placed in situations developing those passions. A series of unconnected situations leading to nothing is inadequate. There must be a natural end to it all, else your novel

resembles a conundrum without an answer, or a jest without the point.

Mr. James's charming epigram seems to me vulnerable at both ends — unlike Achilles. "Plot is by no means character." Strictly speaking, it is not. It strikes me, however, that plot comes nearer to being character than character does to being plot. Plot necessitates action, and it is impossible to describe a man's action, under whatever conditions, without revealing something of his character, his way of looking at things, his moral and mental pose. What a hero of fiction *does* paints him better than what he *says*, and vastly better than what his creator says of him. Mr. James asserts that "we care what happens to people only in proportion as we know what people are." I think we don't care a snap what people are (in fiction) when we don't know what happens to them.

— The national characteristic of the modern Anglo-American is not self-assertion, nor money-worship, nor "constructiveness," but tolerance. Our British cousins perhaps surpass us in love of personal independence, and the French democrats in their hatred of red-tape pedantries; but their national life lacks the opportunities that have developed the cosmopolitan forbearance and plasticity of our representative men. Tolerance of the North American variety implies a sort of *amiable inconsistency*, and he who feels disposed to omit the adjective would be apt to deny his nationality in a border country like Texas, where the national virtue or foible contrasts rather strongly with the conservatism of other races.

A few years ago a party of prospecting Mormons encamped at Casa Blanca, the western terminus of the Brazos, Santiago, and Brownsville railroad. The

purpose of their expedition was pretty well known, and the French and Spanish settlers of the county, as well as the native Mexicans, eyed them with a hostile horror, and the Celtic proprietor of their camping-ground made himself as disagreeable as possible. Not so the Yankee depot-master. When the Saints convoked a prayer-meeting on the platform of an old gravel-train, he sent the depot-engine to bring up a train-section from an out-of-the-way switch, in order to leave the synod undisturbed; and in the afternoon, when the strangers put up a target at the river-shore, the railroaders not only crowded around their camp, but, at the invitation of the marksmen, fetched out their own rifles, and joined them in a shooting-match.

A few months later I visited a colleague who superintended the grading of the N. & H. . . ville narrow-gauge. The contractor had hired a gang of convicts, — "short-termers," mostly, — who could be trusted with certain privileges, and seemed to be on quite familiar terms with their guards. They spiced their meals with political controversies, without sparing the short-comings of the administration, and without disguising their mistrust in the motives of certain time-serving party leaders. Here, as in the mixed army corps, the Caucasians and Ethiopians had separate camps, and four or five of the white division had been assigned to the mess of the overseer, who now and then permitted them to act as "deputy black-guards," and managed to keep them both at work and in good humor. As soon as the track-layers had reached the next larger settlement, a "dummy," with a home-made caboose, had been put on the road; but one morning the departure of the train was delayed a full hour, in order to decide a wrestling-match between a Scotch convict and a mulatto athlete of local renown. One second of the Gaelic champion acknowledged his defeat, but ascribed it to the

tightness of his striped trousers, and obtained a verdict admitting the superior "science" of his client. But after all that, I was somewhat surprised when, at the residence of Colonel F. (the managing contractor), I was formally introduced to another contemporary in striped jeans, a short-termor of marked conversational abilities, whose geometrical talents had procured him an appointment on the staff of the chief surveyor.

A Galveston newspaper describes an admiralty council on board of a Rio Grande river steamer, where a heavy-armed stranger had refused to unbuckle his "battery" before entering the dining-saloon. The committee offered to waive their objections to his horse-pistol, if he would consent to leave his cartridge-belt in charge of the purser; but when he rejected that basis of compromise, they finally agreed to let him keep his pistol and *one extra cartridge*.

Another armed stranger, the highway robber Cortina, who had crossed the Rio Grande during the Maximilian imbroglio, was permitted, not only to drill his cut-throats in the suburbs of Brownsville, but to enlist discharged United States soldiers, and issue proclamations which the Sultan of Fez and Morocco would have been too modest to sign.

But the most characteristic instance of Texas tolerance occurred in San . . . County, sixty miles west of Austin. During the confusion of a railroad accident an enterprising frontiersman had managed to possess himself of a choice library, packed in convenient boxes, and awaiting shipment on the platform of the freight depot. The loss either was not discovered, or was ascribed to other causes, and the pirate removed his plunder in a "prairie schooner." He took the Houston pike-road, and had already traversed five counties, when his attempt to dispose of a part of his booty aroused the suspicions of the . . . ton citizens. A deputation of representative

burghers overhauled his cargo, and the suspect was requested to give an account of himself. This he positively declined to do, but (apropos of a boxful of Methodist text-books) mentioned that he was a follower of John Wesley, and advised his inquisitors not to dishonor their faith by harassing a peaceful fellow-Christian. He was then put under guard, while a committee of selectmen retired for a private consultation. That his freight was valuable and of illegal acquisition seemed equally certain; but after a brief debate it was decided to let the erring brother depart in peace, on condition that he would consent to donate a portion of his cargo to the library of the district school.

— I do not know why it should have struck me as a pathetic case, — the figure of the overgrown boy of a dozen years, resting his arms on the fence, and watching with great interest the drill of a juvenile militia. It was plainly to be read in his face that paper caps, wooden swords, and toy drums still dwelt in his desires, and that nothing but his unwarrantable haste in growing tall interfered with his assuming command of the little troop, and marching off in triumph at its head. I was touched with compassion for him, but reflected that he had plenty of company, and good company, in his disconsolation. At all the loopholes of human history appears the wistful face of the overgrown boy. One does not need to reach a very advanced age to discover in the countenances of old comrades and friends something that reminds him, "Ah well, we *were* both Arcadians!" Our friends have lost the route to the green country of their fond reminiscences, and who shall help them to find it? One sees that they are studying some futile plan by which they may eat their cake, and have it too! They are well enough satisfied at coming into full possession of discretionary power, at confirming themselves in the wisdom

and policies of the world, but at the same time they want to retain the freshness and flavor of their early feeling. They do often congratulate themselves upon their youthfulness of heart, — the earnestness of their asseveration arguing their fear of the contrary; but they can produce no charter that shall convince secular destiny of their right to enjoy the delightful irresponsibility of youth. *Noblesse oblige*; but our loyalty in duress cries out, —

"By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long."

Is it not strange that, masters of our own choice (for so we account ourselves), we do not so much hold the position we have elected as the position holds us, inexorably dictating our walk and conversation, our habits, methods, and almost the thoughts we shall entertain! May we not unbend, may we not amuse ourselves? The genius of fitness and congruity keeps an eye upon us. Nowhere, outside of China, or some Celestial Empire, are there happy old men flying kites. Had Jaques, there in the idle Forest of Arden, undertaken to sample the varieties of dignity as he did those of melancholy, he would have found food enough for meditation and moralizing to last the longest summer day. I fancy him parceling out the various grades: one dignity of the legal profession, another of the clergy, another of the schoolmaster; one dignity of the merchant prince, and another of the honest, reputable beggar, — dignity differing widely in kind, but equally strenuous, equally binding, with all.

Rank imposes obligation, we have heard. There are those who obtain the patent of nobility by undertaking obligation. Such are not likely to be heard complaining because they sit alone,

"And hear the nations praising them far off,
Too far!"

They have expected nothing otherwise, having beforehand been advised: "In

what concerns you much, do not think you have companions; know that you are alone in the world."

—England need not be seriously alarmed by the inroads of American fiction while she has a novelist who can write such charming stories as *The Ladies Lindores*. Mrs. Oliphant has given us an admirable novel, with character, dramatic action, and plot. Without the last, indeed, the second is impossible. Mrs. Oliphant has also a neat wit of her own, which here and there lights up the page, as when, for example, she makes Lord Millefleurs say that Americans "are more piquant than any other foreigners." "French," he observes, "has become absurd and Italian pedantic; but it is amusing to talk a foreign language which is in English words, don't you know." Millefleurs, by the way, is a poor and inadequate name for an Englishman, and illustrates the author's fondness for French words. Every chapter is spotted with them. On two or three occasions we are told that Mr. Torrance has "eyes à *fleur de tête*," when an English equivalent would have been three times as easy and twice as sensible. In an English novel such words and phrases as *planté là*, *flétri*, *dessous des cartes*, *faire valoir*, *épancements*, etc., are ludicrous to the reader who understands French, and perplexing to the reader who does not. They moreover give one a vague suspicion that the writer is under the glamour of a slight or a recent acquaintance with the alien language drawn upon. It is needless to say that Mrs. Oliphant's French is very good, and so is her English. Her English is so

excellent, indeed, that when she writes *who* for *whom*, or falls into so barbarous a tautology as "*from whence*," the reader pays her the handsome compliment of being astonished.

—I desire to correct a statement which is made in a recent number of the Club,—in the June number, I think. It is there said that the name Saint Petersburg is a misnomer, and that the capital city is named Petersburg after Peter the Great, and not St. Petersburg after the celestial gate-keeper.

I have, as I write, official documents, business cards, and letters stamped with the postmark of that city. In every instance the name is St. Petersburg. During a residence extending over some four years I never heard it or saw it otherwise. The name Peterbourg is applied only to a suburb of the Russian capital situate to the northeast of the great fortress.

Your article on the misspelling of geographical names is very timely, however. The French have misled us more than once in the matter of Russian names. They continually inject a *w* into Russian or Polish proper names, whether geographical or personal, and we blindly follow their lead. This is the more comical because the *w* is neither in the Russian nor French alphabet. Thus Warsaw should be Vars-hoff, and Moscow should be Moskoff. We discard the French spelling in Gortschakoff, which they spell Gortschakow. Another blunder is in the word *czar*, which is now almost obsolete in Russia, and which we perversely continue, not only to use, but to misspell. It should be *tsar*.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature. The series of the Riverside Hawthorne (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is completed by the publication of the last four volumes, American Note-Books, French and Italian Note-Books, The Dolliver Romance and allied romances and tales, and Tales and Sketches and other papers. The last of the twelve contains some novel matter, a story rescued from an annual, and Hawthorne's Life of Franklin Pierce, which will be read now solely on Hawthorne's account. Mr. Lathrop's biographical sketch is reserved, yet satisfactory, as enabling one to trace the incidents of Hawthorne's career. The etchings and vignettes, with occasional exception, have been admirably conceived and executed. — The complete series of Dr. Holmes's works, up to the present date, is closed by a volume to which he gives the title Pages from an Old Volume of Life. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) It is a collection of essays, some of which have been collected before, while some are for the first time brought forth from their lurking-places in periodicals. — A Breeze from the Woods, by W. C. Bartlett (The California Publishing Co.), is a collection of papers which takes its title from the first of the number. Mr. Bartlett is editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, and his book has the quality of California air in it, clear, racy, sharp, — one thinks of many adjectives, but scarcely of mellow. The papers are largely of out-door life, and are well worth reading for the freshness of their incident and comment. — An Inland Voyage, by Robert Louis Stephenson (Roberts), ought fairly to come under the heading of Literature; for though the inland voyage is made by Mr. Stephenson and a friend in two canoes on Belgian rivers, it is as the light and airy pleasuring of an agreeable writer that the book will be read. It is a vacation in itself to read the pages, even though one may think the writer a harmless egotist. — Recollections of my Youth, again, by Ernest Renan, translated by C. B. Pitman (Putnams), belongs here rather than under Biography. The English scarcely retains the flavor of the original, but we suspect that the best translator would easily fall into despair in such work. — Surf and Wave, the Sea as Sung by the Poets, edited by Anna L. Ward (Crowell), is a full collection, containing besides what one would naturally expect many obscure pieces; but some which are obscure are not necessarily worthless.

Social and Political Philosophy. Land and Labor in the United States, by William Godwin Moody (Scribners), is an attempt at a survey of the industry and idleness of the nation. It is a humane census, made after recourse to a variety of individual testimonies, and aims at an inquiry into the conditions of life here and the influences affecting them. The writer struggles to find a way out for the workingman from the meshes which modern life casts about him, and is clear in his mind chiefly on one point, that the free-trade

gospel of England is a very bad spell indeed. — Dynamic Sociology is the title of a work in two volumes, by Lester F. Ward (Appleton), which is further described on the title-page as Applied Social Science, as based upon Static Sociology and the less Complex Sciences. Mr. Ward accounts for everything except man's consciousness, and so gets on cheerfully by standing on a carefully built false bottom. He builds up the man whom he sees to-day in an elaborate process, which reflects great credit upon the ingenuity of the maker. — The first number of Topics of the Time (Putnams), edited by Titus Munson Coan, is devoted to Social Problems, and consists of eight essays, by English and French writers, upon World-Crowding, Secret Societies in France, the Nationalization of the Land, and other topics. Since some of the most vigorous writing in contemporary periodicals is expended upon these problems, the editor is enabled to offer an effective selection. — Hand-Book for Friendly Visitors among the Poor is compiled and arranged by the Charity Organization Society of New York (Putnams), one of the associations which the social condition of our great cities and the multiplication of independent charitable agencies have brought into useful being. This little book will be serviceable to any one who deals with the poor, and contains besides general suggestions hints on domestic economy and sanitary and legal suggestions.

Biography. How to Get on in the World as demonstrated by the life and language of William Cobbett, to which is added Cobbett's English Grammar, with Notes, by Robert Waters (James W. Pratt, New York), is the title-page of a volume which ought to do something toward reviving the knowledge of a man who was a curious compound of virility and meanness. Mr. Waters's biography is somewhat in the nature of an apology, but it is readable, for Cobbett was not the man to inspire dullness. The grammar is rather a curiosity than a practical hand-book, and we should like to ask if Mr. Waters got his use of *demonstrated* from it?

History. The second volume of the revised edition of Mr. Bancroft's History of the United States (Appleton) contains the third part of the subdivision, History of the Colonization of the United States of America. It takes up the history after the English Revolution, and carries it forward to the overthrow of the colonial system, which Mr. Bancroft makes to agree with the subjugation of New France. Some of Mr. Bancroft's rhetoric reads curiously to us now more accustomed to the dry style of scientific historians; but if one resigns himself to the author he may have the pleasure of being philosophical without much effort. By the bye, a question arises which may be merely a quibble but does not Mr. Bancroft jeopardize his copyright property by using a *forth* of entry different from that prescribed by statute? — Brook Farm to

Cedar Mountain, by George H. Gordon (Osgood), is the first of a series of three volumes, the latter two of which had already appeared, in which General Gordon relates the history of the rebellion so far as his division was engaged. His volumes form an important part of the material from which the history of the rebellion will be written, all the more important that they were tested in portion by a prior reading to his old companions in arms. — The twelfth and closing volume of Scribner's valuable Campaigns of the Civil War is General A. A. Humphreys's *The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65*, including the operations of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James. It is therefore a narrative of Grant's army and the events which brought the war to a close. It is a compact military history, free from criticism or comment. — A supplementary volume in the same series is a *Statistical Record of the Armies of the United States*, by Frederick Phisterer. It comprises the numbers and organization of the armies, a chronological record of engagements and battles, and a *Record of the General Officers*. If accurate, it can scarcely fail to be a most useful hand-book.

Travel and Geography. Germany Seen Without Spectacles is the title of a volume in which Mr. Henry Ruggles, who spent two years there, records his observations on various subjects. (Lee & Shepard.) He means by his title to convey the notion that his report is that of a clear-eyed man, who sees things as they are; and he writes with a hearty interest in what he saw which carries him over what might otherwise be dull places. The book tells in a plain, direct fashion many facts omitted from other books of travel. After all, however, spectacles sometimes help vision. — *Sinners and Saints*, by a gentleman who announces himself as Phil Robinson, leaving us in doubt if he is Philip, Philemon, or Philander, is the record of a tour across the States and round them, with three months among the Mormons. (Roberts.) The States is Anglican for the United States. Precisely how the author went round the States is not told, but after one leaves the speculation-irritating title-page behind he finds himself in the company of a practiced and agreeable traveler, who extracts a great deal of sunshine from cucumbers, and labors industriously at giving the Mormons a first-class ticket to heaven. — *Italian Rambles, Studies of Life and Manners in New and Old Italy*, by James Jackson Jarves (Putnams), is an agreeable volume of essays drawn from a long and varied experience and study. Mr. Jarves is at home in Italy; and he is at home there not merely as an antiquarian, but as one who is genuinely interested in the development of art as an expression of civilization: he has much, therefore, to say which is applicable to conditions in America, and he has many pointed observations upon current phases of artistic life. — *The Yellowstone National Park*, by Henry J. Winser (Putnams), is a manual for tourists, being, as the title-page further explains, a description of the mammoth hot springs, the geyser basins, the cataracts, the cañons, and other features of the park. It has twenty-four illustrations, a plan of the upper geyser basin, and

route maps, with various other information desirable by the tourist.

Art. Mr. C. B. Curtis's historical and descriptive catalogue of the works of Velasquez and Murillo (J. W. Bouton) is so much more than a catalogue that the term inadequately describes it. It is not simply a list of the paintings, but an elaborate and authentic account of them, involving the story of their conception, vicissitudes, and present condition. Many of the facts given are exceedingly curious, and throw much light on various points hitherto unsettled. Mr. Curtis deals with two hundred and eighty-one canvases of Murillo, and two hundred and forty-seven of Velasquez. To ascertain the present ownership and location of these was certainly a task which can be fully appreciated only by a collector. Mr. Curtis has been fortunate enough to trace all but forty-seven of Murillo's works, and twenty-one of Velasquez's. England, it appears, is richer than Spain in Velasquez and Murillos, possessing nearly one half of their authenticated pictures. Seven examples of each of these great masters are owned in the United States. Brief biographical and critical sketches of the chief disciples and imitators of the two artists constitute an interesting and valuable feature of the book, which is unexceptionable in typography, and contains four etchings printed by M. Salmon, of Paris. Admirers of the Spanish school of painting owe a special debt to the author for the careful index with which he closes his volume. — *The Catalogue Illustré du Salon for 1883* (J. W. Bouton) contains three hundred pictures reproduced by process from designs prepared by the artists. The possession of this work is absolutely necessary to those who wish to keep themselves posted in French art. — The current volume of *L'Art* contains its usual variety of etchings, engravings, and letterpress. Several of the etchings are quite worthy of framing. Among the wood-cuts, the portraits of Herkomer and Doré may be pronounced admirable. The literature of *L'Art* is always admirable. — *Pianoforte Music, its History, with Biographical Sketches and Critical Estimates of its Greatest Masters*, by John Comfort Fillmore (Townsend MacCoun, Chicago), is a fresh and interesting work which is marked by a studious spirit and a thoroughness and reasonableness of treatment. The writer has not attempted impossible things, but he has done well what he set out to do, and the book will be found very acceptable to hearers as well as to players of the instrument which furnishes his theme. — *Some of Æsop's Fables, with modern instances, shown in designs by Randolph Caldecott* (Macmillan), is a clever book, in which modern and ancient satire are harmoniously disposed about the same theme. The pictures are in admirable taste; the antique ones being rendered with a pleasant modern humor, and the modern ones flavored with an antique grace.

Theology and Morals. *Meditations on Life, Death, and Eternity* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the reissue of a work which appeared in two successive parts shortly after the death of Prince Albert of England. It is a translation from the Ger-

man of Zschokke, though we believe the author never really put his name to the work. It was lifted into special notoriety at the time from its connection with the Prince Consort, who had a great admiration of the original. The meditations have not the mystic character of those of Tauler, but rather represent the practical, evangelical school of German piety, and while a little old fashioned now, will come to many with the force of plain sense. — Herbert Spencer's *The Data of Ethics* (Appleton) has been issued in a cheap form in paper, with a long introduction, in which Mr. Spencer answers his critics, especially Goldwin Smith. — *The Doom of the Majority of Mankind*, by Samuel J. Barrows (American Unitarian Association, Boston), is an arraignment of evangelical denominations upon the subject of eternal punishment. When one considers the full meaning of the subject, and the profound movement now going on in evangelical churches, the book scarcely seems to be the work of a friend. There is a time to hold one's peace, as there is a time to speak.

Education and Text-Books. Swinton's Readers (Ivson) consist of the orthodox series of five. We wish they were confined to three, and that teachers and pupils were then advised to use the skill acquired in reading upon books of continuous literature. We wish too that in the earliest books more attention had been paid to the purity of the English and less to carrying out the author's theory. — *The Reading of Books, its Pleasures, Profits, and Perils*, by Charles F. Thwing (Lee & Shepard), is a sensible little book, which takes up some of the obvious truths regarding education by miscellaneous reading, and presents them in a direct, intelligible manner.

Science and Medicine. *Plant Life*, by Edward Step (Holt), is a series of chapters, of a popular cast, on the phenomena of botany. It is an English work, which has been supplemented by a scheme of the Cryptogamia, compiled from the writings of De Bary, Farlow, Eaton, and others. — A revised edition has been published of James Orton's *Comparative Zoölogy, Structural and Systematic*. (Harpers.) The book was originally published in 1876. Professor Orton has since died, and it is now revised by Professor Birge, of the University of Wisconsin, who has mainly confined himself to such changes and additions as the advance in the science required. — *Tobacco, its Effects on the Hu-*

man System, by Dr. William A. Alcott (Fowler & Wells), is a reprint of an old tract, with notes and additions by Nelson Sizer. It has the misfortune of similar works of paying no attention to the other side. — *The Natural Cure of Consumption, Constipation, Bright's Disease, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds, etc.*, by C. E. Page (Fowler & Wells), is an attempt at impressing common-sense views of preserving and restoring health.

Fiction. *Tiger Lily* and other stories, by Julia Schayer (Scribners), is a collection of five stories of dramatic and sentimental nature. They show a vigor of feeling, and if crude in color are not without force and aim. — *Hot Plowshares*, by Albion W. Tourgée (Ford, Howard & Hulbert), is, in chronological relation to the well-known political novels of this writer, the first in the series; the scene opening in 1848, and closing with the Harper's Ferry affair. — In the Franklin Square Library (Harpers), the latest numbers are *Mongrels*, by T. Wilton, and *Honest Davie*, by Frank Barrett.

Books for Young People. *Nan*, by Lucy C. Lillie (Harpers), is a small novel of a small girl, who had her childish troubles, but was triumphantly honest and misunderstood.

Humor. The famous New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English comes to us in two forms. It has been reprinted "verbatim et literatim," with an introduction by Mark Twain (Osgood), and in an abridged form under the title *English as She is Spoke, or a Jest in Sober Earnest*, with an introduction by James Millington. (Appleton.) One naturally wants the whole of this precious work. — *Co-Education* is a mildly satirical poem by Josephine Pollard, with illustrations by Walter Satterlee, which lose some of their excellence by the commonplaceness of the reproduction and printing.

Politics and Biography. *Underground Russia*, by Stepniak, formerly editor of *Zemlia i Volia* (Scribners), is a rather difficult book to classify. It presents a vivid and interesting statement, from the Nihilistic point of view, of the revolutionary situation in Russia, supplemented by a series of rose-colored sketches of several distinguished — and we may say extinguished — Nihilists, who figure as dreamy saints and poetical martyrs. The historical parts read like romance, and the romantic parts like history. The whole is well worth reading.

AUGUST, 1883

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

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We have reread it, in the new edition, and, though the conditions are widely different, the story has not lost a particle of its inspired power. Mrs. Stowe's introduction adds greatly to the interest of the reprint; she describes, in her own graphic style, the

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Dr. Holmes's New Book.

PAGES from an Old Volume of Life" may fitly be called a new book, inasmuch as more than half the papers contained in it appear for the first time in book form. The *Boston Advertiser* pronounces some of these "the finest essays he has ever produced," and adds:—

Certainly Dr. Holmes has written nothing more trenchant, incisive, and logical than "Jonathan Edwards" and "The Pulpit and the Pew," the two monographs which conclude the volume. One is tempted greatly to fall here into some rambling attempt to define the secret of the wonderful sway which Dr. Holmes has already lived to exercise over two generations; to try some description in words of the inexhaustible and irresistible humor which bubbles up as sweet

and as spontaneous as the golden water of Parizade; some estimate of the keen satiric instinct, pungent and penetrating; some adequate expression of the pathos which makes the tear start ere the laugh is ended, only to be dried in the smile which the next sentence calls up. But this temptation must for the time being be put by to say that he who takes into his hand "Pages from an Old Volume of Life" has a treat in store for him as rich as the title is quaint and charming.

A Large-Paper Edition of Swift's Works.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have made arrangements with Messrs. Bickers and Son of London, by which they become publishers of the American Edition of the large-paper issue of the Works of Jonathan Swift. This edition, which is limited to 250 copies for America, will be comprised in nineteen octavo volumes, and includes a Life of the author by Sir Walter Scott, with Notes. The writings and life of Dean Swift are so well known that it is needless to enlarge upon the interest which these volumes possess. Those who wish to procure copies should not delay in subscribing.

The "Beautiful N. E."

Mr. Hoppin's summer story of "A Fashionable Sufferer" is, according to the *Boston Transcript*, "an entertaining burlesque on that form of invalidism known as 'nervous prostration' or 'exhaustion.' The *Christian Intelligencer*, of New York, finds it "bright, amusing, and suggestive," and "the illustrations add greatly to the pleasure of the reader."

The *Boston Courier* says:—

Writing while still under the charm of Mr. Hoppin's book, we are tempted to say that it equals Longfellow's "Hyperion" in the line of perfection of good taste in sentimental literature. A summer book, describ-

ing the summer life of a company of elegant people. There are in it clever analysis, wit, graceful description, and a pleasant sadness that is a burden to no reader's spirits.

The *Philadelphia Press* pronounces the book "full of clever things, and the illustrations thoroughly characteristic;" and *The Critic* finds the illustrations very "taking." The *Providence Journal* remarks:—

The book will amuse many a leisure hour for readers in general, while it will particu-

larly interest those who make their abode or who return season after season to these charm-

ing heights among the Connecticut hills. The sketches are brimful of fun, and of gentle irony and good-natured sarcasm unmingled with a particle of malevolence. The absurdities of fashionable life are keenly criticised,

especially the fashionable inanition that takes on the form of nervous exhaustion. . . . The illustrations almost talk, and are artistically touched.

From Ponkapog to Pesth.

The New York *Tribune*, speaking of Mr. Aldrich's new book, says :—

The airy, fairy charm of these slight sketches is quite indescribable. Mr. Aldrich's debonaire style has here reached its most polished perfection, and in "sweet civility" of manner, in sunshiny humor, and in graphic drawing he will hardly give us anything better. He has the art to paint a pic-

ture in a phrase, a word, and to make with his poetic vision the desert of the commonplace traveler to blossom as the rose. Humor permeates the book as with a delicate fragrance, and now and then a gay stroke of wit dazzles upon the page as a sunbeam in a sparkling brook.

The Cleveland *Leader* remarks :—

As Mr. Aldrich was treated by the serving man of one of those exclusive private-public hotels of London, whose photograph, under the caption of "Smith," forms so delightful a chapter in his book, so does he treat his

reader in this incomparable volume—that is, his reader who is in any way susceptible—knocks him down with his urbanity. None of his other prose works equal it in rich fancy or keen humor.

Comparison of all Religions.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke's work on Ten Great Religions, of which the Second Part has recently been published, is recognized by all competent judges as a work of unusual value, both for its careful comparison of the leading ideas of the dominant religious systems of history, and for its remarkable candor.

The *Portland Press* remarks :—

There is no other volume in the English language which gives so fair and just a comparison of heathen religions with Christianity as that given in these two books. The author assumes, and endeavors to set visibly forth

the superiority, in a moral and philosophical sense, of the religion of the New Testament above all other religions; but he does not, in this endeavor, depreciate or undervalue the great teachers of the farther East.

The *Churchman*, of New York, observes :—

There never was, perhaps, a time, when a work like this of Dr. Clarke's could have been so well undertaken. The last few years have done much to throw light upon the religions of the world, and especially those of the East. Of these researches the author has

availed himself, and he has given the world a book unique in design and execution; in its attempt to trace the doctrines we have named through all religions the work has no predecessor.

The Autobiography of Thurlow Weed.

This important work is now completed, and is already in the hands of the earliest subscribers. It is a volume of 650 pages, and includes those chapters of his reminiscences which Mr. Weed had prepared. The peculiar and intimate relations that Mr. Weed sustained with the highest officials in the country, and indeed with the leading citizens in all walks of life, give to his work a remarkable interest. His sagacity, large experience, knowledge of human nature, and freedom from official self-seeking, made him the trusted counselor of men in widely different positions, who confided to him in an unusual degree the perplexities of their situations, and sought his advice in regard to proposed methods of action. The work is a repository of interesting and illuminating reminiscences of public men and public matters in the United States for the last half century. The narrative of Mr. Weed's life will be completed later in the season in a Memoir which is now being prepared by his grandson, Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes.

Mr. Munger's "Freedom of Faith"

Still attracts marked attention, both for its own intrinsic value and charm, and because of its representative character, formulating in a distinct manner what has heretofore been quite nebulous, "the new theology." The *Congregationalist* says:—

The prefatory essay certainly contains the fullest and clearest statement—indeed, the only very definite statement—of what the "new theology" is, with which we ever have met. This gives the volume an interest and a certain importance which it would not have otherwise, in addition to those which its utterances upon other themes involve. Mr.

Munger has made a valuable contribution towards blowing away the mists which hitherto have veiled the development of the views which he holds. . . . This volume is most fascinating. In simplicity, clearness, force, and delicacy of thought, and in the musical charm of its flowing but not diffuse style it wins the reader's admiration.

The *Iowa Normal Monthly* speaks of it with profound sympathy:—

This book will answer the deepest needs of hundreds of thousands of souls. There are thousands who would accept Christianity with joy, if they knew it as it is, who reject it with hatred because they identify it with an exaggerated interpretation of its mediæval formulas. Mr. Munger is a writer of ability, of clearness of thought, of judicial mind, of a deeply devout and Christian spirit. He goes over the whole ground—the reception of new truth, inspiration, atonement, the limit

of probation, immortality, resurrection, retribution, the judgment—and treats them in the light of common sense and modern scholarship—and he gives us a Christianity with all its power and sweetness and depth unimpaired, and the old scholastic ideas which have been piled around it till many have mistaken them for the real thing, cleared away. We wish the book could be in the hands of every doubting and troubled soul.

"But Yet a Woman."

Professor Hardy's engaging novel still holds the attention of the reading public against all later comers. Perhaps the *Literary World* explains this fact when it says:—

Some novels lie in low places, level with the marshes, shut in from expanding views, infected with mists and miasmas. This one is high up among the everlasting hills, where the air is fresh and the breezes blow, and distant peaks are all aglow with the sunlight. The range of the book is lofty, its detail is exquisite, it moves with a steady and even progression, its tone is deep and rich with true feeling and uplifting sentiment. Two women like *Rénée* and *Stéphanie* are not commonly found in the same pages, nor are

such lessons of self-control and self-renunciation often more sweetly told. . . .

The interest of this fine and noble story, its freshness, its purity, the manly vigor with which it is written, its tenderness of feeling, its high and sacred *motif*, the beauty of its pictures, the life-likeness of its human figures, the moral sublimity of the height out upon which it brings and leaves the reader, combine to make it the most notable novel of the season. Save "*Mr. Isaacs*," we have had nothing so good this long time.

The ninth thousand is now on sale in this country, and the book is reprinted in England by Messrs. Macmillan and Company.

Lodge's Daniel Webster.

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's book on Webster is generally accounted one of the noblest volumes in the series of *American Statesmen*. The *Philadelphia Press* says:—

It will be read by students of history; it will be invaluable as a work of reference; it will be an authority as regards matters of fact and criticism; it hits the key-note of

Webster's durable and ever-growing fame; it is adequate, calm, impartial; it is admirable.

The *Boston Transcript* remarks:—

The massiveness of Mr. Lodge's subject, the compass and high significance of many of the single themes with which he has had to labor, and the voluminous amount of the material requiring his critical study, would

seem to have demanded a singular skill of compression in bringing the results within this small volume. Yet the task has been achieved ably, admirably, and faithfully.

A Remarkably Good Book.

The recent publication of Zschokke's "Meditations on Life, Death, and Eternity" in a single volume recalls attention to a book quite too good to be pushed out of sight and forgotten. The New York *Christian at Work* says:—

It was a favorite book with Prince Albert, and the two volumes, now published in one, had a genial welcome among thoughtful religious readers in England and here. The work has been out of print for some time, and this new, handsome volume will find a large class of earnest, religious minds. It is

a book to read by installments, to brood over and grow up to, and spiritually absorb, rather than to be read on the jump and then laid aside. It belongs to the library of religious experience and meditation, and is rich in suggestions and reflections relating to the spiritual life.

The New York *Observer* remarks:—

Amid the engrossing cares of the world too little attention is paid to the meditative phases of religion; and the devotional and

helpful contents of the book will be found a valuable aid to those who would cultivate the spiritual life in that direction.

Childhood Songs.

A new edition has just been issued of this charming volume of poems for and about children, by Miss Lucy Larcom, and the price has been reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.00. This is not a selection from various writers, but the poems are all from Miss Larcom's own hand, and have a variety and simplicity and a sympathetic charm quite unusual and altogether attractive. The book is profusely and beautifully illustrated, and its low price should cause it to find a place in hundreds of thousands of families, wherever there are children to be charmed by its stories, and helped by the excellent influence which pervades the book.

Books for Seaside and Country.

The following books possess a special attraction for those who visit places that poets or novelists or travel-writers have described.

New England.—The two volumes of Longfellow's "Poems of Places" devoted to New England (\$1.00 each) contain almost every poem of importance or interest written about, or inspired by, any locality in these six States.

Maine Woods, Lakes, and Seaport Towns, which attract a host of summer visitors, are very effectively and winningly described in Lowell's "Moosehead Journal" (in "Fireside Travels," \$1.50); Thoreau's "Maine Woods" (\$1.50); Mrs. Stowe's "Pearl of Orr's Island" (\$1.50); J. Emerson Smith's "Oakridge, an Old-Time Story of Maine" (\$2.00); Miss Jewett's delightful "Deephaven," "Old Friends and New," and "Country By-Ways" (each \$1.25); and Miss Howard's widely popular story, "One Summer" (\$1.25),—all Maine books, and though good to read anywhere, they can be read with special zest in the places from which they derive their local color and charm.

The Isles of Shoals are treated historically in Mr. Jenness's book of this name (\$1.50), which, besides containing a description and the annals of these famous islands, has cuts and maps. Mrs. Celia Thaxter's little book, "Among the Isles of Shoals" (\$1.25), has a peculiar charm, coming from one whose life has mostly been spent on the islands, and who writes of

them with a deep and poetic enthusiasm as sincere as it is delightful. Mrs. Thaxter's "Poems" and "Drift Weed" (\$1.50 each) are so full of the life and spirit of the ocean that all who visit the Isles of Shoals or the seaside should not fail to take with them these engaging volumes.

Cape Ann, and in many respects the whole eastern coast of New England, are charmingly described and their legends picturesquely sung in Miss Lucy Larcom's delightful "Wild Roses of Cape Ann, and Other Poems" (\$1.25). "Roadside Poems," for summer travelers, and "Hillside and Seaside in Poetry," edited by Miss Larcom, are two "Little Classic" books, full of the best out-door poetry (\$1.00 each).

As the *Boston Transcript* well says : —

In these two volumes nearly all the great last very many of the best things which have songs of the hills are contained, and in the been sung of the sea.

The White Mountains. — Whittier's "Among the Hills" (\$1.00) and Mrs. Whitney's "Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life" (\$1.50) are specially adapted for reading among the White Mountains. So are "Tales of the White Hills," by Hawthorne, comprising the "Great Stone Face," a story of Profile Mountain ; "The Great Carbuncle," a mysterious tradition of the Crystal Hills ; and "The Ambitious Guest," a story of the Notch. These three stories, with Hawthorne's "Legends of New England," and Mr. Fields's essay on Hawthorne, form a tasteful "Modern Classic" book, (50 cents).

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Portsmouth, under the name of Rivermouth, has been made a charmingly classic place by Mr. Aldrich in "The Story of a Bad Boy" (\$1.50), "Prudence Palfrey" (\$1.50), and in several of the short stories in "Marjorie Daw" (\$1.50).

Concord (Mass.). — Its historic scenes, and the homes of Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau, etc., are described or sketched in Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse" (\$2.00) ; "Septimius Felton" (\$1.25), a story of the Revolution and of earthly immortality ; "American Note-Books" (\$2.00) ; Thoreau's "Walden" (\$1.50), and "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack" (\$1.50). All these books possess a literary excellence that gives them a permanent value, while they are of immediate interest to all who wish to gain special hints or information regarding Concord and the famous men and historic incidents that make it one of the Meccas of the New World.

British Provinces. — Some information about Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, etc., and a great deal of the most delightful humor, will be found in "Baddeck," by C. D. Warner (\$1.00). The St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec, and the Saguenay River, are on the routes of Mr. Howells's two delightful stories, "Their Wedding Journey" and "A Chance Acquaintance," and his descriptions of scenery are hardly less charming than the girls and ladies whom he photographs so exquisitely (\$1.25 each, paper 50 cents). In Thoreau's "A Yankee in Canada" are some admirable descriptions (\$1.50).

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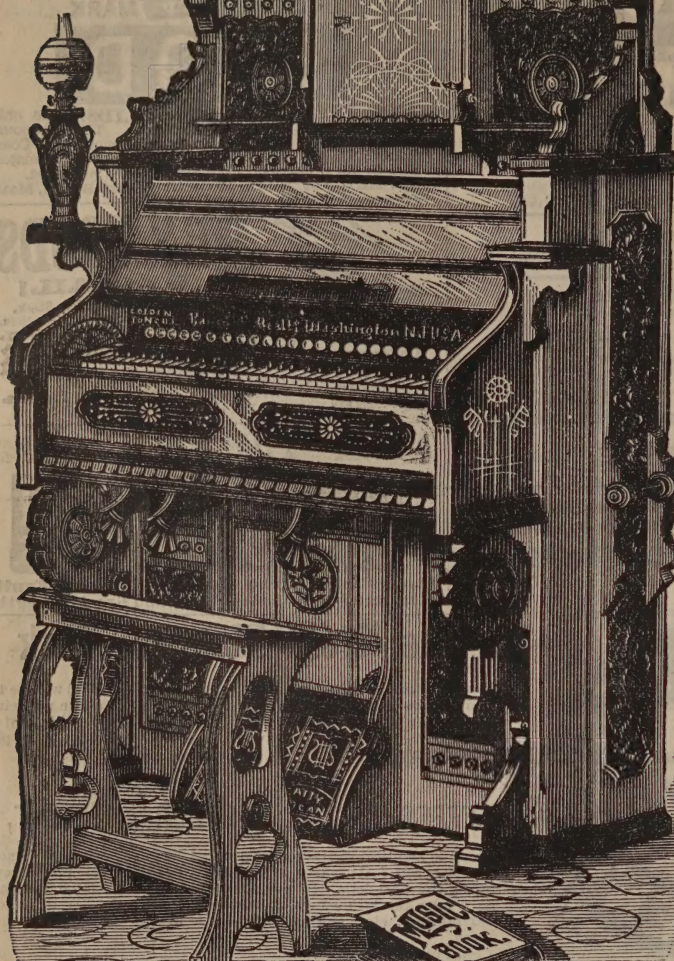
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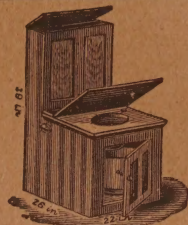
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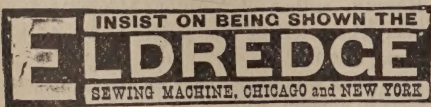
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A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LII. — SEPTEMBER, 1883. — No. CCCXI.

A ROMAN SINGER.

V.

NINO was thoroughly frightened, for he knew that discovery portended the loss of everything most dear to him. No more lessons with Hedwig, no more parties to the Pantheon — no more peace, no more anything. He wrung his fingers together and breathed hard.

"Ah, signora!" he found voice to exclaim, "I am sure you cannot believe it possible" —

"Why not, Signor Cardegna?" asked the baroness, looking up at him from under her half-closed lids with a mocking glance. "Why not? Did you not tell me where you lived? And does not the whole neighborhood know that you are no other than Giovanni Cardegna, commonly called Nino, who is to make his *début* in the Carnival season?"

"Dio mio!" ejaculated Nino in a hoarse voice, realizing that he was entirely found out, and that nothing could save him. He paced the room in an agony of despair, and his square face was as white as a sheet. The baroness sat watching him with a smile on her lips, amused at the tempest she had created, and pretending to know much more than she did. She thought it not impossible that Nino, who was certainly poor, might be supporting himself by teaching Italian while studying for the stage, and she inwardly admired his

sense and twofold talent, if that were really the case. But she was willing to torment him a little, seeing that she had the power.

"Signor Cardegna" — she called him in her soft voice. He turned quickly, and stood facing her, his arms crossed.

"You look like Napoleon at Waterloo, when you stand like that," she laughed. He made no answer, waiting to see what she would do with her victory. "It seems that you are sorry I have discovered you," she added presently, looking down at her hands.

"Is that all!" he said, with a bitter sneer on his pale young face.

"Then, since you are sorry, you must have a reason for concealment," she went on, as though reflecting on the situation. It was deftly done, and Nino took heart.

"Signora," he said in a trembling voice, "it is natural that a man should wish to live. I give lessons now, until I have appeared in public, to support myself."

"Ah — I begin to understand," said the baroness. "In reality, she began to doubt, reflecting that if this were the whole truth Nino would be too proud — or any other Italian — to say it so plainly. She was subtle, the baroness!

"And do you suppose," he continued, "that if once the Conte di Lira had an idea that I was to be a public singer he

would employ me as a teacher for his daughter?"

"No, but others might," she objected.

"But not the count" — Nino bit his lip, fearing he had betrayed himself.

"Nor the contessina," laughed the baroness, completing the sentence. He saw at a glance what she suspected, and instead of keeping cool grew angry.

"I came here, Signora Baronessa, not to be cross-examined, but to teach you Italian. Since you do not desire to study, I will say good-morning." He took his hat, and moved proudly to the door.

"Come here," she said, not raising her voice, but still commanding. He turned, hesitated, and came back. He thought her voice was changed. She rose, and swept her silken morning-gown between the chairs and tables, till she reached a deep divan on the other side of the room. There she sat down.

"Come and sit beside me," she said kindly, and he obeyed in silence.

"Do you know what would have happened," she continued, when he was seated, "if you had left me just now? I would have gone to the Graf von Lira and told him that you were not a fit person to teach his daughter; that you are a singer, and not a professor at all; and that you have assumed this disguise for the sake of seeing his daughter." But I do not believe that she would have done it.

"That would have been a betrayal," said Nino fiercely, looking away from her. She laughed lightly.

"Is it not natural," she asked, "that I should make inquiries about my Italian teacher, before I begin lessons with him? And if I find he is not what he pretends to be, should I not warn my intimate friends?" She spoke so reasonably that he was fain to acknowledge that she was right.

"It is just," he said sullenly. "But you have been very quick to make your inquiries, as you call them."

"The time was short, since you were to come this morning."

"That is true," he answered. He moved uneasily. "And now, signora, will you be kind enough to tell me what you intend to do with me?"

"Certainly, since you are more reasonable. You see I treat you altogether as an artist, and not at all as an Italian master. A great artist may idle away a morning in a woman's boudoir; a simple teacher of languages must be more industrious."

"But I am not a great artist," said Nino, whose vanity — we all have it — began to flutter a little.

"You will be one before long, and one of the greatest. You are a boy yet, my little tenor," said she, looking at him with her dark eyes, "and I might almost be your mother. How old are you, Signor Nino?"

"I was twenty on my last birthday," he answered, blushing.

"You see! I am thirty — at least," she added, with a short laugh.

"Well, signora, what of that?" asked Nino, half amused. "I wish I were thirty myself."

"I am glad you are not," said she. "Now listen. You are completely in my power, do you understand? Yes. And you are apparently very much in love with my young friend, the Contessina di Lira" — Nino sprang to his feet, his face white again, but with rage this time.

"Signora," he cried, "this is too much! It is insufferable! Good-morning," and he made as though he would go.

"Very well," said the baroness; "then I will go to the Graf and explain who you are. Ah — you are calm again in a moment? Sit down. Now I have discovered you, and I have a right to you, do you see? It is fortunate for you that I like you."

"You! You like me? In truth, you act as though you did! Besides, you

are a stranger, Signora Baronessa, and a great lady. I never saw you till yesterday." But he resumed his seat.

"Good," said she. "Is not the Signorina Edvigia a great lady, and was there never a day when she was a stranger too?"

"I do not understand your caprices, signora. In fine, what do you want of me?"

"It is not necessary that you should understand me," answered the dark-eyed baroness. "Do you think I would hurt you — or rather your voice?"

"I do not know."

"You know very well that I would not; and as for my caprices, as you call them, do you think it is a caprice to love music? No, of course not. And who loves music loves musicians; at least," she added, with a most enchanting smile, "enough to wish to have them near one. That is all. I want you to come here often and sing to me. Will you come and sing to me, my little tenor?"

Nino would not have been human had he not felt the flattery through the sting. And I always say that singers are the vainest kind of people.

"It is very like singing in a cage," he said, in protest. Nevertheless, he knew he must submit; for, however narrow his experience might be, this woman's smile and winning grace, even when she said the hardest things, told him that she would have her own way. He had the sense to understand, too, that whatever her plans might be, their object was to bring him near to herself, a reflection which was extremely soothing to his vanity.

"If you will come and sing to me, — only to me, of course, for I would not ask you to compromise your *début*, — but if you will come and sing to me, we shall be very good friends. Does it seem to you such a terrible penance to sing to me in my solitude?"

"It is never a penance to sing," said

Nino simply. A shade of annoyance crossed the baroness's face.

"Provided," she said, "it entails nothing. Well, we will not talk about the terms."

They say women sometimes fall in love with a voice: *vox et præterea nihil*, as the poet has it. I do not know whether that is what happened to the baroness at first, but it has always seemed strange to me that she should have given herself so much trouble to secure Nino, unless she had a very strong fancy for him. I, for my part, think that when a lady of her condition takes such a sudden caprice into her head, she thinks it necessary to maltreat the poor man a little at first, just to satisfy her conscience, and to be able to say later that she did not encourage him. I have had some experience, as everybody is aware, and so I may speak boldly. On the other hand, a man like Nino, when he is in love, is absolutely blind to other women. There is only one idea in his soul that has any life, and every one outside that idea is only so much landscape; they are no better for him — the other women — than a museum of wax dolls.

The baroness, as you have seen, had Nino in her power, and there was nothing for it but submission; he came and went at her bidding, and often she would send for him when he least expected it. He would do as she commanded, somewhat sullenly and with a bad grace, but obediently, for all that; she had his destiny in her hands, and could in a moment frustrate all his hopes. But, of course, she knew that if she betrayed him to the count, Nino would be lost to her also, since he came to her only in order to maintain his relations with Hedwig.

Meanwhile, the blue-eyed maiden of the North waxed fitful. Sometimes two or three lessons would pass in severe study. Nino, who always took care to know the passages they were reading, so that he might look at her instead of

at his book, had instituted an arrangement by which they sat opposite each other at a small table. He would watch her every movement and look, and carry away a series of photographs of her, — a whole row, like the little books of Roman views they sell in the streets, strung together on a strip of paper, — and these views of her lasted with him for two whole days, until he saw her again. But sometimes he would catch a glimpse of her in the interval, driving with her father.

There were other days when Hedwig could not be induced to study, but would overwhelm Nino with questions about his wonderful cousin who sang; so that he longed with his whole soul to tell her it was he himself who had sung. She saw his reluctance to speak about it, and she blushed when she mentioned the night at the Pantheon; but for her life she could not help talking of the pleasure she had had. Her blushes seemed like the promise of spring roses to her lover, who drank of the air of her presence till that subtle ether ran like fire through his veins. He was nothing to her, he could see; but the singer of the Pantheon engrossed her thoughts and brought the hot blood to her cheek. The beam of moonlight had pierced the soft virgin darkness of her sleeping soul, and found a heart so cold and spotless that even a moon ray was warm by comparison. And the voice that sang "*Spirto gentil dei sogni miei*" had itself become by memory the gentle spirit of her own dreams. She is so full of imagination, this statue of Nino's, that she heard the notes echoing after her by day and night, till she thought she must go mad unless she could hear the reality again. As the great solemn statue of Egyptian Memnon murmurs sweet, soft sounds to its mighty self at sunrise, a musical whisper in the desert, so the pure white marble of Nino's living statue vibrated with strange harmonies all the day long.

One night, as Nino walked homeward with De Pretis, who had come to supper with us, he induced the maestro to go out of his way at least half a mile, to pass the Palazzo Carmandola. It was a still night, not over-cold for December, and there were neither stars nor moon. As they passed the great house Nino saw a light in Hedwig's sitting-room — the room where he gave her the lessons. It was late, and she must be alone. On a sudden he stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked De Pretis.

For all answer, Nino, standing in the dark street below, lifted up his voice and sang the first notes of the air he always associated with his beautiful contessina. Before he had sung a dozen bars, the window opened, and the girl's figure could be seen, black against the light within. He went on for a few notes, and then ceased suddenly.

"Let us go," he said in a low voice to Ercole; and they went away, leaving the contessina listening in the stillness to the echo of their feet. A Roman girl would not have done that; she would have sat quietly inside, and never have shown herself. But foreigners are so impulsive!

Nino never heard the last of those few notes, any more than the contessina, literally speaking, ever heard the end of the song.

"Your cousin, about whom you make so much mystery, passed under my window last night," said the young lady the next day, with the usual display of carnation in her cheeks at the mention of him.

"Indeed, signorina?" said Nino calmly, for he expected the remark. "And since you have never seen him, pray how did you know it was he?"

"How should one know?" she asked scornfully. "There are not two such voices as his in Italy. He sang."

"He sang?" cried Nino, with an affectation of alarm. "I must tell the

maestro not to let him sing in the open air; he will lose his voice."

"Who is his master?" asked Hedwig, suddenly.

"I cannot remember the name just now," said Nino, looking away. "But I will find out, if you wish." He was afraid of putting De Pretis to any inconvenience by saying that the young singer was his pupil. "However," he continued, "you will hear him sing as often as you please, after he makes his *début* next month." He sighed when he thought that it would all so soon be over. For how could he disguise himself any longer, when he should be singing in public every night? But Hedwig clapped her hands.

"So soon?" she cried. "Then there will be an end of the mystery."

"Yes," said Nino gravely, "there will be an end of the mystery."

"At least you can tell me his name, now that we shall all know it?"

"Oh, his name — his name is Cardegna, like mine. He is my cousin, you know." And they went on with the lesson. But something of the kind occurred almost every time he came, so that he felt quite sure that, however indifferent he might be in her eyes, the singer, the Nino of whom she knew nothing, interested her deeply.

Meanwhile he was obliged to go very often to the baroness's scented boudoir, which smelled of incense and other Eastern perfumes, whenever it did not smell of cigarettes; and there he sang little songs, and submitted patiently to her demands for more and more music. She would sit by the piano and watch him as he sang, wondering whether he were handsome or ugly, with his square face and broad throat and the black circles round his eyes. He had a fascination for her, as being something utterly new to her.

One day she stood and looked over the music as he sang, almost touching him, and his hair was so curly and soft

to look at that she was seized with a desire to stroke it, as Mariuccia strokes the old gray cat for hours together. The action was quite involuntary, and her fingers rested only a moment on his head.

"It is so curly," she said, half playfully, half apologetically. But Nino started as though he had been stung, and his dark face grew pale. A girl could not have seemed more hurt at a strange man's touch.

"Signora!" he cried, springing to his feet. The baroness, who is as dark as he, blushed almost red, partly because she was angry, and partly because she was ashamed.

"What a boy you are!" she said, carelessly enough, and turned away to the window, pushing back one heavy curtain with her delicate hand, as if she would look out.

"Pardon me, signora, I am not a boy," said Nino, speaking to the back of her head as he stood behind her. "It is time we understood each other better. I love like a man and I hate like a man. I love some one very much."

"Fortunate *contessina*!" laughed the baroness, mockingly, without turning round.

"It does not concern you, signora, to know whom I love, nor, if you know, to speak of her. I ask you a simple question. If you loved a man with your whole soul and heart, would you allow another man to stand beside you and stroke your hair, and say it was curly?" The baroness burst out laughing. "Do not laugh," he continued. "Remember that I am in your power only so long as it pleases me to submit to you. Do not abuse your advantage, or I will be capable of creating for myself situations quite as satisfactory as that of Italian master to the *Signorina di Lira*."

"What do you mean?" she asked, turning suddenly upon him. "I suppose you would tell me that you will

make advantages for yourself which you will abuse, against me? What do you mean?"

"I do not mean that. I mean only that I may not wish to give lessons to the contessina much longer." By this time the baroness had recovered her equanimity; and as she would have been sorry to lose Nino, who was a source of infinite pleasure and amusement to her, she decided to pacify him, instead of teasing him any more.

"Is it not very foolish for us to quarrel about your curly hair?" said she. "We have been such good friends, always." It might have been three weeks, her "always."

"I think it is," answered Nino gravely. "But do not stroke my hair again, Signora Baronessa, or I shall be angry." He was quite serious, if you believe it, though he was only twenty. He forthwith sat down to the piano again and sang on. The baroness sat very silent and scarcely looked at him; but she held her hands clasped on her knee, and seemed to be thinking. After a time Nino stopped singing, and sat silent also, absently turning over the sheets of music. It was warm in the room, and the sounds from the street were muffled and far away.

"Signor Nino," said the lady at last, in a different voice, "I am married."

"Yes, signora," he replied, wondering what would come next.

"It would be very foolish of me to care for you."

"It would also be very wicked," he said calmly; for he is well grounded in religion. The baroness stared at him in some surprise, but seeing he was perfectly serious, she went on.

"Precisely, as you say, very wicked. That being the case, I have decided not to care for you any more — I mean, not to care for you at all. I have made up my mind to be your friend."

"I am much obliged to your ladyship," he answered, without moving a

muscle. For you see, he did not believe her.

"Now tell me, then, Signor Nino, are you in earnest in what you are doing? Do you really set your heart on doing this thing?"

"What?" asked Nino, annoyed at the persistence of the woman.

"Why need you be afraid to understand me? Can you not forgive me? Can you not believe in me, that I will be your friend? I have always dreamed of being the friend of a great artist. Let me be yours, and believe me, the thing you have in your heart shall be done."

"I would like to hope so," he said. But he smiled incredulously. "I can only say that if you can accomplish what it is in my heart to do, I will go through fire and water at your bidding; and if you are not mocking me, I am very grateful for the offer. But if you please, signora, we will not speak any more of this at present. I may be a great artist, some day. Sometimes I feel sure that I shall. But now I am simply Giovanni Cardegna, teacher of literature; and the highest favor you can confer on me is not to deprive me of my means of support, by revealing to the Conte di Lira my other occupation. I may fail hopelessly at the outset of my artistic career, and in that case I shall certainly remain a teacher of language."

"Very well," said the baroness, in a subdued voice; for, in spite of her will and willfulness, this square-faced boy of mine was more than a match for her. "Very well, you will believe me another day, and now I will ask you to go, for I am tired."

I cannot be interrupted by your silly questions about the exact way in which things happened. I must tell this story in my own way, or not at all; and I am sacrificing a great deal to your taste in cutting out all the little things that I really most enjoy telling. Whether

you are astonished at the conduct of the baroness, after a three weeks' acquaintance, or not, I care not a fig. It is just the way it happened, and I dare say she was really madly in love with Nino. If I had been Nino, I should have been in love with her. But I would like you to admire my boy's audacity, and to review the situation, before I go on to speak of that important event in his life, his first appearance on the boards of the opera. At the time of his début he was still disguised as a teacher of Italian to the young contessina. She thought him interesting and intelligent, but that was all. Her thoughts were entirely, though secretly, engrossed by the mysterious singer, whom she had heard twice, but had not seen, as far as she knew. Nino, on the other hand, loved her to desperation, and would have acted like a madman had he been deprived of his privilege of speaking to her three times a week. He loved her with the same earnest determination to win her that he had shown for years in the study of his art, and with all the rest of his nature besides, which is saying much — not to mention his soul, of which he thinks a great deal more than I do.

Besides this, the baroness had apparently fallen in love with him, had made him her intimate, and flattered him in a way to turn his head. Then she seemed to have thought better of her passion, and had promised him her friendship, — a promise which he himself considered of no importance whatever. As for the old Conte di Lira, he read the German newspapers, and cared for none of these things. De Pretis took an extra pinch of his good snuff, when he thought that his liberal ideas might yet be realized, and a man from the people marry a great lady by fairly winning her. Do not, after this, complain that I have left you in the dark, or that you do not know how it happened. It is as clear as water, and it was about four months

from the time Nino saw Hedwig in St. Peter's to the time when he first sang in public.

Christmas passed by, — thank Heaven, the municipality has driven away those most detestable pifferari, who played on their discordant bagpipes at every corner for a fortnight, and nearly drove me crazy, — and the Befana, as we call the Epiphany in Rome, was gone, with its gay racket, and the night fair in the Piazza Navona, and the days for Nino's first appearance drew near. I never knew anything about the business arrangements for the début, since De Pretis settled all that with Jacovacci, the impresario; but I know that there were many rehearsals, and that I was obliged to stand security to the theatrical tailor, together with De Pretis, in order that Nino might have his dress made. As for the cowl in the last act, De Pretis has a brother who is a monk, and between them they put together a very decent friar's costume; and Mariuccia had a good piece of rope, which Nino used for a girdle.

"What does it matter?" he said, with much good sense. "For if I sing well, they will not look at my monk's hood; and if I sing badly, I may be dressed like the Holy Father, and they will hiss me just the same. But in the beginning I must look like a courtier, and be dressed like one."

"I suppose so," said I; "but I wish you had taken to philosophy."

VI.

I shall never forget the day of Nino's first appearance. You may imagine whether we were in a state of excitement or not, after all these years of study and waiting. There was much more trouble and worry than if he had written a great book, and was just to publish it, and receive the homage of all the learning and talent in Europe;

which is the kind of *début* I had hoped he would make in life, instead of putting on a foolish dress, and stamping about on a stage, and squalling love songs to a packed house, making pantomime with his hands, and altogether behaving like an idiot, — a crowd of people ready to hiss him at the slightest indication of weakness, or to carry him on their shoulders if they fancied his voice to their taste.

No wonder Nino was sad and depressed all day, and when he tried his voice in the afternoon thought it was less clear than usual, and stared at himself in the looking-glass, wondering whether he were not too ugly altogether, as I always told him. To tell the truth, he was not so ugly as he had been; for the months with the *contessina* had refined him singularly, and perhaps he had caught a certain grace of manner from the baroness. He had grown more silent, too, and seemed always preoccupied, as well he might be; but he had concealed his affair with the *Lira* family from me until that day, and I supposed him anxious about his appearance.

Early in the morning came De Pretis, and suggested that it would be better for Nino to take a walk and breathe the fresh air a little; so I bade him go, and I did not see him again until the afternoon. De Pretis said that the only cause for anxiety was from stage fright, and went away taking snuff and flourishing his immense cotton handkerchief. I thought a man must be a fool to work for years in order to sing, and then, when he had learned to do it quite well, to be afraid of showing what he knew. I did not think Nino would be frightened.

Of course, there was a final rehearsal at eleven, and Nino put off the hour of the lesson with the *contessina* to three in the afternoon, by some excuse or other. He must have felt very much pressed for time, having to give her a

lesson on the very day of his coming out; and besides, he knew very well that it might be the last of his days with her, and that a great deal would depend on the way he bore himself at his trial. He sang badly, or thought he did, at the rehearsal, and grew more and more depressed and grave as the day advanced. He came out of the little stage door of the Apollo theatre at *Tor di Nona*, and his eyes fell upon the broad bills and posters announcing the first appearance of "*Giovanni Cardegna*, the most distinguished pupil of the *Maestro Ercole De Pretis*, in Verdi's opera the *Favorita*." His heart sank at the sight of his own name, and he turned towards the *Bridge of Sant' Angelo* to get away from it. He was the last to leave the theatre, and De Pretis was with him.

At that moment he saw Hedwig von *Lira* sitting in an open carriage, in front of the box office. De Pretis bowed low; she smiled; and Nino took off his hat, but would not go near her, escaping in the opposite direction. He thought she looked somewhat surprised, but his only idea was to get away, lest she should call him and put some awkward question.

An hour and a half later he entered her sitting-room. There she sat, as usual, with her books, awaiting him perhaps for the last time, a fair, girlish figure with gold hair, but oh, so cold! — it makes me shiver to think of how she used to look. Possibly there was a dreaminess about her blue eyes that made up for her manner; but how Nino could love her, I cannot understand. It must have been like making love to a pillar of ice.

"I am much indebted to you for allowing me to come at this hour, *signorina*," he said, as he bowed.

"Ah, professore, it looks almost as though it were you yourself who were to make your *début*," said she, laughing and leaning back in her chair. "Your name is on every corner in Rome, and I

saw you coming out of a side door of the theatre this morning." Nino trembled, but reflected that if she had suspected anything she would not have made so light of it.

"The fact is, signorina, my cousin is so nervous that he begged me earnestly to be present at the rehearsal this morning; and as it is the great event of his life, I could not easily refuse him. I presume you are going to hear him, since I saw your carriage at the theatre."

"Yes. At the last minute, my father wanted to change our box for one nearer the stage, and so we went ourselves. The baroness — you know, the lady who went with us to the Pantheon — is going with us to-night." It was the first time Hedwig had mentioned her, and it was evident that Nino's intimacy with the baroness had been kept a secret. How long would it be so? Mechanically he proceeded with the lesson, thinking mournfully that he should never give her another. But Hedwig was more animated than he had ever seen her, and often stopped to ask questions about the coming performance. It was evident that she was entirely absorbed with the thought of at last hearing to its fullest extent the voice that had haunted her dreams; most of all, with the anticipation of what this wonderful singer would be like. Dwelling on the echo of his singing for months had roused her interest and curiosity to such a pitch that she could hardly be quiet a moment, or think calmly of what she was to enjoy; and yet she looked so very cold and indifferent at most times. But Nino had noticed all this, and rejoiced at it; young as he was, however, he understood that the discovery she was about to make would be a shock that would certainly produce some palpable result, when she should see him from her box in the theatre. He trembled for the consequences.

The lesson was over all too soon, and

Nino lingered a moment to see whether the very last drops of his cup of happiness might not still be sweet. He did not know when he should see her again, to speak with her; and though he determined it should not be long, the future seemed very uncertain, and he would look on her loveliness while he might.

"I hope you will like my cousin's singing," he said, rather timidly.

"If he sings as he has sung before, he is the greatest artist living," she said calmly, as though no one would dispute it. "But I am curious to see him, as well as to hear him."

"He is not handsome," said Nino, smiling a little. "In fact, there is a family resemblance; he is said to look like me."

"Why did you not tell me that before?" she asked quickly, and fixed her blue eyes on Nino's face, as though she wished to photograph the features in her mind.

"I did not suppose the signorina would think twice about a singer's appearance," said Nino quietly. Hedwig blushed and turned away, busying herself with her books. At that moment Graf von Lira entered from the next room. Nino bowed.

"Curious is it," said the count, "that you and the about-to-make-his-appearance tenor should the same name have."

"He is a near relation, Signor Conte, — the same whom you heard sing in the Pantheon. I hope you will like his voice."

"That is what we shall see, Signor Professore," answered the other severely. He had a curious way of bowing, as though he were made only in two pieces, from his waist to his heels, and from his waist to the crown of his head. Nino went his way sadly, and wondering how Hedwig would look when she should recognize him from her box in the theatre, that very evening.

It is a terrible and a heart-tearing thing to part from the woman one loves. That is nothing new, you say. Every one knows that. Perhaps so, though I think not. Only those can know it who have experienced it, and for them no explanations are in any way at all necessary. The mere word "parting" calls up such an infinity of sorrow that it is better to draw a veil over the sad thing and bury it out of sight, and put upon it the seal on which is graven "No Hope."

Moreover, when a man only supposes, as Nino did, that he is leaving the woman he loves, or is about to leave her, until he can devise some new plan for seeing her, the case is not so very serious. Nevertheless, Nino, who is of a very tender constitution of the affections, suffered certain pangs which are always hard to bear, and as he walked slowly down the street he hung his head low, and did not look like a man who could possibly be successful in anything he might undertake that day. Yet it was the most important day of his life, and had it not been that he had left Hedwig with little hope of ever giving her another lesson, he would have been so happy that the whole air would have seemed dancing with sunbeams and angels and flowers. I think that when a man loves he cares very little for what he does. The greatest success is indifferent to him, and he cares not at all for failure, in the ordinary undertakings of life. These are my reflections, and they are worth something, because I once loved very much myself, and was parted from her I loved many times, before the last parting.

It was on this day that Nino came to me and told me all the history of the past months, of which I knew nothing; but, as you know all about it, I need not tell you what the conversation was like, until he had finished. Then I told him he was the prince and chief of donkeys, which was no more than the truth, as every-

body will allow. He only spread out his palms and shrugged his shoulders, putting his head on one side, as though to say he could not help it.

"Is it perhaps my fault that you are a little donkey?" I asked; for you may imagine whether I was angry or not.

"Certainly not, Sor Cornelio," he said. "It is entirely my own doing; but I do not see that I am a donkey."

"Blood of Bacchus!" I ejaculated, holding up my hands. "He does not believe he is a great stupid!" But Nino was not angry at all. He busied himself a little with his costume, which was laid out on the piano, with the sword and the tinsel collar, and all the rest of it.

"I am in love," he said. "What would you have?"

"I would have you put a little *giudizio*, just a grain of judgment and common sense, into your love affairs. Why, you go about it as though it were the most innocent thing in the world to disguise yourself, and present yourself as a professor in a nobleman's house, in order to make love to his daughter! You, to make love to a noble damigella, a young countess, with a fortune! Go back to Serveti, and marry the first *contadina* girl you meet; it is much more fitting, if you must needs marry at all. I repeat it, you are an ignorant donkey!"

"Eh!" cried Nino, perfectly unmoved, "if I am ignorant, it is not for lack of your teaching; and as for being the beast of burden to which you refer, I have heard it said that you were once in love yourself. Meanwhile, I have told you this, because there will perhaps be trouble, and I did not intend you to be surprised."

"Surprised?" said I. "I would not be surprised at anything you might fancy doing, now. No, I would not dream of being surprised!"

"So much the better," answered Nino

imperturbably. He looked sad and weary, though, and as I am a prudent man I put my anger away to cool for a little while, and indulged in a cigar until it should be time to go to the theatre; for of course I went with him, and Mariuccia too, to help him with his dress. Poor old Mariuccia! she had dressed him when he was a ragged little boy, and she was determined to put the finishing touches to his appearance now that he was about to be a great man, she said. His dressing-room was a narrow little place, sufficiently ill lighted, and there was barely space to turn round. Mariuccia, who had brought the cat and had her pocket full of roasted chestnuts, sat outside on a chair until he was ready for her; and I am sure that if she had spent her life in the profession of adorning players she could not have used her fingers more deftly in the arrangement of the collar and sword. Nino had a fancy to wear a mustache and a pointed beard through the first part of the opera; saying that a courtier always had hair on his face, but that he would naturally shave if he turned monk. I represented to him that it was needless expense, since he must deposit the value of the false beard with the theatre barber, who lives opposite; and it was twenty-three francs. Besides, he would look like a different man — two separate characters.

"I do not care a cabbage for that," said Nino. "If they cannot recognize me with their ears, they need not trouble themselves to recognize me at all."

"It is a fact that their ears are quite long enough," said Mariuccia.

"Hush, Mariuccia!" I said. "The Roman public is the most intelligent public in the world." And at this she grumbled.

But I knew well enough why he wanted to wear the beard. He had a fancy to put off the evil moment as long as possible, so that Hedwig might not recognize him till the last act, — a

foolish fancy, in truth, for a woman's eyes are not like a man's; and though Hedwig had never thought twice about Nino's personality, she had not sat opposite him three times a week for nearly four months without knowing all his looks and gestures. It is an absurd idea, too, to attempt to fence with time, when a thing must come in the course of an hour or two. What is it, after all, the small delay you can produce? The click of a few more seconds in the clock-work, before the hammer smites its angry warning on the bell, and leaves echoes of pain writhing through the poor bronze, — that is Time. As for Eternity, it is a question of the calculus, and does not enter into a singer's first appearance, nor into the recognition of a lover. If it did, I would give you an eloquent dissertation upon it, so that you would yawn and take snuff, and wish me carried off by the diavolo to some place where I might lecture on the infinite without fear of being interrupted, or of keeping sinners like you unnecessarily long awake. There will be no hurry then. Poor old diavolo! he must have a dull time of it among all those heretics. Perhaps he has a little variety, for they say he has written up on his door, "*Ici l'on parle francais*," since Monsieur de Voltaire died. But I must go on, or you will never be any wiser than you are now, which is not saying overmuch.

I am not going to give you a description of the *Favorita*, which you may hear a dozen times a year at the theatre, for more or less money — but it is only a franc if you stand; quite enough, too. I went upon the stage before it began, and peeped through the curtain to see what kind of an audience there was. It is an old curtain, and there is a hole in it on the right-hand side, which De Pretis says was made by a foreign tenor, some years ago, between the acts; and Jacovacci, the *impresario*, tried to make him pay five francs to have it repaired,

but did not get the money. It is a better hole than the one in the middle, which is so far from both sides of the house that you cannot see the people well. So I looked through, and there, sure enough, in a box very near to the stage, sat the Contessina di Lira and the baroness, whom I had never seen before, but recognized from Nino's description; and behind them sat the count himself, with his great gray mustaches and a white cravat. They made me think of the time when I used to go to the theatre myself and sit in a box, and applaud or hiss, just as I pleased. Dio mio! what changes in this world!

I recognized also a great many of our noble ladies, with jewels and other ornaments, and it seemed to me that some of them were much more beautiful than the German contessina whom Nino had elected to worship, though she was well enough, to be sure, in white silk and white fur, with her little gold cross at her throat. To think that a statue like that, brought up with all the proprieties, should have such a strange chapter of life! But my eye began to smart from peering through the little hole, and just then a rough-looking fellow connected with the stage reminded me that, whatever relation I might be to the primo tenore, I was not dressed to appear in the first act; then the audience began to stamp and groan because the performance did not begin, and I went away again to tell Nino that he had a packed house. I found De Pretis giving him blackberry syrup, which he had brought in a bottle, and entreating him to have courage. Indeed, it seemed to me that Nino had the more courage of the two; for De Pretis laughed and cried and blew his nose, and took snuff with his great fat fingers, and acted altogether like a poor fool; while Nino sat on a rush-bottomed chair and watched Mariuccia, who was stroking the old cat and nibbling roasted chestnuts, declaring all the while that Nino was the most beau-

ful object she had ever seen. Then the bass and the baritone came, together, and spoke cheering words to Nino, and invited him to supper afterwards; but he thanked them kindly, and told them that he was expected at home, and would go with them after the next performance—if there ever were a “next.” He thought he might fail at the last minute.

Nino had judged more rightly than I, when he supposed that his beard and mustaches would disguise him from Hedwig during the first two acts. She recognized the wondrous voice, and she saw the strong resemblance he had spoken of. Once or twice, as he looked toward her, it seemed indeed that the eyes must be his, with their deep circles and serious gaze. But it was absurd to suppose it anything more than a resemblance. As the opera advanced, it became evident that Nino was making a success. Then in the second act it was clear that the success was growing to be an ovation, and the ovation a furore, in which the house became entirely demoralized, and vouchsafed to listen only so long as Nino was singing—screaming with delight before he had finished what he had to sing in each scene. People sent their servants away in hot haste to buy flowers wherever they could, and he came back to his dressing-room, from the second act, carrying bouquets by the dozen, small bunches and big, such as people had been able to get, or had brought with them. His eyes shone like the coals in Mariuccia's scaldino, as he entered, and he was pale through his paint. He could hardly speak for joy; but, as old habits return unconsciously at great moments in a man's life, he took the cat on his knee and pulled its tail.

“Sing thou also, little beast,” he said gravely; and he pulled the tail till the cat squeaked a little, and he was satisfied.

“Bene!” he cried; “and now for the

tonsure and the frock." So Mariuccia was turned out into the passage while he changed his dress. De Pretis came back a moment later, and tried to help him; but he was so much overcome that he could only shed tears and give a last word of advice for the next act.

"You must not sing it too loud, Nino mio," he said.

"Diavolo!" said Nino. "I should think not!"

"But you must not squeak it out in a little wee false voice, as small as this;" the maestro held up his thumb and finger, with a pinch of snuff between them.

"Bah! Sor Ercole, do you take me for a soprano?" cried the boy, laughing, as he washed off the paint and the gum, where the beard had stuck. Presently he got into his frock, which, as I told you, was a real one, provided by Ercole's brother, the Franciscan — quite quietly, of course, for it would seem a dreadful thing to use a real monk's frock in an opera. Then we fastened the rope round his waist, and smoothed his curly hair a little to give him a more pious aspect. He looked as white as a pillow when the paint was gone.

"Tell me a little, my father," said old Mariuccia, mocking him, "do you fast on Sundays; that you look so pale?" Whereat Nino struck an attitude, and began singing a love song to the ancient woman. Indeed, she was joking about the fast, for she had expended my substance, of late, in fattening Nino, as she called it, for his appearance, and there was to be broiled chickens for supper that very night. He was only pale because he was in love. As for me, I made up my mind to stand in the slides, so that I could see the contessina; for Nino had whispered to me that she had not yet recognized him, though she stared hard across the footlights. Therefore I took up a good position on the left of the stage, facing the Lira box, which was on the right.

The curtain went up, and Nino stood there, looking like a real monk, with a book in his hand and his eyes cast down, as he began to walk slowly along. I saw Hedwig von Lira's gaze rest on his square, pale face at least one whole minute. Then she gave a strange little cry, so that many people in the house looked toward her; and she leaned far back in the shadow of the deep box, while the reflected glare of the footlights just shone faintly on her features, making them look more like marble than ever. The baroness was smiling to herself, amused at her companion's surprise, and the old count stared stolidly for a moment or two, and then turned suddenly to his daughter.

"Very curious is it," he was probably saying, "that this tenor should so much your Italian professor resemble." I could almost see his gray eyes sparkle angrily across the theatre. But as I looked, a sound rose on the heated air, the like of which I have never known. To tell the truth, I had not heard the first two acts, for I did not suppose there was any great difference between Nino's singing on the stage and his singing at home, and I still wished he might have chosen some other profession. But when I heard this, I yielded, at least for the time, and I am not sure that my eyes were as clear as usual.

"Spirto gentil dei sogni miei" — the long sweet notes sighed themselves to death on his lips, falling and rising magically like a mystic angel song, and swaying their melody out into the world of lights and listeners; so pathetic, so heart-breaking, so laden with death and with love, that it was as though all the sorrowing souls in our poor Rome breathed in one soft sigh together. Only a poor monk dying of love in a monastery, tenderly and truly loving to the bitter end. Dio mio! there are perhaps many such. But a monk like this, with a face like a conqueror, set square in its whiteness, and yet so wretched to see

in his poor patched frock and his bare feet; a monk, too, not acting love, but really and truly ready to die for a beautiful woman not thirty feet from him, in the house; above all, a monk with a voice that speaks like the clarion call of the day of judgment in its wrath, and murmurs more plaintively and sadly in sorrow than ever the poor Perisighed at the gates of Paradise — such a monk, what could he not make people feel?

The great crowd of men and women sat utterly stilled and intent till he had sung the very last note. Not a sound was heard to offend the sorrow that spoke from the boy's lips. Then all those people seemed to draw three long breaths of wonder — a pause, a thrilling tremor in the air, and then there burst to the roof such a roar of cries, such a huge thunder of hands and voices, that the whole house seemed to rock with it, and even in the street outside they say the noise was deafening.

Alone on the stage stood Nino, his eyes fixed on Hedwig von Lira in her box. I think that she alone of all that multitude made no sound, but only gripped the edge of the balcony hard in her white hands, and leaned far forward with straining eyes and beating heart to satisfy her wonder. She knew well enough, now, that there was no mistake. The humble little Professor Cardegna, who had patiently explained Dante and Leopardi to her for months, bowing to the ground in her presence, and apologizing when he corrected her mistakes, as though his whole life was to be devoted to teaching foreigners his language; the decently clad young man, who was always pale, and sometimes pathetic when he spoke of himself, was no other than Giovanni Cardegna the tenor, singing aloud to earth and heaven with his glorious great voice — a man on the threshold of a European fame, such as falls only to the lot of a singer or a conqueror. More, he was the singer of

her dreams, who had for months filled her thoughts with music and her heart with a strange longing, being until now a voice only. There he stood looking straight at her, — she was not mistaken, — as though to say, "I have done it for you, and for you only." A woman must be more than marble to feel no pride in the intimate knowledge that a great public triumph has been gained solely for her sake. She must be colder than ice if she cannot see her power when a conqueror loves her.

The marble had felt the fire, and the ice was in the flame at last. Nino, with his determination to be loved, had put his statue into a very fiery furnace, and in the young innocence of his heart had prepared such a surprise for his lady as might have turned the head of a hardened woman of the world, let alone an imaginative German girl, with a taste for romance — or without; it matters little. All Germans are full of imagination, and that is the reason they know so much. For they not only know all that is known by other people, but also all that they themselves imagine, which nobody else can possibly know. And if you do not believe this, you had better read the works of one Fichte, a philosopher.

I need not tell you any more about Nino's first appearance. It was one of those really phenomenal successes that seem to cling to certain people through life. He was very happy and very silent when it was over; and we were the last to leave the theatre, for we feared the enthusiasm of the crowd. So we waited till every one had gone, and then marched home together, for it was a fine night. I walked on one side of Nino, and De Pretis on the other, all of us carrying as many flowers as we could; Mariuccia came behind, with the cat under her shawl. I did not discover until we reached home why she had brought the beast. Then she explained that, as there was so much food in the

kitchen, in anticipation of our supper, she had been afraid to leave the cat alone in the house, lest we should find nothing left to eat when we returned. This was sufficiently prudent, for a scat-

ter-brained old spendthrift like Mariucia.

That was a merry supper, and De Pretis became highly dramatic when we got to the second flask.

F. Marion Crawford.

EN PROVINCE.

III.

FROM BOURGES TO LA ROCHELLE.

I.

I KNOW not whether the exact limits of an excursion, as distinguished from a journey, have ever been fixed; at any rate, it seemed none of my business, at Tours, to settle the question. Therefore, though the making of excursions had been the purpose of my stay, I thought it vain, while I started for Bourges, to determine to which category that little expedition might belong. It was not till the third day that I returned to Tours, and the distance, traversed for the most part after dark, was even greater than I had supposed. That, however, was partly the fault of a tiresome wait at Vierzon, where I had more than enough time to dine, very badly, at the *buffet*, and to observe the proceedings of a family who had entered my railway carriage at Tours and had conversed, unreservedly, for my benefit, all the way from that station—a family whom it entertained me to assign to the class of *petite noblesse de province*. Their noble origin was confirmed by the way they all made *maigre* in the refreshment-room (it happened to be a Friday), as if it had been possible to do anything else. They ate two or three omelettes apiece, and ever so many little cakes, while the positive, talkative mother watched her children as the waiter handed about the roast fowl. I was des-

tined to share the secrets of this family to the end; for when I had taken place in the empty train that was in waiting to convey us to Bourges, the same vigilant woman pushed them all on top of me into my compartment, though the carriages on either side contained no travelers at all. It was better, I found, to have dined (even on omelettes and little cakes) at the station at Vierzon than at the hotel at Bourges, which, when I reached it at nine o'clock at night, did not strike me as the prince of hotels. The inns in the smaller provincial towns in France are all, as the term is, commercial, and the *commis-voyageur* is in triumphant possession. I saw a great deal of him for several weeks after this; for he was apparently the only traveler in the southern provinces, and it was my daily fate to sit opposite to him at tables d'hôte and in railway trains. He may be known by two infallible signs: his hands are fat, and he tucks his napkin into his shirt-collar. In spite of these idiosyncrasies, he seemed to me a reserved and inoffensive person, with singularly little of the demonstrative good-humor that he has been described as possessing. I saw no one who reminded me of Balzac's "illustre Gaudisart;" and indeed, in the course of a month's journey through a large part of France, I heard so little desultory conversation that I wondered whether a change had not come over the spirit of the people. They seemed to me as silent as Americans when Americans have not

been "introduced," and infinitely less addicted to exchanging remarks in railway trains and at tables d'hôte than the colloquial and cursory English; a fact perhaps not worth mentioning were it not at variance with that reputation which the French have long enjoyed of being a preëminently sociable nation. The common report of the character of a people is, however, an indefinable product; and it is apt to strike the traveler who observes for himself as very wide of the mark. The English, who have for ages been described (mainly by the French) as the dumb, stiff, unapproachable race, present to-day a remarkable appearance of good-humor and garrulity, and are distinguished by their facility of intercourse. On the other hand, any one who has seen half a dozen Frenchmen pass a whole day together in a railway-carriage without breaking silence is forced to believe that the traditional reputation of these gentlemen is simply the survival of some primitive formula. It was true, doubtless, before the Revolution; but there have been great changes since then. The question of which is the better taste, to talk to strangers or to hold your tongue, is a matter apart; I incline to believe that the French reserve is the result of a more definite conception of social behavior. I allude to it only because it is at variance with the national fame, and at the same time is compatible with a very easy view of life in certain other directions. On some of these latter points the Boule d'Or at Bourges was full of instruction; boasting, as it did, of a hall of reception in which, amid old boots that had been brought to be cleaned, old linen that was being sorted for the wash, and lamps of evil odor that were awaiting replenishment, a strange, familiar, promiscuous household life went forward. Small scullions in white caps and aprons slept upon greasy benches; the Boots sat staring at you while you fumbled, in a row of pigeon-

holes, for your candlestick or your key; and, amid the coming and going of the commis-voyageurs, a little sempstress bent over the under-garments of the hostess, the latter being a heavy, stern, silent woman, who looked at people very hard.

It was not to be looked at in that manner that one had come all the way from Tours; so that within ten minutes after my arrival I sallied out into the darkness to get somehow and somewhere a happier impression. However late in the evening I may arrive at a place, I cannot go to bed without an impression. The natural place, at Bourges, to look for one seemed to be the cathedral; which, moreover, was the only thing that could account for my presence *dans cette galère*. I turned out of a small square, in front of the hotel, and walked up a narrow, sloping street, paved with big, rough stones and guiltless of a footway. It was a splendid starlight night; the stillness of a sleeping *ville de province* was over everything; I had the whole place to myself. I turned to my right, at the top of the street, where presently a short, vague lane brought me into sight of the cathedral. I approached it obliquely, from behind; it loomed up in the darkness above me, enormous and sublime. It stands on the top of the large but not lofty eminence over which Bourges is scattered — a very good position, as French cathedrals go, for they are not all as nobly situated as Chartres and Laon. On the side on which I approached it (the south) it is tolerably well exposed, though the precinct is shabby; in front, it is rather too much shut in. These defects, however, it makes up for on the north side and behind, where it presents itself in the most admirable manner to the garden of the Archevêché, which has been arranged as a public walk, with the usual formal alleys of the *jardin français*. I must add that I appreciated these points only on the fol-

lowing day. As I stood there in the light of the stars, many of which had an autumnal sharpness, while others were shooting over the heavens, the huge, rugged vessel of the church overhung me in very much the same way as the black hull of a ship at sea would overhang a solitary swimmer. It seemed colossal, stupendous, a dark leviathan. The next morning, which was lovely, I lost no time in going back to it, and found, with satisfaction, that the daylight did it no injury. The cathedral of Bourges is indeed magnificently huge, and if it is a good deal wanting in lightness and grace it is perhaps only the more imposing. I read in the excellent handbook of M. Joanne that it was projected "*dès 1172*," but commenced only in the first years of the thirteenth century. "The nave," the writer adds, "was finished *tant bien que mal, faute de ressources* ; the façade is of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in its lower part, and of the fourteenth in its upper." The allusion to the nave means the omission of the transepts. The west front consists of two vast but imperfect towers ; one of which (the south) is immensely buttressed, so that its outline slopes forward, like that of a pyramid, being the taller of the two. If they had spires, these towers would be prodigious ; as it is, given the rest of the church, they are wanting in elevation. There are five deeply recessed portals, all in a row, each surmounted with a gable ; the gable over the central door being exceptionally high. Above the porches, which give the measure of its width, the front rears itself, piles itself, on a great scale, carried up by galleries, arches, windows, sculptures, and supported by the extraordinarily thick buttresses of which I have spoken, and which, though they embellish it with deep shadows thrown sidewise, do not improve its style. The portals, especially the middle one, are extremely interesting ; they are covered with curi-

ous early sculptures. The middle one, however, I must describe alone. It has no less than six rows of figures — the others have four — some of which, notably the upper one, are still in their places. The arch at the top has three tiers of elaborate imagery. The upper of these is divided by the figure of Christ in judgment, of great size, stiff and terrible, with outstretched arms. On either side of him are ranged three or four angels, with the instruments of the Passion. Beneath him, in the second frieze, stands the angel of justice, with his scales ; and on either side of him is the vision of the last judgment. The good prepare, with infinite titillation and complacency, to ascend to the skies ; while the bad are dragged, pushed, hurled, stuffed, crammed, into pits and caldrons of fire. There is a charming detail in this section. Beside the angel, on the right, where the wicked are the prey of demons, stands a little female figure, that of a child, who, with hands meekly folded and head gently raised, waits for the stern angel to decide upon her fate. In this fate, however, a dreadful big devil also takes a keen interest ; he seems on the point of appropriating the tender creature ; he has a face like a goat and an enormous hooked nose. But the angel gently lays a hand upon the shoulder of the little girl — the movement is full of dignity — as if to say, "No, she belongs to the other side." The frieze below represents the general resurrection, with the good and the wicked emerging from their sepulchres. Nothing can be more quaint and charming than the difference shown in their way of responding to the final trump. The good get out of their tombs with a certain modest gayety, an alacrity tempered by respect ; one of them kneels to pray as soon as he has disinterred himself. You may know the wicked, on the other hand, by their extreme shyness ; they crawl out slowly and fearfully ; they hang back, and seem to say,

"Oh, dear!" These elaborate sculptures, full of ingenuous intention and of the reality of early faith, are in a remarkable state of preservation; they bear no superficial signs of restoration and appear scarcely to have suffered from the centuries. They are delightfully expressive; the artist had the advantage of knowing exactly the effect he wished to produce. The interior of the cathedral has a great simplicity and majesty, and above all a tremendous height. The nave is extraordinary in this respect; it dwarfs everything else I know. I should add, however, that I am, in architecture, always of the opinion of the last speaker. Any great building seems to me, while I look at it, the ultimate expression. At any rate, during the hour that I sat gazing along the high vista of Bourges, the interior of the great vessel corresponded to my vision of the evening before. There is a tranquil largeness, a kind of infinitude, about such an edifice: it soothes and purifies the spirit, it illuminates the mind. There are two aisles, on either side, in addition to the nave—five in all—and, as I have said, there are no transepts; an omission which lengthens the vista, so that from my place near the door the central jeweled window in the depths of the perpendicular choir seemed a mile or two away. The second, or outward, of each pair of aisles is too low, and the first too high; without this inequality the nave would appear to take an even more prodigious flight. The double aisles pass all the way round the choir, the windows of which are inordinately rich in magnificent old glass. I have seen glass as fine in other churches; but I think I have never seen so much of it at once.

Beside the cathedral, on the north, is a curious structure of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, which looks like an enormous flying buttress, with its support, sustaining the north tower. It makes a massive arch, high in the air, and produces a very picturesque effect

as people pass under it to the open gardens of the Archevêché, which extend to a considerable distance in the rear of the church. The structure supporting the arch has the girth of a largeish house, and contains chambers with whose uses I am unacquainted, but to which the deep pulsations of the cathedral, the vibration of its mighty bells and the roll of its organ-tones, must be transmitted even through the great arm of stone. The archiepiscopal palace, not walled in as at Tours, is visible as a stately habitation of the last century, now in course of reparation in consequence of a fire. From this side, and from the gardens of the palace, the nave of the cathedral is visible in all its great length and height, with its extraordinary multitude of supports. The gardens aforesaid, accessible through tall iron gates, are the promenade—the Tuileries—of the town, and, very pretty in themselves, are immensely set off by the overhanging church. It was warm and sunny; the benches were empty; I sat there a long time, in that pleasant state of mind which visits the traveler in foreign towns, when he is not too hurried, while he wonders where he had better go next. The straight, unbroken line of the roof of the cathedral was very noble; but I could see from this point how much finer the effect would have been if the towers, which had dropped almost out of sight, might have been carried still higher. The archiepiscopal gardens look down at one end over a sort of esplanade or suburban avenue which lies at a lower level, on which they open, and where several detachments of soldiers (Bourges is full of soldiers) had just been drawn up. The civil population was also collecting, and I saw that something was going to happen. I learned that a private of the Chasseurs was to be "broken" for stealing, and every one was eager to behold the ceremony. Sundry other detachments arrived on the ground, besides many of

the military who had come as a matter of taste. One of them described to me the process of degradation from the ranks, and I felt for a moment a hideous curiosity to see it, under the influence of which I lingered a little. But only a little; the hateful nature of the spectacle hurried me away, at the same time that others were hurrying forward. As I turned my back upon it I reflected that human beings are cruel brutes, though I could not flatter myself that the ferocity of the thing was exclusively French. In another country the course would have been equally great, and the moral of it all seemed to be that even the military should n't steal.

II.

The cathedral is not the only lion of Bourges; the house of Jacques Cœur is an object of interest scarcely less positive. This remarkable man had a very strange history, and he too was "broken," like the wretched soldier whom I did not stay to see. He has been rehabilitated, however, by an age which does not fear the imputation of paradox, and a marble statue of him ornaments the street in front of his house. To interpret him according to this image — a womanish figure in a long robe and a turban, with big bare arms and a dramatic pose — would be to think of him as a kind of truculent sultana. He wore the dress of his period, but his spirit was very modern; he was a Vanderbilt or Rothschild of the fifteenth century. He supplied the ungrateful Charles VII. with money to pay the troops who, under the heroic Maid, drove the English from French soil. His house, which to-day is used as a Palais de Justice, appears to have been regarded at the time it was built very much as the residence of Mr. Vanderbilt is regarded, in New York, to-day. It stands on the edge of the hill on which most of the town is planted, so that, behind, it plunges down to a lower level, and, if you approach

it on that side, as I did, to come round to the front of it you have to ascend a longish flight of steps. The back, of old, must have formed a portion of the city-wall; at any rate, it offers to view two big towers, which Joanne says were formerly part of the defense of Bourges. From the lower level of which I speak — the square in front of the post-office — the palace of Jacques Cœur looks very big and strong and feudal; from the upper street, in front of it, it looks very handsome and delicate. To this street it presents two stories and a considerable length of façade; and it has, both within and without, a great deal of curious and beautiful detail. Above the portal, in the stonework, are two false windows, in which two figures, a man and a woman, apparently household servants, are represented, in sculpture, as looking down into the street. The effect is homely, yet grotesque, and the figures are sufficiently living to make one commiserate them for having been condemned, in so dull a town, to spend several centuries at the window. They appear to be watching for the return of their master, who left his beautiful house one morning, and never came back. The history of Jacques Cœur, which has been written by M. Pierre Clément, in a volume crowned by the French Academy, is very wonderful and interesting, but I have no space to go into it here. There is no more curious example, and few more tragical, of a great fortune crumbling from one day to the other, or of the antique superstition that the gods grow jealous of human success. Merchant, millionaire, banker, ship-owner, royal favorite and minister of finance, explorer of the East and monopolist of the glittering trade between that quarter of the globe and his own, great capitalist who had anticipated the brilliant operations of the present time, he expiated his prosperity by poverty, imprisonment, and torture. The obscure points in his career

have been elucidated by M. Clément, who has drawn, moreover, a very vivid picture of the corrupt and exhausted state of France during the middle of the fifteenth century. He has shown that the spoliation of the great merchant was a deliberately calculated act, and that the king sacrificed him without scruple or shame to the avidity of a singularly villainous set of courtiers. The whole story is an extraordinary picture of high-handed rapacity — the crudest possible assertion of the right of the stronger. The victim was stripped of his property, but escaped with his life, made his way out of France, and, betaking himself to Italy, offered his services to the Pope. It is proof of the consideration that he enjoyed in Europe, and of the variety of his accomplishments, that Calixtus III. should have appointed him to take command of a fleet which his Holiness was fitting out against the Turks. Jacques Cœur, however, was not destined to lead it to victory. He died shortly after the expedition had started, in the island of Chios, in 1456. The house at Bourges, his native place, testifies in some degree to his wealth and splendor, though it has in parts that want of space which is striking in many of the buildings of the Middle Ages. The court, indeed, is on a large scale, ornamented with turrets and arcades, with several beautiful windows, and with sculptures inserted in the walls, representing the various sources of the great fortune of the owner. M. Pierre Clément describes this part of the house as having been of an "*incomparable richesse*" — an estimate of its charms which seems slightly exaggerated to-day. There is, however, something delicate and familiar in the bas-reliefs of which I have spoken, little scenes of agriculture and industry, which show that the proprietor was not ashamed of calling attention to his harvests and enterprises. To-day we should question the taste of such allusions, even in plastic form, in the house of a "mer-

chant prince" (say in the Fifth Avenue). Why is it, therefore, that these quaint little panels at Bourges do not displease us? It is perhaps because things very ancient never, for some mysterious reason, appear vulgar. This fifteenth-century millionaire, with his palace, his autobiographical sculptures, may have produced that impression on some critical spirits of his own day.

The portress who showed me into the building was a dear little old woman, with the gentlest, sweetest, saddest face — a little white, aged face, with dark, pretty eyes and the most considerate manner. She took me into an upper hall, where there were a couple of curious chimney-pieces and a fine old oak-en roof, the latter representing the hollow of a long boat. There is a certain oddity in a native of Bourges, an inland town if there ever was one, without even a river (to call a river) to encourage nautical ambitions, having found his end as admiral of a fleet; but this boat-shaped roof, which is extremely graceful and is repeated in another apartment, would suggest that the imagination of Jacques Cœur was fond of riding the waves. Indeed, as he trafficked in Oriental products and owned many galleons, it is probable that he was personally as much at home in certain Mediterranean ports as in the capital of the pastoral Berry. If, when he looked at the ceilings of his mansion, he saw his boats upside down, this was only a suggestion of the shortest way of emptying them of their treasures. He is presented in person above one of the great stone chimney-pieces, in company with his wife, Macée de Léodepart — I like to write such an extraordinary name. Carved in white stone, the two sit playing at chess at an open window, through which they appear to give their attention much more to the passers-by than to the game. They are also exhibited in other attitudes; though I do not recognize them in the composition on top

of one of the fire-places, which represents the battlements of a castle, with the defenders (little figures between the crenelations) hurling down missiles with a great deal of fury and expression. It would have been hard to believe that the man who surrounded himself with these friendly and humorous devices had been guilty of such wrong-doing as to call down the heavy hand of justice. It is a curious fact, however, that Bourges contains legal associations of a purer kind than the prosecution of Jacques Cœur, which, in spite of the rehabilitations of history can hardly be said yet to have terminated, inasmuch as the law-courts of the city are installed in his quondam residence. At a short distance from it stands the Hôtel Cujas, one of the curiosities of Bourges and habitation for many years of the great juriconsult who revived in the sixteenth century the study of the Roman law, and professed it during the close of his life in the university of the capital of Berry. The learned Cujas had in spite of his sedentary pursuits led a very wandering life; he died at Bourges in the year 1590. Sedentary pursuits is perhaps not exactly what I should call them, having read in the *Biographie Universelle*, sole source of my knowledge of the renowned Cujacius, that his usual manner of study was to spread himself on his belly on the floor. He did not sit down; he lay down; and the *Biographie Universelle* has (for so grave a work) an amusing picture of the short, fat, untidy scholar dragging himself *à plat ventre* across his room, from one pile of books to the other. The house in which these singular gymnastics took place, and which is now the headquarters of the gendarmerie, is one of the most picturesque at Bourges. Dilapidated and discolored, it has a charming Renaissance front. A high wall separates it from the street, and on this wall, which is divided by a large open gateway, are perched two overhanging turrets. The

open gateway admits you to the court, beyond which the melancholy mansion erects itself, decorated also with turrets, with fine old windows, and with a beautiful tone of faded red brick and rusty stone. It is a charming encounter for a provincial by-street; one of those accidents in the hope of which the traveler with a propensity for sketching (whether on a little paper block or on the tablets of his brain) decides to turn a corner at a venture. A brawny gendarme, in his shirt-sleeves, was polishing his boots in the court; an ancient, knotted vine, forlorn of its clusters, hung itself over a doorway and dropped its shadow on the rough grain of the wall. The place was very sketchable. I am sorry to say, however, that it was almost the only "bit." Various other curious old houses are supposed to exist at Bourges, and I wandered vaguely about in search of them. But I had little success, and I ended by becoming skeptical. Bourges is a ville de province in the full force of the term, especially as applied invidiously. The streets, narrow, tortuous, and dirty, have very wide cobble-stones; the houses for the most part are shabby, without local color. The look of things is neither modern nor antique — a kind of mediocrity of middle age. There is an enormous number of blank walls — walls of gardens, of courts, of private houses — that avert themselves from the street, as if in natural chagrin at there being so little to see. Round about is a dull, flat, featureless country, on which the magnificent cathedral looks down. There is a peculiar dullness and ugliness in a French town of this type, which, I must immediately add, is not the most frequent one. In Italy everything has a charm, a color, a grace; even desolation and *ennui*. In England a cathedral-city may be sleepy, but it is pretty sure to be mellow. In the course of six weeks spent *en province*, however, I saw few places that had not more expression than Bourges.

I went back to the cathedral; that, after all, was a feature. Then I returned to my hotel, where it was time to dine, and sat down, as usual, with the commis-voyageurs, who cut their bread on their thumb and partook of every course; and after this repast I repaired for a while to the café, which occupied a part of the basement of the inn and opened into its court. This café was a friendly, homely, sociable spot, where it seemed the habit of the master of the establishment to *tutoyer* his customers, and the practice of the customers to *tutoyer* the waiter. Under these circumstances, the waiter of course felt justified in sitting down at the same table as a gentleman who had come in and asked him for writing-materials. He served this gentleman with a horrible little portfolio, covered with shiny black cloth and accompanied with two sheets of thin paper, three wafers, and one of those instruments of torture which pass in France for pens — these being the utensils invariably evoked by such a request; and then, finding himself at leisure, he placed himself opposite and began to write a letter of his own. This trifling incident reminded me afresh that France is a democratic country. I think I received an admonition to the same effect from the free, familiar way in which the game of whist was going on just behind me. It was attended with a great deal of noisy pleasantry, flavored every now and then with a dash of irritation. There was a young man of whom I made a note; he was such a beautiful specimen of his class. Sometimes he was very facetious, chattering, joking, punning, showing off; then, as the game went on and he lost, and had to pay the "*consommation*," he dropped his amiability, slanged his partner, declared he would n't play any more, and went away in a fury. Nothing could be more perfect or more amusing than the contrast. The manner of the whole affair was such as, I apprehend, one would not have seen

among our English-speaking people; both the jauntiness of the first phase and the petulance of the second. To hold the balance straight, however, I may remark that if the men were all fearful "cads," they were, with their cigarettes and their inconsistency, less heavy, less brutal, than our dear English-speaking cad; just as the bright little café, where a robust *materfamilias*, doling out sugar and darning a stocking, sat in her place under the mirror behind the *comptoir*, was a much more civilized spot than a British public-house, or a "commercial room," with pipes and whisky, or even than an American saloon.

III.

It is very certain that when I left Tours for Le Mans it was a journey and not an excursion; for I had no intention of coming back. The question, indeed, was to get away; no easy matter in France, in the early days of October, when the whole *jeunesse* of the country is going back to school. It is accompanied, apparently, with parents and grandparents, and it fills the trains with little pale-faced *lycéens*, who gaze out of the windows with a longing, lingering air, not unnatural on the part of small members of a race in which life is intense, who are about to be restored to those big educative barracks that do such violence to our American appreciation of the opportunities of boyhood. The train stopped every five minutes; but fortunately the country was charming, hilly and bosky, eminently good-humored, and dotted here and there with a smart little *château*. The old capital of the province of the Maine, which has given its name to a great American State, is a fairly interesting town, but I confess that I found in it less than I expected to admire. My expectations had doubtless been my own fault; there is no particular reason why Le Mans should fascinate. It stands upon a hill, indeed — a much better hill than the gentle swell

of Bourges. This hill, however, is not steep in all directions; from the railway, as I arrived, it was not even perceptible. Since I am making comparisons, I may remark that, on the other hand, the Boule d'Or at Le Mans is an appreciably better inn than the Boule d'Or at Bourges. It looks out upon a small market-place which has a certain amount of character and seems to be slipping down the slope on which it lies, though it has in the middle an ugly *halle*, or circular market-house, to keep it in position. At Le Mans, as at Bourges, my first business was with the cathedral, to which I lost no time in directing my steps. It suffered by juxtaposition to the great church I had seen a few days before; yet it has some noble features. It stands on the edge of the eminence of the town, which falls straight away on two sides of it, and makes a striking mass, bristling behind, as you see it from below, with rather small but singularly numerous flying buttresses. On my way to it I happened to walk through the one street which contains a few ancient and curious houses; a very crooked and untidy lane, of really mediæval aspect, honored with the denomination of the Grand' Rue. Here is the house of Queen Berengaria—an absurd name, as the building is of a date some three hundred years later than the wife of Richard Cœur de Lion, who has a sepulchral monument in the south aisle of the cathedral. The structure in question—very sketchable, if the sketcher could get far enough away from it—is an elaborate little dusky façade, overhanging the street, ornamented with panels of stone, which are covered with delicate Renaissance sculpture. A fat old woman, standing in the door of a small grocer's shop next to it—a most gracious old woman, with a bristling mustache and a charming manner—told me what the house was, and also indicated to me a rotten-looking brown

wooden mansion, in the same street, nearer the cathedral, as the Maison Scarron. The author of the Roman Comique, and of a thousand facetious verses, enjoyed for some years, in the early part of his life, a benefice in the cathedral of Le Mans, which gave him a right to reside in one of the canonical houses. He was rather an odd canon, but his history is a combination of oddities. He wooed the comic muse from the arm-chair of a cripple, and in the same position—he was unable even to go down on his knees—prosecuted that other suit which made him the first husband of a lady of whom Louis XIV. was to be the second. There was little of comedy in the future Madame de Maintenon; though after all there was doubtless as much as there need have been in the wife of a poor man who was moved to compose for his tomb such an epitaph as this, which I quote from the *Biographie Universelle*:—

“Celui qui cy maintenant dort,
Fit plus de pitié que d'envie,
Et souffrit mille fois la mort,
Avant que de perdre la vie.
Passant, ne fais icy de bruit,
Et garde bien qu'il ne s'éveille,
Car voicy la première nuit,
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.”

There is rather a quiet, satisfactory *place* in front of the cathedral, with some good “bits” in it; notably a turret at the angle of one of the towers, and a very fine, steep-roofed dwelling, behind low walls, which it overlooks, with a tall iron gate. This house has two or three little pointed towers, a big, black, precipitous roof, and a general air of having had a history. There are houses which are scenes, and there are houses which are only houses. The trouble with the domestic architecture of the United States is that it is not scenic, thank Heaven! and the good fortune of an old structure like the turreted mansion on the hillside of Le Mans is that it is not simply a house. It is a place, as it were, as well. It

would be well, indeed, if it might have communicated a little of its expression to the front of the cathedral, which has none of its own. Shabby, rusty, unfinished, this front has a Romanesque portal, but nothing in the way of a tower. One sees from without, at a glance, the peculiarity of the church — the disparity between the Romanesque nave, which is small and of the twelfth century, and the immense and splendid transepts and choir, of a period a hundred years later. Outside, this end of the church rises far above the nave, which looks merely like a long porch leading to it, with a small and curious Romanesque porch in its own south flank. The transepts, shallow but very lofty, display to the spectators in the *place* the reach of their two clere-story windows, which occupy, above, the whole expanse of the wall. The south transept terminates in a sort of tower, which is the only one of which the cathedral can boast. Within, the effect of the choir is superb; it is a church in itself, with the nave simply for a point of view. As I stood there, I read in my Murray that it has the stamp of the date of the perfection of pointed Gothic, and I found nothing to object to the remark. It suffers little by confrontation with Bourges, and, taken in itself, seems to me quite as fine. A passage of double aisles surrounds it, with the arches that divide them supported on very thick round columns, not clustered. There are twelve chapels in this passage, and a charming little lady-chapel, filled with gorgeous old glass. The sustained height of this almost detached choir is very noble; its lightness and grace, its soaring symmetry, carry the eye up to places in the air from which it is slow to descend. Like Tours, like Chartres, like Bourges (apparently like all the French cathedrals, and unlike several English ones), Le Mans is rich in splendid glass. The beautiful upper windows of the choir make, far aloft, a sort of gallery of pictures, blooming with vivid color. It is the south transept that contains the formless image — a clumsy stone woman, lying on her back — which purports to represent Queen Berengaria aforesaid. The view of the cathedral from the rear is, as usual, very fine. A small garden behind it masks its base; but you descend the hill to a large *place de foire*, adjacent to a fine old public promenade which is known as Les Jacobins, a sort of miniature Tuileries, where I strolled for a while in rectangular alleys, destitute of herbage, and received a deeper impression of vanished things. The cathedral, on the pedestal of its hill, looks considerably farther than the fair-ground and the Jacobins, between the rather bare poles of whose straightly-planted trees you may admire it at a convenient distance. I admired it till I thought I should remember it (better than the event has proved), and then I wandered away and looked at another curious old church, Notre-Dame-de-la-Couture. This sacred edifice made a picture for ten minutes, but the picture has faded now. I reconstruct a yellowish-brown façade, and a portal fretted with early sculptures; but the details have gone the way of all incomplete sensations. After you have stood a while in the choir of the cathedral, there is no sensation at Le Mans that goes very far. For some reason not now to be traced, I had looked for more than this. I think the reason was to some extent simply in the name of the place, for names, on the whole, whether they be good reasons or not, are very active ones. Le Mans, if I am not mistaken, has a sturdy, feudal sound; suggests something dark and square, a vision of old ramparts and gates. Perhaps I had been unduly impressed by the fact, accidentally revealed to me, that Henry II., first of the English Plantagenets, was born there. Of course it is easy to assure one's self in advance, but does it

not often happen that one had rather not be assured? There is a pleasure sometimes in running the risk of disappointment. I took mine, such as it was, quietly enough, while I sat before dinner at the door of one of the cafés in the market-place, with a *bitter-et-curaçao* (invaluable pretext at such an hour) to keep me company. I remember that in this situation there came over me an impression which both included and excluded all possible disappointments. The afternoon was warm and still; the air was admirably soft. The good Manceaux, in little groups and pairs, were seated near me; my ear was soothed by the fine shades of French enunciation, by the moulded syllables of that perfect tongue. There was nothing in particular in the prospect to charm; it was an average French view. Yet I felt a charm, a kind of sympathy, a sense of the completeness of French life and of the lightness and brightness of the social air; together with a desire to arrive at friendly judgments, to express a positive interest. I know not why this transcendental mood should have descended upon me then and there; but that idle half hour in front of the café, in the mild October afternoon, suffused with human sounds, is perhaps the most definite thing I brought away from Le Mans.

IV.

I am shocked at finding, just after this noble declaration of principles, that in a little note-book, which at that time I carried about with me, the celebrated city of Angers is denominated a "sell." I reproduce this vulgar term with the greatest hesitation, and only because it brings me more quickly to my point. This point is that Angers belongs to the disagreeable class of old towns that have been, as the English say, "done up." Not the oldness, but the newness, of the place is what strikes the sentimental tourist to-day, as he wanders

with irritation along second-rate boulevards, looking vaguely about him for absent gables. "Black Angers," in short, is a victim of modern improvements, and quite unworthy of its admirable name—a name which, like that of Le Mans, had always had, to my eyes, a highly picturesque value. It looks particularly well on the Shakespearean page (in King John), where we imagine it uttered (though such would not have been the utterance of the period) with a fine old English accent. Angers figures with importance in early English history: it was the capital city of the Plantagenet race, home of that Geoffrey of Anjou who married, as second husband, the Empress Maud, daughter of Henry I. and competitor of Stephen, and became father of Henry II., first of the Plantagenet kings, born, as we have seen, at Le Mans. These facts create a natural presumption that Angers will look historic; I turned them over in my mind as I traveled in the train from Le Mans, through a country that was really pretty, and looked more like the usual English than like the usual French scenery, with its fields cut up by hedges and a considerable rotundity in its trees. On my way from the station to the hotel, however, it became plain that I should lack a good pretext for passing that night at the Cheval Blanc; I foresaw that I should have contented myself before the end of the day. I remained at the White Horse only long enough to discover that it was an exceptionally good provincial inn, one of the best that I encountered during six weeks spent in these establishments. "Stupidly and vulgarly modernized"—that is another phrase from my note-book, and note-books are not obliged to be reasonable. "There are some narrow and tortuous streets, with a few curious old houses," I continue to quote; "there is a castle, of which the exterior is most extraordinary, and there is a cathedral of moderate interest." It is fair to say that the

Château d'Angers is by itself worth a pilgrimage; the only drawback is that you have seen it in a quarter of an hour. You cannot do more than look at it, and one good look does your business. It has no beauty, no grace, no detail, nothing that charms or detains you; it is simply very old and very big—so big and so old that this simple impression is enough, and it takes its place in your recollections as a perfect specimen of a superannuated stronghold. It stands at one end of the town, surrounded by a huge, deep moat, which originally contained the waters of the Maine, now divided from it by a quay. The waterfront of Angers is poor—wanting in color and in movement; and there is always an effect of perversity in a town lying near a great river and yet not upon it. The Loire is a few miles off, but Angers contents itself with a meagre affluent of that stream. The effect was naturally much better when the huge, dark mass of the castle, with its seventeen prodigious towers, rose out of the protecting flood. These towers are of tremendous girth and solidity; they are encircled with great bands, or hoops, of white stone, and are much enlarged at the base. Between them hang vast curtains of infinitely old-looking masonry, apparently a dense conglomeration of slate—the material of which the town was originally built (thanks to rich quarries in the neighborhood), and to which it owed its appellation of the Black. There are no windows, no apertures, and to-day no battlements nor roofs. These accessories were removed by Henry III., so that, in spite of its grimness and blackness, the place has not even the interest of looking like a prison; it being, as I suppose, the essence of a prison not to be open to the sky. The only features of the enormous structure are the blank, sombre stretches and protrusions of wall, the effect of which, on so large a scale, is strange and striking. Begun by Philip

Augustus, and terminated by St. Louis, the Château d'Angers has of course a great deal of history. The luckless Fouquet, the extravagant minister of finance of Louis XIV., whose fall from the heights of grandeur was so sudden and complete, was confined here in 1661, just after his arrest, which had taken place at Nantes. Here, also, Huguenots and Vendéans have suffered effective captivity. I walked round the parapet which protects the outer edge of the moat (it is all up hill, and the moat deepens and deepens), till I came to the entrance which faces the town, and which is as bare and strong as the rest. The concierge took me into the court; but there was nothing there to see. The place is used as a magazine of ammunition, and the yard contains a multitude of ugly buildings. The only thing to do is to walk round the bastions for the view; but at the moment of my visit the weather was thick, and the bastions began and ended with themselves. So I came out and took another look at the big, black exterior, buttressed with white-ribbed towers, and perceived that a desperate sketcher might extract a picture from it, especially if he were to bring in, as they say, the little black bronze statue of the good King René (a weak production of David d'Angers), which, standing within sight, ornaments the melancholy faubourg. He would do much better, however, with the very striking old timbered house (I suppose of the fifteenth century) which is called the Maison d'Adam and is easily the first specimen at Angers of the domestic architecture of the past. This admirable house, in the centre of the town, gabled, elaborately timbered, and much restored, is a really imposing monument. The basement is occupied by a linen-draper, who flourishes under the auspicious sign of the Mère de Famille; and above his shop the tall front rises in five overhanging stories. As the house occupies the angle of a little *place*, this

front is double, and the black beams and wooden supports, displayed over a large surface and carved and interlaced, have a high picturesqueness. The Maison d'Adam is quite in the grand style; and I am sorry to say I failed to learn what history attaches to its name. If I spoke just above of the cathedral as "moderate," I suppose I should beg its pardon; for this serious charge was probably prompted by the fact that it consists only of a nave, without side aisles. A little reflection now convinces me that such a form is a distinction; and, indeed, I find it mentioned, rather inconsistently, in my note-book, a little further on, as "extremely simple and grand." The nave is spoken of in the same volume as "big, serious, and Gothic," though the choir and transepts are noted as very shallow. But it is not denied that the air of the whole thing is original and striking, and it would therefore appear, after all, that the cathedral of Angers, built during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is a sufficiently honorable church; the more that its high west front, adorned with a very primitive Gothic portal, supports two elegant tapering spires, between which, unfortunately, an ugly modern pavilion has been inserted.

I remember nothing else at Angers but the curious old Café Serin, where, after I had had my dinner at the inn, I went and waited for the train which, at nine o'clock in the evening, was to convey me, in a couple of hours, to Nantes: an establishment remarkable for its great size and its air of tarnished splendor, its brown gilding and smoky frescoes, as also for the fact that it was hidden away on the second floor of an unassuming house in an unilluminated street. It hardly seemed a place where you would drop in; but when once you had found it, it presented itself, with the cathedral, the castle, and the Maison d'Adam, as one of the historical monuments of Angers.

V.

If I spent two nights at Nantes, it was for reasons of convenience rather than of sentiment; though, indeed, I spent them in a big circular room which had a stately, lofty, last-century look — a look that consoled me a little for the whole place being dirty. The high, old-fashioned inn (it had a huge, windy *porte-cochère*, and you climbed a vast black stone staircase to get to your room) looked out on a dull square, surrounded with other tall houses and occupied on one side by the theatre, a pompous building, decorated with columns and statues of the muses. Nantes belongs to the class of towns which are always spoken of as "fine," and its position near the mouth of the Loire gives it, I believe, much commercial movement. It is a spacious, rather regular city, looking, in the parts that I traversed, neither very fresh nor very venerable. It derives its principal character from the handsome quays on the Loire, which are overhung with tall eighteenth-century houses (very numerous, too, in the other streets) — houses with big *entresols* marked by arched windows, classic pediments, balcony-rails of fine old ironwork. These features exist in still better form at Bordeaux; but putting Bordeaux aside, Nantes is quite architectural. The view up and down the quays has the cool, neutral tone of color that one finds so often in French waterside places — the bright grayness which is the tone of French landscape art. The whole city has rather a grand, or at least an eminently well-established, air. During a day passed in it, of course I had time to go to the Musée; the more so that I have a weakness for provincial museums — a sentiment that depends but little on the quality of the collection. The pictures may be bad, but the place is often curious; and, indeed, from bad pictures, in certain moods of the mind, there is a de-

gree of entertainment to be derived. If they are tolerably old, they are often touching; but they must have a relative antiquity, for I confess I can do nothing with works of art of which the badness is of recent origin. The cool, still, empty chambers in which indifferent collections are apt to be preserved, the red brick tiles, the diffused light, the musty odor, the mementoes around you of dead fashions, the snuffy custodian in a black skull cap, who pulls aside a faded curtain to show you the lustreless gem of the museum — these things have a mild historical quality, and the sallow canvases after all illustrate something. Many of those in the museum of Nantes illustrate the taste of a successful warrior, having been bequeathed to the city by Napoleon's marshal, Clarke (created Duc de Feltre). In addition to these there is the usual number of specimens of the contemporary French school, culled from the annual Salons and presented to the museum by the state. Wherever the traveler goes, in France, he is reminded of this very honorable practice — the purchase by the government of a certain number of "pictures of the year," which are presently distributed in the provinces. Governments succeed each other and bid for success by different devices; but the "patronage of art" is a plank, as we should say here, in every platform. The works of art are often ill selected — there is an official taste which you immediately recognize — but the custom is essentially liberal, and a government which should neglect it would be felt to be painfully incomplete. The only thing in this particular Musée that I remember is a fine portrait of a woman, by Ingres — very flat and Chinese, but with an interest of line and a great deal of style. There is a castle at Nantes which resembles in some degree that of Angers, but has, without, much less of the impressiveness of great size, and, within, much more interest of detail. The

court contains the remains of a very fine piece of late Gothic, a tall, elegant building of the sixteenth century. The château is naturally not wanting in history. It was the residence of the old Dukes of Brittany, and was brought, with the rest of the province, by the Duchess Anne, the last representative of that race, as her dowry, to Charles VIII. I read in the excellent handbook of M. Joanne that it has been visited by almost every one of the kings of France, from Louis XI. downward; — and also that it has served as a place of sojourn less voluntary on the part of various other distinguished persons, from the horrible Maréchal de Retz, who, in the fifteenth century, was executed at Nantes for the murder of a couple of hundred young children, sacrificed in abominable rites, to the ardent Duchess of Berry, mother of the Count of Chambord, who was confined there for a few hours in 1832, just after her arrest in a neighboring house. I looked at the house in question — you may see it from the platform in front of the château — and tried to figure to myself that embarrassing scene. The duchess, after having unsuccessfully raised the standard of revolt (for the exiled Bourbons), in the Legitimist Bretagne, and being "wanted," as the phrase is, by the police of Louis Philippe, had hidden herself in a small but loyal house at Nantes, where, at the end of five months of seclusion, she was betrayed, for gold, to the austere M. Guizot, by one of her servants, an Alsatian Jew named Deutz. For many hours before her capture she had been compressed into an interstice behind a fireplace, and by the time she was drawn forth into the light she had been ominously scorched. The man who showed me the castle indicated also another historic spot, a house with little *tourelles*, on the Quai de la Fosse, in which Henry IV. is said to have signed the Edict of Nantes. I am, however, not in a position to answer for this pedigree.

There is another point in the history of the fine old houses which command the Loire, of which, I suppose, one may be tolerably sure; that is, their having, placid as they stand there to-day, looked down on the horrors of the Terror of 1793, the bloody reign of the monster Carrier and his infamous *noyades*. The most hideous episode of the Revolution was enacted at Nantes, where hundreds of men and women, tied together in couples, were set afloat upon rafts and sunk to the bottom of the Loire. The tall, eighteenth-century house, full of the *air noble*, in France always reminds me of those dreadful years — of the street-scenes of the Revolution. Superficially, the association is incongruous, for nothing could be more formal and decorous than the patent expression of these eligible residences. But whenever I have a vision of prisoners bound on tumbrils that jolt slowly to the scaffold, of heads carried on pikes, of groups of heated *citoyennes* shaking their fists at closed coach-windows, I see in the background the well-ordered features of the architecture of the period — the clear gray stone, the high pilasters, the arching lines of the entresol, the classic pediment, the slate-covered attic. There is not much architecture at Nantes except the domestic. The cathedral, with a rough west front and stunted towers, makes no impression as you approach it. It is true that it does its best to recover its reputation as soon as you have passed the threshold. Begun in 1434 and finished about the end of the fifteenth century, as I discover in Murray, it has a magnificent nave, not of great length, but of extraordinary height and lightness. On the other hand, it has no choir whatever. There is much entertainment in France in seeing what a cathedral will take upon itself to possess or to lack; for it is only the smaller number that have the full complement of features. Some have a very fine nave and no choir;

others a very fine choir and no nave. Some have a rich outside and nothing within; others a very blank face and a very glowing heart. There are a hundred possibilities of poverty and wealth, and they make the most unexpected combinations. The great treasure of Nantes is the two noble sepulchral monuments which occupy either transept, and one of which has (in its nobleness) the rare distinction of being a production of our own time. On the south side stands the tomb of Francis II., the last of the Dukes of Brittany, and of his second wife, Margaret of Foix, erected in 1507 by their daughter Anne, whom we have encountered already at the Château de Nantes, where she was born; at Langeais, where she married her first husband; at Amboise, where she lost him; at Blois, where she married her second, the "good" Louis XII., who divorced an impeccable spouse to make room for her, and where she herself died. Transferred to the cathedral from a demolished convent, this monument, the masterpiece of Michel Colomb, author of the charming tomb of the children of Charles VIII. and the aforesaid Anne, which we admired at Saint Gatien of Tours, is one of the most brilliant works of the French Renaissance. It has a splendid effect, and is in perfect preservation. A great table of black marble supports the reclining figures of the duke and duchess, who lie there peacefully and majestically, in their robes and crowns, with their heads each on a cushion, the pair of which are supported, from behind, by three charming little kneeling angels; at the foot of the quiet couple are a lion and a greyhound, with heraldic devices. At each of the angles of the table is a large figure in white marble of a woman elaborately dressed, with a symbolic meaning; and these figures, with their contemporary faces and clothes, which give them the air of realistic portraits, are truthful and living, if not remarkably

beautiful. Round the sides of the tomb are small images of the apostles. There is a kind of masculine completeness in the work, and a certain robustness of taste.

In nothing were the sculptors of the Renaissance more fortunate than in being in advance of us with their tombs: they have left us nothing to say in regard to the great final contrast—the contrast between the immobility of death and the trappings and honors that survive. They expressed in every way in which it was possible to express it the solemnity of their conviction that the marble image was a part of the personal greatness of the defunct, and the protection, the redemption, of his memory. A modern tomb, in comparison, is a skeptical affair; it insists too little on the honors. I say this in the face of the fact that one has only to step across the cathedral of Nantes to stand in the presence of one of the purest and most touching of modern tombs. Catholic Brittany has erected in the opposite transept a monument to one of the most devoted of her sons, General de Lamoricière, the defender of the Pope, the vanquished of Castelfidardo. This noble work, from the hand of Paul Dubois, one of the most interesting of that new generation of sculptors who have revived in France an art of which our overdressed century had begun to despair, has every merit but the absence of a certain prime feeling. It is the echo of an earlier tune—an echo with a beautiful cadence. Under a Renaissance canopy of white marble, elaborately worked with arabesques and cherubs, in a relief so low that it gives the work a certain look of being softened and worn by time, lies the body of the Breton soldier, with a crucifix clasped to his breast and a shroud thrown over his body. At each of the angles sits a figure in bronze, the two best of which, representing Charity and Military Courage, had given me extraordinary pleas-

ure when they were exhibited (in the clay) in the Salon of 1876. They are admirably cast, and they have a certain greatness: the one, a serene, robust young mother, beautiful in line and attitude; the other, a lean and vigilant young man, in a helmet that overshadows his serious eyes, resting an outstretched arm, an admirable military member, upon the hilt of a sword. These figures contain abundant assurance that M. Paul Dubois has been attentive to Michael Angelo, whom we have all heard called a splendid example but a bad model. The visor-shadowed face of his warrior is more or less a reminiscence of the figure on the tomb of Lorenzo de' Medici at Florence; but it is doubtless none the worse for that. The interest of the work of Paul Dubois is its peculiar seriousness, a kind of moral good faith which is not the commonest feature of French art, and which, united as it is in this case with exceeding knowledge and a remarkable sense of form, produces an impression of deep refinement. The whole monument is a proof of exquisitely careful study; but I am not sure that this impression on the part of the spectator is altogether a happy one. It explains much of its great beauty, and it also explains, perhaps, a little of a certain weakness. That word, however, is scarcely in place; I only mean that M. Dubois has made a visible effort, which has been most fruitful. Simplicity is not always strength, and our complicated modern genius contains treasures of intention. This fathomless modern element is an immense charm on the part of M. Paul Dubois. I am lost in admiration of the deep æsthetic experience, the enlightenment of taste, revealed by such work. After that, I only hope that Giuseppe Gari-baldi may have a monument as fair.

VI.

To go from Nantes to La Rochelle you travel straight southward, across

the historic *bocage* of La Vendée, the home of royalist bush-fighting. The country, which is exceedingly pretty, bristles with copses, orchards, and hedges, and with trees more spreading and sturdy than the traveler is apt to deem the feathery foliage of France. It is true that as I proceeded it flattened out a good deal, so that for an hour there was a vast featureless plain, which offered me little entertainment beyond the general impression that I was approaching the Bay of Biscay (from which, in reality, I was yet far distant). As we drew near La Rochelle, however, the prospect brightened considerably, and the railway kept its course beside a charming little canal, or canalized river, bordered with trees, and with small, neat, bright-colored, and yet old-fashioned cottages and villas, which stood back on the further side, behind small gardens, hedges, painted palings, patches of turf. The whole effect was Dutch and delightful; and in being delightful, though not in being Dutch, it prepared me for the charms of La Rochelle, which from the moment I entered it I perceived to be a fascinating little town, a most original mixture of brightness and dullness. Part of its brightness comes from its being extraordinarily clean — in which, after all, it *is* Dutch; a virtue not particularly noticeable at Bourges, Le Mans, and Angers. Whenever I go southward, if it be only twenty miles, I begin to look out for the south, prepared as I am to find the careless grace of those latitudes even in things of which it may be said that they may be south of something, but are not southern. To go from Boston to New York (in this state of mind) is almost as soft a sensation as descending the Italian side of the Alps; and to go from New York to Philadelphia is to enter a zone of tropical luxuriance and warmth. Given this absurd disposition, I could not fail to flatter myself, on reaching La Rochelle, that I was already in the

Midi, and to perceive in everything, in the language of the country, the *caractère méridional*. Really, a great many things had a hint of it. For that matter, it seems to me that to arrive in the south at a bound — to wake up there, as it were — would be a very imperfect pleasure. The full pleasure is to approach by stages and gradations; to observe the successive shades of difference by which it ceases to be the north. These shades are exceedingly fine, but your true south-lover has an eye for them all. If he perceive them at New York and Philadelphia — we imagine him boldly as liberated from Boston — how could he fail to perceive them at La Rochelle? The streets of this dear little city are lined with arcades — good, big, straddling arcades of stone, such as befit a land of hot summers, and which recalled to me, not to go further, the dusky porticoes of Bayonne. It contains, moreover, a great wide *place d'armes*, which looked for all the world like the piazza of some dead Italian town, empty, sunny, grass-grown, with a row of yellow houses overhanging it, an unfrequented café, with a striped awning, a tall, cold, florid, uninteresting cathedral of the eighteenth century on one side, and on the other a shady walk, which forms part of an old rampart. I followed this walk for some time, under the stunted trees, beside the grass-covered bastions; it is very charming, winding and wandering, always with trees. Beneath the rampart is a tidal river, and on the other side, for a long distance, the mossy walls of the immense garden of a seminary. Three hundred years ago La Rochelle was the great French stronghold of Protestantism; but to-day it appears to be a nursery of Papists.

The walk upon the rampart led me round to one of the gates of the town, where I found some small modern fortifications and sundry red-legged soldiers, and, beyond the fortifications, another

shady walk — a *mail*, as the French say, as well as a *champ de manœuvre* — on which latter expanse the poor little red-legs were doing their exercise. It was all very quiet and very picturesque, rather in miniature; and at once very tidy and a little out of repair. This, however, was but a meagre back-view of La Rochelle, or poor side-view at best. There are other gates than the small fortified aperture just mentioned; one of them, an old gray arch beneath a fine clock-tower, I had passed through on my way from the station. This picturesque Tour de l'Horloge separates the town proper from the port; for beyond the old gray arch the place presents its bright, expressive little face to the sea. I had a charming walk about the harbor, and along the stone piers and sea-walls that shut it in. This indeed, to take things in their order, was after I had had my breakfast (which I took on arriving) and after I had been to the hôtel de ville. The inn had a long, narrow garden behind it, with some very tall trees; and passing through this garden to a dim and secluded *salle à manger*, buried in the heavy shade, I had, while I sat at my repast, a feeling of seclusion which amounted almost to a sense of incarceration. I lost this sense, however, after I had paid my bill, and went out to look for traces of the famous siege, which is the principal title of La Rochelle to renown. I had come thither partly because I thought it would be interesting to stand for a few moments in so gallant a spot, and partly because, I confess, I had a curiosity to see what had been the starting-point of the Huguenot emigrants who founded the town of New Rochelle, in the State of New York, a place in which I had passed certain memorable hours. It was strange to think, as I strolled through the peaceful little port, that these quiet waters, during the wars of religion, had swelled with a formidable naval power. The Rochelais had fleets and admirals,

and their stout little Huguenot bottoms carried defiance up and down. To say that I found any traces of the siege would be to misrepresent the taste for vivid whitewash by which La Rochelle is distinguished to-day. The only trace is the dent in the marble top of the table on which, in the hôtel de ville, Jean Guiton, the mayor of the city, brought down his dagger with an oath, when in 1628 the vessels and regiments of Richelieu closed about it on sea and land. This terrible functionary was the soul of the resistance; he held out from February to October, in the midst of pestilence and famine. The whole episode has a brilliant place among the sieges of history; it has been related a hundred times, and I may only glance at it and pass. I limit my ambition, in these light pages, to speaking of those things of which I have personally received an impression; and I have no such impression of the defense of La Rochelle. The hôtel de ville is a pretty little building, in the style of the Renaissance of Francis I.; but it has left much of its interest in the hands of the restorers. It has been "done up" without mercy; its natural place would be at Rochelle the New. A sort of battlemented curtain, flanked with turrets, divides it from the street and contains a low door (a low door in a high wall is always felicitous), which admits you to an inner court, where you discover the face of the building. It has statues set into it, and is raised upon a very low and very deep arcade. The principal function of the deferential old portress who conducts you over the place is to call your attention to the indented table of Jean Guiton; but she shows you other objects of interest besides. The interior is absolutely new and extremely sumptuous, abounding in tapestries, upholstery, morocco, velvet, and satin. This is especially the case with a really beautiful *grande salle*, where, surrounded with the most expensive upholstery, the

mayor holds his official receptions. (So, at least, said my worthy portress.) The mayors of La Rochelle appear to have changed a good deal since the days of the grim Guiton, but these evidences of municipal splendor are interesting for the light they throw on French manners. Imagine the mayor of an English or an American town of twenty thousand inhabitants holding magisterial soirées in the town-hall! The said grande salle, which is unchanged in form and in its larger features, is, I believe, the room in which the Rochelais debated as to whether they should shut themselves up, and decided in the affirmative. The table and chair of Jean Guiton have been restored, like everything else, and are very elegant and coquettish pieces of furniture — incongruous relics of a season of starvation and blood. I believe that Protestantism is somewhat shrunken to-day, at La Rochelle, and has taken refuge mainly in the *haute société* and in a single place of worship. There was nothing particular to remind me of its supposed austerity, as, after leaving the hôtel de ville, I walked along the empty porticoes and out of the Tour de l'Horloge, which I have already mentioned. If I stopped and looked up at this venerable monument, it was not to ascertain the hour, for I foresaw that I should have more time at La Rochelle than I knew what to do with; but because its high, gray, weather-beaten face was an obvious subject for a sketch.

The little port, which has two basins, and is accessible only to vessels of light tonnage, had a certain gayety and as much local color as you please. Fisher folk of picturesque type were strolling about, most of them Bretons; several of the men with handsome, simple faces, not at all brutal, and with a splendid brownness — the golden-brown color, on cheek and beard, that you see on an old Venetian sail. It was a squally, showery day, with sudden drizzles of

sunshine; rows of rich-toned fishing-smacks were drawn up along the quays. The harbor is effective to the eye by reason of three battered old towers which, at different points, overhang it, and look infinitely weather-washed and sea-silvered. The most striking of these, the Tour de la Lanterne, is a big, gray mass, of the fifteenth century, flanked with turrets and crowned with a Gothic steeple. I found it was called by the people of the place the Tour des Quatre Sergents, though I know not what connection it has with the touching history of the four young sergeants of the garrison of La Rochelle, who were arrested in 1821 as conspirators against the government of the Bourbons, and executed, amid a general indignation, in Paris, in the following year. The quaint little walk labeled Rue sur les Murs, to which one ascends from beside the Grosse Horloge, leads to this curious Tour de la Lanterne and passes under it. This walk has the top of the old town-wall, toward the sea, for a parapet on one side, and is bordered on the other with decent but irregular little tenements of fishermen, where brown old women, whose caps are as white as if they were painted, seem chiefly in possession. In this direction there is a very pretty stretch of shore, out of the town, through the fortifications (which are Vauban's, by the way); through, also, a diminutive public garden or straggling shrubbery, which edges the water and carries its stunted verdure as far as a big Etablissement des Bains. It was too late in the year to bathe, and the Etablissement had the bankrupt aspect which belongs to such places out of the season; so I turned my back upon it, and gained, by a circuit in the course of which there were sundry waterside items to observe, the other side of the cheery little port, where there is a long breakwater and a still longer sea-wall, on which I walked a while, and inhaled the strong, salt

breath of the Bay of Biscay. La Rochelle serves, in the months of July and August, as a *station de bains* for a moderate provincial society; and, putting aside the question of inns, it must be charming on summer afternoons.

Henry James.

KING'S CHAPEL.

Is it a weanling's weakness for the past
That in the stormy, rebel-breeding town,
Swept clean of relics by the levelling blast,
Still keeps our gray old chapel's name of "King's," —
Still to its outworn symbols fondly clings,
Its unchurched mitres and its empty crown?

Poor harmless emblems! All has shrunk away
That made them gorgons in the patriot's eyes;
The priestly plaything harms us not to-day;
The gilded crown is but a pleasing show,
An old-world heirloom, left from long ago,
Wreck of the past that memory bids us prize.

Lightly we glance the fresh-cut marbles o'er;
Those two of earlier date our eyes enthrall:
The proud old Briton's by the western door,
And hers, the Lady of Colonial days,
Whose virtues live in long-drawn classic phrase, —
The fair Francisca of the southern wall.

Ay! those were goodly men that Reynolds drew,
And stately dames our Copley's canvas holds,
To their old Church, their Royal Master, true,
Proud of the claim their valiant sires had earned,
That "gentle blood," not lightly to be spurned,
Save by the churl ungenerous Nature moulds.

All vanished! It were idle to complain
That ere the fruits shall come the flowers must fall;
Yet somewhat we have lost amidst our gain,
Some rare ideals time may not restore, —
The charm of courtly breeding, seen no more,
And reverence, dearest ornament of all.

— Thus musing, to the western wall I came,
Departing: lo! a tablet fresh and fair,
Where glistened many a youth's remembered name
In golden letters on the snow-white stone, —
Young lives these aisles and arches once have known,
Their country's bleeding altar might not spare.

These died that we might claim a soil unstained,
 Save by the blood of heroes ; their bequests
 A realm unsevered and a race unchained.
 Has purer blood through Norman veins come down
 From the rough knights that clutched the Saxon's crown
 Than warmed the pulses in these faithful breasts ?

These, too, shall live in history's deathless page,
 High on the slow-wrought pedestals of fame,
 Ranged with the heroes of remoter age ;
 They could not die who left their nation free,
 Firm as the rock, unfettered as the sea,
 Its heaven unshadowed by the cloud of shame.

While on the storied past our memory dwells,
 Our grateful tribute shall not be denied, —
 The wreath, the cross of rustling immortelles ;
 And willing hands shall clear each darkening bust,
 As year by year sifts down the clinging dust
 On Shirley's beauty and on Vassall's pride.

But for our own, our loved and lost, we bring
 With throbbing hearts and tears that still must flow,
 In full-heaped hands, the opening flowers of spring,
 Lilies half-blown, and budding roses, red
 As their young cheeks, before the blood was shed
 That lent their morning bloom its generous glow.

Ah, who shall count a rescued Nation's debt,
 Or sum in words our martyrs' silent claims ?
 Who shall our heroes' dread exchange forget, —
 All life, youth, hope, could promise to allure
 For all that soul could brave or flesh endure ?
 They shaped our future ; we but carve their names.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OUR NOMINATING MACHINES.

THE test question which decided the political supremacy of William M. Tweed, and gave him for a time absolute mastery of the first municipal government in America, arose in 1870, over the proposed new charter for the city of New York. Tweed owed his victory to his secret manipulation of the Republican senatorial caucus even more than to his

control of his own party machinery. Whenever it was possible, — and with the resources at his command few things of the sort were impossible for him at that time, — his henchmen obtained access to the Republican district associations, which held, as they hold to-day, full disposition of the party nominations in the city, and elected del-

legates who were pledged to do the bidding of the Democratic boss.

The vast official "patronage" which lay at his disposal, the by-ways and back lanes to means of money-making *aliunde* of which he held the keys, were all used by him to accomplish what to fail of, he had declared, would be his ruin. Ostensibly active Republicans and ardent party men depended for their daily bread upon the salaries which, at a word from him, could be cut off. In one Republican association alone, sixty-three "workers" held office under Tammany Hall, whilst of the Republican general committee in 1870 thirty members out of one hundred and fifty-nine received pay from offices subject to the disposition of the Democratic chief. At the primaries of that year the "Tammany Republicans" massed their forces. Tweed sent for the Republican district leaders, and plied them with every inducement to sell out in his favor. Ex-Governor Cornell, chairman of the Republican state committee in 1871, declared that members of the general committee of the city of New York acknowledged that they had received large sums of money to place their committee under the secret control of Tammany. Men who were holding federal offices, the "gift" of some Republican politician, or the "reward for good Republican work," were "given" much more lucrative positions under the municipal government controlled by the Tammany sachem. The Republican convention was actually "run" by a Democratic minority, who packed the hall before the hour of meeting. The entrance was guarded by policemen, who, acting under instructions from Democratic headquarters, rejected or admitted delegates without the slightest regard to their credentials. So intolerable became the abuses in these little "nocturnal gatherings," where six thousand voters arrogated to themselves exclusive control of the nominations which fifty thousand

Republicans were held bound to ratify, that the state committee were forced to step in and manage the local campaign itself. Yet, in spite of their efforts, it was found, after the election, that in certain districts the presidents of Republican associations had issued and "peddled" the straight Democratic ticket all day long. But Tweed did not content himself with his control of the Republican organization of the city of New York alone. His next move was a conception of genius. He determined to extend his power to the Republican senatorial caucus as well, so as to secure the votes not only of those who were paid to do his bidding, but also of those who, however opposed to his mastery, would not dare fail to respond to the crack of the party whip. With rare humor and cynical frankness, the old man told the story of his shrewdness. It is a suggestive story, and well worth the study of him who claims that under any circumstances to bolt is a crime:—

"I suggested the caucus, and suggested that the Republicans should resolve in caucus to support me in this measure. I said, 'Here is a way of getting over it *if money matters are mentioned*. If you go in caucus, and if the resolution is arrived at, you can say, I was governed by the caucus, and had to do it because the caucus did, and I personally went against it.' . . . The result was, the caucus did pass the resolution that they would stand by the charter and agree to the caucus determination."¹

The purchase of the Republican senators whose votes carried the Republican caucus cost Mr. Tweed, he declared on oath, at a time when it was less to his interest to lie than to tell the truth, some forty thousand dollars apiece; an amount agreed upon after much skillful haggling and neat diplomacy. And all through these delicate negotiations, he

¹ Testimony taken before a Committee of New York Aldermen, 1877. Page 86.

said his trusted counselor, adviser, and go-between was the editor of a leading Republican journal! But disclosure came at last, and with disclosure one of those periodical convulsions which we have come to depend upon as the only means of purifying the disorders of our body politic. The honest element of both parties united to shake off the incubus, and when the work was done genuine Republicans began to bestir themselves for a real "reform within the party." The reorganization was entrusted by the state committee to Horace Greeley and William Orton; the place of the former, on his declining to serve, being filled by Jackson S. Schults. Some idea of the abuses which they were called upon to correct may be inferred from what follows, for which vouchers could be given if space allowed:—

The sub-committee appointed to correct the roll of one district found it so hopelessly filled with non-residents, bogus names, and dead men that it was not capable of correction, but had to be cast aside, and a new one made. Of the seven hundred and fifty-one names, twenty-two, *as the roll itself showed*, lived out of the district; and of the rest, only two hundred and seventy-nine could be found by the census-taker. In another district two hundred and forty-seven of the alleged members were either Democrats, or unknown or fictitious persons; and this district was claimed to be "rather exceptionally free from irregularities"! It was proved by sworn testimony that at the Republican primaries, at the preceding election, some of the polls were taken possession of by policemen, who refused many prominent Republicans admittance, while they allowed Democrats to enroll, and vote upon the selection of delegates.

The reorganizing committee produced, as the result of their labors, the organization which has developed into the ex-

clusive political machine, which to-day dominates the party in the city of New York. The crying evil which the framers of the new system were called upon to meet was temporarily suppressed. Their scheme expressly provided (Art. XIV.) that no person holding office under Democratic control should be a member of the organization, and that all votes cast for such should be null and void. The gentlemen who undertook the work of reform either saw but one side of the great evil of "patronage," or did not feel called upon to denounce it, save where it bore heavily against their own party. That a Republican politician should hold office at the will of a Tammany sachem seemed an intolerable abuse; but that the same worker should be dependent for his living upon the nod of a Republican boss appeared to be only another bond to strengthen the party discipline. The new plan had but a temporary success. Indeed, its framers never claimed anything more for it. It was urged by many, at the time, that the evils had not been wholly rooted out, and that the seeds of the old abuses would in time sprout again. The condition of the organization to-day has justified their declarations. Mr. George Bliss, who in 1876 insisted that the fair expression of opinion was seldom prevented at the primaries and caucuses of the Republican party, and confidently declared that no abuse had failed of prompt correction, upon proper appeal in the manner provided, announced in 1879 that the system, for at least a year past, had been fairly honeycombed by a dry rat. "The rolls," he declared, in an open letter to President Arthur, then chairman of the Republican state committee, "are utterly deceptive." No annual revision was had, as the constitution required. Mr. Arthur's own association contained the names of many non-residents; in another district, out of six hundred names, the post-office officials

had been unable to reach more than one half; and of the thirteen thousand three hundred and thirty-five members on the rolls of the twenty-four associations, over half should have been stricken off. In 1878, it was claimed that the associations were again full of avowed Democrats, whilst good Republicans, who had an absolute right to become members, were refused admittance, either by direct rejection, or by referring the nominations to committees which never reported; "leaving no course but an appeal to the central committee, which is sure not to act against the henchmen." Elections conducted "with conspicuous unfairness," fraudulent enrollment, arbitrary exclusions, unfair expulsions, and other abuses as bad were the charges brought against the system which to-day controls the Republican party machinery of the great city of New York, by the gentleman who three years before was its warm advocate. Although it was not until 1879 that Mr. Bliss felt bound to demand a reform, yet Mr. Schultz himself asserted, as early as 1876, that the primary had come to be no place for any one but the professional politician; and it was generally admitted even then, and tacitly conceded by those who "ran" the machine themselves, that the district associations were very far from representing the great majority of the party. The Union League Club, assuming to speak for the educated and public-spirited element, resolved that the national convention, in considering candidates for the presidential election of 1876, should avoid selecting any man whose affiliations might suggest a reasonable doubt of the purity of his political methods. That resolution, though couched in the most temperate language, and backed by the highest public opinion of the city and State, gave offense to the arrogant masters of the machine, who would brook no suggestion of interference with their sovereignty; and within ten days these little evening

clubs, at which one tenth of the party assumed to speak with absolute authority for the other nine tenths, answered to their master's call, and all of them returned their quota of delegates to the state convention, pledged to his control. "This," said Mr. Cornell, in his dispatch to Senator Conkling, as one of Cæsar's lieutenants might have reported to his general the crushing of some barbarian revolt, — "this is the answer of the Republicans of New York to the impudent declarations of the Union League Club." But if matters were bad then, they are worse to-day. "Not over one in three of the presidents of the twenty-six Republican associations," said the New York Times, after a recent election of officers, "is a man of ordinary capacity for public affairs, or even of ordinary education; sixteen of the twenty-six hold city, state, or federal office; and of the remaining ten, one is said to have been selected for an office under the general government, and two are mere figure-heads for office-holders behind them. . . . From alderman to judge of the supreme court, no name appears on the party ticket which has not been selected by some of this band of office-holders and office-seekers. They send the delegates who assume to speak for the eighty thousand New York Republicans at a state convention, and save for the casual jurisdiction of the state committee, there is no authority in the party which they cannot set at defiance. Their representatives in the board of aldermen must do their bidding, under penalty of expulsion from the charmed circle. Republican members of the legislature take their cue from them in all matters pertaining to the government of the city. There is no power which has to dispose of public patronage, from the police board or the petty courts to the President of the United States, that cannot be made to feel the pressure of the organizations which regulate at its head the flow of the fountain of political

action in the first city of the United States."

Such is the development of the machine system of political nominations in the metropolis of America. The facts regarding one party are matched by those in another; and in any large city of the United States, a history of the evolution of the caucus from its prototype the "town meeting," of years gone by, consists simply of a wearisome repetition of similar details. In Baltimore it is the Democrats who have "run" their primaries with such shameful indifference to the protests of respectability that the intelligent element of the party have refused to attend and lend their countenance to the fraud and trickery by which the reckless and unscrupulous minority always carry the day. In Philadelphia, again, the Republican professional politicians have engaged for years past in dishonest practices, which the respectable majority have been absolutely powerless to prevent. Again and again the candidate who happened to secure control of the temporary chairman of a convention has, through the latter's aid, succeeded in ousting duly elected delegates by simply referring, *under the rules*, all questions relating to contested seats to the suitable committee packed in his interests. So that the nomination has come to depend far more upon "fixing" the temporary chairman than upon the mere question of a majority of duly elected delegates. To Philadelphia as well as New York may be applied what Mr. Bliss said in 1879: "It is the constant remark of the henchmen, 'What's the use of his fighting? We've got the inspectors.'" In Brooklyn, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, and San Francisco, the primary system operates with precisely similar results; and even in England, if we choose to go abroad for illustrations, the caucus, in the form of the "Birmingham six hundred," or the "Bradford three hundred," comes to the

same thing, — a development of the very abuses under which we labor here. The "Birmingham Model," which has been set up in Birmingham, Bradford, the metropolitan boroughs of Marylebone, Southwark, and Greenwich, and in many large towns, either preserves or has developed the essential features of our primary methods. The ward committees elect a general committee, which elects an executive committee, which elects a managing sub-committee. This machine selects candidates for Parliament and the school board. The out-and-out party men naturally praise it as an admirable means of massing and centralizing the party power. Mr. Chamberlain's laudation of the system has an oddly familiar sound to American ears, used to the stock arguments of the professional politician, to whom a "scratcher" or a "bolter" is more hateful than the Beast. The success of the liberals in Bradford, he argues, "would have been impossible to any but a strong and united party. . . . The only merit of the caucus is that it has enabled the party to develop its full strength. . . . Since the formation of the association, no man calling himself a liberal has ever been excluded from its meetings, or denied a voice and vote. . . . The only controlling force in our organization is the good sense of its members, who see that if the common cause is to be successful there must be some willingness to keep purely personal preferences in the background, and to subordinate petty details to great principles." But the "discipline" has already begun to tell, and more than one intelligent Englishman has felt the weight of a system which makes as little as possible of his individual voice and vote. No member who has failed of a nomination can offer himself as an independent at the hustings; and the committees already demand that the nominee shall submit his opinions to their dictation. Because of his course on the government education

bill in 1878, the Bradford liberal committee attempted to "discipline" Mr. Forster, a notoriously stiff-necked man; but he set them at defiance, and was elected with the aid, it is said, of some Tory votes. At the next general election he was offered the Bradford nomination, provided he would bind himself by "Rule 15," which prescribed that the nominee should in all things submit to the decisions of the committee,—a pledge which Mr. Forster refused to take. "Assessments," as a matter of course, follow in train. In 1878, the local politicians began to complain that the members of public boards did not contribute liberally enough to the association, and at one meeting it was demanded, with unmistakable emphasis, that the defaulters be "interviewed." How little these committees differ from the district associations of Brooklyn and New York, or the ward committees of Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, may be seen from the following description from the pen of an observant and intelligent Englishman:—

"It simulates an elective system, and pretends to the authority derived from popular majorities. In theory every liberal elector has a right to be enrolled on the ward lists, and when enrolled to take part in the ward meetings which choose the representatives which make up the central committees. . . . But as a matter of fact the semblance of popular election is of the slightest kind. . . . At the ward meetings which choose the representatives on the central committee . . . there is no keen excitement. . . . Yet when the thing is done the necessity of yielding to the principles of representation is urged, and any signs of troublesome independence are repressed by the argument that those who failed to carry their candidates at the ward meetings, and so find themselves unrepresented on the committee, must be in a minority. . . . These meetings fall inevitably into the hands of the

professional politicians. A few energetic persons, who know what it is to pull the wires effectively, appear at these gatherings with a sufficient contingent of followers, and obtain the sanction of popular election for the 'tickets' they promptly propose. Politics are thus made prominent in municipal affairs, and Englishmen now ask, Why should a body chosen to give expression to the political voice of the borough meddle with the selection of representatives, whose duty it is to decide between rival schemes of drainage and lighting, or to appoint school-masters and school-mistresses, or to strike an equitable balance between indoor and outdoor relief?"

It is folly for us to talk about the duty of the patriotic and intelligent citizen to attend the caucus of his party, and insist by his presence and his vote that only proper candidates shall be nominated. With the absence of legal safeguards, the polls of the primary of to-day are absolutely at the mercy of the dishonest minority.

It pays the professional politician to give his whole time to the work of "running his district." He has a "stake" in the work; it means to him his bread and butter. "Practical" politics require practiced hands; so he makes it his business; and as Fisher Ames is said to have declared long ago, "one man making a business of politics can have more influence than half a dozen who do not." With ten thousand municipal offices in the city of New York subordinate to the elective offices, and whose salaries aggregate over ten million dollars, it pays a Democratic "heeler" to know his district, and to "run" it at any cost and by any means. With the federal patronage of the same city dividing up two and a half millions of dollars among two thousand five hundred offices, it is easy to understand why "Barney" and "Jake" and "Tom" and "Mike" aspire to be district leaders, and why they invariably beat the honest gentle-

men who innocently fancy that a numerical majority is any obstacle to a determined minority who know what they want and are bound to get it by hook or by crook. What chance has an honorable man, who would not stoop to the tricks of the machine to secure his ends, with patriotism and perhaps a laudable ambition to distinguish himself in public service as his only motives, against men whose business is to "fix" primaries and "pack" conventions by stuffing ballot boxes and ejecting duly elected delegates? No; the remedy is not to be found at the caucus of to-day. The present primary system is, and so long as it lasts always will be, subject to the control of the worst element in each party. But the patient people have stood it about long enough. We have at last begun to fret against gross misrepresentation. The civil service reform bill was the result of public opinion as expressed in the state elections; it was not left for a national contest to put life into that issue; and in the States where the caucus has been most abused are to be heard those mutterings of discontent which to the observant student of American public affairs mean so much. Within a short time the people

of Pennsylvania have demanded, and secured, laws regulating their primary elections. The people of Maryland have made the same demand, and will get what they ask. The "leaders" on one side of the game of New York politics have begun to hold out offers of "reorganization" as a sop to allay the effects of their refusal in the past to permit the passage of such a law, while their opponents have recently been forced by an insistent public opinion to extend the provisions of a local statute controlling primaries in the city of Brooklyn to other cities in the State.

But beyond the enactment of statutes which shall protect the primary as fully as the general election, the people have begun to insist that the State, as well as the nation, shall take its offices out of politics, so as to make it pay as little as possible for the political "worker" to "fix" things at the caucus. We are beginning to understand that so long as we allow official patronage to lie at the disposal of this leader or that, as a reward for "controlling his district," for just so long we shall furnish a corruption fund for him to draw upon to pay for the dirty work by which he wins and holds his place.

George Walton Green.

POETS AND BIRDS: A CRITICISM.

"Plato, anticipating the reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets."

The Birds of Killingworth.

THE author of three articles recently published, *The Poets' Birds* (*Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1882), *Foreign Birds and English Poets* (*Contemporary Review*, October, 1882), and *Our Birds and their Poets* (*Harper's Magazine*, February, 1883) brings against British poets the charge that they are almost

entirely destitute of that "universal kindness toward the speechless world," that "sympathy co-extensive with nature," which he "finds common to all the poets of America." This is proved, he says, by their ignorance of ornithology, their injustice to birds, and their general neglect of the bird-world.

For any one to be justified in making this charge, he must himself have a knowledge of ornithology sufficient to enable him to approach accuracy in the

statement of scientific facts, great familiarity with the poets, and a standard of criticism which should be clearly defined in his own mind, and which he should be able to make fairly intelligible to his readers.

An examination of these articles will enable us to judge to what extent the author's statements and opinions are entitled to consideration.

"There are," he says, "known to science more than three thousand species of birds." But Selater and Salvin make over three thousand and five hundred in the neotropical region alone, including South America, the West Indies, and Central America. And this is less than half the number represented in the private collection of Count Turati, who recently died in Milan, which consisted of specimens belonging to seven thousand two hundred species (Count Salvadori in *The Ibis*, October, 1881); while Gray's *Hand-List*, the latest published (1871), contains the names of over eleven thousand then known to science.

Again, our author says, "The poets have wasted some two thousand exotic birds," and names six that they have "utilized." So, of the more than three thousand known to science, he reckons as belonging to Great Britain about one thousand, or one third of the whole. But the number of British species, according to Harting's *Handbook* (1872), is only three hundred and ninety-five (including one hundred and thirty-five rare and accidental visitants), or less than one twenty-eighth of the number recorded by Gray. The writer also gives a "complete list," seventy-six in all, of the species of British birds found in the eighty poets "carefully examined" by him. A "curious list" he calls it, and a curious list it is. The very first bird which it contains, the albatross, is not a British bird; nor is the booby; nor are the cock and the peacock, for they are domesticated fowls

of nearly all civilized countries, and are not included by British ornithologists among British birds. "Only seven sea-birds," he says; but in his own enumeration he makes ten. After naming seven, and exclaiming, "Such are the ocean-birds of the poets!" he immediately thinks of "sea-mews and sea-pies." Then he adds: "Not another bird is mentioned!" but soon after remembers the "stormy petrel." But why not also include swans, ducks, and geese, many of which are as really sea-birds as loons and cormorants, and some of the gulls? Why not count the sand-lark as well as the sea-pie? Both of them are shore-birds, and both sometimes found inland.

According to Newton, Harting, Coues, and others, the order *Raptores*, birds of prey, contains three families: *Vulturidæ*, or *Cathartidæ*, vultures; *Strigidæ*, owls; and *Falconidæ*, eagles, the osprey, falcons, hawks, kites, buzzards, and harriers.

Of these three great divisions, the writer classes as birds of prey only one family, the *Falconidæ*. In his first article he speaks of the condor and the lammergeyer as "wondrous birds of prey;" but in the next article he declares that vultures are not birds of prey, apparently unaware of the fact that the condor and the lammergeyer are vultures, although they are the most distinguished species of the vulture family.

In his first article, our author gives a list of the foreign birds of the poets: the ostrich, the bird of paradise, the pelican, the flamingo, the ibis, and the vulture, — six besides cage-birds. The second, being on foreign birds, he revises the list, and adds to it the condor, the humming-bird, the stork, and the crane. Now ibis, vulture, stork, and crane are generic names, and British ornithologists have recorded one or more species of all these birds among the rare or accidental visitants in Great

Britain. Naturalists do not agree about the crocodile bird of Herodotus, as to whether it is the sic-sac plover, as this writer thinks, or the black-headed plover. But since he quotes several poets who have mentioned the bird, why not include it in his enumeration of foreign birds?

Still another list shows our author's unique system of classification, that of the "fearful wild-fowl" from the "bird-land of fable," with which the "poets eke out their stock," namely, "the simurg and roc, gryphon and phoenix, popinjay, heydegre, martlet, and allerion." The simurg, the roc, the phoenix, and the allerion are fabulous birds. Popinjay and the diminutive word martlet are names of real birds. The gryphon is a fabulous animal, a winged quadruped. It is hardly possible that any of the poets can have called it a bird. Spenser compares the red-crosse knight encountering his enemy to a "gryfon" encountering a dragon, but speaks of neither the gryfon nor the dragon as a bird. Nor does Milton, in his comparison of the Fiend's course to that of a gryphon, call the latter a bird.

The list, then, contains names of four instead of eight fabulous birds, one imaginary animal not a bird, two names of real birds, and the word "heydegre." I have hesitated about calling heydegre a word, for to my mind it conveys no meaning. I have consulted a number of the latest and best etymological and other dictionaries for a little help, but in vain; and I am forced to believe that its occurrence in poetry cannot have been general enough to warrant any conclusions as to the poets.

The poets, according to the writer, "sing mysteriously to modern ears of ernes, gleads, and so forth." Why mysteriously? Erne and glead are the more common names of the sea-eagle and the kite in some parts of Great Britain; they are in use in good prose, and by some of the best ornithological

writers are the names first given in describing the birds. Glead, allied to Anglo-Saxon *glidan*, to glide, and supposed to have been given to the bird on account of its beautiful sailing motion, is certainly a more poetical word than kite.

The author of these articles is apparently as unfamiliar with poetry as with ornithology. "It is," he thinks, "a poor compliment to the fable of the bird of paradise, that it sleeps on the wing, to stretch the same privilege, as Cowper does, to the swallow." Cowper nowhere intimates that the swallow sleeps on the wing. He translated a little poem by Madame Guyon on the swallow, in which we find this stanza:—

"It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended and poised in the regions of air;
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
It is winged like herself, 't is ethereal fare."

I have not seen the original, but I infer from the translation that Madame Guyon herself does not mean to say that the swallow sleeps on the wing, but simply to allude to this bird's remarkable powers of flight, which enable it not only to take its winged food on the wing, but to sustain long-continued exertion in flying, without fatigue.

The writer also tells us that Thomson calls Alexander the Great a vulture. But it is Philip, not Alexander, to whom Thomson refers as "the Macedonian vulture" that

"marked his time,
By the dire scent of Chæroneia lured,
And, fierce descending, seized his hapless prey."

A little further on we are told that Gray makes the vulture a prey-hunter. Gray makes no allusion to the vulture in connection with its prey. In one of his translations from Propertius, this line occurs:—

"Or drive the infernal vulture from his prey."

Even here the bird is not called a prey-hunter.

In his last article, our author says, "The owl and vulture might be quite as 'obscene' in *Evangeline* or *Mogg Megone* as they are in *Wordsworth* or *Cowper*."

Those not familiar with *Cowper* and *Wordsworth* will be surprised to learn that there is absolutely nothing in the poems of either of them to suggest such a thought. *Cowper* has only two references to the owl. One is merely an allusion to the roosting of owls in *Yardley Oak*. The other shows his kindness of feeling towards this bird:—

"Nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-fingered Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for
me."

Wordsworth has numerous allusions to the owl, and they show his careful and appreciative observation of it, but in none of them does the epithet "obscene" occur, or any word which could be forced into meaning that.

As to the vulture, *Cowper* nowhere refers to it in his original poems; in his translations from other poets this bird is spoken of, but even in these it is not called obscene. *Wordsworth* mentions it only once. In *The Excursion*, the skeptic asks, —

"Why
That ancient story of *Prometheus* chained
To the bare rock, on frozen *Caucasus*,
The vulture, the inexhaustible repast
Drawn from his vitals?"

It will be readily seen from this that the vulture is no more "obscene" in *Wordsworth* than in *Evangeline*, or than in the *Prometheus* of *Longfellow* or the *Prometheus* of *Lowell*. I think this extract is a fair example of the way the old fable of *Prometheus* and the vulture has been treated by the poets.

The following references to the poets may not be quite as obviously, but are just as really, misrepresentations. In the article on foreign birds we find a quotation from *Milton*,

"Part, more wise,
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravan; high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight: so steers the prudent crane,"
with these comments:—

"This 'embody'd flight' of the migrating crane is a poetical image as old as the *Iliad*, and therefore older; but it is one to which many besides *Milton* have recourse, as a simile from nature for discipline and mutual reliance. It is a pity that the 'mutual wing' should be a fiction, for the idea that each bird rests its head on the back of the bird before it, in flight, is a charming one."

The method of the cranes in flight is not a "poetical image;" it is a fact of natural history. *Homer* alludes to the flight of the crane in migrating only once, and then it is merely to compare the battle-cry of the *Trojans* to the cry of the cranes. He nowhere makes any allusion to the method of the flight. The "embodied flight" of *Pope* is, in every case, wholly gratuitous.

It would be hard to find a more comprehensive and truthful description in five lines than *Milton* has here given of the crane. The passage, however, is purely descriptive. It contains no "simile for discipline or mutual reliance." Still, the mutual wing is not a fiction; and it is a misrepresentation of the poet to attribute to him the absurd opinion which some of the ancients are said to have entertained, that each crane, in flying, rests its head on the back of the one before it. The explanation of the phrase "mutual wing," so simple and natural, may be found in actual fact. It is well known that cranes, when migrating, fly in two lines, which meet in front in an acute angle. One of the number takes the lead. "It may be readily observed," says *Lloyd* (*Scandinavian Adventures*), "that when this individual becomes fatigued with being the first to cleave the air, it falls to the rear, and leaves the next in succession

to take its post." Brehm, in his interesting chapter on migration, gives a similar account. Thus it is that they are seen "with mutual wing easing their flight."

Speaking of the vulture, the writer says, "Longfellow knows the bird as it is," and one couplet from *Evangeline*, he thinks, "goes a long way towards refuting the hideous prejudices of our own poets, who never saw a vulture." What, pray, was there to prevent Byron or Shelley from seeing a vulture? Vultures have not disappeared from the land of Homer and *Æschylus*, or from that country the foundation of whose capital is associated with the "omen of the twelve vultures." They are found in all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

Afterwards we find mention of the vultures "so admirably described in Longfellow's well-known passage," and are told that "Longfellow's vultures are *condors*." Longfellow may have seen vultures, but there is no reason to suppose that he was familiar with any species of this bird. Vultures are not more common in Boston and Cambridge than they are in London. If Longfellow ever saw a condor, he probably saw it in the Zoölogical Gardens in London. He certainly did not see it in its native haunts, for he never visited South America. But Longfellow's vultures are not condors. The turkey buzzard is the vulture that frequents "the wonderful land at the base of the Ozark Mountains," with the description of which the writer seems so much pleased.

In *Hiawatha* the vulture is used as an illustration, merely. But a vulture whose "quarry in the desert" is a "sick or wounded bison" cannot be a condor, for the condors belong to South America, where there are no bisons. And which of Longfellow's passages describing the vulture "so admirably" is the one "well known"? Can the couplet from *Evangeline*, which is misquoted in

the second of these articles, be the passage referred to?

The writer quotes from the poets many expressions,—the "vulture of trouble," "vulture revenge," "vulture oppression," "vulture destruction," "vulture folly," "vulture greed," and in connection with them two passages in which Shelley has compared "despair," "hate," "famine," "blight," "pestilence," "war," "earthquake," to vultures, adding this note: "Many of these images, probably all, are as old as poetry itself. See Homer and Lucan."

Truth is as old as the universe, and real likenesses between material and immaterial things have existed as long as the things themselves; but for likenesses to become poetical images, they must have a definite form. Poetry is the expression of thought and feeling; and Homer did not give a form to most of these likenesses, or even to one of them, in the sense implied by the writer.

Homer represents Sarpedon and Patroclus as rushing against each other to fight, as vultures fight, screaming. Of all the allusions to the vulture in Homer, this is the nearest approach to one of "these images." Yet here it is not the character of the warriors, nor even the state of mind causing the fight, which is compared to that of vultures. It is the action. The word here translated vultures occurs six times, and is similarly used every time. Persons are compared to vultures as to their appearance or as to what they do: thus when Ulysses and Telemachus meet, they weep more forcibly than vultures cry at the loss of their young.

When Hector said to the dying Patroclus, "Vultures shall devour thee," he did not call attention to the vulture as a symbol of greed, but to the disgrace which Patroclus would suffer if he should not receive funeral rites; and his mention of the vulture was only an allusion to the well-known fact that

bodies lying exposed in that country became the vultures' prey. The word here rendered vultures occurs seven times, and is employed every time with this meaning and in just this way, — never figuratively. But Homer's reference to birds as preying upon dead bodies is not confined to vultures. More frequently, when alluding to this, he uses a general term meaning birds or birds of prey. Fourteen out of eighteen times that I find the word, it is used *only* with reference to the fact that birds prey upon the dead. The other four times, as the context shows, the word does not refer to the vulture. Many of the most accurate translators of Homer never render it by the word vulture, though Pope has sometimes done so.

And why is Lucan associated with Homer as one of the oldest representatives of poetry? Homer probably lived a thousand years before Lucan. According to Herodotus, it must have been more than nine hundred. All the great poets of Greece had been dead four or five hundred years when Lucan was born.

This critic of the poets is not only inaccurate in the statement of facts and unfamiliar with the poets, but he has no standard of criticism. He condemns all the British poets except Tennyson as untrue to nature and unsympathetic. Then one, and another, and another, of those whom he has most severely condemned is made a standard of excellence. For instance, he quotes in support of his general charge of the poets' ignorance and want of sympathy expressions designed to show their injustice to the vulture, among which are some from Keats and Marvell (not calling the poets by name, however). But he mentions both these poets in such a way as to disprove his own charge, thus: "When a Marvell actually went out into the fields and observed what he afterward wrote, the world obtained not only poetry, but poetry from the life;

or when a Keats translates into words his own intuitive and tender sympathy with the out-of-doors about him, the result is the poetry of Nature herself."

Nay, more. In the article designed to show the greater "tenderness toward the speechless world" and greater "fidelity to Nature" of the American poets, he actually makes British Keats and British Shelley standards of excellence by which the American poets are to be judged, thus: "They [the American poets] are as gentle always as Keats, while in their more general passages they show all Shelley's appreciation of the harmonious unity in nature." Now I think there is not another poet whose expressions have been so frequently quoted by our author in support of his general accusation as those of Shelley, although the poet has not always been named.

Again, the writer condemns in British poets what he commends or ignores in American poets. For example, he finds the latter "attributing melancholy to the notes of birds, as if in recognition of that pathos with which Nature balances so beautifully her great antiphonies;" and "complaints" and "wailing" are appropriate terms for describing the part of the birds in maintaining this balance. But the same terms employed by British poets are indicative of the "undeserved contumely" bestowed on the bird by his unsympathetic calumniators, the abusive poets. Holmes's censure of duck-shooting is recognized as genuine sympathy, but British poets' condemnation of partridge-shooting is sneered at as sentimentalism.

When Aldrich speaks of a "thieving robin-redbreast," or Lowell of that "devil-may-care, the bobolink," or Whittier of "robber crows" and of the "foul human vulture," or Emerson of "ostrich-like forgetfulness," or Bret Harte of the sea-bird as a "careless vagabond," or Celia Thaxter of the sea-gulls' "boding cry;" or when Holmes

calls the bobolink "crack-brained" and "crazy," and the sea-gull a "gentleman of leisure, not good for much;" or when Longfellow speaks of the "fateful crows," and of the

"wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the
sight of its fledgelings,"

calling him lucky

"who found that stone in the nest of the swallow,"

or when he compares the ecstatic outburst of the mocking-bird to the "revel of frenzied Bacchantes," we find the writer expressing no disapproval, but sometimes quoting with approbation these very passages. Yet these expressions are of the same nature as those which he censures in British poets.

The writer also charges British poets with being untruthful, but really he often censures them most severely because they are truthful. The charge of injustice, he thinks, might be considered substantiated from the poets' reference to birds of prey and sea-fowl alone. The only value of symbols to the poet is in their appropriateness. As a class, the birds of prey have characteristics which render them fit symbols of cruelty, greed, robbery, and violence; and while the poets have not depicted the unlovely side alone of these birds, it is true that unlovely things do exist. War is unlovely, and all forms of oppression and wrong, and poetry has not ignored them. But the world cannot spare Homer, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or Dante, or one of its genuine poets. The poets' recognition of the real characteristics of birds of prey is justice, not injustice, to the bird-world. It is no evidence of a want of a "perfectly healthy sympathy with nature." A very striking illustration of this truth is Kingsley's *A Thought from the Rhine*, in which eagles are compared to the "great devourers of the earth." The poet rouses your compassionate indignation against the great devourers of the earth with-

out lessening your admiration for the eagle.

But our interest is with the poets and their relations to the birds. It is not the mission of the poets to investigate and establish scientific facts. Ignorance, like knowledge, is only relative. We call Aristotle, Newton, and Franklin wise; yet the school-boy of to-day is perfectly familiar with many facts unknown to them. Linnæus named a species of the birds of paradise "*apoda*," footless. We happen to know that these birds have feet, but is it for us to speak of the great naturalist as ignorant? A poet's knowledge of natural history ought to be estimated with reference to the advancement of this science in his own age. An examination of British poets will show that their knowledge of natural history has not been derived from classical and other myths and from heraldry, as our author asserts, but that it has fairly kept pace with that of scientists, and that more recently it has been to a great extent the result of personal observation. It will show, moreover, that the British poets have found in the birds an inexhaustible source both for themes and for illustrations.

Poetry partakes of the spirit of the age in which it is produced. Even the masterpieces which delight every age show this. There were among the earlier poets careful observers and genuine lovers of nature. There was Chaucer,

"whose fresh woods
Throb thick with merle and mavis all the year,"

"who," says Charles James Fox, "of all poets seems to have been fondest of the singing of birds;" and of whom Longfellow writes, —

"And as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery mead."

We do not forget

"The music of days when the Muse was breaking
On Chaucer's pleasance in song's sweet prime."

For the earlier poets, then,

“let English Chaucer intercede;

Think how he rose from bed betimes in spring,
To hear the nightingale and cuckoo sing.”

Harting, the author of *The Ornithology of Shakespeare*, says that “it is impossible to read all that Shakespeare has written in connection with ornithology without being struck with the extraordinary knowledge which he has displayed for the age in which he lived.” Spenser has made use of birds as illustrations very effectively and with much truth to nature. The not numerous but very fine passages in Milton relating to birds could not have been written by an indifferent observer of nature. Marvell shows in some of his poetry the susceptibility to nature’s influences that is so marked a characteristic of Wordsworth and Emerson. Two hundred and thirty-five years ago, Herrick thus introduced his *Hesperides*:—

“I sing of brooks, of blossomes, birds and bow-
ers,”

But the poets of nature are for the most part, undoubtedly, modern poets, going back scarcely one hundred years. If American poets have been more accurate in their observations and more in sympathy with nature than British poets, as a whole, the chief reason is obvious, and it is strange that it should not have been mentioned. A large majority of the British poets, even of those quoted, wrote before there were any distinctively American poets. Bryant, the earliest by several years of the American poets named, published his *Thanatopsis* less than seventy years ago.

How utterly regardless of the consideration of time our author has been may be seen from this paragraph respecting foreign birds: “We find only six, and even these are only utilized to perpetuate half a dozen of those ‘pseudoxia’ which Sir Thomas Browne tried to demolish two centuries ago. The ostrich is *still*, with the poets, ‘the

silliest of the feathered kind, and formed of God without a parent’s mind;’ the bird of paradise, not having recovered its legs, *yet sleeps* on the wing, and *hatches* its eggs in mid-air; the ibis *still* brandishes its ‘spiral neck at snakes;’ the pelican *goes on* ‘opening to her young her tender breast;’ and the vulture *continues* to ‘spring from the cliff upon the passing dove.’” One must infer that these poets are our contemporaries. On the contrary, Cowper, the poet of the ostrich, who was nearest to our own time, wrote these lines ninety-nine years ago. Garth, the poet of the ibis, was a contemporary of Sir Thomas Browne himself, the author of the *Pseudoxia*; while Savage, the poet of the vulture and the pelican, died only twenty-five years after Garth. And yet Savage is actually quoted in proof that poets *now* perpetuate errors about the pelican, in utter disregard of the fact that Montgomery, the author of *The Pelican Island*, the beauty and accuracy of which the writer is constrained to acknowledge, lived a *century later* than Savage. The poet of the bird of paradise is not named, and we are really curious to know what British poet is so ignorant of natural history, and so utterly devoid of common sense, as to intimate that any bird “*hatches its eggs in mid-air*,” especially as, according to the writer, the poet belongs to our own time.

But the statement itself is a wholesale misrepresentation of Sir Thomas Browne. The opinion that the pelican feeds her young by opening her own breast is, of all mentioned in the paragraph, the only one that is referred to in the *Pseudoxia*.

Again, we are told in regard to the poets’ mistakes about the ostrich that “it was *reserved* for Lovelace to condense their animadversions into a quatern of errors.” Reserved by whom? Not by Cowper and Montgomery, who are also quoted on the ostrich, for Cow-

per lived a century and a half and Montgomery two centuries *after* Lovelace.

There are poems which give their authors a specific claim to be noticed in an essay on the poets' birds, as *Grahame's Birds of Scotland*, which presents a series of graphic pictures of individual birds, rivaling, it has been said, those of Alexander Wilson; and *Bishop Mant's British Months*, which contains descriptions, often of great beauty, of nearly twice as many birds as our author found in his eighty poets, — the book which Christopher North wanted to put in his pocket when he should "go a bird-nesting;" and *Courthope's Paradise of Birds*, suggested, as its author intimates, by a Greek classic, *The Birds of Aristophanes*, but a most delightful book to every genuine lover of birds and their poets, however British and however modern he may be. Many of the most beautiful of Charles Tennyson Turner's sonnets are devoted to birds. To these poets, and to several other especial poets of the birds, our author has made not the slightest reference.

More remarkable than such omissions is the treatment of Wordsworth and Cowper. Examples of the misrepresentations of their poetry have been already noticed. In the case of Wordsworth these misrepresentations do not occur in the article on the birds of British poets, for in that his very existence is not so much as hinted at. This silence might have been interpreted as pardonable reverence for the "very high priest of nature," if it had not been for the attempts to belittle him in the succeeding articles. Wordsworth has been dead but little over a quarter of a century, and yet one of his latest biographers says that his poems have already furnished more of the phrases which have long been familiar as household words than those of any other poet, except Shakespeare and Milton. Southey's remark that "he might as well attempt to crush Skiddaw" (referring to

Jeffrey's criticism of Wordsworth) would now be superfluous of even a Jeffrey.

But what apology can be invented for any one so utterly insensible to Cowper's sweet and simple nature, to his "large and tender heart," to his "scrupulous truthfulness," as to characterize as "lip-service" that love for animals which was so great a solace of his life?

Since the writer has thus disregarded the poets of nature and of the birds, did he limit his examination to the familiar poems of well-known poets? Not at all. A familiarity with Shakespeare's *King Lear*, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, Tennyson's *Maud*, Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, Jean Ingelow's *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*, or even Burns's *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton*, would have enabled him to increase his list of birds.

And not only are poets of birds thus ignored, but the birds themselves, — the very birds which have been acknowledged favorites of the poets.

The first of these birds to suggest itself is the skylark. "There is hardly a poet," says Yarrell, "who has not made it his theme." Yet in an essay on the birds of British poets, the skylark is not alluded to, except as one of seventy-six of these birds; nor the robin, nor the cuckoo, nor the swallow, — except in the passage in which Cowper is accused of saying the swallow sleeps on the wing, — nor the nightingale. But in his chapter on foreign birds the writer intimates that British poets know little of their own nightingales. There is a published list, as I am informed, of one hundred and seventy-eight adjectives which the poets have applied as epithets to this bird. I have not seen the list, but I recall more than eighty British poets who have written of the nightingale, and I have no hesitation in saying that one hundred and seventy-eight falls far below the number of such adjectives. This may not disprove the

charge of ignorance, but it surely disproves another of this writer's accusations against the poets, that they "have laid themselves open to the charge of a monotony in error almost amounting to plagiarism."

The swan is mentioned thus: "The real beauty of the swan's life is almost ignored; the imaginary beauty of its death is hackneyed to absurdity." "A sterile majority of our bards see in it only the fowl that sings before death." "So pressed for similes of beauty are the poets that they have all of them to turn again and again to the peacock's tail, the turtle's neck, and the swan's breast."

Not only are these charges groundless, but I do not think there is a single object in nature which has been more beautifully described by British poets than the swan. Out of more than ninety poems and poetical extracts referring to the swan, taken at random, I find fourteen which allude to the bird's singing at death. The most noted of these, I need scarcely say, is *The Dying Swan* by Tennyson, in regard to which the author of *The Bird World* says, "We can hardly regret the existence of a fiction which has led to the enrichment of our literature with so fine a piece of word-harmony." Tennyson, it will be remembered, is the only poet excepted by the writer from his general accusation.

In Wordsworth's numerous passages relating to the swan, there is only one reference to its singing at death. In the sonnet suggested by the *Phædo* of Plato, he speaks of hearing

"(Alas! 't was only in a dream)
Strains, which as sage antiquity believed
By waking ears have sometimes been received,"

the "most melodious requiem" of the swan. Even a child could not think he accepts the fable as a fact.

Shakespeare illustrates by the swan in fifteen passages, five of which refer to the death-song. Of the seven pas-

sages remaining, three are from Shelley, from whom I have taken eight extracts. This leaves four of these allusions to this bird's death-song, which I have found in nearly eighty poems and extracts taken from more than thirty different poets. Is this what the author means by "a sterile majority"?

I find the bird spoken of as "noble," "stately," "kingly," "most graceful," the "very type of rural elegance." The "jetty eyes," the "ebon bill," the "snowy plumage," the "black legs," the "oary feet," the "nesting among the reeds," the "young dusky cygnets," the "cygnet's down," the manner of protecting the young, and the manifestation of parental affection even to the point of self-sacrifice are all mentioned. Keats evidently intends to class wings of swans among the most delightful of material things when he asks what is

"More strange, more beautiful, more smooth,
more regal,
Than wings of swans, than doves, than dim-
seen eagle?"

Wordsworth describes the neck as

"An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!"

The "haughty neck," the "sinuous neck elate," the "neck of arched snow," are some of the poets' designations of the swan's neck. Tennyson's *Lancelot* means no disparagement to it when he presents jewels to the queen, of which to make a

"Necklace for a neck to which the swan's
Is tawnier than her cygnet's."

The motions of the swan are characterized by "grandeur," "majesty," "grace," and "majestic grace."

"O beauteous birds! methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tune!"
says Coleridge.

Nor has the breast been neglected in the poet's descriptions of the swan; but only twice in the ninety and more poems and extracts do I find it used as

the object of comparison. So much for this "simile of beauty." The "wild-clanging note" and the picturesqueness of the swan in flight have not failed of notice.

Whether or not Wordsworth saw

"The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow,"

he often saw that vision of beauty in his own region of lakes. More than one of his descriptions he particularly mentions as taken from the daily opportunities he had of observing the habits of two pairs of swans of an old magnificent species, which divided between them the lake of Esthwaite and its in-and-out-flowing streams.

Spenser, in his poem written on the marriage of the Earl of Worcester's daughters, makes use of swans as an illustration in a passage which for beauty can hardly be surpassed in his poems.

A poet of less note than these, Thomas Wade, has described a beautiful landscape, including the sea, on which a thousand swans are sailing, and over which more are flying; but woods and sky and sea, he says in conclusion,

"seem but humbly tributary
To the white pomp of that vast aviary."

The following stanzas from *The Swans of Wilton* are by an anonymous British poet:—

"Oh, how the swans of Wilton
Twenty abreast did go!
Like country brides bound to the church,
Sails set and all aglow:
With pouting breast, in pure white dressed,
Soft gliding in a row.

"Adown the gentle river
The white swans bore in sail,
Their full soft feathers puffing out
Like canvas in a gale;
And all the kine and dappled deer
Stood watching in the vale.

"The stately swans of Wilton
Strutted and puffed along,
Like canons in their full white gowns,
Late for the even-song,
Whom up the close the peevish bell
In vain has chided long.

"Oh, how the swans of Wilton
Bore down the radiant stream!

As calm as holy hermits' lives,
Or a play-tired infant's dream.
Like fairy beds of last year's snow
Did those radiant creatures seem."

We are also told that "the swan might, for all the American poets say, never have been Leda's lover or Venus's wagoner." Not once in the more than ninety poems and extracts is the swan spoken of as "Venus's wagoner;" and only once is the bird mentioned in connection with Venus. Wordsworth speaks of

"These swan-like specks of mountain snow,
White as the pair that slid along the plains
Of heaven, when Venus held the reins!"

Twice only is the swan alluded to as the lover of Leda, once by Shakespeare and once by Spenser.

Since these passages were not selected, but taken at random, the result is surely an indication whether nature or fable has been the source of inspiration in regard to the swan of the British poets.

In connection with his remarks on the swan, the writer asks, "Is there no poetry in the contemporary kingfisher, that it should never be anything but the brooding halcyon of the past?" I offer on the part of a British poet this reply:—

"The halcyon flew across the stream,
And the silver brooklet caught the gleam;
The glittering flash of his dazzling wings
Was such as the gorgeous rainbow flings,
In broken rays through the tearful sky,
On a sunny eve in bright July:
His radiant sheen the trees between,
Like the spangled scarf of a fairy queen,
Was rich to the view as the gayest hue
Of the brightest flower that ever grew."

The explanation is very simple of the comparatively few poems on this "gorgeous blaze," this "jeweled beam of emerald light," this "sapphire-winged mist," this "little hermit, azure-winged, ablaze with jewels," this "little gay recluse," as he is variously designated by British poets; and it has been given by the poets themselves.

"The kingfishers retiring hide
Their head's and wing's resplendent sheen
Of 'turkis blue and emerald green.'"

MANT.

"Thy splendid livery thee might well besit
As page to some fair Naiad of the tide;
But yet, approached, thou soon thy perch dost quit,
And wilt not let thy beauty be described.
Most strange it seems that Nature should bestow
Plumage so rare on bird so rarely seen."

COCHRANE.

Coleridge pictures a "wild and desert stream," "gloomy and dark" from the crowded firs on its shores and stretching across its bed, on whose steep banks the "shy kingfishers build their nest." Browning also describes a retreat of the "glossy kingfisher," where

"the river pushes
Its gentle way through strangling rushes."

In all this we have no hint of the "brooding halcyon of the past;" but we do not find it difficult to pardon Longfellow for this allusion to the fable of Alcyon: —

"On noiseless wing along that fair blue sea
The halcyon flits, — and where the wearied storm
Left a loud moaning, all is peace again;"

or a British poet for a similar allusion.

In regard to the eagle, the writer acknowledges that the British poets "have indeed done splendid justice to this splendid bird, but unfairly, and at the expense of others." Without stopping now to inquire in what respect splendid justice differs from justice, or whether justice can be done unfairly, we simply ask what the American poets can do more than justice; for if there is any force in this paragraph, it is in the implied comparison in favor of American poets: "The eagle is neither the eagle of Rome, Assyria, Persia, nor France; . . . nor any of the other eagles that fly in mythology, heraldry, and fable. . . . It is simply the best in the sky — Keneu, the great war-eagle; and just as it was the totem of the red man when he was lord of America, so now it is the totem of the white men who have dispossessed him."

But what is the great war-eagle? Not a simple winged object in nature, but a symbol of power and conquest, alike to the Roman, to the Frenchman, and to

the red man. And not only had the eagle this general symbolic signification to the Indians as a people, but sometimes also, as it appears, it was a household symbol, and the figure of an eagle was one of the ancestral totems, the coat-of-arms of some noble Indian family. This does not make the eagle of American poetry the "best in the sky," for, according to Longfellow, the figure of a turtle was also a totem; nor does it make it the "totem of the white men;" but it does seem to give it a claim to be considered an eagle of heraldry. The particular eagle here referred to, "Keneu, the great war-eagle," is emphatically an eagle of fable. Originally a man, he passed through more metamorphoses than any of Ovid's heroes, before he was finally changed "to an eagle, — to Keneu, the great war-eagle."

The writer gives a list of birds which he says are unpopular with the poets. The owl is one of these most abused birds. Epithets are quoted by the dozen which "the bards have slung at the owl," the first of which is "silent." Well, "silence is golden," especially on the part of a bird which "shrieks" and "gibbers," and whose shriek is often frightful, as even American poets know. The little Hiawatha was frightened,

"When he heard the owls at midnight:
'What is that?' he cried in terror."

And his good grandmother had to soothe him by explaining,

"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

And this answer of Nokomis is the very passage quoted by the writer to show that the owl of American poetry is not an object of terror.

According to an English poet, English mothers soothe their children in the same way: —

"I'll teach my boy the sweetest things, —
I'll teach him how the owlet sings."

And sometimes children are delighted with this screaming of the owl. Words-

worth's fine passage descriptive of the boy who "blew mimic hootings to the silent owls, that they might answer him," and of the mirth that followed, will be readily recalled.

Another of these abusive epithets is "gray." Not a bad color, and owls of several species are gray. But one may be suited even as to color. The poets of Great Britain also speak of owls as "white" and "mottled" and "tawny" and "brown."

But we are told that the owl of British poetry "salutes the moon with impropriety." I am afraid the manners of American owls are no better, or seem no better to American poets, for Longfellow speaks of one that "greeted the moon with demoniac laughter." By a singular coincidence this line occurs in one of the very passages referred to by the writer to illustrate the American poets' pathetic treatment of birds in relation to night. I need not say that this line is not quoted.

If British poets have called the owl "dire" and "unholy," it is also British poets who have called him "precious," "wise," a "sage and holy bird." Chaucer puts into his mouth "Benedicite," and Byron heard him singing his anthem at Newstead Abbey.

The owl is a bird of night and associated with gloom and darkness, as well as with quiet and peacefulness. Neither British nor American poets have been cognizant of the gloom alone.

As to the magpie, the poets are accused of "insisting" that it is a "disagreeable adjunct to the landscape, and nothing better than

An impudent, presuming pye,
Malicious, ignorant, and sly."

On the contrary, Wordsworth most agreeably associates this bird with the brightness and beauty of spring:—

"The valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight."

Again, we find it joining in the general joy manifested after a night of storm: "The birds are singing in the distant woods; Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods; The jay makes answers as the magpie chatters; And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters."

The magpie is noted for its ingenuity in nest-making, and also for its adroitness in appropriating to its own use whatever it fancies, without regard to ownership. The poets' mention of any distinguishing trait of this bird is not unjust.

"But of his ways however ill
We deem and *justly*, yet for *skill*
To build his dwelling few can vie
In talent with the artful pie;"

and

"In early times, the story says,
When birds could talk and lecture,
A magpie called her feathered friends
To teach them architecture."

The beauty of the bird, its ability to talk, and its usefulness in protecting crops are all recognized by British poets.

Another of the unpopular birds is the jackdaw. But one has only to recall the most familiar of the Ingoldsby Legends, The Jackdaw of Rheims, and Cowper's translation of Vincent Bourne's poem on the Jackdaw, to be convinced that this bird has received signal honor at the hands of at least three British poets.

Of the bittern the writer says, "The bittern, one of the most strangely poetical of birds, is found useful only as a synonym for discordance and desolation; and if it had not been for its making strange noises, would not probably have been mentioned at all."

But is there no poetry in sound? Why, then, have the poets with such unanimity found this bird's "strange noises" so suggestive? These and his loneliness are what have impressed American as well as British poets.

"The bittern booms," says Thoreau.

"While scared by step so near,
Upspringing from the sedgy brink,
The lonely bittern's cry will sink
Upon the startled ear."

HOFFMAN.

"Sometimes we heard a bittern boom,
Sometimes a piping plover."

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Our author, by insisting that poets should know the birds of which they write, has effectually answered his own charge against the British poets of neglecting foreign birds. But that is no reason that they should be discredited in respect to what they have written even of foreign birds.

Among the foreign birds that are unpopular are the parrot and the ostrich. "The parrots," he says, "poor wretches, find no friend or even apologist." Has the author of this charge never read Campbell's poem on the parrot, founded, it is said, on a real incident, which Campbell learned from the family to which the parrot belonged? Or could he not recognize in the poet a friend of the parrot? In that case, it is not surprising that he failed to see in Wordsworth an apologist for this bird:—

"But, exiled from Australian bowers,
And singleness her lot,

She trills her song with tutored powers,
Or mocks each casual note."

"The ostrich," he claims, "is, next to the goose, one of the very wisest of birds. It takes a good horse and a good man to make one Arab of the desert, and it takes three Arabs of the desert to hunt one ostrich—and then they do not kill it as a rule. . . . It is also one of the most careful of parents." He says, moreover, "The ostrich is still, with the poets, the silliest of the feathered kind, and formed of God without a parent's mind."

The "poets" in this case, it will be remembered, are Cowper. The passage reads thus:—

"The ostrich, silliest of the feathered kind,
And formed of God without a parent's mind,
Commits her eggs, incautious, to the dust,
Forgetful that the foot may crush the trust."

Cowper's idea of the ostrich could not have been gained from personal observation, and the works on natural history

then extant would have furnished but little information on this bird; but he was familiar with a description of the ostrich written three thousand years before, which seems to have escaped the notice of this writer, in which it is stated that she "leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers; her labor is in vain without fear; because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding. What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider."

Now the author of these lines was familiar with the bird. Among the chief characteristics of the ostrich are a "small head," a "long and muscular neck," a "robust body," and "extremely muscular thighs and stout tarsi and feet." (Mosenthal and Harting's *Ostriches and Ostrich-Farming*.)

The brain of the ostrich is small; the neck, body, and limbs very powerful. This physical structure indicates not wisdom by which it can outwit its pursuers, but great strength and swiftness; and by means of these it is that "she scorneth the horse and his rider." Livingstone speaks of the "folly" of the ostrich in madly rushing into danger, and calls it for this a "silly bird." Canon Tristram says that "stupidity is universally ascribed to the ostrich by the Arabs," and that "it deserves, on the whole, the Arab reproach, 'stupid as an ostrich.'"

In regard to its parental instinct, he says, "Several hens deposit their eggs in one place, — a hole scraped in the sand. The eggs are then covered over, and left during the heat of the day." ("Which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust," says the Old Testament poet.) "But the ostrich," says Canon Tristram, "lays an

immense number of eggs, far more than are ever hatched, and round the covered eggs are to be found many dropped carelessly. . . . It is from this habit, most probably, that the want of parental instinct is laid to the charge of the ostrich. At the same time, when surprised by man with the young before they are able to run, the parent bird scuds off alone, and leaves its offspring to their fate. To do otherwise," he continues, "would be a self-sacrifice."

But parental instinct does prompt to self-sacrifice on the part of birds and other animals, for the sake of their young.

Livingstone says, "The ostrich begins to lay her eggs before she has fixed on a spot for a nest, and solitary eggs are thus found lying *forsaken* all over the country, and become a prey to the jackal."

In the late Charles John Andersson's work on Lake Ngami, there is an account of the capture of some young ostriches, which the editor of Cassell's Book of Birds has quoted as illustrative of the "affection *occasionally* displayed by the ostrich for its little family." As we compare these descriptions with that of the Hebrew poet, we are not surprised at the accuracy of Cowper's lines, and understand Emerson's expression, "ostrich-like forgetfulness."

"Greedy is a favorite ostrich-epithet in poetry." Well, who can say it is not well deserved by a bird that will swallow almost any substance, whether a bunch of keys, bullets hissing hot from the mould, or a whole brood of ducklings?

The writer thinks it "almost a pity that the poets did not know the tradition that the ostrich hatches her eggs simply by looking at them." Southey's reference to this tradition in his *Thalaba* shows that it has not been wholly unknown to the poets. "Beyond alluding to these popular delusions about this wonderful bird, the poets," we are

told, "can find no use for the ostrich, no opportunity for a compliment." This, like so many similar statements of the writer, is not correct. For instance, Mary Howitt's poem describing the bird and the desert, where

"like armies for war,
The flocks of the ostrich are seen from afar,
Speeding on, speeding on, o'er the desolate plain,
Whilst the fleet-mounted Arab pursueth in vain,"

contains no reference to these popular delusions, and is at least as worthy of mention as any of the extracts quoted by him.

So also are these lines by a poet who lived several years in Africa:

"And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view,
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo."

In the first article, the humming-bird is only one of "some two thousand exotic birds," which the "poets have wasted." But it occupies the first place on the list of those of the two thousand species which our author mentions as having been "all wasted alike." Soon, however, the writer makes discoveries. The humming-bird can no longer keep its conspicuous position at the head of those two thousand birds. It has been found to be not wholly, but only in part, wasted; and in the second of these remarkable essays we read that as a *bird of beauty*, the humming-bird is *wasted*, while regard is canvassed for it on the fictitious virtue of its song; and that "the silent flash of a humming-bird, if once seen, can never be forgotten, nor ever heard."

True enough, the silent flash of a humming-bird cannot be heard. But does the writer mean to imply that the humming-bird is a silent bird? What, then, of the buzzing noise which has given to these birds their English name; "to which," observes Martin, "they owe the epithets of 'murmures,' 'bourdons,' and 'frou-frous,' given them by

the Creoles of the Antilles and Cayenne;" and which the authors of the extensive French work on humming-birds, recently published, compare to the buzz of a spinning-wheel and the purring of a cat? Can that be heard? Gosse (*Birds of Jamaica*) speaks of hearing this whirr before seeing the bird. But this is not all. Mr. Gosse and others describe the note of the humming-bird, which is sometimes very curious. Belt, in his interesting account of these birds in Nicaragua, says it was not until he could distinguish the notes of the different species that he found out how full of humming-birds the woods were: he sometimes heard the different chirps of more than a dozen individuals without being able to get a glimpse of one of them. The bird, then, is sometimes "more heard than seen," and it is not the poet who says so that is incorrect, but his critic who denies it. More than this, we cannot disbelieve the testimony which we have that some of the humming-birds really sing. Gosse speaks of the song of the Vervain humming-bird as a very sweet melody, continued for ten minutes at a time. Gould, in his *Introduction to the Trochilidæ*, quotes Mr. Bell, of New York, as saying that he had heard the "little pygmornis of Panama sing beautifully a soft, shrill, and pretty song." Other species also are mentioned as having a song.

Without doubt songsters among humming-birds are rare, as are also the poets' allusions to the song. It will be remembered that when he wrote the first of these essays, the author did not know that a single British poet had mentioned the humming-bird. Perhaps, when he wrote the second, he was hardly qualified to judge whether there was "little or no beauty in the poets' treatment" of the bird. Evidently, when he ventured this statement he had not read all that British poets had written on the humming-bird. I recall numerous

poems which should not have been included in this adverse judgment; and at least, poets who were perfectly familiar with the bird (as were Wilson and Chapman) are entitled to have their poems read before they are condemned.

Again, we are told that the poets describe this bird as part bee, or part fly, or part butterfly. Rogers calls it half bird, "half fly." The French name for humming-birds is "*oiseaux-mouches*," fly-birds. Naturalists constantly make use of flies, bees, and butterflies as objects of comparison for them.

Bates (*Naturalist on the Amazons*) says that he often shot the humming-bird hawk-moth for the humming-bird, which it resembles so much in appearance, in the manner of flight and of poising itself before a flower, that it required many days' experience to enable him to avoid the mistake.

The writer has given more space to the vulture than to any other bird. He begins by calling it "unlovely," and closes with a description which fully justifies the use of this word, and a request to the poets to "love him or leave him alone." We find too a panegyric on the vulture, some general charges against the poets, and many quotations from them, all with the professed design of showing the injustice of British poets towards the vulture. "The poet's instinct," the writer thinks, "should be towards a universal tenderness." This he defines as a "perfectly healthy sympathy with nature, which refuses under any circumstances to call vultures 'loathsome.'" But this universal tenderness, as he explains it, may be inconsistent with truth, and telling the truth about the vulture is no more injustice in poetry than in prose.

"The poets' vulture," we are informed, "has three aspects, — as a bird of prey (which it is not), a bird of ill-omen (which it was not), and a bird of general horror." It has been shown

that the vulture is a bird of prey. If the writer means to assert that it does not attack living animals, this is a mistake. There is abundant testimony to show that it does. According to Coues the American vultures attack and overpower live animals, and the turkey buzzard kills young pigs and lambs. The author of *Bible Animals* says that the Egyptian vulture kills and devours rats, mice, and other pests of hot countries. Thomas Rhymer Jones informs us that some of the vultures prefer killing their own game; that the lammergeyer, which drives animals over the edge of some cliff, and then devours the shattered remains, is terribly destructive, not only to the flocks that pasture in the Alpine valleys, but to the chamois and other wild quadrupeds; that children have become its victims; and that man himself is not safe, if he should incautiously approach their wild retreats. The very name of this bird, lammergeyer, (*Lämmer-geier*, lamb-vulture), indicates its destructiveness to flocks. Any one who has watched the sheep and goats feeding on the Alpine precipices will have no difficulty in imagining them on cliffs of the Himalayan range, within reach of the prey-hunting lammergeyer. Milton might have represented the vulture as "ravaging the flocks grazing on the hill-sides," as the writer of these articles says he did; but he did not. This is what he said:—

"As when a vulture, on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanning kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies towards the
springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes."

There is no intimation that the lambs and yeanning kids were attacked while alive. It seems even more probable that they were already dead from a fall, or from exposure on that "abode of snow."

The next aspect of the poets' vulture is "as a bird of ill-omen." Our author

has not attempted to substantiate this except by placing the word "ominous" first on a list of objectionable epithets applied by the poets to the vulture. Ominous means both "auspicious" and "inauspicious;" and if there is one adjective which vultures can claim as peculiarly theirs, it is "ominous." "Old Rome consulted birds," and the vulture was one of the birds which "gave auguries." But after objecting to the word "ominous," the writer inconsistently claims respect for this bird on the very ground of the "omen of the twelve vultures which the destinies of Rome irresistibly obeyed." But Romulus did not lay the foundations of Rome on the Palatine Hill because he saw vultures. His brother was the first, by twelve hours, to see vultures,—six of them; and though each claimed the augury in his own favor, the decision was for the brother who saw twelve vultures instead of six. In this very instance, vultures were ominous to both brothers; inauspicious to one of them, auspicious to the other.

Again, the poets' vulture is a "bird of general horror." Under this head of general horror is included, I suppose, everything expressed by "loathsome," "greedy," "cruel," and so forth. To see whether such expressions are "all injustice, because out of sympathy with nature," let us examine very briefly a few only of the historians of these birds. We are told by Colonel Irby (Ornithology of the Straits of Gibraltar) that the "Egyptian vulture is probably the foulest feeding bird alive." Canon Tristram describes it as a "despicable scavenger," and as "most disgusting in habits, odor, and appearance on a close inspection." "Their disgusting though useful habits," says Major Jerdon (*Birds of India*) "render them objects of loathing." In Bishop Stanley's *Familiar History of Birds*, we find it stated that, from the nature of their food, they are very disgusting in various ways; that some idea

of their voracity may be formed when we are assured that at one meal a vulture contrived to devour a whole albatross. Rev. J. G. Wood (*My Feathered Friends*) thinks the vulture's "demeanor is precisely such as would seem suitable to its food," and speaks of its "cruel eye" and "groveling" and "crouching" attitude. So far from being the result of "hideous prejudices," the poets' epithets often seem to show exact knowledge.

Note a few examples of their accuracy in those passages quoted in proof of their abuse of these birds. Shelley associates vultures with other carrion eaters "in horrid truce to eat the dead." Dr. Adams (*Wanderings of a Naturalist in India*) describes the congregating around the carcass of a horse of "tawny eagles, Indian and Egyptian vultures, crows, and pariah dogs."

"The hope of torturing him, smells like a heap
Of corpses to a death-bird after battle,"

quotes the writer, still again from Shelley. Canon Tristram says that on great battle-fields vultures congregate in a few hours, even where the bird was scarce before, and that in the Crimean war the whole race from the Caucasus and Asia Minor seemed to have collected to enjoy the unwonted abundance. This recalls another striking passage from the same poet:—

"The death-birds descend to their feast
From the hungry clime."

The death-bird of Shelley, our author claims, is the vulture. He has no means of knowing this, except that from its well-known habits the poet could have substituted "vulture" for "death-bird." If anybody has been unjust to the vulture here, it is not the poet, for he did not name it. However, it is by no means certain that vultures alone are the death-birds of Shelley. Canon Tristram also speaks of watching at one time, "close to a recent battle-field," a "steady stream of carrion eaters, which had scented the battle from afar,—all

the vultures, kites, and ravens of North Arabia rushing to the banquet."

Once more, we are told by naturalists that this bird's plumage is not "matted together with the odious substances constantly coming in contact with it," because the "nature of its feathers is such that when it shakes them extraneous matter falls off."

Shelley very concisely says

"Its wings rain contagion."

The poets, then, are not unjust to call the vulture a "bird of prey," or "ominous;" even "loathsome" seems not to be too strong a term.

The author's own description of the vulture, the "shabby-looking fowl of dirty white plumage," the "poor dust-and-dirt bird," the "dull-lived vulture," "solemn and shabby and hungry," is, as far as it goes, a description of the Egyptian vulture, or Pharaoh's chicken; and he implies that the vulture of his panegyric, entitled "from its traditions alone" to a "place of dignity," and in "actual nature undeniably majestic," the "eagle of Holy Writ," is also Pharaoh's chicken. What species of vultures have originated the various traditions referred to, I do not know. In flight many of the vultures are majestic. As for the eagle of Scripture, it is believed to be not merely "as often as not," but invariably, the vulture; not Pharaoh's chicken, however, but the griffon vulture. The mere fact that this bird is the eagle of Scripture does not change its character, and is pertinent to the subject of the present inquiry only from the fact that British poets have also noted some of the same traits in the vulture which are spoken of in Scripture. To discover this, we need not go beyond the passages quoted in these articles. One of the characteristics is the care bestowed on the young. In the long extract quoted from Montgomery's *The Pelican Island*, there is an allusion to the parental tenderness of the vulture. Again, the eagle is represented in Scrip-

ture as "making her nest on high." The author of *Bible Animals* says that nothing but the highest and most inaccessible spots will satisfy the griffon vulture as a place for nesting. Both this and the bearded vulture inhabit the Himalayas, the Imaus of the ancients; and Milton, two hundred years ago, accurately designated this highest mountain range on the globe as the birth-place of the vulture.

But the most frequent scriptural allusions to the bird are in connection with its prey, and the poets' treatment of the bird in this respect has already been spoken of.

In the last article, it is claimed that "the punctuality with which religious associations are availed of" is "in a large measure special to American verse," and some quotations are given from American poets, mostly from Longfellow, illustrating this "predilection for the religious." But this is no proof that British poets are without this predilection, or, by giving similar quotations from them, we might just as easily prove American poets destitute of it. Those familiar with British poetry know how common are such illustrations: of praise, as in Milton:—

"Join voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,
That, singing, up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;"

of teaching, as in Wordsworth:—

"How blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher;"

and George Macdonald calls the lark

"The voice of all the creature throng,"

as

"He sings the morning prayer."

Since Donne named the birds "heaven's choristers," more than two hundred

and fifty years ago, the poets have not ceased to record how they have "mattens seyed" or "chirped," and "sung their anthems" and "thankful hymns;" how they "chant their *Te Deum*" and "vespers;" and how

"the thickets ring
With jubilate from the choirs of spring."

The very birds, the mention of which by Longfellow seemed to make such an impression upon our author, taught their lessons to English poets long before there were any American poets. More than two centuries ago Herrick was reminded of St. Peter and admonished by the crowing of the cock; and Vaughan, remembering the prophet of old, said

"If I Thy servant be,
The swift-winged raven shall bring me meat."

As we read that "the raven, taunted with its conduct towards Noah and robbed of the credit of nourishing Elijah, has little to thank British bards for," we ask where the writer has found his poets. In examining the works of a large number of British poets since Vaughan, including Shakespeare, Milton, Cowper, and Wordsworth, I have found mention of the raven in illustration of the watchful care of Providence ten times at least to one allusion to the bird as the messenger of Noah.

In concluding, our author speaks of "American poetry as he reads it." This reminds us of the remark of Mr. Burroughs that "the poets are the best natural historians, only you must know how to read them."

The nature of the errors and misrepresentations contained in these essays on poets and birds has been perhaps sufficiently indicated.

Harriet C. W. Stanton.

NEWPORT.

VI.

DEWDROPS AND DIAMONDS.

THE weather was delicious; brilliant yet soft, and full of that vague, lulling enchantment which is the peculiar virtue of the Newport air. The sun shone, but not in a downright, uncultured way, such as might be obnoxious to polite sensibilities: you were conscious of it rather as a diffused exhalation of pale golden mist, a celestial form of the grosser golden mist that was floating about in the minds of the people who moved under its radiance, in the holiday part of the town. I have no doubt the wealthy ones among them were gratified that the sun so well understood its place and behaved with such very proper deference; others, whose slender purses enabled them only to cling to the edge of the show, dilated their chests and absolutely enjoyed a passing illusion that they were rich. It was one of those days when a southwest breeze, streaming over the island in a steady succession of bluff gusts, makes you feel as if you were standing on a quarter-deck — a deck neatly carpeted with verdant lawns, embowered in trees, and thickly encumbered with villas, a few of which are more like small palaces. Yes, the wind pats your face in a vigorous, companionable manner that flatters you with the idea that you are an old salt, and know all about it, and can stand any amount of exposure — as long as the grass is dry and your nice clothes are not spoiled, and your pleasant club is near at hand. You even murmur to yourself something about "The Bay of Biscay, O;" and then you think of distant places, all the balmy and romantic coasts and islands from which this

breeze has come, and the name of far Cathay forms itself lazily on your lips. At least, this was the case with Oliphant, when he came out into the air again, to fulfill an engagement he had made. He had accepted a maternal sort of invitation from Mrs. Farley Blazer, to drive with her. This poor old ogress was rather lonely in her splendor; and as the girls were driving with other people that day, she wanted a companion. Besides, she may have had some faint design of marrying Oliphant to the elder niece, if nothing better could be done. Her foreign policy had had in view alliances with England and France, or possibly Italy: if such an international concert could be established, her own position would be made more secure. But she was discouraged, just now, as to Tilly's capturing Lord Hawkstane, unless the reported engagement with Miss Hobart should come to nothing; and there was beginning to be some danger that Ruth would not get married at all; in which event even so humble a match as Oliphant might be worth considering. Of course he had no suspicion of such an absurdity; and as I have said, he thought of far Cathay, while the breeze wafted aside his troubled mood regarding Octavia. He surrendered himself to the scented indolence and popped ease of Newport, as being more easily attainable than Cathay, and in all likelihood pleasanter; meanwhile rolling along in Mrs. Blazer's chariot, which was like a huge bathtub on wheels.

Morning at Newport is a disorganized period, in which the general gathering at the Casino about midday is the most definite incident. Strangers wander about uneasily; now and then a dashing equipage speeds along Bellevue Avenue, or a hired victoria creeps lan-

guidly through that thoroughfare. The coachmen and footmen attached to the dashing equipages glide rigidly onward in their appointed places; the grooms jump up or down, open doors, and fold their arms, with all the precision of trained monkeys; their yellow-topped boots, many-buttoned liveries and "bug" adorned hats increasing the likeness. There are also a good many young men on the street who bear a close resemblance to these hired attendants: their dress, though different, is just as artificial, and they are just as much bound to conduct themselves according to an arbitrary fashion. It is the height of luxury for human beings who have the requisite means to distort other human beings who take care of their horses and carriages,—on the same principle that once made it the fashion at European courts to keep dwarfs, who had been specially stunted and twisted to meet the demand. The young men of the avenue, finding no one else to distort them, have to do it for themselves. They are debarred from becoming lackeys, but they enjoy all the appearance of being employed on salaries to make themselves absurd. There they go, trotting about in their small, tight-waisted cutaways, or in long-tailed Incroyable coats, that give them a playful likeness to moths of an exaggerated size. Their shoulders are held awkwardly forward; they lift their tight little legs and stamp their small, uncomfortable shoes down on the pavement with studied over-earnestness, producing a startling imitation of persons who really have a purpose in going somewhere. They cling each one to a small cane, with a certain desperate tenacity that makes you suspect it is a sort of perch, to which they have grown accustomed in the cage where they served their apprenticeship. But what are we talking about? Are not these little creatures men? Most assuredly they wear that painful look of experience so carefully

assumed by an order of animals nearly approaching man; and we must give them the benefit of the doubt.

During the forenoon large covered wagons, with romantic names sprawled along their sides,—the *Amarintha*, the *Margarita*, the *Madeline*,—had proudly caracoled through the streets, carrying a motley freight of people still ignorant and innocent enough to ride down to Easton's Beach for a surgebath; but now these lordly vehicles, their brief hour of triumph having passed, withdrew into obscurity, giving way to the veritable curule aristocracy. The little creatures, also, with their tight legs and tiny sticks and slender coat-tails, made haste either to get places in the driving throng, or to ensconce themselves on the reading-room veranda or in the Casino Club windows, where they could view the procession with placid superiority.

Gradually the soft crushing of wheels and the tapping sound of delicately stepping horses, which had at first been intermittent, merged into a continuous, subdued whirr: the main part of Bellevue Avenue and broad, old-time Kaye Street, with its sober mansions and retired-looking cottages, were filled by an unbroken stream of moving carriages. The sunlight glinted on the polished harness metal and abundant varnish of tilburies, dog-carts, landaus, gigs; and even basket-wagons were to be seen here and there, swimming along in the black, glittering tide. Quisbrough and Judge Malachi Hixon, sitting democratically on the long piazza of the Ocean House,—the Judge with his hat and chair both tipped comfortably back and his feet entangled in the railing,—observed the procession. Mary Deering was out in her village-cart, driving Atlee, who surveyed the scene with such perfection of acquired gravity that his very eye-glass seemed to cast a shadow over everything. Soon afterwards they saw Congressman Overblow jolting along on the

back seat of a T-cart, while his enormous spouse occupied a place in front beside the hook-nosed gentleman who was directing the horse. Overblow smoked a very large cigar and appeared to think that he was in the height of the style. On went the cavalcade. Vivian Ware had chosen to make herself conspicuous by appearing on horseback, attended by Count Fitz-Stuart; and Justin Craig, who was strolling along the sidewalk in his loose, dowdy apparel, on the lookout for her, did not even receive a nod from the fair face under the tall hat. Josephine Hobart flashed by in company with a young man who appeared to be greatly devoted to her, but left on the minds of spectators, as he skimmed the edge of the crowd, only the impression of a long red mustache flying through the air. There was no occasion for remark in her being with him, for everybody knew him as Roland De Peyster, whose ambition it was to secure for his tilbury more pretty girls in the season than should fall to the lot of any other young bachelor; but he had no intention of lavishing his great fortune on any single damsel. "I can't marry, you know," he would sometimes say. "It would turn the head of the best girl I could pick; so I try to preserve them in all their perfection as they are."

There were many lovely women in the procession, and many bows and smiles were exchanged; but there were likewise hidden animosities and heart-burnings lurking under the gay costumes and flowers of the women and the reticent coats of the men. Sundry youths of the most eligible pattern had failed to secure desirable partners for the course, and drove in solitary grandeur. Raish Porter was also alone, but he looked the personification of contentment; his penetrating eyes took in everything, but his bearded, hearty face gave him the air of an indulgent master of the ceremonies, a person who watched

the machinery and helped to keep it going for the benefit of others. Quisbrough pointed out to Judge Hixon Mrs. Ballard Mole, a devoted churchwoman, who was airing the Bishop of Alaska in a heavy barouche, presided over by two servants in deep black, with wrinkled black gloves and equally wrinkled visages, doleful as those of hired mourners. But just as he had done so, the inane tooting of a horn was heard; and the four-in-hand of Colonel Clancy lumbered into view, bearing on its high back a large party who appeared to have fled to that eminence in order to escape some threatened inundation. They were closely pursued by the Baron de Huyneck, the Austrian ambassador; and a stout individual not far behind, who might have been taken for a prosperous old-clothes dealer from Chatham Street, turned out to be Rustuffi Bey, representative of the Sublime Porte. It was natural enough that Mrs. Farley Blazer should happen to pass at about the same time with the other diplomatists; but it may be imagined how insignificant Oliphant must have felt in such a train. Still, he was permitted something of that awful joy which small boys on the outside of a circus experience in peeping under some lifted fold of the tent. He knew he had not paid his share for the performance, but he was getting the benefit of it, all the same. Millions of dollars, and various things besides, had been contributed by the others. Trade, law, religion, social ambition, politics, honor, — possibly dishonor, — thrift and idleness, were all in that stream; and those who stood for such diverse interests had probably sacrificed a good deal in order to join the rout. What power was it, mightier than horses' legs, that drew them on, and whither were they drifting? That was what the atom Oliphant inwardly inquired; and in the thickest part of the press he was suddenly reminded of an engraving after Boulanger, which he

had noticed in the house of a friend. It depicted the Appian Way crowded with chariots and litters, fleet Nubian slaves and fashionable idlers and beautiful women, at the time of Rome's greatest luxury, before the fall. No doubt the architecture and the costumes were very different, but there was an element of sameness in the pictured scene and this real one: here, too, were the reigning beauties and the handsome, selfish young men and the slaves — the last from Britannia and Hibernia, instead of Nubia, and wearing more than the simple waist-cloth that satisfied Rome. And might not Overblow, with his big cigar, take the place of Boulanger's bull-necked senator? Oliphant laughed at the burlesque truth in his fancy. What he saw before him, after all, was only a parody upon the Roman scene; a modern comic opera, mounted at great expense and ridiculing the old notion that luxury implies decadence.

"What are you laughing at?" Mrs. Blazer asked, coming out of a brief pre-occupation. "Oh, I see," she added, immediately: "you recognize your friends."

In fact, as she put her question, Oliphant was taking off his hat to Octavia, who, enthroned upon a high seat with Thorburn, swept by them in the neighboring line of carriages, going the other way. Her face was radiant, and she gave him an enchanting smile and bow. Then he saw her no more.

"No," said Oliphant, becoming almost grave; "I was laughing at an ancient joke — a joke at least two thousand years old."

"Ah," said the matron, "that was before my time. What can it be?"

"The joke of thinking society is serious."

"I wish I could see the fun in that," Mrs. Blazer observed.

"So do I," returned Oliphant; "for if you did you might be happier." And the smile came back to his lips.

We need not be deceived by his tone. At that instant he was by no means in a jocose mood; and, in fact, if he and Octavia had leaned from their carriages as they passed, and had wounded each other with rapiers, the encounter could not have been more startling than it proved for both of them.

He was amazed to see her abroad at all; especially to see her so apparently contented. Although he had not wanted her to suffer, it shocked him that she should so easily surmount the pain she must have felt; and possibly he was thwarted in some unconscious scheme of acting as a consoler. Add to this that her being with Thorburn, and the possibility that the heavily gilded youth might be making headway in his suit for her hand, quickened the sentiment already smouldering in Oliphant's breast. From the ashes in his heart an impassioned envy, a new hope, broke like a spurt of flame.

Octavia, in turn, was horrified that he should openly parade in Mrs. Blazer's company. What did all his protestations of strict concealment amount to, weighed against his presence there with the woman who had first hinted to her the gossip concerning Gifford's former attachment to Miss Davenant? Octavia believed strongly in feminine intuitions, particularly when she was constructing an opinion of her own. She saw it all, now; she was positive that Oliphant had weakly allowed Mrs. Blazer to extract the whole history from him. The bitterness of this thought, stinging her mind even as she bowed to him, had a peculiar result: it caused her to throw additional sweetness into her smile.

"Who is that Oliphant, any way?" inquired the blonde young Crœsus at her side, as they drove along. "Seems to me, if any man could reasonably claim the right to be jealous about you, there would be some cause for alarm, just now. I think Mr. Oliphant will be

falling in love with you in about two twos from the present moment — or say in one shake of a ram's tail."

"Perry," said Octavia, "if you expect to talk with me, you really must correct your slang. But what makes you think that about Mr. Oliphant?"

"Oh, the way he looked at you. How can I tell what makes me think it, anyhow? Let's talk about Josephine. You say that her father really insists on her going back to Jamestown. How soon?"

"In a few days, at the outside. He's inexorable."

The young man looked meditative. "Well, what am I to do?" he began, after a pause. "I hardly dare to venture on speaking to her so soon. Would you advise me to?"

"My friend," said Octavia, "is any one ever old enough to advise in such matters? Besides, you know" — here the young widow slightly tossed back her head and laughed aloud, so that the short white veil that scarcely touched her lips was shaken by the merriment — "she's supposed to be engaged to Lord Hawkstane!"

People in the neighboring carriages, though they could not distinguish what she said, heard her laugh ring out, and turned to look at the white throat, swelling like a song-bird's, at the trim figure, the dainty costume, the roses blooming in her corsage.

"The devil!" exclaimed Thorburn. "I beg pardon; but that's hardly slang, because — because the devil is eminently the proper thing nowadays. Is it positively true, though, about Josephine and Hawkstane?"

I regret to say that the clatter of harness and hoofs and the crunching of wheels made Octavia's reply inaudible, so that it cannot be given here.

By this time, Mrs. Blazer and Oliphant were far away in the opposite direction, and were entering upon the road that leads to Castle Hill; but they

had continued to converse about the two people we have just been listening to.

"You knew Mrs. Gifford before, I believe," remarked Mrs. Blazer.

"Before when? No; I never saw her until I came to Newport."

"But Mr. Gifford was acquainted with your wife, I hear."

"What!" cried Oliphant. "You have found it out, too? I wonder if there is anybody left in Newport who has n't been told of that interesting circumstance."

"I imagine it is known to very few," said Mrs. Blazer quietly, with a rather wicked glimmer in her weary eyes, peering out from the dull, white face.

"Seriously, then," he resumed, "will you tell me from whom you learned it?"

Mrs. Blazer attempted pleasantry. "You were just saying, Mr. Oliphant, that it's foolish to take society *au sérieux*."

"Well, I suppose it is. But I'm not a society man; and this is not a public matter, you assure me, though it had begun to seem like one when you mentioned it."

"Don't you remember," she resumed, "that I told you how Mr. Sweetser knew all about you?"

"Ah, it was from him, was it? But he could n't have known of the" — Oliphant was on the point of saying "the letter." He made a new approach.

"One question occurs to me: have you spoken of this to Mrs. Gifford, at all?"

"Mrs. Gifford? Why, that would be the most natural thing in the world, would n't it? Yes, I think I did say something." How artlessly Mrs. Blazer answered!

"I'm exceedingly sorry. I don't think you should have done it," said he, biting his lip.

"If I had had any idea it could annoy you," the lady replied, benignly, "of course I would n't have uttered a word."

"Do you consider it strange that I should be annoyed? Perhaps it is n't necessary for me to go into the reasons why I am. But I really shall have to ask you how much you may have said to Mrs. Gifford."

"What a singular question! You seem to be disturbed, Mr. Oliphant. Well, I'll tell you: I hardly said more to Mrs. Gifford than I have to you."

"Your answer is as strange as my question," said Oliphant. He was at a loss to guess how Octavia had been apprised that there was a letter, if it had not been through Mrs. Blazer. Then, reverting to the possibility that Raish had found out something, "Did your information," he inquired, "come only from Mr. Sweetser?"

"From whom else should you imagine?" Mrs. Blazer retorted. "Of course he was my informant."

"The only one?" Oliphant fixed his eyes upon her.

His companion shifted the position of her parasol by a point or two, and bowed in her grand manner to the Baron de Huyneck, who had made a turn and was coming back. "Dear me," she replied, languidly, "I know very little about this affair. I only mentioned it because it happened to come into my head. I thought it might make conversation."

"And so it did," Oliphant answered. "I have been put in a disagreeable position of late, by this very thing, because some one has spoken of what I had supposed was to be guarded sacredly. You will greatly oblige me if you will give me a direct reply."

"I'm sorry to refuse," said Mrs. Blazer, "but I cannot see why I should be mixed up with it, any way."

Oliphant's suspicion was strengthened by her behavior. The conviction that it was Mrs. Blazer who had carried everything to Octavia, and the belief that she had purposely inveigled him into public companionship with her,

mortified and enraged him. He laid his hand on the lever of the carriage door.

"What are you going to do?" demanded the owner of the carriage, in alarm.

"I'm going to take my leave, and walk back," said he.

"Oh, don't! don't!" she exclaimed. "You will kill yourself! Wait a moment. Andreas," she called to the coachman, "stop here: we are going to turn."

"Thanks," said Oliphant. "You must n't inconvenience yourself; I prefer to get down." He already had the door open, and, as Andreas reined in the horses, he placed his foot on the step. "You have nothing more to tell me?" he queried, looking up at her with hostile fixity.

"Nothing," declared Mrs. Blazer, and firmly contracted those uneasy lips of hers. At this, Oliphant sprang to the ground.

"Drive on, Andreas," Mrs. Blazer commanded. And, while Oliphant lifted his hat with grim ceremony, the impressive bath-tub on wheels started forward again, its occupant settling herself to face the sea-breeze alone.

He strode along the highway in a fierce temper. All the soft serenity of the afternoon did not avail to soothe him; and when he regained the sidewalk of Bellevue Avenue, where the well-bred rumble and clatter of the polished turnouts were still going on, the sight of that respectable pageant redoubled his disgust. "What a fool I am," he muttered, "to care about all this! Why do I bother myself about Mrs. Gifford, and why can't I just look on and amuse myself with the mock-Roman Newport holiday? Or else, why don't I get away from here at once, and leave the whole thing behind me?" But something told him he could not go; it was too late; he had been trapped, fascinated, he hardly knew how. The rest of the world looked strangely empty, as he imagined him-

self going out into it again. Desolate though it had been to him before, he had not conceived until this instant that it could seem quite so vacant.

All at once Octavia appeared before him a second time, not as a vision, but as a delightful reality. Thorburn had decided to take the Ocean drive, and they had changed their direction accordingly. Away they flew, and Oliphant had only time enough for a glimpse of her. He thought her absorbed in conversation with Perry; too much so, indeed. He did not know that they were still talking more or less directly about Josephine Hobart; nor was he aware that they had both observed him and exchanged comments at his reappearance on foot, so soon after they had seen him with Mrs. Blazer.

"I swear!" observed Perry. "Came back on purpose to see *you*."

"Nonsense," said Octavia. "He has forgotten something he had to do; or perhaps Mrs. Blazer only took him up by chance, for a little way."

Her heart fluttered, though she saw no reason for its doing so; and, bending her head as if to keep the wind off her face, she avoided meeting Oliphant's gaze. As for him, he proceeded on his way still more disconsolately; and when he came opposite the Casino entrance, the desire to get out of sight and be quiet moved him to pass into the deserted inclosure.

Another unhappy lover had gone in there, just a little before — in fact, our friend Justin Craig; and the two met, not many paces from the Clock-Tower. Oliphant observed that the young musician looked peculiarly excited, as he came forward. "See here, what I have found!" cried Justin, stretching forth his hand.

As Oliphant had passed the ticket-taker's window, he had caught sight of a white paper on the wall, announcing the loss of a lady's diamond pin, for the recovery of which a large reward was

offered. What Justin now disclosed in his artistic palm was apparently the very jewel described.

"You've found it, eh?" said the widower. "Ah, you rascal, to take advantage of seeing the notice before I did! That was what brought you in, I suppose — hunting for this thing."

Justin's face grew pink. "I did not see any notice at all," he said, rather gruffly. "Where?"

Oliphant pointed towards the small spot of paper. "At any rate, my boy," said he, "you're five hundred dollars better off than you were before you stepped in here: that's the reward. And I'm glad of it. But how did you happen upon the discovery?"

"Well, the fact is, I felt blue, I — I don't care to explain why; and so I got reckless and spent half a dollar to come in here — half a dollar is a good deal to me, you know. I was mooning around, looking at the grass and the flowers, and trying to be unconscious of those swell waiters over in the café windows: there were two of them laughing at my clothes, I know they were." Justin's manner here became quite ferocious, and he glared disdainfully at the restaurant side of the building. "There's one comfort," he said: "the wretches are forced to wear dress-coats in the day-time; so they're as much out of fashion as I am. Well, I was looking into that flower-bed close by the balcony, when I saw a twinkle and flash in the dark earth. I thought it was a dewdrop, at first; it threw out that same sort of gleam. Do you know how beautiful the dew is, Mr. Oliphant? I often walk out very early in the morning to see it on the fields; it is so glorious. You'd think gems had been scattered there over night — rubies and emeralds and topazes and beryls and the rest of 'em; but there's no pride or envy connected with them. Ah, it's one of my greatest pleasures!"

"But the diamonds," Oliphant reminded him, quietly amazed at his young

friend's indifference. "You're forgetting about those."

Justin looked down at the shining cluster in his hand. "Oh," he said, smiling, "I thought I had explained. Of course there could n't be any dew at this time of day: it turned out to be these diamonds, almost buried in the mould. They probably slipped from some lady's dress, as she was standing on the balcony above. Now, there's a nice idea, to think how horribly she must feel about it, and how happy she'll be when she gets them back!"

Olipphant laughed, his amazement turning to pleasure. "Upon my word," he declared, "I believe, if it were n't for that idea, you'd be sorry they were diamonds, instead of dewdrops. You don't seem to think anything about the reward."

"The reward! That's true: I suppose it's fair to take it, if it's worth the sum to her to get them back."

"Of course it's worth that much and more. The stones must have cost four or five thousand, Justin; and five hundred"—

"Did you mean that?" Justin broke in, grasping his arm. "I thought you were joking. Five hundred dollars in a lump! Why, it's a fortune to me! I can do all sorts of things; I can go to Germany and study." He held his breath for an instant. "But then I should have to leave"—He stopped.

"Of course you'd have to 'leave,' if you were going. Leave what?"

"Home," said Justin shyly. "Something else, too—a great deal more to me than that."

"Oh, I see," said his companion. "I wonder who the lady is."

"That I sha'n't tell you," Craig retorted, presenting a warlike front. He saw his mistake, however, instantly.

"I meant the lady who lost the jewel," Olipphant told him; and they joined in a laugh of good understanding.

"I hardly like this idea, though,"

Craig resumed, "of accepting money for restoring what is n't mine. It seems to put one in a false position."

"Not in your case," argued his friend. "I think it would be wrong for you to refuse. You must consider the money as a tax levied by Providence for the encouragement of art."

They proceeded in a very cheerful humor to the superintendent's office; for the incident of the finding had temporarily driven off Olipphant's agitations concerning Octavia, and had almost made Craig forget the misery of having been met by Vivian Ware without recognition.

"I see," he began, to the clerk, "that a diamond brooch has been lost. Can you tell me the name of the owner?"

The clerk looked up at him with experienced insolence. "See here, young man," said he, "do you think I'm fresh?"

"No," said Craig. "I should think you were particularly faded. Does that suit you any better?"

The official youth was surprised at such audacity in a mere citizen, badly dressed. He looked closer at the two gentlemen, and saw that Olipphant's costume and appearance were deserving of respect. "I thought you were a newspaper chap," he remarked somewhat apologetically to Craig, "picking up items. Do you know anything about that brooch?"

"I should like to know something about it, because I've found one here."

"You have, hey?" returned the clerk, becoming briskly companionable. "That's all right, then. You're in for the reward, I guess. Well, the lady that lost it is Mrs. Chauncey Ware. Know her?"

A change came over Craig's manner. He stiffened, glanced quickly at Olipphant, and then back at the clerk. "There is the brooch I found," he said, holding it up for the man's inspection. "I shall not take any reward."

The clerk suppressed a whistle of astonishment, and put his hand forward to receive the diamonds.

"Just wait a minute," interposed Oliphant. "This is a matter for one of the governors. You need n't deliver the pin here, Craig. Besides," he continued in a lower tone, "I protest against your declining the reward."

Craig was pale and rather agitated. "Do you know," he returned, with a cold gleam in his eyes, "who Mrs. Ware is? She is the mother of Vivian Ware; and if I had to starve first, I would never accept a dollar from her, under any circumstances."

They had stepped away a little, so that the clerk behind the desk should not hear. "Take a little time, my boy; think," said Oliphant, with a hand on his shoulder. "You will find my name down," he added, to the clerk, "as a subscriber; and I will be responsible for the delivery of this brooch. Or you can send for one of the governors, and we will wait up-stairs. Here's my card."

"All right, sir," said the companionable clerk.

"No, we won't wait at all!" thundered Craig, vehemently. "I've found the brooch, and I'll have nothing more to do with it. Mr. Oliphant, you ought to understand me!" And as he spoke, he brought to bear upon his friend the ardor and the softness of his fine eyes, in which could be read a confession of his love for Vivian, and all the piteous struggle of his wounded pride and social disadvantage. "There!" he wound up; "take the pin, and manage it as you prefer. I don't wish my name mentioned; and I'm going."

Oliphant looked at him reproachfully, but Craig thrust the precious object into his hands and stalked quickly away, making for the street. "At least, Craig—look here!" called his friend. "I want you to dine with me at seven, here in the Casino. Will you come?"

Craig halted. "In these clothes?" he inquired sarcastically.

"In anything—a bathing-suit, if you like."

Justin's magnificence broke down at this. "I'll be with you," he said, emitting a short, pleased laugh. But, having done that much, he continued on his way, and disappeared.

Oliphant waited until he could see the superintendent and assure him of the safety of the brooch; and after that he hastened to the house of Mrs. Chauncey Ware. He found her engaged, but Stillman, whom he had met at Raish's lunch, received him. Stillman Ware, who was about twenty-eight, looked forty years old: he had a wrinkled brow and black hair which was alarmingly scant on the crown of his head; and he wore mild, unobtrusive little shiny shoes. There was a general air about him as if he had been finished in patent leather; he also bore his premature aging with the imperturbableness of a trained gentleman; indeed, with something of pleasantry, as if conscious that he had got a good deal of fun out of life, even though he had drawn heavily on his principal to pay for it. He accepted the news of Justin's refusal to take the reward with a kind of sweet annoyance. He was very gentle, but very much provoked.

"Mr. Craig," he said, "may be an excellent person, but I don't see why he should assume the tone of a man of wealth. I am told he is quite straitened as to his means. And it is scarcely fair for him to insist on placing us under an obligation which we can't repay."

"Will you dine with me this evening, and meet him?" Oliphant asked. "I think you would like him, and you might talk it over."

"Thanks; I am engaged for dinner. However, my mother or I will perhaps see him to-morrow. There is a particular reason why we cannot accept a favor

of this kind at his hands. It's all wrong. He *must* allow us to recompense him."

"And the particular reason?" Oliphant began. "I suppose I ought not to inquire what it is."

"I would rather not say," answered Ware. "Perhaps you have some inkling of it already."

This was the gist of their interview, which soon came to an end. In the evening, Justin professed annoyance that Oliphant should have disclosed his name as that of the finder; but this wore off, and the result of their session at dinner was a long walk together under the starlight, and a talk in which Oliphant made his way to Justin's confidence.

"I stand alone in the world, Craig," he said to him, "and if you will make a friend of me I shall be in your debt for giving me a new interest. With me the best of life is over, but perhaps I can help your cause with Vivian; and if you succeed in music through any passing assistance I may lend, don't you see how great my pleasure would be in that success?"

They were pausing, about to part, by the mysterious Old Mill, or Norseman's Tower, in Touro Park. The carriages, coaches, and phaetons which had filed past it so numerous a few hours before had now utterly disappeared; there was no more tramping of horses; not a trace of the pageant remained. A village quiet, in fact, reigned over Newport, broken only at the moment by the meagre, sharp, and grating notes of a chorus of tree-toads. Electric lights, however, suspended on high poles, threw a weird illumination down upon the dew-damp street, or across and under the muffling foliage of the trees, in wide splashes and long, jagged streaks, as if the radiance were a liquid that had undergone icy crystallization. In this cold light the face of Justin shone for an instant with responsive

gratitude: he seemed to accept the position of a younger brother towards his companion.

"Your sympathy and fellowship are help enough," he said, pressing Oliphant's hand.

Then the lighted face turned and passed away down the dark street, and Oliphant's eyes rested on the dim tower which confronted him like a ghost of gray stone, looking as if it had a warning to utter. But what of that? Faces come and go around the old tower, or vanish forever from its presence, while it remains unaltered, a perpetual enigma of the past. And are not the faces enigmas, just as much? And has not love its gray ruins, that loom up in the night and seem on the point of warning us? But no one would heed the warning, even if it ever came to speech.

VII.

LORD HAWKSTONE'S JUST PRIDE.

Mrs. Chauncey Ware was a woman of high social position in Boston; she had abundant wealth; she was attended by a train of obsequious ancestors and subservient living personages. Her face was colorless except for a lingering brown tinge, and was all quilted over with fine lines that seemed to have been arranged by a pattern; so that you might have fancied for a moment that it was itself an heirloom, some kind of a sampler or old piece of stitching, carefully preserved until it had grown rather dingy. Further reflection would convince you that the surface was human, after all, but that peculiar influences slowly working upon it had imparted a strangeness and imperviousness that made it appear unreal.

It was a comfortable, satisfied countenance, as well it might be, for the prevailing superstition in the three-hilled city attributed to its possessor an amount

of visiting-list and old-family wisdom never surpassed by any other conservator of society. Mrs. Ware always exhibited two cylindrical puffs of grayish hair on her temples; minute sibylline scrolls, one might say. Somehow, in those two puffs, which were like insignia of her high office, she appeared to have coiled up the experience of a life-time; and Raish Porter had once alluded to them as the steel-gray mainsprings of her existence.

It may easily be imagined how such a person, knowing in a distant and austere way that Craig cherished a preposterous sentiment for her daughter, must have felt with regard to his obstinacy about the reward. "I entirely agree with Stillman," she said, the next morning, at breakfast. "The young man should be made to take it."

She regarded her son with instructive gravity, as if it were he whom she desired to convince, instead of her daughter. The gently polished Stillman, who had stayed out late the night before, gambling heavily, seemed to have become indifferent on the subject.

"'Made to take it,' mamma?" said Vivian. "One would almost suppose he had committed an offense by finding your pin and sending it to you. I think he has a right to refuse, if he wants to—the right that any gentleman would have."

"Is he any? If so, how many?" her brother asked, trying to relieve the tedium of the discussion.

"Stillman, I fear for your mind," said Vivian. "Don't you think it is tottering just a little bit?" She contemplated him with a pretty, unconcerned scorn, then devoted herself wholly for the moment to a rye-and-Indian roll.

"I shall believe it is tottering, my excellent sister," he replied, "when I find myself convinced by you."

His savageness did not humiliate her, but she tried a pathetic appeal, quite as if she had actually been humiliated.

"You would n't like to take money yourself, in that way, would you?" she demanded, bending earnestly forward, and giving him a look for which Craig would have walked fifty miles.

"Would n't I?" returned the patent-leather cynic, unmoved. "Just let mother try offering it to me. I dropped twice that sum at roulette, last night."

"Stillman," said Mrs. Ware, in a tone of conventional grief, "I wish you would n't allude to those things."

He smiled, complacently. "You know, mother, I never make any secret of my amusements. It is only serious things that one cares to conceal."

"That is quite epigrammatic," his sister observed, thinking it best to flatter him. "But, mamma, why not just thank Mr. Craig, and let the whole thing go?"

"Or," suggested Stillman, attempting an extreme of sarcasm, "you might invite him to your party to-night."

"Not a bad idea, either," Vivian commented.

"What absurdity!" exclaimed her mother.

"Oh, I've no doubt Vivian is longing to have him here. She is greatly interested in him, beyond a question."

"So is Mrs. Gifford," Vivian retorted. "And why should n't I be? It was she who first made me acquainted with him; don't you remember?"

"I wish she had been in Guinea!" affirmed Mrs. Ware, in a large geographical spirit. "A strange freak of hers, that was; and your allowing him to call here, Vivian, was still stranger. But then, I long ago learned that I need n't expect you to be judicious. You will never outgrow your girlhood, my child."

Vivian, who had at that instant conveyed a dainty morsel to her lips, was seized with something like a choking fit. When this threat had been averted, she was seen to be laughing. "I assure you, mamma," she cried, "you almost made me swallow my fork; and then

what would you have done? Outgrow my girlhood? I hope I shall not. I mean always to be young. Dear me, this is too funny!" Mrs. Ware's wisdom-curls appeared to wind themselves tighter than ever, in view of a levity so abandoned; but Vivian, still afflicted with laughter, rose from her place and turned—her gayly colored baptiste gown making a graceful sweep—to the bird-cage in the window behind her. "Poor little canary," she murmured, "you haven't had your morning bath and your fresh chickweed, have you? And all this time we are talking about trivial matters." Here she cast a swift glance at her mother again, and remarked tersely, "As if I were in any way responsible for Mr. Craig! You may count me out."

"Stillman, will you go down to see him?" Mrs. Ware asked, in a confidential tone, ignoring Vivian.

"I'm sorry, mother, but I have so much to do about our affair this evening, you know."

"Then *I* shall go," she announced. "It is proper that the young man should be thanked, at any rate, if he won't accept more."

Go she did, accordingly. Justin was summoned from an abstruse piece of counterpoint on which he was laboring, to confront the undecipherable face and the gray puffs, which had emerged from the Ware chariot just drawn up at his humble boarding-house door; and at first his visitor endeavored to give their meeting a briefly business-like turn. "I am very much obliged to you," she said, "for recovering an ornament that I value especially for its associations, and I have come in person to hand you the sum we had named as the reward, because I wanted to have the opportunity of thanking you for your service."

"It was no service," said Justin; "only an accident. But I appreciate your kindness in thanking me."

He spoke so simply, and in a tone

so engaging, that Mrs. Ware began to be impressed. "Then, will you allow me"—she continued, hesitating slightly, as she touched the spring of the seal-skin portemonnaie she carried.

Justin was naturally somewhat dramatic in his movements. He raised one hand, with a gesture of forbidding. "No, indeed!" he responded vigorously. "I thought Mr. Oliphant had made that clear to you."

"May I ask," inquired the lady, her gloved fingers still hovering over the portemonnaie, "why you are so resolute in declining this very proper return for your favor?"

"I hardly think," he replied, calmly, "it would do any good for me to go into the reasons. I really can't see that I have done anything to be rewarded, and you have more than paid me with your thanks."

Mrs. Chauncey Ware secretly admired his reserved and politic attitude; she felt that it lifted him up almost to her own plane. "Pardon me," she rejoined, "I do not know much of young men of your class, but I must say I was n't prepared for this sort of feeling in one of them."

There was great danger of combustion in Justin's mind, at this instant, but he managed to prevent it. "You surprise me," he said. "If we have any such thing as distinct classes in this country, I should have thought that it was precisely with mine that you would be best acquainted."

"At all events," she returned, quite unperturbed, "it is a great satisfaction to arrive at so good an understanding." Still, Mrs. Ware had sense enough to see that she had got the worst of it, and tact enough to be conscious that there was but one way of recovering her lost ground. Besides, I believe she had a certain amount of humane sympathy left in her, which caused her to pity Justin's poverty, and to value his independence. "We will say no more about this er-

rand on which I came," she continued, "if you prefer; but it shall be on one condition: that is, that you come to-night to a reception which I have arranged at my house."

Justin's heart leaped with the pleasurable thought of such an invitation. He was perfectly aware that the sleeves of his dress-coat were very ragged inside; but no one is richer than he who, being without money, can afford to refuse it; and for the time being he felt as opulent as possible. To meet Vivian in this way, in her own house, on equal terms with all her friends, and especially the Count Fitz-Stuart! It was something not to be foregone. He did not betray his emotion; he did not spring into the air; he did not give vent to the triumphant cry that clamored within him. "I shall be very happy," he said, with exemplary self-control; but that short phrase covered a great deal of meaning.

And thus it happened that Stillman Ware's extravagant suggestion became within an hour's time sober reality, through the action of that unimpeachable authority, his mother.

"I don't know what we shall come to, if this is the sort of thing that's going to be done," he complained, when she told him of it; "which means that I do know, exactly. Vivian, whose sense of humor can't be depended on, will fall in love with that young piano-pounder, and never see the absurdity of it."

"Well, my boy, Vivian is erratic, at the best: she *will* be wild, whatever is done. Do you know what she did only yesterday? She called across the street to Colonel Clancy, who was passing, and made him go into the Casino to lunch with Roland De Peyster and herself and the Richards girls. I wonder you had n't heard, for it came to *me* soon enough, I can tell you. But it's no use talking to her. And as for this Craig, now that he has called here he

may as well be recognized. If we try to keep him out, she will think all the more of him. Besides, I had to do something to throw the obligation upon his side."

Mrs. Ware had found her son on the lawn at the back of the house, superintending the placing of some lanterns. "Very well," he said, when she finished. "I see that it's settled; but I shall have to make some changes in my plan, now: it will be necessary to put lanterns in the arbor."

"Why, what has that got to do with Craig?"

"I'll tell you," said Stillman, resignedly. "That arbor was to be left dark; I had just told the men so. It was a little experiment of mine—a trap in which I expected to catch a few song-birds. Off in that quiet corner under the trees, you see, some of the sentimental young people would be sure to make for it, if it were dark. Now that Craig is coming, though, I shall illuminate it brilliantly: no *tête-à-tête* there for *him*, with Vivian, if I can help it! But you've spoiled my fun, this time."

Oliphant was delighted with the news of Justin's invitation, but it was not the only surprise of the day, for him. At the club, about noon, he fell in with Dana Sweetser, who, chirping gayly of current incidents, spoke of the gossip concerning Lord Hawkstane's engagement.

"Amazingly lucky fellow!" he exclaimed, reviving for the occasion an ancient tremor of the voice which had once, no doubt, been capable of conveying real emotion. "On her part, however, it seems to me a mistake to accept him so early in the season. She should have waited until September. It diminishes the interest, you know: she won't be sought after as much. But do you know, Mr. Oliphant, that I am nearly heart-broken over this thing? You may not have been aware that I had

a particular admiration for Miss Hobart — a tender admiration, I may say. And now I must stifle all that, subdue myself to a cold and distant respect, and even take an interest in the young nobleman's triumph." All this Mr. Sweetser delivered with so close an imitation of pathos that Oliphant would have been quite prepared to see a natural tear roll down his autumnal cheeks. But the stricken gallant went on without pause: "Fortunately, Miss Loyall, the young beauty from Albany, is here, and I think her presence may console me in part. Ah, she too is very charming! I have written her some little verses to-day, which I will show you by and by."

"Indeed? But how is it possible, Mr. Sweetser, a man with such diverse interests, that you find time to write poetry? I thought you were absorbed now by the Alaska and British Columbia Inlet Excavation. By the way, what are its prospects?"

"Excellent," replied Dana, instantly, as Oliphant had hoped, forgetting about his heart-break and his verses. The scheme referred to was a gigantic undertaking: nothing less than the scooping out of a considerable territory north of the United States, so that a large inlet from the Pacific Ocean might be formed, which should modify and greatly improve the climate of this country. "You know how rapidly the stock was taken up, based on grants of land which will come into demand for farms and cities so soon as the Inlet is completed. Well, we are beginning work now. A good many laborers were frozen to death at first, but it was a valuable lesson to us, as well as to them, and we have now provided against that. I have another matter in hand, though, for which you must interest yourself: it is the Drainage Association."

"What is the object?"

"To improve the drainage of New-

port — very much needed, you know. The conditions are frightful, here. Do you appreciate, sir, that we are walking in constant peril? The whole place is threatened with an unborn pestilence — think of it! — doomed, perhaps. I'm going to agitate, and there must be an Association."

Oliphant found himself in another sort of peril from Sweetser's enthusiasm; but Sweetser, catching sight of Lord Hawkstane, who had just entered the next room, abandoned his subject and his listener, and went to offer the Englishman his congratulations. So, at least, Oliphant inferred from his effusive manner and wreathed smiles.

Hawkstane appeared embarrassed, but not displeased. Oliphant imagined that he was making some negative protestation; but Sweetser evidently thought this an excellent joke, looked very shrewd and sly, and then, with a brief gurggle of rejuvenated laughter, went off towards the writing-room. Hawkstane began to approach the place where Oliphant sat; but on the way he was stopped a second time; for Atlee, coming in from the veranda, held him with his glittering eye-glass, as if he had been an improved species of Ancient Mariner.

"Good mawning," said Atlee, in much the same tone he might have used had he been talking in his sleep.

"Howjoo do?" said Lord Hawkstane.

"Ah — ah; fine day," Atlee continued.

"Uncommonly, for this country. If you would n't have it so beastly hot, you know!"

Atlee assumed the helpless look which he believed to be a token of the highest breeding. He let it be understood from his manner that climate was controlled by an inferior order of forces, with which he had no connection. After an interval of sympathetic vacancy, he resumed intellectual exercise.

"Haven't had the chance to offer my congratulations befoah, melord. Allow me to do so now."

"W'y does every one congratulate me?" inquired Lord Hawkstane, politely.

"Haw, haw," said Atlee, with funereal hilarity. "Because they envy you so howibly, I dare say. Don't you think you ought to be?"

"Oh, I've no objection; not the least in the world. I suppose I've got on better than most men." Hawkstane looked very complacent, but adjusted his shirt-collar with one finger, as if his satisfaction needed propping. "You mean Miss Hobart?" he ended.

"To be sure," Atlee answered. "You ought to be v'y happy."

"Thanks, yes; I am very happy," said his lordship, promptly. "I don't mind it; not the least in the world."

The spurious Englishman sounded his doleful laugh once more. "I should think not," he said, carefully preserving the somnolent tone — "I should think not."

His mental resources having apparently been exhausted, he turned to the newspapers, and Hawkstane spoke to Oliphant.

"Is it true, then," Oliphant asked immediately, "that you're engaged to Miss Hobart?"

The young man colored. "Engaged?" he repeated. "What makes you think that?"

"You must excuse my bluntness," Oliphant replied. "I thought that was what you were just speaking of. It's the general opinion, I believe."

"Hang it, no! I'm not engaged," Lord Hawkstane declared with some energy, recovering his natural pallor.

Atlee dropped his newspaper, and looked over at him with a faint, embarrassed grin, at the same time reduc-

ing his facial aspect to a complete void.

"You're not!" exclaimed Oliphant. "Good heavens, why didn't you tell us that before?"

"W'y? You're the first man who has asked me anything about it, Mr. Oliphant. And have n't I told you, directly you asked? I thought everybody knew Miss Hobart turned me off."

"But," protested Atlee, "you — you allowed me to congratulate you." (In his excitement he forgot to slur the "r.")

"My dear fellah," said Lord Hawkstane, "that was what you wanted, was n't it? 'Pon my word, too, I think it was right enough. W'en you think how many men admire her, and how hard she is to come at, you know, I think it's a good deal to get so far as I did. 'Pon my word, now, I accept your congratulations for having been honored by a refusal. That's more than you'll ever be, Atlee. Isn't it, Mr. Oliphant?"

Whether the young aristocrat had defeated his American friends on their own ground as a sad humorist, or whether he really meant what he said, Oliphant was unable to determine; so he held his peace, and looked wise.

"I beg pahdon, you know — awfully stupid in me — pahdon," Atlee said, disjunctedly.

"Hang it!" Lord Hawkstane again ejaculated. "I mean it, you know. I'm proud of it. 'Gad, it's a feather in my cap."

Meanwhile Sweetser, unable long to resist the attraction of a title, had come back from the writing-room, and had overheard the whole disclosure from the threshold. Without delay he left the Club, and in a singularly brief space of time, what he had gathered was spread through the town.

George Parsons Lathrop.

GLINTS IN AULD REEKIE.

As soon as one comes to know Edinburgh, he feels a gratitude to that old gentleman of Fife who is said to have invented the affectionate phrase "Auld Reekie." Perhaps there never was any such old gentleman; and perhaps he never did, as the legend narrates, regulate the hours of his family prayers, on summer evenings, by the thickening smoke which he could see rising from Edinburgh chimneys, when the cooking of suppers began.

"It's time now, bairns, to tak the beuks an gang to our beds, for yonder's Auld Reekie, I see, putting on her nicht-cap," are the words which the harmless little tradition puts into his mouth. They are wisely dated back to the reign of Charles II., a time from which none now speak to contradict; and they serve as well as any others to introduce and emphasize the epithet which, once heard, is not forgotten by a lover of Edinburgh, remaining always in his memory, like a pet name of one familiarly known.

It is not much the fashion of travelers to become attached to Edinburgh. Rome for antiquity, London for study and stir, Florence for art, Venice for art and enchantment combined, — all these have pilgrims who become worshipers, and return again and again to them, as the devout return to shrines. But few return thus to Edinburgh. It continually happens that people planning routes of travel are heard to say, "I have seen Edinburgh," pronouncing the word "seen" with a stress indicating a finality of completion. Nobody ever uses a phrase in that way about Rome or Venice. It is always, "We have been in," "spent a winter in," "a summer in," or "a month in" Rome, or Venice, or any of the rest: and the very tone and turn of the phrase tell the desire or purpose of another

winter, or summer, or month in the remembered and longed-for place.

But Edinburgh has no splendors with which to woo and attract. She is "a penniless lass;" "wi' a lang pedigree," however, — as long and as splendid as the best, reaching back to King Arthur at least, and some say a thousand years farther, and assert that the rock on which her castle stands was a stronghold when Rome was a village. At any rate, there was a fortress there long before Edinburgh was a town, and that takes it back midway between the five hundredth and six hundredth year of our Lord. From that century down to this it was the centre of as glorious and terrible fighting and suffering as the world has ever seen. Kingly besieged and besiegers, prisoners, martyrs, men and women alike heroic, their presences throng each doorway still; and the very stones at a touch seem set ringing again with the echoes of their triumphs and their agonies.

To me, the castle is Edinburgh. Looking from the sunny south windows of Prince's Street across at its hoary front is like a wizard's miracle, by which dead centuries are rolled back, compressed into minutes. At the foot of its north precipices, where lay the lake in which, in the seventeenth century, royal swans floated and plebeian courtesans were ducked, now stretches a gay gardenized meadow, through which flash daily railway trains. Their columns of blue smoke scale the rocks, coil after coil, but never reach the citadel summit, being tangled, spent, and lost in the tops of trees, which in their turn seem also to be green-plumed besiegers, ever climbing, climbing. For five days I looked out on this picture etched against a summer sky: in black, by night; in the morning, of soft sepia tints, or gray, — tower, battlement, wall, and roof, all in sky

lines; below these the wild crags and precipices, a mosaic of grays, two hundred feet down, to a bright greensward dotted with white daisies. Set steadily to the sunrise, by a west wind which never stopped blowing for the whole five days, streamed out the flag. To have read on its folds, "*Castelh-Mynydd-Ag-ned*," or "*Castrum Puellarum*," would not have seemed at any hour a surprise. There is nowhere a relic of antiquity which so dominates its whole environment as does this rock fortress. Its actuality is sovereign; its personality majestic. The thousands of modern people thronging up and down Prince's Street seem perpetrating an impertinent anachronism. The times are the castle's times still; all this nineteenth-century haberdashery and chatter is an inexplicable and insolent freak of interruption. Sitting at one's Prince's Street windows, one sees it not; overlooks it as meaningless and of no consequence. Instead, he sees the constable's son, in Bruce's day, coming down that two hundred feet of precipice, hand over hand, on a bit of rope ladder, to visit the "wench in town" with whom he was in love; and anon turning this love lore of his to patriotic account, by leading Earl Douglas, with his thirty picked Scots, up the same precipices, in the same perilous fashion, to surprise the English garrison, which they did to such good purpose that in a few hours they retook the castle, the only one then left which Bruce had not recovered. Or, when morning and evening mists rise slowly up from the meadow, veil the hill, and float off in hazy wreaths from its summit, he fancies fagots and tar barrels ablaze on the esplanade, and the beauteous Lady Glammis, with her white arms crossed on her breast, burning to death there, with eyes fixed on the windows of her husband's prison. Scores of other women with "*fayre bodies*" were burned alive there; men, too, their lovers and sons,—all for a crime of

which no human soul ever was or could be guilty. Poor blinded, superstitious earth, which heard and saw and permitted such things! Even to-day, when the ground is dug up on that accursed esplanade, there are found the ashes of these martyrs to the witchcraft madness.

That grand old master gunner, too, of Cromwell's first following: each sunset gun from the castle seemed to me in honor of his memory, and recalled his name. "May the devil blaw me into the air, if I lowse a cannon this day!" said he, when Charles's men bade him fire a salute in honor of the Restoration. Every other one of Cromwell's men in the garrison had turned false, and done ready service to the king's officers; but not so Browne. It was only by main force that he was dragged to his gun, and forced to fire it. Whether the gun were old, and its time had come to burst, or if the splendid old Puritan slyly overweighed his charge, it is open to each man's preference to believe; but burst the gun did, and, taking the hero at his word, "shuites his bellie from him, and blew him quyte over the castle wall," says the old record. I make no doubt myself that it was just what the master gunner intended.

Thirty years later, there were many gunners in Edinburgh Castle as brave as he, or braver,—men who stood by their guns month after month, starving by inches and freezing; the snow lying knee deep on the shattered bastions; every roof shelter blown to fragments; no fuel; their last well so low that the water was putrid; raw salt herrings the only food for the men, and for the officers oatmeal, stirred in the putrid water. This was the Duke of Gordon's doing, when he vowed to hold Edinburgh Castle for King James, if every other fortress in Scotland went over to William. When his last hope failed, and he gave his men permission to abandon the castle and go out to the

enemy, if they chose, not a man would go. "Three cheers for his grace," they raised, with their poor starved voices, and swore they would stay as long as he did. From December to June they held out, and then surrendered, a handful of fifty ghastly, emaciated, tottering men. Pity they could not have known how much grander than victories such defeats as theirs would read, by and by!

Hard by the castle was the duke's house, in Blair's Close; in this he was shut up prisoner under strict guard. The steps up which he walked that day, for the first time in his life without his sword, are still there; his coronet, with a deer hound on either side, in dingy stone carving, above the low door. It is one of the doorways worth haunting, in Edinburgh. Generations of Dukes of Gordon have trodden its threshold, from the swordless hero of 1689 down to the young lover who, in George the Third's day, went courting his duchess, over in Hyndford's Close, at the bottom of High Street. She was a famous beauty, daughter of Lady Maxwell; and thanks to one gossip and another, we know a good deal about her bringing-up. There was still living in Edinburgh, sixty years ago, an aged and courtly gentleman, who recollected well having seen her riding a sow in High Street; her sister running behind, and thumping the beast with a stick. Duchesses are not made of such stuff in these days. It almost passes belief what one reads in old records of the ways and manners of Scottish nobility in the first half of the eighteenth century. These Maxwells' fine laces were always drying in the narrow passage from their front stair to their drawing-room; and their undergear hanging out on a pole from an upper window, in full sight of passers-by, as is still the custom with the poverty-stricken people who live in Hyndford's Close.

On the same stair with the Maxwells lived the Countess Anne of Balcarres,

mother of eleven children, the eldest of whom wrote Auld Robin Gray. She was poor and proud, and a fierce Jacobite to the last. To be asked to drink tea in Countess Anne's bed-chamber was great honor. The room was so small that the man-servant, John, gorgeous in the Balcarres livery, had to stand snuggled up to the bedpost. Here, with one arm around the post, he stood like a statue, ready to hand the tea-kettle as it was needed. When the noble ladies differed about a date or a point of genealogy, John was appealed to, and often so far forgot his manners as to swear at the mention of assumers and pretenders to baronetries.

There is an endless fascination in going from house to house, in their old wynds and closes, now. A price has to be paid for it, — bad smells, filth underfoot, and, very likely, volleys of ribald abuse from gin-loosened tongues right and left and high up overhead; but all this only emphasizes the picture, and makes one's mental processions of earls and countesses all the livelier and more vivid.

Some of these wynds are so narrow and dark, that one hesitates about plunging into them. They seem little more than rifts between dungeons: seven, eight, and nine stories high, the black walls stretch up. If there is a tiny courtyard, it is like the bottom of a foul well; and looking to the hand's-breadth of sky visible above, it seems so far up and so dark blue, one half expects to see its stars glimmering at noonday. A single narrow winding stone stair is the only means of going up and down; and each floor being swarming full of wretched human beings, each room a tenement house in itself, of course this common stairway becomes a highway of contentions, the very battle-ground of the house. Progress up or down can be stopped at a second's notice; a single pair of elbows is a blockade. How sedan chairs were managed in these cork-

screw crevices is a puzzle; yet we read that the ladies of quality went always in sedan chairs to balls and assemblies.

In the Stamp Office Close, now the refuge of soot-venders, old-clothes dealers, and hucksters of lowest degree, tramps, beggars, and skulkers of all sorts, still is locked tight every night a big carved door, at foot of the stair down which used to come stately Lady Eglintoune, the third, with her seven daughters, in fine array. It was one of the sights of the town to see the procession of their eight sedan chairs on the way to a dance. The countess herself was six feet tall, and her daughters not much below her; all strikingly handsome, and of such fine bearing that it went into the traditions of the century as the "Eglintoune air." There also went into the traditions of the century some details of the earl's wooing, which might better have been kept a secret between him and his father-in-law. The second Lady Eglintoune was ailing, and like to die, when Sir Archibald Kennedy arrived in Edinburgh, with his stalwart but beautiful daughter, Susanna. She was much sought immediately; and Sir Archibald, in his perplexity among the many suitors, one day consulted his old friend Eglintoune.

"Bide a wee, Sir Archy," replied the earl, — "bide a wee; my wife's very sickly." And so, by waiting, the fair Susanna became Countess of Eglintoune. It would seem as if nature had some intent to punish the earl's impatient faithlessness to his sickly wife; for year after year, seven years running, came a daughter, and no son, to the house of Eglintoune. At last the earl, with a readiness to ignore marital obligations at which his third countess need not have been surprised, bluntly threatened to divorce her if she bore him no heir.

Promptly the spirited Susanna replied that nothing would please her better, provided he would give her back all she brought him.

"Every penny of it, and welcome!" retorted the earl, supposing she referred to her fortune.

"Na, na, my lord," replied the lady, "that winna do. Return me my youth, beauty, and virginity, and dismiss me when you please:" upon which the matter dropped. In the end, the earl fared better than he deserved, three sons being given him within the next five years.

For half a century, Lady Eglintoune was a prominent figure in Scottish social life. Her comings and goings and doings were all chronicled, and handed down. It is even told that when Johnson and Boswell visited her at her country place, she was so delighted with Johnson's conversation that she kissed him on parting, — from which we can argue her ladyship's liking for long words. She lived to be ninety-one, and amused herself in her last days by taming rats, of which she had a dozen or more, in such subjection that at a tap on the oak wainscoting of her dining-room they came forth, joined her at her meal, and at a word of command retired again into the wainscot.

When twenty-first century travelers go speiring among the dingy ruins of cities which are gay and fine now, they will not find relics and traces of such individualities as these. The eighteenth century left a most entertaining budget, which we of to-day are too busy and too well educated to equal. No chiel among us all has the time to take gossip notes of this century; and even if he did, they would be dull enough in comparison with those of the last.

Groping and rummaging in Hyndford's Close, one day, for recognizable traces of Lady Maxwell's house, we had the good fortune to encounter a thrifty housewife, of the better class, living there. She was coming home, with her market basket on her arm. Seeing our eager scenting of the old carvings on lintels and sills, and overhearing our

mention of the name of the Duchess of Gordon, she made bold to address us.

"It waur a strange place for the no-beelity to be livin' in, to be sure," she said. "I'm livin' mysil in ane o' the best of 'im, an' it's na mair space to 't than ud turn a cat. Ye 're welcome to walk up, if ye like to see what their dwellin's waur like in the auld time. It's a self-contained stair ye see," she added with pride, as she marshaled us up a twisting stone stairway, so narrow that even one person, going alone, must go cautiously to avoid grazing elbows and shins on the stone walls, at every turn. "I couldna abide the place but for the self-contained stair: there's not many has them," she continued. "Mind yer heads! mind yer heads! There's a stoop!" she cried; but it was too late. We had reached, unwarned, a point in the winding stair where it was necessary to go bent half double; only a little child could have stood upright. With heads dizzy from the blow and eyes half blinded by the sudden darkness, we stumbled on, and brought out in a passage-way, perhaps three feet wide and ten long, from which opened four rooms: one the kitchen, a totally dark closet, not over six feet square; a tiny grate, a chair, table, and a bunk in the wall, where the servant slept, were all its furniture. The woman lighted a candle to show us how convenient was this bunk for the maid "to lie." Standing in the middle of the narrow passage, one could reach his head into kitchen, parlor, and both bedrooms without changing his position. The four rooms together would hardly have made one good-sized chamber. Nothing but its exquisite neatness and order saved the place from being insupportable! Even those would not save it when herring suppers should be broiling in the closet surnamed kitchen. Up a still smaller, narrower crevice in the wall led a second "self-contained stair," dark as midnight, and so low roofed there was no stand-

ing upright in it, even at the beginning. This led to what the landlady called the "lodgers' flairt." We had not courage to venture up, though she was exceedingly anxious to show us her seven good bedrooms, three double and four single, which were nightly filled with lodgers, at a shilling a night.

Only the "verra rayspectable," she said, came to lodge with her. Her husband was "verra pairticular." Tradespeople from the country were the chief of their customers, "an' the same a-comin' for seven year, noo." No doubt she has as lively a pride, and gets as many satisfactions between these narrow walls, as did the lords and ladies of 1700. Evidently not the least of her satisfactions was the fact that those lords and ladies had lived there before her.

Nowhere are Auld Reekie's antitheses of new and old more emphasized than in the Cowgate. In 1530 it was an elegant suburb. The city walls even then extended to inclose it, and it was eloquently described in an old divine's writings as the place "*ubi nihil est humile aut rusticum, sed omnia magnifica.*"

In one of its grassy lanes, the Earl of Galloway built a mansion. His countess often went to pay visits to her neighbors, in great state, driving six horses; and it not infrequently happened that when her ladyship stepped into her coach, the leaders were standing opposite the door at which she intended to alight.

Here dwelt, in 1617, the famous "Tam o' the Cowgate," Earl of Had-dington, boon companion of King James, who came often to dine with him, and gave him the familiar nickname of Tam. Tam was so rich he was vulgarly believed to have the philosopher's stone; but he himself once gave a more probable explanation of his wealth, saying that his only secret lay in two rules: "never to put off till to-morrow that which could be done to-day," and

"never to trust to another what his own hand could execute."

To-day there is not in all the world, outside the Jewish Ghetto of Rome, so loathly wretched a street as this same Cowgate. Even at high noon it is not always safe to walk through it; and there are many of its wynds into which no man would go without protection of the police. Simply to drive through it is harrowing. The place is indescribable. It seems a perpetual and insatiable carnival of vice and misery. The misery alone would be terrible enough to see, but the leering, juggling, insolent vice added makes it indeed hellish. Every curbstone, doorsill, alley mouth, window, swarms with faces out of which has gone every trace of self-respect or decency: babies' faces as bad as the worst, and the most aged faces worst of all. To pause on the sidewalk is to be surrounded, in a moment, by a dangerous crowd of half-naked boys and girls, whining, begging, elbowing, cursing, and fighting. Giving of an alms is like pouring oil on a fire. The whole gang is ablaze with envy and attack: the fierce and unscrupulous pillage of the seventeenth century is reenacted in miniature in the Cowgate every day, when an injudicious stranger, passing through, throws a handful of pennies to the beggars. The general look of hopeless degradation in the spot is heightened by the great number of old-clothes shops along the whole line of the street. In the days when the Cowgate was an elegant suburb, the citizens were permitted by law to extend their upper stories seven feet into the street, provided they would build them of wood cut in the Borough Forest, a forest that harbored robbers dangerous to the town. These projecting upper stories are invaluable now to the old-clothes venders, who hang from them their hideous wares, in double and treble lines, fluttering over the heads and in the faces of passers-by: the wood of the Borough Forest thus, by a strange

irony of fate, still continuing to harbor dangers to public welfare. If these close-packed tiers of dangling rags in the Cowgate were run out in a straight single line, they would be miles long; a sad beggars' arras to behold. The preponderance of tattered finery in it adds to its melancholy: shreds of damask; dirty lace; theatrical costumes; artificial flowers so crumpled, broken, and soiled that they would seem to have been trodden in gutters; there was an indefinite horror in the thought that there could be even in the Cowgate a woman creature who could think herself adorned by such mockeries of blossoms. But I saw more than one poor soul look at them with longing eyes, finger them, haggle at the price, and walk away disappointed that she could not buy.

The quaint mottoes here and there in the grimy walls, built in when the Cowgate people were not only comfortable, but pious, must serve often now to point bitter jests among the ungodly. On one wretched, reeking tenement, is: "Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. 1643." On another, "All my trist is in ye Lord."

A token I saw in the Cowgate of one life there not without hope and the capacity of enjoyment. It was in a small window, nine stories up from the ground, in a wynd so close that hands might be clasped from house to house across it. It was a tiny thing, but my eye fell on it with as much relief as on a rift of blue sky in a storm: it was a little green fern growing in a pot. Outside the window it stood, on a perilously narrow ledge. As I watched it I grew frightened, lest the wind should blow it down, or a vicious neighbor stone it off. It seemed the brave signal flying of a forlorn hope, of a dauntless, besieged soul that would never surrender, and I shall recollect it long after every other picture of the Cowgate scenes has grown dim.

The more respectable of the pawnbrokers' or second-hand-goods shops in Edinburgh are interesting places to rummage. If there were no other record of the slow decay and dwindling fortunes of the noble Scottish folk, it could be read in the great number of small dealers in relics of the olden time.

Old buckles and brooches and clan badges; chains, lockets, seals, rings; faded miniatures, on ivory or in mosaics, of women as far back as Mary's time, loved then as well as was ever Mary herself, but forgotten now as if they had never been; swords, rusty, bent, battered, and stained; spoons with forgotten crests; punch ladles worn smooth with the merry-makings of generations, — all these one may find in scores of little one-roomed shops, kept perhaps by aged dames with the very aroma of the antique Puritanism lingering about them still.

In such a room as this, I found a Scotch pebble brooch with a quaint silver setting, reverently and cautiously locked in a glass case. On the back of it had been scratched, apparently with a pin, "Margret Fleming, from her brother." I bore it away with me triumphantly, sure that it had belonged to an ancestor of Pet Marjorie.

Almost as full of old-time atmosphere as the pawnbrokers' shops are the antiquarian bookstores. Here one may possess himself, if he likes, of well-thumbed volumes with heraldic crests on title-pages, dating back to the earliest reading done by noble earls and baronets in Scotland; even to the time when not to know how to read was no indelible disgrace. In one of these shops, on the day I bought Margret Fleming's brooch, I found an old torn copy of *Pet Marjorie*. Speaking of Dr. Brown and Rab to the bookseller, — himself almost a relic of antiquity, — I was astonished and greatly amused to hear him reply, —

"It's a' a feecion. . . . He can't

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write without it. . . . I knoo that darg. . . . A verra neece darg he was, but — a — a — a" — with a shake of the head, "it's a verra neece story, verra neece. . . . He wrote it up, up; not but that Rab was a verra neece darg. I knoo the darg wull."

Not a word of more definite disclaimer or contradiction could I win from the canny old Scot. But to have hastily called the whole story a lee, from beginning to end, would hardly have shaken one's confidence in it so much as did the thoughtful deliberation of his "He was a verra neece darg. I knoo the darg wull."

One of our "cawdies," during our stay in Edinburgh, was a remarkable fellow. After being for twenty years a gentleman's servant, he had turned his back on aristocracy, and betaken himself to the streets for a living; driving cabs, or piloting strangers around the city, as might be. But his earlier habits of good behavior were strong in him still, and came to the surface quickly in associations which revived them. His conversation reminded us forcibly of somebody's excellent saying that Scotland would always be Scotland. Not a line of Scott's novels which this vagabond cawdie did not seemingly know by heart. Scottish history too he had at his tongue's end, and its most familiar episodes sounded new and entertaining as he phrased them. Even the death of Queen Mary seemed freshly stated, as he put it, when, after summing up the cruelties she had experienced at the hands of Elizabeth, he wound up with, "And finally she beheaded her, and that was the last of her," — a succinctness of close which some of Mary's historians would have done well to simulate.

Of Jeanie Deans and Dumbiedikes he spoke as of old acquaintances. He pointed out a spot in the misty blue distance where was Dumbiedikes' house, where Jeanie's sweetheart dwelt, and

where the road lay on which Jeanie went to London.

"It was there the old road to London lay; and would'n't you think it more natural, sir, that it was that way she went, and it was there she met Dumbiedikes, and he gave her the purse? I'll always maintain, sir, that it was there she got it."

Of the two women, Jeanie Deans and Mary Queen of Scots, Jeanie was evidently the livelier and more real in his thoughts.

The second day of our stay in Edinburgh was a gay day in the castle. The 71st Highlanders had just returned from a twelvemonths' stay at Gibraltar. It was people's day. Everywhere the bronzed, tired, happy-looking fellows, in their smartened uniforms, were to be encountered, strolling, lounging, sitting with sweethearts or wives, — more of the former than the latter. It struck me also that the women were less good looking than the men; but they were all beautified by happiness, and the merry sounds of their laughter, and the rumble of skittles playing filled all the place. Inside the castle, the room in which the regalia were on exhibition was thronged with country people, gazing reverently on its splendors.

"Keep yer eye on 't, as ye walk by, an' mark the changes o' 't," I heard one old lady say to her husband, whose wandering gaze seemed to her neglectful of the opportunity.

A few gay-dressed women, escorted by officers, held themselves apart from the soldiers' sweetheating, and were disposed, I thought, to look a little scornfully on it. The soldiers did not seem to mind the affront, if they saw it; no doubt, they thought their own sweethearts far the better looking, and if they had ever heard of it would have quoted with hearty good will the old ballad, —

"The lasses o' the Canongate,
Oh, they are wondrous nice:

They winna gie a single kiss,
But for a double price.

"Gar hang them, gar hang them,
Hie upon a tree;
For we'll get better up the gate,
For a bawbee!"

Most picturesque of all the figures to be seen in Edinburgh are the Newhaven fishwives. With short, full, blue cloth petticoats, reaching barely to their ankles; white blouses and gay kerchiefs; big, long-sleeved cloaks of the same blue cloth, fastened at the throat, but flying loose, sleeves and all, as if thrown on in haste; the girls bareheaded; the married women with white caps, standing up stiff and straight in a point on the top of the head; two big wicker-work creels, one above the other, full of fish, packed securely, on their broad shoulders, and held in place by a stout leather strap passing round their foreheads, they pull along at a steady, striding gait, up hill and down, carrying weights that it taxes a man's strength merely to lift. In fact, it is a fishwife's boast that she will run with a weight which it takes two men to put on her back. By reason of this great strength on the part of the women, and their immemorial habit of exercising it; perhaps also from other causes far back in the early days of Jutland, where these curious Newhaven fishing folk are said to have originated, it has come about that the Newhaven men are a singularly docile and submissive race. The wives keep all the money which they receive for the fish, and the husbands take what is given them, — a singular reversion of the situation in most communities. I did not believe this when it was told me, so I stopped three fishwives one day, and, without mincing matters, put the question direct to them. Two of them were young, one old. The young women laughed saucily, and the old woman smiled, but they all replied unhesitatingly, that they had the spending of all the money.

"It's a' spent i' the hoos," said one, anxious not to be thought too selfish, — "it's a' spent i' the hoos. The men, they cam home an' tak their sleep, an' then they'll be aff agen."

"It 'ud never do for the husbands to stoop in tha city, an' be spendin' a' the money," added the old woman, with severe emphasis.

I learned afterward that, on the present system of buying and selling the fish, the fishermen do receive from their labor an income independent of their wives. They are the first sellers of the fish, — selling them in quantity to the wholesale dealers, who sell in turn at auction to the "retail trade," represented by the wives. This seems an unjust system, and is much resented by both husbands and wives: but it has been established by law, and there is no help for it. It came in with the introduction of the steam trawlers. "They're the deestroocion o' the place," said one of the fishwomen. "A mon canna go oot wi' his lines an' mak a livin' noo. They just drag everything; they tak a' the broods; they're dooin' a worrld o' harm. There's somethin' a dooin' aboot it in the House o' Commons, noo, but a canna till hoo it wull go. They ull be the deestroocion o' this place, if they're na pit stop to," and she shook her fist vindictively at a puffing trawler, which had just pushed away from the wharf.

Whoever would see the Newhaven fishwives at their best must be on the Newhaven wharf by seven o'clock in the morning, on a day when the trawlers come in and the fish is sold. The scene is a study for a painter.

The fish are in long, narrow boxes, on the wharf, ranged at the base of the sea wall; some sorted out, in piles, each kind by itself: skates, with their long tails, which look vicious, as if they could kick, hake, witches, brill, sole, flounders, huge catfish, crayfish, and herrings by the ton. The wall is crowded with

men, Edinburgh fishmongers, come to buy cheap on the spot. The wall is not over two feet wide, and here they stand, lean over, jostle, slip by to right and left of each other, and run up and down in their eager haste to catch the eye of one auctioneer, or to get first speech with another. The wharf is crowded with women, — an army in blue, two hundred, three hundred, at a time; white caps bobbing, elbows thrusting, shrill voices crying, fiery blue eyes shining, it is a sight worth going to Scotland for. If one has had an affection for Christie Johnstone, it is a delightful return of his old admiration for her. A dozen faces which might be Christie's own are flashing up from the crowd; one understands on the instant how that best of good stories came to be written. A man with eyes in his head and a pen in his hand could not have done less. Such fire, such honesty, such splendor of vitality, kindle the women's faces. To spend a few days among them would be to see Christie Johnstone dramatized on all sides.

On the morning when I drove out from Edinburgh to see this scene, a Scotch mist was simmering down: so warm that at first it seemed of no consequence whatever; so cold that all of a sudden one found himself pierced through and through with icy shivers. This is the universal quality of a Scotch mist or drizzle.

The Newhaven wharf is a narrow pier running out to sea. On one side lay the steam trawlers, which had just unloaded their freight; on the other side, on the narrow, rampart-like wall of stone, swarmed the fishmonger men. In this line I took my place, and the chances of the scramble. Immediately the jolly fishwives caught sight of me, and began to nod and smile. They knew very well I was there to "speir" at them.

"Ye'll tak cauld!" cried one motherly old soul, with her white hair blow-

ing wildly about, almost enough to lift the cap off her head. "Com doon! Ye'll tak cauld."

I smiled, and pointed to my waterproof cloak, down which, it must be admitted, the "mist" was trickling in streams, while the cloak itself flapped in the wind like a loose sail. She shook her head scornfully.

"It's a grat plass to tak cauld!" she cried. "Ye'll doo wull to com doon."

There were three auctioneers: one, a handsome, fair-haired, blue-eyed young fellow, was plainly a favorite with the women. They flocked after him as he passed from one to another of the different lots of fish. They crowded in close circles around him, three and four deep; pushing, struggling, rising on tip-toes to look over each other's shoulders and get sight of the fish.

"What's offered for this lot o' fine herrings? One! One and sax! Thripence ha'! Going, going, gone!" rang above all the clatter and chatter of the women's tongues. It was so swift, that it seemed over before it was fairly begun; and the surging circles had moved along to a new spot and a new trade. The eyes of the women were fixed on the auctioneer's eyes; they beckoned; they shook forefingers at him; now and then a tall, stalwart one, reaching over less able-bodied comrades, took him by the shoulder, and compelled him to turn her way; one, most fearless of all, literally gripped him by the ear and pulled his head around, shrieking out her bid. When the pressure got unbearable, the young fellow would shake himself like a Newfoundland dog, and, laughing good-naturedly, whirl his arms wide round to clear a breathing space; the women would fall back a pace or two, but in a moment the rings would close up again, tighter than ever.

The efforts of those in the outer ring to break through, or see over, the inner ones were droll. Arms and hands and heads seemed fairly interlinked and in-

terwoven. Sometimes a pair of hands would come into sight, pushing their way between two bodies, low down, — just the two hands, nothing more, breaking way for themselves, as if in a thicket of underbrush; presently the arms followed; and then, with a quick thrust of the arms to right and left, the space would be widened enough to let in the head, and when that was fairly through the victory was won. Straightening herself with a big leap, the woman bounded in front of the couple she had so skillfully separated, and a buzzing "bicker" of angry words would rise for a moment; but there was no time to waste in bad temper where bargains were to be made or lost in the twinkling of an eye.

An old sailor, who stood near me on the wall, twice saved me from going backwards into the sea, in my hasty efforts to better my stand-point. He also seemed to be there simply as a spectator, and I asked him how the women knew what they were buying; buying, as they did, by the pile or the box.

"Oh, they'll giss, verra near," he said; "they've an eye on the fish, sense they're bawn. God knows it's verra little they mak," he added, "an' they'll carry's much's two men o' us can lift. They're extrawnery strang."

As a lot of catfish were thrown down at our feet, he looked at them with a shudder, and exclaimed, "I'd no eat that."

"Why not?" said I. "Are they not good?"

"Ah, I'd no eat it," he replied, with a look of superstitious terror spreading over his face. "It doesna look richt."

A fresh trawler came in just as the auction had nearly ended. The excitement renewed itself fiercely. The crowd surged over to the opposite side of the pier, and a Babel of voices arose. The skipper was short and fat, and in his dripping oilskin suit looked like a cross between a catfish and a frog.

"Here, you Rob," shouted the auc-

tioner, "what do you add to this fine lot o' herrin'?"

"Herring be d——d!" growled the skipper, out of temper, for some reason of his own; at which a whirring sound of ejaculated disapprobation burst from the women's lips.

The fish were in great tanks on the deck. Quickly the sailors dipped up pails of the sea-water, dashed it over them, and piled them into baskets, in shining, slippery masses: the whole load was on the pier, sorted, and sold in a few minutes.

Then the women settled down to the work of assorting and packing up their fish. One after another they shouldered their creels and set off for Edinburgh. They seemed to have much paying back and forth of silver among themselves, one small piece of silver that I noticed actually traveling through four different hands in the five minutes during which I watched it. Each woman wore under her apron, in front, a sort of apron-like bag, in which she carried her money. There was evidently rivalry among them. They spied closely on each other's loads, and did some trafficking and exchange before they set off. One poor old creature had bought only a few crayfish, and as she lifted her creel to her back, and crawled away, the women standing by looked over into her basket, and laughed and jeered at her; but she gave no sign of hearing a word they said.

Some of them were greatly discontented with their purchases when they came to examine them closely, especially one woman who had bought a box of flounders. She emptied them on the ground, and sorted the few big ones, which had been artfully laid on the top; then, putting the rest, which were all small, in a pile by themselves, she pointed contemptuously to the contrast, and with a toss of her head ran after the auctioneer, and led him by the sleeve back to the spot where her fish lay.

She was as fierce as Christie herself could have been at the imposition. She had paid the price for big flounders, and had got small ones. The auctioneer opened his book and took out his pencil, to correct the entry which had been made against her.

"Wull, tak aff saxpence," he said.

"Na! na!" cried she. "They're too dear at seven saxpence."

"Wull, tak aff a saxpence; it is written noo, — seven shillin'."

She nodded, and began packing up the flounders.

"Will you make something on them at that price?" I asked her.

"Wull, I'll mak me money back," she replied; but her eyes twinkled, and I fancy she had got a very good bargain, as bargains go in Newhaven; it being thought there a good day's work to clear three shillings, — a pitiful sum, when a woman, to earn it, must trudge from Newhaven to Edinburgh (two miles) with a hundred pounds of fish on her back, and then toil up and down Edinburgh hills selling it from door to door. One shilling on every pound is the auctioneer's fee. He has all the women's names in his book, and it is safe to trust them; they never seek to cheat, or even to put off paying. "They'd rather pay than not," the blue-eyed auctioneer said to me. "They're the honestest folks i' the world."

As the last group was dispersing, one old woman, evidently in a state of fierce anger, approached, and poured out a torrent of Scotch, as bewildering and as unintelligible to me as if it had been Chinese. Her companions gazed at her in astonishment: presently they began to reply; and in a few seconds there was as fine a "rippet" going on as could have been heard in Cowgate in Tam's day. At last, a woman of near her own age sprang forward, and approaching her with a determined face lifted her right hand with an authoritative gesture, and said in vehement indig-

nation, which reminded me of Christie again, —

“Keep yersil, an’ haud yer tongue, noo!”

“What is she saying?” I asked. “What is the matter?”

“Eh, it is jist nathin’ at a’,” she replied. “She’s thet angry, she does na know hersil.”

The faces of the Newhaven women are full of beauty, even those of the old women: their blue eyes are bright and laughing, long after the sea wind and sun have tanned and shriveled their skins and bleached their hair. Blue eyes and yellow hair are the predominant type; but there are some faces with dark hazel eyes of rare beauty and very dark hair, — still more beautiful, — which, spite of its darkness, shows glints of red in the sun. The dark blue of their gowns and cloaks is the best color-frame and setting their faces could have; the bunched fullness of the petticoat is saved from looking clumsy by being so short, and the cloaks are in themselves graceful garments. The walking in a bent posture, with such heavy loads on the back, has given to all the women an abnormal breadth of hip, which would be hideous in any other dress than their own. This is so noticeable that I thought perhaps they wore under their skirts, to set them out, a roll, such as is worn by some of the Bavarian peasants. But when I asked one of the women, she replied, —

“Na, na, jist the flannel; a’ tuckit.”

“Tucked all the way up to the belt?” said I.

“Na, na,” laughing as if that were a folly never conceived of, — “na, na;” and in a twinkling she whipped her petticoat high up, to show me the under petticoat, of the same heavy blue cloth, tucked only a few inches deep. Her massive hips alone were responsible for the strange contour of her figure.

The last person to leave the wharf was a young man with a creel of fish on

his back. My friend the sailor glanced at him with contempt.

“There’s the only man in all Scotland that ’ud be seen carryin’ a creel o’ fish on his back like a woman,” said he. “He’s na pride aboot him.”

“But why should n’t men carry creels?” I asked. “I’m sure it is very hard work for women.”

The sailor eyed me for a moment, perplexedly, and then, as if it were waste of words to undertake to explain self-evident propositions, resumed, —

“He worked at it when he was a boy, with his mother; an’ now he’s no pride left. There’s the whole village been at him to get a barrow; but he’ll not do ’t. He’s na pride aboot him.”

What an interesting addition it would be to the statistics of foods eaten by different peoples to collect the statistics of the different foods with which pride’s hunger is satisfied, in different countries! Its stomach has as many and opposite standards as the human digestive apparatus. It is, like everything else, all and only a question of climate. Not a nabob anywhere who gets more daily satisfaction out of despising his neighbors than the Newhaven fishermen do out of their conscious superiority to this poor soul, who lugs his fish in a basket on his back like a woman, and has “na pride aboot him.”

If I had had time and opportunity to probe one layer farther down in Newhaven society, no doubt I should have come upon something which even this pariah, the fish-carrying man, would scorn to be seen doing.

After the last toiling fishwife had disappeared in the distance, and the wharf and the village had quieted down into sombre stillness, I drove to The Peacock, and ate bread and milk in a room which, if it were not the very one in which Christie and her lover supped, at least looked out on the same sea they looked upon. And a very gray, ugly sea it was, too; just such an

one as used to stir Christie's soul with a heat of desire to spin out into it, and show the boys she was without fear. On the stony beach below the inn a woman was spreading linen to dry. Her motions as she raised and bent, and raised and bent, over her task were graceful beyond measure. Scuds of raindrops swept by now and then; and she would stop her work, and straightening herself into a splendid pose, with one hand on her hip, throw back her head, and sweep the whole sky with her look, uncertain whether to keep on with her labor or not; then bend again, and make greater haste than before.

As I drove out of the village I found a knot of the women gossiping at a corner. They had gathered around a young wife, who had evidently brought out her baby for the village to admire. It was dressed in very "braw attire" for Newhaven: snowy white, and embroidery, and blue ribbons. It was but four weeks old, and its tiny red face was nearly covered up by the fine clothes.

I said to a white-haired woman in the group, —

"Do you recollect when it was all open down to the sea here, — before this second line of newer cottages was built?"

She shook her head and replied, "I'm na so auld's I luik; my hair it wentit white" — After a second's pause, and turning her eyes out to sea as she spoke, she added, "A' 't once it wentit white."

A silence fell on the group, and looks were exchanged between the women. I drove away hastily, feeling as one does who has unawares stepped irreverently on a grave. Many grief-stricken queens have trod the Scottish shores; the centuries still keep their memory green, and their names haunt one's thoughts in every spot they knew. But more vivid to my memory than all these returns and returns the thought of the obscure fisherwoman whose hair, from a grief of which the world never heard, "a' 't once wentit white."

H. H.

CHRYSLIDES.

NIGHT-BLUE skies of thine,
 Egypt, and thy dead who may not rest,
 Who with wide eyes
 Stand staring in the darkness of the mine!
 Thy woman, Egypt, with her breast
 Two cups of carven gold;
 And hands that no more rise
 In praise, or supplication, or to sound
 The timbrel in the dance!
 White is thy noontide glare,
 But no keen glance
 Of yet created sun
 Can pierce the deeps and caverns of thy dead.
 They are overspread
 With a new earth, where new men come and go,
 And sleep when all is done;
 While far below,

Shut from the upper air,
These stirless figures, bound
In awful cerements, must forever wait.

There is another land,
Where in a valley once the god Pan slept,
Under the young blue sky, between two peaks;
And here, a hero, running as one seeks
For fame, with ardor which his strength outstepped,
Fell dying in the stillness; slow-breathing lay
The rounded marble limbs in the green grass.
An eagle, pausing on his fiery way,
Down swooped. Lo, as he soared, alas!
Nearing his awful steep,
Where only the dews weep,
And bearing in his clutches that bright form,
He heard the hero's voice:
"Eat, bird, and feed thyself! This morsel choice
Shall give thy claws a span;
This courage of a man
Shall bid thy pinions swell,
And by my strength thy wings shall grow an ell."

A. F.

ANNEXED BY THE TSAR.

HE was a huge dog, and he stood by the kennel, in old Dr. Gorham's back yard, in an attitude of deep meditation. There was one subject for dog-thought lying right before him, and another lay only a yard or so beyond the first.

The one was an empty "muzzle" that lay upon the grass, close by a couple of well-picked bones. The second was an equally empty steel collar, with a strong chain attached. The end of the chain was hooked into a staple at the side of the kennel door.

Tsar was a dog to look twice at. His father had been a Siberian bloodhound and his mother an English mastiff, and Dr. Gorham would have trusted him to pull down a wild bull or to ring a church bell, if he could once have seized with his massive jaws the nose of the one or the ringing-rope of the other.

Tsar made no audible remarks, but there was no difficulty at all in divining his meditations.

"They have fed me an hour before sundown, for some reason, and now they've gone off and neglected me. No muzzle, no chain, no master around, and all the country left open to me. It is a state of affairs to which I am not accustomed at this time of day. If there were another bone with meat on it, I'd know exactly what to do."

He put out a great paw and turned the muzzle over. Then he walked forward and smelled of the helpless collar. Then he peered solemnly into the kennel. There was a mystery about the whole matter, and it seemed to suggest a visit to the front gate. That too was wide open, as a witness to the haste required by the summons of the last pa-

tient, and Tsar could therefore walk out and look up and down the shady road for an explanation of his own case. He could not see any, at first, for there was nothing to be learned from a flock of geese, three hens, and one stray calf. The very pig that was rooting under the walnut-tree paid him no manner of attention.

Tsar shrugged his broad shoulders to make sure about the collar, pawed his nose for a moment in memory of his muzzle, and turned for a look at the gate. There it was, with a very dingy old tin sign on one post, whose faded letters read "Dr. Heber Gorham," and with a very new tin sign on the other post, whose bright, fresh gilding announced "Dr. Heber Gorham, Jr.," as also ready for patients.

That was all right, and it occurred to Tsar that a walk would be good for his health. He acted on the suggestion promptly enough, but with dignity, as became a dog of his size; and no voice from the house recalled him, as he marched away down the road towards the sea. A sniff of salt air would be just the thing for his digestion, after the hearty dinner he had eaten at the kennel.

The sun was getting very low towards the horizon, and yet, away down there on the rock at the head of the cove a curly-headed young lady of nineteen, or thereabouts, was still seated, bending over a portfolio spread across her lap. From time to time she cast anxious glances from the lines she traced upon the sheet of Bristol board under her hand to the more and more shadowy island, out there in the mouth of the cove.

"That will do," she said. "It looks bigger than the boat, now, but it is n't big enough for the tree. I must make the tree smaller; the cow's back, too, — it's half as long as the island. There is always something dreadful the matter with my waves." She worked at the

waves for a few minutes. "If I had time, I'd try to put in the sunset. Dear me, how late it is! It will be almost dark when I get home. It gets dark so quickly, nowadays, after it once begins."

She rose a little hastily, but she gave the island a very long last look, as she closed her portfolio, — long enough for a bystander to have read her name, in gilt letters, on the leather cover, — "Percie Lee." But no one was there to read, for a lonelier spot than that it would have been hard to find, however well adapted it might be for the making of marine sketches.

Percie was in the road in half a minute more, and she could but see that the shadows were lengthening rapidly. She reflected: "It is lonely for a little way beyond Dr. Gorham's, but I won't mind it from that to the village. I do hope I shall not meet Heber Gorham. I will not speak to him, if I do. I won't even see him. He has not called since he came back from Europe and I hope he never will again. I detest him."

She said it with needless energy, and then she began to walk briskly onward. She tried hard, too, to persuade herself that she was only wondering whether, in her sketch, she had made the horns of the cow bear a proper proportion to the upper branches of the tree on the island. She was really almost thinking sincerely about the cow, and the cow alone, when she suddenly felt called upon to exclaim, —

"Oh, that dog!"

To be sure, that dog. Tsar was on the other side of the road and he did not seem to be taking any particular notice of her, but thus Percie truly remarked of him!

"He is perfectly enormous!"

She forgot about the cow in an instant, but she did not speak her opinion directly to the dog. Neither did she think of sketching him, although he was certainly worth it. She seemed hardly to care to look at him.

Tsar, on his part, had taken a good look at Percie Lee. He was not mistaken about her for one moment.

"Very nice girl. Well dressed. Pretty, too; but she's out late. Most likely her family are friends of Dr. Gorham. I must have an eye on that young lady. It is getting dark."

That eye was what startled Percie so dreadfully, a moment later; for she happened to look behind her, and there was that vast creature solemnly stalking after her.

"He is following me!" she exclaimed.

Not a doubt of it, and the fact that he stopped or went on just when she did hardly seemed to help the matter. It was getting darker and more shadowy every moment, and Percie would have been almost willing to run, if she had not feared that if she did the dog would run too. He appeared larger and larger, every time she glanced behind her, until she was afraid to look again, and her breathing grew a little hurried.

"Nobody's any business to have such a dog!" she gasped, in a whisper. "It's awful."

"She seems to be scared about something," thought Tsar. "Girls are apt to be timid. Ah, I see! It's those ragged rascals, coming down the road. Villainous-looking vagabonds. If there is anything in this world that I hate, it is a tramp."

That is a universal sentiment, among dogs of Tsar's social standing; but the three ruffians who were now approaching were either ignorant of that fact, or did not know that such a dog was so very near.

"Dreadful men!" had been the unspoken thought in the mind of Percie Lee, and it was followed by a doubt as to whether she should ever again dare to come down to the cove.

"I must sketch the island," she said, "but I will come in the forenoon."

The three men were walking abreast, now, and they were plainly determined

not to turn to the right hand or the left for Percie Lee. She had just time to grasp that terrible idea and to feel her heart jump, when one of them actually spoke to her.

She never knew what he said, and her only reply, as she retreated a few steps was an altogether unintended little scream. It was not a loud one, and there was more surprise in it than fear, but it was followed by remarkable consequences.

Tsar had quickened his lordly pace, full twenty seconds earlier, and, for some reason of his own, he had advanced a little under the shadow of the fence; but his eyes had not wandered from the human beings in the road before him. His head and tail were raised a trifle, and there was a very peculiar expression on his broad, hairy face. There was no love of tramps in it at all.

"Oh now, we hain't hurt you. You need n't squall."

That was what the second of those three ruffians began to say, when an awful, wrathful, roaring growl, as of warning, sounded from some deep-jawed cavern among the shadows at the right of Percie Lee. It was followed, in one long, elastic, power-expressing bound, by a huge dark form that in one second more was crouching in front of her.

The first and second tramp upset the third, and tumbled over him, so sudden was the retreat they made, while Tsar, for their special benefit and more at length, repeated his growl, with a supplementary snarl that sounded fearfully like the announcement of another spring forward.

The remarks made by all of those vagabonds, as they scrambled to their feet, were in a manner complimentary to Tsar, although not intended to be so.

Percie Lee stood behind her protector, and she could not see, as they did, the white rows of gleaming teeth and the fierce green light in the threatening eyes. She could perfectly understand,

however, that there was an enormous amount of very good dog between her and any further approach of ruffianly insolence. She was almost astonished at the sudden feeling of security which came upon her and at the entire ease with which she began to breathe again.

Tsar did not spring. He did but crouch in that picturesque attitude until the nearest tramp was fifty yards away, on a steady run; and then he stood erect, sending after his enemies one deep, sonorous "Woof-oof," to keep them company.

"Good dog! good fellow!"

"Ur-r-r-r," was the gentle response of Tsar, and he even wagged his tail, moderately, but he did not condescend to look around. He walked slowly on up the road, and it was now Percie's turn to follow him.

"I do not think I had better leave her," said Tsar to himself; "not even when we get to our house."

It was not until they reached the turn of the road, away beyond Dr. Gorham's, that he at last stood still. Percie wished very much to pat him, but she could hardly muster courage, and while she was hesitating there came a sound of wheels, and a light buggy pulled up in the middle of the road.

"Dr. Gorham!"

"Percie Lee! Is that you? I declare! Miss Lee—and that great brute—it's all my fault. Did he scare you much, Percie—Miss Lee?"

"Is it your dog, Heber—doctor?"

"Tsar! Come here, sir!"

"Oh doctor, don't scold him. He has been taking care of me. There were three of them."

"Dogs, Miss Lee?"

"No, sir; tramps. Dreadful-looking—they spoke—he is a splendid dog,—beautiful."

"He? Ah,—well,—it's a good thing he did n't take hold of one of them. There'd have been a fine surgical case prepared for me, in no time.

But how did he happen to be out? Unmuzzled, too. I remember, now. All my fault."

"I guess he must have been left out to take care of me, doctor."

"Ain't I glad of it, though! Now, Miss Lee, you must step right into my buggy, and let me carry you home. Tsar, go home, sir!"

He turned to obey, but a small, white hand was on his head as he did so.

"Good dog, Tsar; thank you, sir."

It was odd, indeed, but something in that remark seemed aimed at the dog; and it must have hit him, too, by the proud way of his walking off; but some of it went further. The young physician assisted Percie into the buggy, and drove away; and it was quite a distance around the corner of the main road that they passed a dimly discernible and quite breathless group that leaned against a fence. Nobody going by in a buggy could have heard them mutter,—

"Tell ye what, boys, that was the awfulest dog I ever seen."

"Guess we won't try that there road agin to-night. He's loose."

"All them sort o' dogs has got to be killed off, or the roads won't be safe."

Perhaps, but at that moment Tsar was reëntering his own yard, for he went straight back to his quarters. He stood for a moment turning over his empty muzzle with his paw, and then lay heavily down. He thought he understood the entire matter, now.

"Heber Gorham knew that that young lady would be in need of me. It's all right, but I doubt if I did my whole duty. Unmuzzled, too. A lost opportunity!"

As to the tramps, yes, but not as to all other parts of his performance. He hardly knew how it afterwards came to pass, but before long he discovered that he had formed a habit of going down to the cove with Percie Lee, to see her take sketches of islands, trees, waves, cows, and other matters and things, and

of remaining till Heber Gorham, Jr. M. D., came to take his place, with or without a buggy. He failed fully to understand the business until another sort of day arrived, when he found himself called upon, first, to attend a wedding, by special invitation of Percie

Lee; and then to recognize her as a permanent addition to his own household at the old Gorham homestead. He agreed to it. He had liked that young woman from the first time he saw her. And so, to tell the truth, had his master.

William O. Stoddard.

ALONG AN INLAND BEACH.

OF all those who extended and widened the path of Columbus, I have always thought that Vasco Nuñez, "silent upon a peak in Darien," fronting an unknown ocean, was the most favored. I can only wonder at the sordid presence of mind with which he hastened to inform the new-found sea of its vassalage to the crown of Castile. It would seem that in such elemental prospect there could be small suggestion of human supremacy. No configuration of the land, neither the majesty of mountains nor the airy spaciousness of plains, so moves us as does the sea, with its sublime unity and its unresting motion. What is true of the sea, as regards this exalted first impression, may as justly be claimed for any body of water which the vision is unable to span,—may be claimed for Erie, which, as well as its companion Great Lakes, fully deserves to be called a "fresh-water sea." For the hundredth time beholding it, I feel the thrill of discovery, and drink in the refreshing prospect as with thirsty Old World eyes. "Who poured all that water out there?" a child's question on first seeing the Lake, best embodies the primitive wonderment and pleasure which the sight still retains for me. I am not chagrined as I reflect that, of this inland water system, this Broad River traveling under many aliases, Erie is reckoned the shallowest: if its depth were greater, would it not hinder the

present experiment? It is already deeper than my sounding-line is long.

I fall on paradox in saying that ordinarily I am not within sight of the Lake, though quite constantly residing upon one of its beaches. It is proper to state that this beach is at present four good miles from highest water-mark; that at a very early period it was abandoned by the Lake; was dry land, clothed with sward and forest, a very long time before any red settlement, to say nothing of the white, was established hereabouts. A great stone bowl or basin the master mechanic Glacier originally scooped out to hold this remnant of the ancient continental sea. Its successive shrinkings are plainly marked on the sides of the bowl in continuous lines of *rilievo*, which, according as they are slight or bold, the geologist terms ridges or terraces. That these are the Lake's old beaches is now generally accepted. That this region was once swept by the waves is evident from the frequency of sand and gravel beds and other earthy deposits, which may be reckoned the impedimenta dropped and left behind in the Retreat of Erie's Ten Thousand. East and west roads follow the ridges; from which at various points the traveler most fitly sights the far-retired water.

In approaching the Lake, long before the blue ribbon that binds the northern horizon appears above the land verge, you should know by the quick, spring-

ing breeze that you are nearing some great gathering of waters. You should infer who holds sway yonder by that three-forked sceptre thrust sharply up against the sky, — though it is possible that you may see nothing but the crabbed form of a tall dead tree: from long familiarity I have learned its true purport. Observe how the landscape avails itself of the Lake as a favorable foil. This field of ripe wheat, — how red is its gold when displayed against the azure distance! Never looked Indian corn more beautiful than here, floating its green blades on the wind, and holding whispered parley with the water. If we walk along, having this field between us and the Lake, we shall still catch glimpses of its heavenly face down all the vistas formed by the rows. Thus, we play hide and seek a while before coming face to face with our friend.

The characteristic summer coloring of the Lake is, for some distance out, a tawny white or pale lava tint; midway, green with slashes of deep purple, which one might fancy to be narrow rifts opening into a profounder, sunless deep; beyond, the pure ultramarine of farthest eye-range, in which the ridging of the waves becomes indistinguishable. The clarity and the swift interchange of these purples and greens have often reminded me of the same colors sporting in a particularly choice soap-bubble. Sometimes I look, and behold! a multiform animate jewel, liquid sapphire and emerald, cut in a hundred transient facets, over which seethes and sparkles a deflagrating diamond. The term "glassy sea" should be in good acceptance. This faithful looking-glass, this old friend of the sky, gives instant warning of every flaw or beauty-spot of a passing cloud seen upon its face. The Lake reflects itself, also, and in this wise: the white foam vertex of each wave is mirrored in the porcelain blue of the concave floor between it and the preceding wave. The prevailing sum-

mer wind is from the west; hence, oftenest from that quarter, as from illimitable watery pampas or Tartary plains comes the stampede of wild white horses. Fancy makes her choice, and throws a lasso, determined to bring a steed to shore; but the protean creature so changes, each instant raising a new head and tossing mane, that there is no singling it out from the common drove, no telling when it reaches the beach.

It is not a difficult matter, any morning, to take the Lake napping (for it holds no arrogant views on the subject of early rising). At sunrise, its only sound is the soft lapping of the ripples along the sand, a sweet and careless lip-service. One would say that the killdeer's sharp wing left a distinct mark upon the surface. As the bird rises higher, its shadow, slim and elongated in the water, seems to be diving, — a shadowy bird for striking shadowy fish. The interval between the faint swells has the gloss and smoothness of the mill-stream slipping over the edge of the dam. While in this slumberous condition, the Lake well merits the characterization of *The Big Pond*, given it by one who is frequently with me upon the beach.

"Often 't is in such gentle temper found
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from where it 'some time fell
When last the winds of heaven were unbound."

At evening, when the Lake breeze is dropping off to sleep, this wide spread of misty blue looks not unlike a fine lawny curtain, or tent-cloth, tacked at the horizon, free at the shore, and here and there lifted by a light wind underneath. At such time, to cast in a pebble were, seemingly, at the risk of making an irreparable rent in an exquisite fabric. Where, inland, does the day so graciously take leave? Not that the color pageant is here especially remarkable, but that the water has the effect of a supplemental heaven, repeating and emphasizing the tenderness and beauty

of the evening sky. On these two canvases, how many pictures, both lovely and grotesque, have been painted! How often the trail of crimson light over a moderately rough surface showed me the outline of a monstrous lake-serpent, whose head was at the down-going of the sun, and whose tail reached to the oozy sand at my feet, — that tail, sure to writhe till the very last beam had departed! Once watching the sun sink through a light mist, I saw what appeared a globe slowly filling with water, as though the Lake had risen in it by force of capillary attraction. At another time, a strip of dark cloud, lying across the sun, threw up the profile of a tropical island, palm grove, coral reef, and lagoon: a graven land of the sun, with the golden disk for a sunset background. One memorable evening there was a rainbow, of which one base rested upon the Lake. The seven-hued seal laid upon that spot hinted that the traditional treasure coffer of the heavenly arc had been sunk in the water for greater security. Far away from land, might not a rainbow, with its shadow upon the waves, vaguely indicate a prismatic circle, through which a sailing ship might seem to pass to unimagined regions of romance?

If you have time to kill, try this chloroforming process: Sit on the beach, or the turfy bank above, and watch the passing of ships. Hours will have elapsed before the sail, which dawned red with the sunrise, will have traversed the rim of this liquid crescent and disappeared at its western tip. Often a steamer stands in so near that with the naked eye you can distinguish the figures of the crew and their movements. Or you see the clue which binds the toilsome, fuming steam-tug with its listless followers. In bright, still weather, whatever goes over the deep is unwontedly etherealized. That distant ship, with motionless sunny sails, might be an angel galaxy, — wings drawn together

above some happy spirit of mortal ripe for translation.

For you or me, the beach is a place of idleness, but for another it is a field of busiest enterprise. Might we not have more confidential relations with the Lake, more official knowledge, if we tried to get our living therefrom? The sand-piper has this advantage over us. He runs like a fly along the wet sand, his line of travel a series of scallops bounded by the coming and receding of the waves. Sometimes, "for fun," he lets the water overtake and wash around his slender legs. He runs well, but cannot maintain a graceful standing position; for he seems to have the centre of gravity misplaced, always nodding and swaying (tip-up, teeter), as though shaken by the wind, or troubled with a St. Vitus's dance. He frequently visits inland, up the marsh stream, when, by his phantomy, noiseless flight as well as by his colors, mixed black, white, and brown, I am put in mind of the dragon-fly. Should we not know something worth knowing of the Lake if we fished from its waters — not with line or seine, as the manner of some is, but as the eagle! That bird's flight! it is subdued exaltation; steady sails, with the least use of the oars; no petty movement, nothing for gymnastic display. This aquiline old inhabitant — such surprise to me as the roc to Sinbad — has his habitation in a high tree-top overlooking the water; a feudal castle, no doubt, in eagle annals.

By contrast with the sound and motion of the waves, the land sinks to inanimation before our eyes. It no longer looks to be terra firma, but an illusory coast, a painted piece of summer mirage. The breeze may be bending the grain and swaying forest branches, but no report is brought to our ears; the ineffectual sighing is lost in the manifold noise of waters. A little distance back in the fields or woods, and all is changed: the land wakes; the Lake is

a dream; its voice comes soothingly, like the pleasant sound of a storm gone by. From the bank, listening in the direction of a certain shallow bay, I can always hear a faint canorous vibration, distinct from the hollow murmur of the waves. What wonder if I come to think that the "singing sands" are to be found not so very far away? Or if I credit the sweet air to a shoal of dolphin, lying in the hazy sunlight and humming over some old Arion melody, may I not be pardoned the vagary? The succession of breaking waves is an endless verse, yet not without the ictus and cæsural pause; for all waves do not beat with like emphasis, and the interval varies. Listening to the pulses of any great water, the final impression gained is not of inconstancy, but of changelessness throughout all change. When was it otherwise than now? When were these waves not coursing their way to the shore, or when shall they cease coming? If any one understands the anatomy of the melancholy which overtakes us here, it is not I. After the novelty has worn off, there is something haunting and burdensome in this cry of the waves. I cannot think it morbidity that opens this sombre vein; for the most healthful souls have not remained unaffected. Some time or other, every walker on the beach has heard the "eternal note of sadness;" and

"Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the *Ægean*."

In this melancholy, hearing is reinforced by sight: we see the wave approach and break upon the shore; see it, spent and reflux, lost in the vast unindividual body. It is no comforting parable we hear spoken upon the beach. The hurl and headiness of our endeavors are mocked at, apparently. Are we such broken and reflux waves along the shore of the eternities?

It is doubtless well known that the level of the Lake is not uniform from year to year, or even from season to season.

Early emigrants from Buffalo to Cleveland were favored somewhat as were the ancient Israelites: the water was unusually low, permitting them to travel by the beach, with the advantage of a free macadamized road. From the record of observations made at intervals during the present century, it appears that the Lake was at its lowest level in 1819, at its highest in 1838,—the difference in level amounting to six feet eight inches. The greatest inconstancy noted as occurring between seasons is two feet, though the average difference is considerably less. The Lake attains its greatest annual height during the month of June, its volume having been steadily increased by the discharge of its tributaries, swollen with the spring rains. Some of Erie's old neighbors—who live next door, and might be thought to be best acquainted with his incomings and outgoings, who have a notched stick in their memories—maintain that seven years, alternately, see the Lake at its minimum and maximum height. Seven is a prepotent number. Seven is climacteric: everybody knows that within this period the human system undergoes a complete change. Possibly, the Lake's being is governed by a similar law. While these secular and annual variations are accounted for with little difficulty, there is another class of oscillations which offers a perennial problem to the men of science as well as to the old neighbors. I speak of the remarkable changes of level, the rapid advances and recessions of the water, for which apparently the wind cannot be held to account. These inconstancies have suggested to some the hypothesis of a lake-tide, however careless and indefinite in keeping its appointments. But the tide theory, it has reasonably been objected, does not elucidate that prime mystery of the Great Lakes,—the so-called "tidal wave." By how much is Erie wilder and freer than ocean itself! Unlike the servile sea, it

observes no stated periods of ebb and flood, performs no dances up the beach under the nod and beck of the moon; but when it listeth (not frequently, for peace and law-abidingness are its normal mood), it throws up a great billow, like, but mightier than, that with which Scamander signaled his brother river. Out of a calm lake, without other warning than a sudden shifting of the gentle breeze and a low, thundery rumbling, rises a moving ridge of water, ten, fifteen, or even twenty feet in height. It hurls itself upon the shore, very sea-like and outrageous in its action; rushing over piers, snapping the hawsers of vessels at dock, and dashing up the mouths of its astonished tributaries. Almost immediately it retires, sometimes to be followed by one or two minor surges; after which all is tranquil as before, and the gentle breeze epiloguizes, having resumed its former post. The most striking instances of these tidal waves occurred in 1830, 1845, and the last as lately as 1882. The theory now generally received is that "unequal atmospheric pressure" is the causal force in these strange agitations of the water. There are those who, in the tidal wave of the last year, saw an effort made by the Lake to swallow a cyclone. This it most certainly achieved, if there was any cyclone in the case, since no violence of wind was felt upon the land. Another theory, until now privately entertained, is that these great waves are the Lake's sudden, wrathful resolutions to strike once more for its ancient beaches, and sink the innovating land forever. If that be the intention, the outcome, I grant, is wholly insignificant. Yet it may be that Erie will become the great real-estate owner, land speculator and devourer, hereabouts. The tidal wave may be nothing to the point, but this slow, patient erosion under the banks, very perceptible in its effects after the lapse of a generation, — does it count for nothing? The places

where the gnawing is most furious may be protected by "cribs" (rectangular framework of heavy timbers ballasted with stones); but the security thus afforded is only temporary. The road used by the early inhabitants of the shore is not now practicable: it is indeed a lost road, lying either in air or upon the water beneath; and many a homestead and garden have slid off into the bosom of the Lake. Of the last to go some vestiges yet remain: tufts of dooryard shrubs and plants, lilac bushes, or a gay knot of corn lilies flaunting light farewell before disappearing over the crumbling verge. As we walk along the ragged bank, we might sketch the wasted landscape upon the airy void, filling it in with visionary lines, like the faint dotted lines of hypothesis in a geometric diagram. Whether the Lake henceforth will advance or retreat, who can tell? Once — so runs a fairy tale of science — this Erie communicated with La Belle Rivière, Ohio the Beautiful (but that was long before the stormy Niagara path had been beaten out); if at some time it should decide to renew its southern acquaintance, would it be able to find its way through the old "water gaps," which have been choked up with drift during unknown cycles?

From its softening influence upon the climate, the Lake might be characterized as an inland gulf-stream. In summer it is a well-spring of grateful coolness; a constant breeze by day flowing landward, replaced at night by a breeze from the land. In the winter its effect is — to compare great things to small — like that of the tub of water set in the cellar to take the edge off the frost. At this season, the mercury stands several degrees higher in shore thermometers than in those some miles inland. If the ice, with which the Lake parts so slowly, churning back and forth between its shores, retards the spring, the disadvantage is fully atoned for in the prolonged fine weather of autumn.

One might venture to set up the claim that Indian summer is here seen at its brightest and best. Such is the quiet geniality beaming in the face of this water during the fall months that I half expect to see "birds of calm" brooding upon its surface, their inviolable nests placed somewhere under the dry, warm bank.

To have come a long journey, to have arrived within sight of home, and then to suffer detention, — this is what has happened to our creek of many windings. Here it halts, scarcely two rods from the tossing spray, a bar of sand across its mouth. It has not force enough to overcome the difficulty, and so it settles back in sleek, sunshiny contentment, toying with *Nymphæa* and *Nuphar*; beloved of the pickerel-weed, the arrowhead, and the floating *utricularia*. It sets back into a dense field of sedge and cat-tail, over whose soldierly lances the rosy oriflamme of the marsh-mallow holds sway. Late in the summer, noisy flocks of blackbirds assemble here. Like an entertainment planned by a wizard are the two prospects: on one hand, the hurrying "white caps" and shouting waves; on the other, the still indifference of the halted stream.

How shall we regard this considerable piece of unfenced common, with the unclaimed properties we may chance to find upon it? If Neptune write us a letter in substantial sort, shall it be lawful for any to intercept the contents? Having consigned to us certain flotsam and jetsam, thus writes Neptune: That which I send you, scruple not to accept; it has been so long in my possession that all previous right and title thereto are annulled. The dwellers on any coast are always receiving such letters from the blue-haired autocrat; and it is scarcely to be wondered at if they accept his gifts and assurances without questioning his authority. It would seem that a sort of wrecking epidemic is bred from every large body of water,

whether salt or fresh. I confess to a feeling of expectancy, when on the beach, that the Lake will bring me something, although I do not imagine it will be in any solid merchantable shape, or that you would care to dispute the prize, or that the owner would think it worth while to redeem the property by paying me salvage. I do not go so far as do some, who trustingly regard the Lake as a kind of sub-Providence acting in their behalf. In winter, the rescue of lumber sent adrift by the fall freshets receives considerable attention along shore, and is carried on at whatever risk of frozen extremities or rheumatic retribution. The wrecking laws are sometimes sharply disputed. Doubtless, there is more need of stringency now than formerly, when the lumber traffic was less extensive. The waves work in the interest of the shore, yet they were not always to be depended upon. There was the case of the old-time inhabitant, — faithful patroller of the beach in the early mornings after nights of storm: to one who asked him why he had not "built on an addition," he replied that he had intended to do so; but, somehow, the Lake had n't been kind to him that year, — had not furnished the requisite timbers. There was also a good dame, to whom Neptune sent a quilt; a not incomprehensible present, when we reflect that it must have seen service upon the "cradle of the deep." Many years ago, a vessel making a last voyage for the season was kept out of port, and finally hemmed in by the fast-forming ice; her captain and crew going ashore in Canada. Though she was a long distance out, the people of the southern coast spied her, and proceeded over the solid ice to visit her. She carried a miscellaneous cargo of unusual value. Firmly held in abeyance, she was in no immediate danger; but the landsmen did not see the situation in this light, — on the contrary, resolving to give the benefit of their wrecking services. Accord-

ingly, they lightened the ship as fast as possible, each taking what seemed to him the most valuable. Silks, velvets, and broadcloths were the chief objects of rescue, though I have heard that one man selected a sheaf of umbrellas (that article which on all occasions invites sequestration), while another devoted himself to the safe transportation of an "elegant family Bible," the character of the freight perhaps giving a religious color to the proceeding. My chronicler records that, while engaged in this salvation of property, the participants sustained life by making free use of the ship's provisions. On their return journey, the ice parting compelled some to remain out over night, exposed to very bitter cold; others were extremely glad to reach shore empty-handed, having consigned their booty to the Lake, which was afterwards seen flaunting in silks and velvets. The impromptu colporteur was of all the company most unfortunate; both his feet having been frozen in their evangelical progress, and permanent lameness resulting. He is reported to have made the following plaintive statement of his case: "Always went in the very best society, before I got my feet froze; but now it's different, and I'm sure I don't see why." The owners of the vessel subsequently brought suit against these misguided wreckers, who constantly maintained that their sole purpose in the expedition had been to *save* property. The moral of this coastwise episode is to be found in the fact that the actors were possessed of the average probity, or, at least, while on land would never have committed the smallest larceny. Nothing but the theory of a wrecking epidemic can account for their deflection from the right line of conduct. A few winters since, a schooner with iron ore from the upper lakes foundered off our coast. The water washing upon the ore acquired for rods around a dark red flush, — as though a mighty libation of wine had

been offered. Of this wreck a farmer on the shore preserves a relic most absurdly framed, "Jane Bell" (the name of the sunken vessel) now serving as a legend over his barn door. It strikes me, he ought not to complain if, having thus dedicated his property to the nautical powers, he should some morning find it had deserted its site, and gone a-sailing, from barn converted into ark.

Tame as this shore appears, it has nevertheless received its tragic depositions from the waves. Voyagers, whose bearings were forever lost, have lain on its pebble-strewn beach; it has even happened to them to be manacled with ice, — as though their estate were not already cold and sure enough. In my wrecking experience, such as it has been, nothing ever came more serviceable than the finding of a piece of ship timber, half sunken in the sand, but still displaying the horse-shoe which had been nailed upon it — for luck! What luck had they met with, who had so striven to procure the good will of fate? Surely, here was the most effective silent sermon ever preached against the use of charms and phylacteries!

If we closely observe the sand left bare by the receding wave, we shall see occasional perforations, from which the escaping air drives a little jet of water, — minute pattern of a geyser. Such perforations are probably caused by the sinking of fine gravel. If we have no business more pressing, it may be worth our while to make an inventory of the various articles that lie on this curiosity shelf, the beach. There is, first, the driftwood: judging from the bone-like shape and whiteness of the ligneous fragments with which the Lake strews its margins, we might suppose it to have a taste for palaeontology. More than one fossil-resembling model of nameless ancient beast, as well as the originals of all the nondescripts in heraldry, shall we rescue from the sand. It would be curiously interesting to follow the vary-

ing fortunes of yonder tree, which, lately uprooted by the wind, lies prone upon the water, its leafage unconscious of destiny, still being nourished with sap; how long will it take the great planer and turner to convert this tree into effects as fantastic as those we have noted in the drift? This artificer, the Lake, abhors angles, and strives to present the line of beauty in whatever it turns out of its laboratory. Here, among those least boulders, crystalline pebbles from the far north, is a lump of coal, worn to an oval contour, well polished, and hinting of cousinship with the diamond. Here, beside the abundant periwinkle, are thin flakes of clam-shell, iridescent and beautiful; trinkets made from the spines of fish; the horny gauntlets of the crab; a dragon-fly; the blue and bronze plates of large beetles not seen inland; and the fluttering, chaffy shells of the "Canada soldiers," short-lived myrmidons of the shore. And here is a tithe of last year's hickory and butternut mast; the burs of various rough marsh plants; a lock of a lake-maid's hair (or is it only a wisp of blanched rootlets from some distant stream side?); an ear of corn, half buried, its kernels, with mustard-seed faith, pushing up green blades through the lifeless, unstable sands. Now and then you see the feather of a gull or other water-haunting bird, a plume in your cap if you find a quill of the eagle! I have just picked up an arrowhead, which I would fain believe has lain here ever since an Indian hunter shot it at a stag that had come down to drink at sunrise. Heaven saved the mark and frustrated the hunter; for which I cannot be sorry. This missile may have been carved out at the arrowhead armory, the site of which a farmer thinks he has found in one of his fields. This is a piece of rising ground, where, before successive plowings had entirely changed the surface, the spring yield of flints was unusually large. As most of

these were imperfect, and mixed with a great proportion of shapeless chippings, they were supposed to be waste and rejected material, such as always accumulates around a workman's bench. Here, then, in the days that have no historian, sat a swarthy Mulciber, plying his trade with the clumsiest tools, either alone, or the centre of a group of idle braves and story-telling ancients. More verifiable is the tradition of an aged and solitary Indian, living at some distance back in the forest; a red man of destiny, by his tribe doomed to perpetual exile for some capital offense, of which he had been found guilty. Of the great nation whose name is borne by this water (Lake Erie, Wildcat Lake!) only the meagrest account has been transmitted. The Eries were gone long enough before this region owned the touch of civilization.

We frequently speak of the Lake as "frozen over," but this is a mistake; there is always a central channel of free water. The glassy quay that builds out from shore remains immovable the entire winter, but the ice bordering that open mid-stream is greatly subject to the pleasure of the wind, — sometimes driven southward, sometimes far to the north; in the latter case, the dark line of moving waters is visible from our coast. Frozen, the Lake seems possessed of a still but strenuous power, as though, after the habit of water on a cold winter night, it might crack the great bowl in which it was left standing. The arrested waves are raised against the shore as if in act to strike: the blow will never be dealt; they will not lower all at once, but, as the winter relaxes, the sun will turn away their wrath and they will go down from the shore assuaged. It is no miracle to walk the waves, when the waves are firm as marble; yet in so doing you feel a strong sense of novelty. Along their projecting edges, rows of icicles, like the stalactite trimmings of a cave,

are formed. In the thawing weather of early spring, it is rather strange and decidedly pleasing to hear the tinkling fall of the little streams that are crannyng the ice. For the moment you might think it a place of rocks abounding in springs, being helped to that fancy by the masses of frozen gravel as well as by the musical sounds from the melting ice. The charm to the ear is in the contrast drawn between this slender melody and the remembered din of the waves. What we hear is the old Lake waking up with infantine prattle and prettiness, not yet alive with the consciousness of power.

I am aware that the Lake is not the ocean: its waves are shorter, running not so high; and though it is occasionally heard to boom, it has not the deep, oracular voice of the sea. Its beach is not the spacious beach of ocean, yet, — and I note the fact with interest, — its sands support the sea-rocket (*Cakile maritima*) and the beach-pea (*Lathyrus maritimus*), plants that will thrive under kisses more pungent than those of fresh-water spray. When I am praising the Lake, I should not forget that, after tarrying long upon its shore, I become conscious of a serious lack in its nature: can it be *salt* that is wanting?

Edith M. Thomas.

MÉRIMÉE IN HIS LETTERS.

THERE is an interest belonging to Mérimée's personality as well as to his literary work. In Taine's brief memoir are to be found a few lines descriptive of the appearance and manner of the author of *La Double Méprise*, *Colomba*, and *Carmen* which bring him very distinctly before us; so that in reading the volumes of his correspondence, to which this biographical sketch is prefixed, we have always present to the mind's eye the man himself, "tall, erect, pale," who, "except for his smile, had an English air, — at least that cold and distant manner which repels in advance all familiarity;" who even among intimates was never otherwise than impassive, calm-voiced, without glow or sparkle. It is a manner that some men affect, and one may perhaps be inclined to suspect Mérimée, who had it so perfectly, of a partial affectation, until one hears him speak for himself in the Letters that follow, and which belong to such an extended period of his life. Men sometimes reveal themselves most openly when least aware of it, and it happened

so with Mérimée in these communications, intended only for her to whom they were addressed. Not that he had need to conceal aught of his life and character from the world's eye; and if there had been anything to conceal he would have disdained to cover it, as one soon comes to know. He was not frank, but he had the sincerity that is born of a deep pride.

We read the correspondence, given to the world after his death, for the sake of the self-sketched portrait of the writer it contains, to the interest of which is added the spice of an ungratified curiosity concerning the recipient of the letters and the relation of the two. Mérimée's feeling for his correspondent appears in the beginning hardly more than a sentiment, gentle and refined, — a matter of the head as much as of the heart; and though with some fluctuations, some rising tidal waves of emotion, the lover seems never to find too great difficulty in keeping it within bounds. So far, at least, as shows here, there is nothing like an outspoken fer-

veney of passion. Doubtless there was more in it than any demonstration here proves, for it was the man's nature to detest the display of any kind of feeling. It all ended, as Taine says, in a true and lasting friendship; the tone of gallantry and sentiment of the earlier letters changes almost imperceptibly to one of gentle familiarity and friendly confidence. Little or nothing is discoverable about the unknown friend: the reader is permitted to approach her only at a respectful distance, the correspondence having probably been revised for that purpose. If we did not know its true character, we might easily take the letters of the first quarter of the initial volume for an admirably composed fiction; they are so polished, graceful,—just what they should be for the opening chapters of a romance. Coming from Mérimée, they could not fail of a charming style; the finished man of letters shows throughout the whole correspondence. They are always in one strain, embellished with a number of light and pleasing variations. Each letter resembling as it does the preceding, the wonder is how unwearied we find ourselves with the repeated theme; how gratified with the little details of his life and work which the writer records for us; how charmed with the brief glimpses into his mind, the occasional reflections and aphorisms he indulges in. He has the art of never saying too much, of touching and letting go, of never being tiresome. We are amused from time to time with satirical descriptions of persons and things he meets in the world. In a letter from London he tells of a visit to the newly-built House of Commons, which he calls a frightful monstrosity, and adds, "You have no idea what may be done with a complete want of taste and two million pounds sterling." And in another: "I begin to have enough of this country. I am tired of perpendicular architecture, and the equally perpendicular manners of the

natives. . . . I gave a half-crown to a black-coated person who showed me the cathedral, and then asked of him the address of a gentleman to whom I had a letter from the dean. He found it was himself to whom the letter was addressed. We both looked foolish; but he kept the money." Mérimée is always as ready to mock at what seems to be pretension in himself as in another. He tells his friend that on the 14th of March his fate will be decided, meaning the question of his election to the French Academy. "In the mean time, I conscientiously make visits. I find people very civil, accustomed to their parts, and taking them very seriously. I do my best to take mine gravely also, but it is difficult. Does it not seem to you ridiculous to say to a man, 'Monsieur, I think myself one of the forty cleverest men in France. I am as good as you,' and such-like facetiæ? I have to translate that into terms variously polite, according to the persons." After Mérimée has attained the academic dignity, he is present at a banquet at Caen, at which his health is proposed, with allusion to his titles to honor as senator, man of letters, and savant. "There was only the table between us, and I had a great desire to throw a plate of rum jelly at his head. While he was speaking I meditated my reply, and could not find a word. When he ceased I comprehended that it was absolutely necessary to speak, and I began a phrase without knowing how I should go on. I talked in that way for five or six minutes, with great self-possession, and with very little idea of what I was saying. I am assured that I was extremely eloquent." He laughs at the *gemüthlich* Germans, who made a lion of him at Vienna. "I was as amiable as possible. I wrote sublime thoughts in albums, and made sketches; in a word, I was perfectly ridiculous." Once in a while this smiling satirist changes his tone to one of undisguised contempt for

his species. We should prefer not to take him quite at his word when he says, "There is nothing I despise, and even detest, so much as humanity in general. Nevertheless, I should like to be rich enough to avoid the sight of individual sufferings." Such remarks, to be just, are rare with him; if not genially benevolent, or humorously tolerant, he is at least sufficiently gentle mannered. There is nothing in him of the bitterness of a selfishness that finds itself matched against a selfish world. We have every disposition to credit him when he says, "It rarely happens to me to sacrifice others to myself, and when it does happen I experience all possible remorse." Nor is it an overweening self-esteem that prompts his satire or feeds his contempt for the intelligence of the mass of men. We should indeed take a little conceit for a healthy sign in him: but Mérimée has absolutely no vanity, personal or literary; only a pride, far from ostentatious, yet unable at all times to avoid self-betrayal.

To his refinement of thought and sentiment he added an extreme fastidiousness of personal liking and habit. Yet in spite of the drawbacks to such society, his curiosity led him, as he tells us, to seek the companionship of the muleteers of Spain. He admired the Andalusian peasantry for their grace, and commended their native tact. On the other hand, his expressions of distaste for his provincial countrymen are frequent; he is infinitely wearied by the necessity of official intercourse with them. In one letter he remarks that he has lately been introduced to some hitherto unknown members of his family, living in the provinces, and adds that he does not like relatives. "One is obliged to be familiar with persons one has never seen, because they happen to be children of one's grandfather." In all things and at all times Mérimée shows the temper of a social and intellectual aristocrat.

Some traits of his remind us of Frédéric Chopin. A certain air of distinction belonged to the composer and the man of letters alike in their individual characters and in their artistic and literary products. No single word is so descriptive of Chopin's music — or so it seems to the amateur — as "elegance," that quality of combined delicacy and brilliance, which is not the superficial veneer of a cheap and common substance, but the admirably adorned dress in which a master presents his original conceptions. One feels sure that no one has ever played Chopin's music as he himself played it, with his "fingers of steel shod in velvet." We fancy that the musician may have concealed a tenderer nature than Mérimée's behind the mask of his gravely courteous reserve; but with more of difference, perhaps, than of resemblance, there was something common to the two men. In both there was a fund of melancholy, infecting their lives: in Chopin, a more gently pensive strain, native to his disposition and lodged there in retirement: in Mérimée, a morbid affection, from which he might possibly have freed himself if he could have found the will for vigorous effort. This melancholy was so constantly recurrent that he seems hardly ever to have risen from under the pressure of it. "Je me trouve bien triste aujourd'hui;" "Je m'ennuie horriblement il y a deux jours," — such phrases appear upon every other page of the correspondence. He employs English idioms, and says that he is out of spirits and in the grip of the blue devils. But it is not from lack of occupation that he is thus besieged. He is always traveling from place to place, in pursuance of his historical researches, or commissioned by some learned society as archæological investigator; he is writing official documents or engaged in the composition of his fictions, for all which variety of labor he assumes little importance: it is his *métier*, and every

man must have one. He likes poring over ancient and precious relics, Etruscan gems, this, that, and the other antiquarian curiosity, as well as anything in life, but even this not too well; while meetings with fellow archæologists are apt to prove a weariness to the spirit, and the exchange of compliments with them the undergoing of a mild martyrdom. There is ever a fatal tendency to ennui. In short, Mérimée is not a happy man; he seems not to know what it is to enjoy fully or to care deeply for many things or for one thing. Much of this incapacity for taking a frank interest or pleasure in life we are glad to attribute to a low physical condition. He often speaks of his maladies, though without querulousness or self-pity. "Je souffre beaucoup;" "Le froid qu'il fait me désespère;" "Je ne dors plus du tout, et je suis d'une humeur de chien," — expressions like these occur as frequently as the ventings of his melancholy humor; and in the later letters the signs of increasingly acute nervous disorder become abundant, as also of the lung difficulty which ultimately caused his death.

We cannot fail to perceive, however, another reason for Mérimée's joylessness than this obvious one of his frail health. The deeper, underlying cause was his lack of faith, — by which is not meant simply a definite religious belief. In a passage of one of the letters he says, "Vous me demandez si je crois à l'âme. Pas trop. Cependant, en réfléchissant à certaines choses, je trouve un argument en faveur de cette hypothèse, le voici: Comment deux substances inanimées pourraient-elles donner et recevoir une sensation par une réunion que serait insipide sans l'idée qu'on y attache? Voilà une phrase bien pédantesque pour dire que lorsque deux gens qui s'aiment s'embrassent ils sentent autre chose que lorsqu'on baise le satin le plus doux. Mais l'argument a son valeur." We take such words, of course, only as seriously as Mérimée means

them. But if not a materialist, he had felt the infection of the least curable of moral diseases, indifferentism. Speaking of an attack of illness which seemed about to lead him into the kingdom of shades, he adds that he experienced some "ennui" at the idea of entering an unknown world; "mais ce qui me semblait encore plus ennuyeux c'était de faire de la résistance. C'est par cette résignation brute, je crois, qu'on quitte ce monde non pas parceque le mal vous accable, mais parcequ'on est devenu indifférent à tout et qu'on ne se défend plus." Such expressions in Mérimée's mouth are quite sincere, and his indifference was a more permanent condition than with most of us, who experience it, as a rule, only for endurable periods. It is not fair to take passing expressions too literally, yet we cannot but see some meaning in the frequent recurrence of such as the following: "J'ai grand besoin de vous pour prendre la vie en patience. Je trouve qu'elle devient tous les jours plus ennuyeuse. Le monde est par trop bête." To understand Mérimée, it is not enough, as I have said, to note the fact that he was not a good Catholic or a good Protestant. In contrast with him we cannot avoid thinking of Shelley, refusing adherence to the creed of Christendom, yet not without faiths that were a refuge to him from any such overcoming depression. Shelley was in many respects a man as little fitted for life in this every-day world as any that has found himself in it; nevertheless, he contrived to live therein without giving himself or the world over to despair. He had a religion; he believed, that is, in the real existence of spiritual ideas, which in his verse may appear to some readers as the emptiest abstractions, — the ideas of beauty, truth, and love. It was because of his faith in and pure devotion to these high-placed ideals that he found courage to live among men with whom, in general, he had small sympathy, in a

world which he thought was moving on altogether wrong lines. It is not so out of joint as Shelley fancied it, and there have been men of the purest ideals who have been able to discern amid all that is amiss in the actual order of the universe the slow working out of a righteous idea. To be in harmony with this ideal order of righteousness, and yet to accommodate ourselves to the imperfection of the actual, is the problem for each man. Mérimée, as Taine says, could not give away his heart to anything, could not devote himself wholly. The critical spirit in him, which made clear to him the imperfection of all earthly achievement, would not let him work without an *arrière pensée* on the futility of such expense of energy. This variously accomplished gentleman found no thorough satisfaction in his chosen pursuits; nothing in life that made him really reconciled to it, but only resigned, *tant bien que mal*. It is a mood of mind, a view of existence, that comes at times to any thinking person: but few of us are content to let it stay with us; we get rid of it in one way or another. A genuine and stable affection often saves from it, or is the cure of it. Unfortunately, it did not happen so with Mérimée. It was with him, at least in a measure, as it is with other men, — what begins by disgusting us with life ends by endearing it to us. Cares and anxieties make precious our times of peace, and pain and suffering our intervals of ease; and we even come to think that we have not properly appreciated joys that were once within our grasp.

In the letters of the second volume, comprised between 1857 and 1870, we see that, as the years go on, his health fails more and more. He discusses the political situation in France and in Italy with very pronounced expressions of opinion on men and measures. He shows a livelier interest in the affairs of the Academy, and speaks much oftener and more frankly of his own literary

compositions. His physical sufferings are at times pitiable, and he pretends no stoicism in the endurance of them. There is something really pathetic in this brief bulletin he sends his friend: "Chère amie, j'attendais pour vous écrire que je fusse guéri, ou du moins un peu moins souffrant; mais malgré le beau temps, malgré tous les soins possibles, je suis toujours de même, c'est à dire fort mal. Je ne puis m'habituer à cette vie de souffrance, et je ne trouve en moi ni courage ni résignation."

Many of the letters are dated from Cannes, where it was necessary for him to pass the winter months of every year. Others bear the date of Compiègne or Biarritz, where he is frequently invited to attend the empress. He does not like court life over well, but becomes wonted to it, and always praises the kindness of "*la châtelaine la plus gracieuse du monde*." At Cannes he reads and writes as his health permits, botanizes, sketches, and pets a favorite owl. At times he travels, and recounts his journeys for his friend, and advises her about her own itineraries. If she is absent from Paris, he tells her the latest social *on dit*, and whether or not crinoline is still worn. He talks of the books he reads, suggests others to his correspondent, and does not omit to be severe and satirical on contemporary writers: "Have you read Renan's *Vie de Jésus*? Probably not. It amounts to little, and yet to a good deal. It is the blow of an axe at the edifice of Catholicism. The author is so terrified at his own audacity in denying the divinity that he falls into hymns of admiration and adoration, and has no philosophical sense left to judge of doctrine. Nevertheless, it is interesting." "Have you read Victor Hugo's speech? What a pity that a fellow who has imagination should not have an atom of common sense, nor the modesty to refrain from uttering platitudes unworthy of a reasonable man! . . . Have you read his last volume of verse? Tell me

if you see any difference between it and his former poems. Has he suddenly turned fool, or has he always been one? The latter, to my way of thinking." Writing from England, he says, "People here are so different from us that it is hard to understand how, at ten hours' distance, unfeathered bipeds can resemble Parisian ones so little. Mr. Gladstone I did not find entertaining, but interesting. There is in him the child, the statesman, and the enthusiast." In 1865 he writes from Paris, "Another person, M. de Bismarck, pleased me very much. He is a big German, very courteous, and not *naïf*. He has an air of being entirely without *gemüth*, but full of brains. He has made a conquest of me." The later letters are full of discontent with the course of political affairs; and, since things do not go as to his mind they should, Mérimée expresses unmeasured contempt for the stupidity of mankind. The last letter, dated from Cannes, September 23, 1870, was written two hours before his death, which he knew was impending, though ignorant of how suddenly it was to come. He begs his friend to take from among his books Madame de Sévigné's Letters and a Shakespeare as a memento of him. "Dear friend, I am very ill; so ill that it is a hard matter to write. Yet I am a trifle better. I hope soon to write to you more at length. Adieu. Je vous embrasse."

Taine sums up his account of Mérimée's career in the words, "For fear of being duped, he was distrustful of life, of love, in science, in art, and he was the dupe of his distrust." That is an extremely pointed and expressive phrasing of the truth. The biographer ends, however, with the saying, "We are always the dupes of something, and perhaps it is best to resign ourselves in the beginning." That, too, is cleverly put, but we object to it that it is not true. We almost suspect Taine of adding it as much by way of a rounded period to his sketch as from sincere conviction. It is so much the vogue among clever Frenchmen to dispense with a superfluity of convictions that we are sometimes tempted to judge hastily that they have none at all.

It often happens that the moral of the lives of estimable, and even in some respects admirable, men is as well worth finding as the more patent one of lives openly vicious, which has become a commonplace to our ears. We judge of Mérimée from the record of his own hand, bearing in mind at the same time that it is but a partial record. Taking him as he appears in the Letters to an Unknown, it is difficult not to regard him as *une vie manquée*; it seems to us that he was miscalled Prosper, if the name were taken as significant of a success very well worth having, or one that satisfied himself.

Maria Louise Henry.

CHARACTER IN FEATHERS.

In this economically governed world the same thing serves many uses. Who will take upon himself to enumerate the offices of sunlight, or water, or indeed of any object whatever? Because we know that a thing is good for this or that, it by no means follows that we have dis-

covered what it was made for. What we have found out is perhaps only something by the way; as if a man should think the sun were created for his own private convenience. In some moods it seems doubtful whether we are yet acquainted with the real value of anything.

But, be that as it may, we need not scruple to admire so much as our ignorance permits us to see of the workings of this divine frugality. The piece of woodland, for instance, which skirts the village, — how various are its ministries to the inhabitants, each of whom, without forethought, takes the benefit which is proper to himself! The poet saunters there as in a true Holy Land, to have his heart cooled and stilled. Mr. A. and Mr. B., who hold the deeds of the “property,” walk through it to look at the timber, with an eye to dollars and cents. The botanist has his errand there, the zoölogist his, and the child his. Oftenest of all, perhaps (for barbarism dies hard, and even yet the ministers of Christ find it a capital sport to murder small fishes), — oftenest of all comes the man, poor soul, who thinks of the forest as of a place to which he may go when he wishes to amuse himself by killing something. Meanwhile, the rabbits and the squirrels, the hawks and the owls, look upon all such persons as no better than intruders (do not the woods belong to those who live in them?); while nobody remembers the meteorologist, who nevertheless smiles in his sleeve at all these one-sided notions, and says to himself that he knows the truth of the matter.

So is it with everything; and with all the rest, so is it with the birds. The interest they excite is of all grades, from that which looks upon them as items of millinery, up to that of the makers of ornithological systems, who ransack the world for specimens, and who have no doubt that the chief end of a bird is to be named and catalogued, — the more synonyms the better. Somewhere between these two extremes comes the person whose interest in birds is friendly rather than scientific; who has little taste for shooting, and an aversion from dissecting; who delights in the living creatures themselves, and counts a bird in the bush worth two in the hand.

Such a person, if he is intelligent, makes good use of the best works on ornithology; he would not know how to get along without them; but he studies most the birds themselves, and after a while he begins to associate them on a plan of his own. Not that he distrusts the correctness of the received classification, or ceases to find it of daily service; but though it were as true as the multiplication table, it is based (and rightly, no doubt) on anatomical structure alone; it treats birds as bodies, and nothing else: while to the person of whom we are speaking birds are, first of all, souls; his interest in them is, as we say, personal; and we are none of us in the habit of grouping our friends according to height, or complexion, or any other physical peculiarity.

But it is not proposed in this paper to attempt a new classification of any sort. I am by no means qualified to make even a beginning in that direction. All I am to do now is to set down a few studies in such a method as I have indicated; in short, a few studies in the temperaments of birds.

Let our first example be the common black-capped titmouse, or chickadee. He is, *par excellence*, the bird of the merry heart. There is a notion current, to be sure, that all birds are merry; but that is one of those second-hand opinions which a man who begins to observe for himself soon finds it necessary to give up. With many birds life is a hard struggle. Enemies are numerous, and the food supply is too often scanty. Of some species it is probable that very few die in their beds. But the chickadee seems to be exempt from all forebodings. His coat is thick, his heart is brave, and, whatever may happen, something will be found to eat. “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof” is his creed, which he accepts, not “for substance of doctrine,” but literally. No matter how bitter the wind or how deep the snow, you will never find the chicka-

dee, as we say, under the weather. It is this perennial good humor, I suppose, which makes other birds so fond of his companionship; and their example might well be heeded by persons who suffer from moods of depression. Such unfortunates could hardly do better than to court the society of the joyous tit. His whistle and chirps, his graceful feats of climbing and hanging, and withal his engaging familiarity (for, of course, such good-nature as his could not consist with suspiciousness) would most likely send them home in a more Christian frame. The time will come, we may hope, when doctors will prescribe bird-gazing instead of blue-pill. To illustrate the chickadee's trustfulness, I may mention that a friend of mine captured one in a butterfly-net, and, carrying him into the house, let him loose in the sitting-room. The little stranger was at home immediately, and seeing the window full of plants, proceeded to go over them carefully, picking off the lice with which such window-gardens are always more or less infested. A little later he was taken into my friend's lap, and soon he climbed up to his shoulder; and after hopping about for a few minutes on his coat-collar, he selected a comfortable roosting-place, tucked his head under his wing, and went to sleep, and slept on undisturbed while carried from one room to another. Probably the chickadee's nature is not of the deepest. I have never seen him when his joy rose to ecstasy. Still his feelings are not shallow, and the faithfulness of the pair to each other and to their offspring is of the highest order. The female has sometimes to be taken off the nest, and even to be held in the hand, before the eggs can be examined.

Our American goldfinch is one of the loveliest of birds. With his elegant plumage, his rhythmical, undulatory flight, his beautiful song, and his more beautiful soul, he ought to be one of the most famous; but he has never yet had half

his deserts. He is like the chickadee, and yet different. He is not so extremely confiding, nor should I call him merry. But he is always cheerful in spite of his so-called plaintive note, from which he gets one of his names, and always amiable. So far as I know, he never utters a harsh sound; even the young ones, calling for food, use only smooth, musical tones. During the pairing season his delight often becomes rapturous. To see him then, hovering and singing, — or, better still, to see the devoted pair hovering together, billing and singing, — is enough to do even a cynic good. The happy lovers! They have never read it in a book, but it is written on their hearts, —

“The gentle law, that each should be
The other's heaven and harmony.”

The goldfinch has the advantage of the titmouse in several respects, but lacks that sprightliness, that exceeding light-heartedness, which is the chickadee's most endearing characteristic.

For the sake of a strong contrast, we may mention next the brown thrush, known to farmers as the planting-bird and to ornithologists as *Harporhynchus rufus*; a staid and solemn Puritan, whose creed is the Preacher's “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.” No frivolity and merry-making for him! After his brief annual period of intensely passionate song, he does penance for the remainder of the year, — skulking about, on the ground or near it, silent and gloomy. He seems always to be on the watch against an enemy, and, unfortunately for his comfort, he has nothing of the reckless, bandit spirit such as the jay possesses, which goes to make a moderate degree of danger almost a pastime. Not that he is without courage; when his nest is in question he will take great risks; but in general his manner is dispirited, “sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.” Evidently he feels

“The heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world:”

and it would not be surprising if he sometimes raised the question, "Is life worth living?" It is the worst feature of his case that his melancholy is not of the sort which softens and refines the nature. There is no suggestion of saintliness about it. In fact I am convinced that this long-tailed thrush has a constitutional taint of vulgarity. His stealthy, underhand manner is one mark of this, and the same thing comes out also in his music. Full of passion as his singing is (and we have hardly anything to compare with it in this regard), yet the listener cannot help smiling now and then; the very finest passage is followed so suddenly by some uncouth guttural note, or by some whimsical drop from the top to the bottom of the scale.

In neighborly association with the brown thrush is the towhee bunting, or chewink. The two choose the same places for their summer homes, and, unless I am deceived, they often migrate in company. But though they are so much together, and in many of their ways much alike, their habits of mind are very dissimilar. The towhee is of a peculiarly even disposition. I have never heard him scold, or use any note less good-natured and musical than his pleasant *cherawink*.¹ I have never detected him in a quarrel such as nearly all birds are once in a while guilty of, Dr. Watts to the contrary notwithstanding; nor have I ever seen him hopping nervously about and twitching his tail, as is the manner of most birds, when, for instance, their nests are approached. Nothing seems to annoy him. At the same time, he is not full of continual merriment like the chickadee, nor occasionally in a rapture like the goldfinch. Life with him is pitched in a low key; comfortable rather than cheerful, and never jubilant. And yet, for all the towhee's careless demeanor, you soon

begin to suspect him of being deep. He appears not to mind you; he keeps on scratching among the dry leaves as though he had no thought of being driven away by your presence; but in a minute or two you look that way again, and he is not there. If you pass near his nest, he makes not a tenth part of the ado which a brown thrush would make in the same circumstances, but you will find half a dozen nests of the thrush sooner than one of his. With all his simplicity and frankness, which puts him in happy contrast with the thrush, he knows as well as anybody how to keep his own counsel. I have seen him with his mate for two or three days together about the flower-beds in the Boston Public Garden, and so far as appeared they were feeding as unconcernedly as though they had been on their own native heath, amid the scrub-oaks and huckleberry bushes; but after their departure it was remembered that they had not once been heard to utter a sound. If self-possession be four fifths of good manners, our red-eyed *Pipilo* may certainly pass for a gentleman.

We have now named four birds, the chickadee, the goldfinch, the brown thrush, and the towhee, — birds so diverse in plumage that no eye could fail to discriminate them at a glance. But the four differ no more truly in bodily shape and dress than they do in that inscrutable something which we call temperament, disposition. If the soul of each were separated from the body and made to stand out in sight, those of us who have really known the birds in the flesh would have no difficulty in saying, This is the titmouse, and this the towhee. It would be with them as we hope it will be with our friends in the next world, whom we shall recognize there because we knew them here; that is, we knew *them*, and not merely the bodies they lived

¹ The goldfinch is the only other bird of whom I could say so much. A year ago I should have put the bluebird into the same category, but since

then I have heard from him a note which expressed displeasure, or at least anxiety.

in. This kind of familiarity with birds has no necessary connection with ornithology. Personal intimacy and a knowledge of anatomy are still two different things. As we have all heard, this is an age of science; but, thank fortune, matters have not yet gone so far that a man must take a course in anthropology before he can love his neighbor.

It is a truth which is only too patent that taste and conscience are sometimes at odds. One man wears his faults so gracefully that we can hardly help falling in love with them, while another, alas, makes even virtue itself repulsive. I am moved to this commonplace reflection by thinking of the bluejay, a bird of doubtful character, but one for whom, nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel a sort of affection and even of respect. He is quite as suspicious as the brown thrush, and his instinct for an invisible perch is perhaps as unerring as the cuckoo's; and yet, even when he takes to hiding, his manner is not without a dash of boldness. He has a most irascible temper, also, but, unlike the thrasher, he does not allow his ill-humor to degenerate into chronic sulkiness. Instead, he flies into a furious passion, and is done with it. Some say that on such occasions he swears, and I have myself seen him when it was plain that nothing except a natural impossibility kept him from tearing his hair. His larynx would make him a singer, and his mental capacity is far above the average; but he has perverted his gifts, till his music is nothing but noise and his talent nothing but smartness. A like process of depavation the world has before now witnessed in political life, when a man of brilliant natural endowments has yielded to low ambitions and stooped to unworthy means, till what was meant to be a statesman turns out to be a demagogue. But perhaps we wrong our handsome friend, fallen angel though he be, to speak thus of him. Most likely he would resent the comparison, and I

do not press it. We must admit that juvenile sportsmen have persecuted him unduly; and when a creature cannot show himself without being shot at, he may be pardoned for a little misanthropy. Christians as we are, how many of us could stand such a test? In these circumstances, it is a point in the jay's favor that he still has, what is rare with birds, a sense of humor, albeit it is humor of a rather grim sort, — the sort which expends itself in practical jokes and uncivil epithets. He has discovered the school-boy's secret: that for the expression of unadulterated derision there is nothing like the short sound of *a*, prolonged into a drawl. *Yäh, yäh*, he cries; and sometimes, as you enter the woods, you may hear him shouting so as to be heard for half a mile, "Here comes a fool with a gun; look out for him!"

It is natural to mention the shrike in connection with the jay, but the two have points of unlikeness as well as of resemblance. The shrike is a taciturn bird. If he were a politician, he would rely mostly on what is known as the "still hunt," although he too can scream loudly enough on occasion. His most salient trait is his impudence, but even that is of a negative type. "Who are you," he says, "that I should be at the trouble to insult you?" He has made a study of the value of silence as an indication of contempt, and is almost human in his ability to stare straight by a person whose presence it suits him to ignore. His imperturbability is wonderful. Watch him as closely as you please, you will never discover what he is thinking about. Undertake, for instance, now that the fellow is singing from the top of a small tree only a few rods from where you are standing, — undertake to settle the long dispute whether his notes are designed to decoy small birds within his reach. Those whistles and twitters, — hear them! So miscellaneous! so different from anything which would be expected from a bird of his size and

general disposition! so very like the notes of sparrows! They must be imitative. You begin to feel quite sure of it. But just at this point the sounds cease, and you look up to discover that *Collurio* has fallen to preening his feathers in the most listless manner imaginable. "Look at me," he says; "do I act like one on the watch for his prey? Indeed, sir, I wish the innocent sparrows no harm; and besides, if you must know it, I ate an excellent game-breakfast two hours ago, while laggards like you were still abed." In the winter, which is the only season when I have been able to observe him, the shrike is to the last degree unsocial, and I have known him to stay for a month in one spot all by himself, spending a good part of every day perched upon a telegraph wire. He ought not to be very happy, with such a disposition, one would think; but he seems to be well contented, and sometimes his spirits are fairly exuberant. Perhaps, as the saying is, he enjoys *himself*, in which case he certainly has the advantage of most of us, — unless, indeed, we are easily pleased. At any rate, he is philosopher enough to appreciate the value of having few wants; and I am not sure but that he anticipated the vaunted discovery of Teufelsdröckh, that the fraction of life may be increased by lessening the denominator. But even the stoical shrike is not without his epicurean weakness. When he has killed a sparrow, he eats the brains first; after that, if he is still hungry, he devours the coarser and less savory parts. In this, however, he only shares the well-nigh universal inconsistency. There are never many thorough-going stoics in the world. Epictetus declared with an oath that he should be glad to see *one*. To take everything as equally good, to know no difference between bitter and sweet, penury and plenty, slander and praise, — this is a great attainment, a Nirvana to which few can hope to arrive. Some wise man

has said (and the remark has more meaning than may at once appear) that dying is usually one of the last things which men do in this world.

Against the foil of the butcher-bird's stolidity we may set the inquisitive, garrulous temperament of the white-eyed vireo and the yellow-breasted chat. The vireo is hardly larger than the goldfinch, but let him be in one of his conversational moods, and he will fill a smilax thicket with noise enough for two or three cat-birds. Meanwhile he keeps his eye upon you, and seems to be inviting your attention to his loquacious abilities. The chat is perhaps even more voluble. *Staccato* whistles and snarls follow each other at most extraordinary intervals of pitch, and the attempt at showing off is sometimes unmistakable. Occasionally he takes to the air, and flies from one tree to another; teetering his body and jerking his tail in an indescribable fashion, and chattering all the while. His "inner consciousness" at such a moment would be worth perusing. Possibly he has some feeling for the grotesque. But I suspect not; probably what we laugh at as the antics of a clown is all sober earnest to him.

At best, it is very little we can know about what is passing in a bird's mind. We label him with two or three *sesquipedalia verba*, give his territorial range, describe his notes and his habits of nidification, and think we have rendered an account of the bird. But how should we like to be inventoried in such a style? "His name was John Smith; he lived in Boston, in a three-story brick house; he had a baritone voice, but was not a good singer." All true enough; but do you call that a man's biography?

The four birds last spoken of are all wanting in refinement. The jay and the shrike are wild and rough, not to say barbarous, while the white-eyed vireo and the chat have the character which commonly goes by the name of oddity. All four are interesting for their strong

individuality and their picturesqueness, but it is a pleasure to turn from them to creatures like our four common New England *Hylocichlæ*, or small thrushes. These are the real patricians. With their modest but rich dress, and their dignified, quiet demeanor, they stand for the true aristocratic spirit. Like all genuine aristocrats, they carry with them an air of distinction, of which no one who approaches them can long remain unconscious. When you go into their haunts they do not seem so much frightened as offended. "Why do you intrude?" they seem to say; "these are our woods;" and they bow you out with all ceremony. Their songs are in keeping with this character; leisurely, unambitious, and brief, but in beauty of voice and in high musical quality, excelling all other music of the woods. However, I would not exaggerate, and I have not found even these thrushes perfect. The hermit, who is my favorite of the four, has a habit of slowly raising and depressing his tail when his mind is disturbed — a trick of which it is likely he is unconscious, but which, to say the least, is not a mark of good breeding; and the Wilson, while every note of his song breathes of spirituality, has nevertheless a most vulgar alarm call, a petulant, nasal *yeork*. I do not know anything so grave against the wood thrush or the Swainson; although when I have fooled the former with decoy whistles, I have found him more inquisitive than seemed altogether becoming to a bird of his quality. But character without flaw can hardly be insisted on by sons of Adam, and, after all deductions are made, the claim of the *Hylocichlæ* to noble blood can never be seriously disputed. I have spoken of the four together, but each is clearly distinguished from all the others; and this, I believe, is as true of mental traits as it is of details of plumage and song. No doubt, in general, they are much alike; we may say that they have the same qualities;

but a close acquaintance will reveal that the qualities have been mixed in different proportions, so that the total result in each case is a personality strictly unique.

And what is true of the *Hylocichlæ* is true of every bird that flies. Anatomy and dress and even voice aside, who does not feel the dissimilarity between the cat-bird and the robin, and still more the difference, amounting to contrast, between the cat-bird and the bluebird? Distinctions of color and form are what first strike the eye, but on better acquaintance these are felt to be superficial and comparatively unimportant; the difference is not one of outside appearance. It is his gentle, high-bred manner and not his azure coat, which makes the bluebird; and the cat-bird would be a cat-bird in no matter what garb, so long as he retained his obtrusive self-consciousness and his prying, busy-body spirit; all of which, being interpreted, comes, it may be, to no more than this, "Fine feathers don't make fine birds."

Even in families containing many closely allied species, I believe that every species has its own proper character, which sufficient intercourse would enable us to make a due report of. Nobody ever saw a song-sparrow manifesting the spirit of a chipper, and I trust it will not be in my day that any of our American sparrows are found emulating the virtues of their obstreperous immigrant cousin. Of course it is true of birds, as of men, that some have much more individuality than others. But know any bird or any man well enough, and he will prove to be himself, and nobody else. To know all the birds well enough to see how, in bodily structure and mental characteristics, every one is different from every other is the long and delightful task which is set before the ornithologist.

But this is not all. The ornithology of the future must be ready to give an answer to the further question how these divergences of anatomy and tem-

perament originated. How came the chickadee by his endless fund of happy spirits? Whence did the towhee derive his equanimity, and the brown thrush his saturnine temper? The waxwing and the vireo have the same vocal organs; why should the first do nothing but whisper, while the second is so loud and voluble? Why is one bird belligerent and another peaceable; one barbarous and another civilized; one grave and another gay? Who can tell? We can make here and there a plausible conjecture. We know that the behavior of the bluejay varies greatly in different parts of the country, owing to the different treatment which he receives.

We judge that the chickadee, from the peculiarity of his feeding habits, is more certain than most birds are of finding a meal when he is hungry; and that, we are assured from experience, goes a long way towards making one contented. We think it likely that the brown thrush is at some special disadvantage in this respect, or has some peculiar enemies warring upon him; in which case it is no more than we might expect that he should be a pessimist. And, with all our ignorance, we are yet sure that everything has a cause, and we would fain hold by the brave word of Emerson, "Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable."

Bradford Torrey.

LILY OF STRATH-FARRAR.

My lady comes of knightly race;
Her forbears oft on many a field,
Ere arms to merchandise gave place,
With life's best drops their honour sealed.
She beareth lilies on her shield;
The flower-de-luce is her device;
And on the roll of her degree
Crosses are blazoned twice and thrice.

Some served their king on foreign strands;
One yeoman fell to make us free;
One, at his country's high commands,
Helped build the country that you see:
What wonder that his child to me
Seems of that life a precious part,
Or that I render her in rhyme
The constant service of my heart?

I know mine age forbids to me
More than a distant lover's doom;
To worship still and dream that she
Some day may wander to my tomb
And haply hang a clover-bloom
Upon my marble cross, in sign
That she remembers me with love,
Though always cold and never mine.

Thomas William Parsons.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

THIS handsome book¹ comprises the fifth and sixth volumes of the French edition, without abridgment. It is edited with care by Lieutenant-Colonel John P. Nicholson, a gentleman well known as a careful student of the war of the rebellion. Its typographical execution is very good. We wish it had been possible to reproduce more of the excellent maps which illustrate the original edition.

In this volume the author treats of perhaps the most interesting and important incidents of the war. He gives us a narrative of the operations in Virginia for the entire year 1863, embracing Hooker's miserable failure at Chancellorsville and Meade's great victory at Gettysburg. He describes Grant's masterly campaign against Vicksburg and Banks's siege of Port Hudson. All these operations are treated of with great fullness of detail, and in a fresh and natural manner. The count's style is animated, and the most involved military movements are never allowed to weary the reader.

The arrangement of the topics is, however, in our judgment, in some respects objectionable. The count has given to each chapter a name, as if the chapter related solely or mainly to the matters summarized in that name. Some of them, however, contain a great deal that is altogether foreign to the name. And as the count has rejected the aid of a running title and of marginal notes, it is sometimes very difficult to find what one is in search of. Thus, in the chapter headed Suffolk, not only do we have the operations near that town detailed at rather unnecessary

length, but we have to look here for all that the count has to say about the naval attacks upon Charleston, about the capture of the Atlanta, about the doings of the Alabama, about the destruction of the Hatteras. Finally, at the end of this same chapter, we are taken up, as it were in a balloon, from the ocean, and carried to West Virginia, to witness the capture of Philippi by General Jones! In like manner, it is in the chapter entitled Port Gibson, a name which is identified with the Vicksburg campaign, and with that only, that we are to look for an account of Rosecrans's operations in Tennessee, Mar-maduke's in Arkansas and Missouri, and Banks's in Louisiana. To say that this is confusing is certainly to keep within bounds. It may, of course, be impossible, to give an adequate description of campaigns like Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, or Vicksburg in a single chapter, and we are not disposed to criticise the count for giving, as he does, different names to the chapters which contain the continuous narrative of these campaigns. We ourselves think that it is hardly worth while to call one chapter Dowdall's Tavern, and the next chapter Chancellorsville; to call one Oak Hill,² and the next Gettysburg. But this is immaterial. What we complain of is this: that in those chapters where more than one subject is treated of, sufficient information of their contents is not given to the reader. The book has no index. It has, to be sure, a full table of contents; yet this is not printed (as it should be) with a reference after each topic to the page where it is treated of, as in the histories of

has omitted to print the words "Oak Hill" on the map which faces the title-page. By referring to the French map these words will be found just east of the Mummasburg road, between the houses of Hoffmann and Forney.

¹ *History of the Civil War in America.* By the COMTE DE PARIS. Published by special arrangement with the author. Volume III. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

² Curiously enough, the American draughtsman

Hallam, Lord Mahon, Macaulay, and others, but all the subjects are grouped *en masse*, the only reference to the page being to that on which the chapter begins. This is not enough. A history, especially a military history, is eminently a book of reference, and no pains should be spared in the way of tables of contents, indices, running titles, marginal notes, or anything else, to render the contents easily available to the student.

The count has not preserved in his narrative of the Western campaigns that continuity of treatment which renders his narrative of the campaigns of the army of the Potomac so interesting and so valuable. The operations against Vicksburg were simply successive attempts to solve the same military and naval problem; and they should have been, in our judgment, given in a connected narrative. Instead of this, we find the story interrupted by accounts of the doings of Rosecrans and Forrest and others in Kentucky and Tennessee; so that there is an interval of seventy-four pages between Grant's arrival at Hard Times on the 28th of April (page 217) and his crossing the Mississippi on the 30th (page 291). It would have been better, as it seems to us, to have refrained religiously from interrupting a narrative so striking and dramatic as that of Grant's campaign against Vicksburg, and to have relegated the accounts of the cavalry operations and of the operations in other departments to some other portions of the book.

Making all due allowances, however, this third volume of the count's history is a very interesting and useful work. He has tried to be impartial as between the two contending parties; and, in our judgment, he has succeeded. A more difficult thing by far — the due apportionment of praise and blame among the different officers — the count has no doubt also honestly tried to do. Here, of course, there is room for in-

finite difference of opinion. We may, nevertheless, point out a few characteristics of the count's method in arriving at an estimate of the characters and capacities of the actors in his history.

In the first place, the count is always polite, — nay, more, he is always considerate. He dislikes to blame any one, and rarely does so in express terms.

Secondly, while he is, of course, obliged here and there to censure officers, he is always willing to praise them, if on other occasions they may deserve it.

Thirdly, he rarely, if ever, indulges in the elaborate summings-up of character, which have generally furnished such an irresistible attraction to historians.

Accordingly, the reader will find it no easy work to get at the count's real notion of the persons of his drama. He will find many statements apparently inconsistent with each other, and no attempt at reconciling them. For instance, on page 4, he will find General Stoneman spoken of as "this excellent officer," and on page 19 he will find him described as "an experienced leader," as "always master of himself, although very zealous, endowed with a clear and discriminating mind, prompt and just in his decisions;" so that he will be surprised at learning on page 27 that "Stoneman aggravated the blunder of his chief by giving to his operations the character of a guerrilla expedition, and by scattering his forces, instead of concentrating them, in order to destroy the communications of the enemy." So, again, we learn on page 456 that "Hooker no longer inspired the army with the same confidence as before Chancellorsville;"¹ so that we are not prepared to find on page 522 that "the confidence with which he inspired the soldiers was of itself a power for his army." These are specimens of the count's method; and while, no doubt,

¹ This statement is certainly within bounds!

some of these discrepant estimates are caused by accidental oversight, and others are capable of being reconciled, it still remains that we are without those careful summaries of capacity and character which would add greatly to the value of the count's work.

In the same way, the count speaks of many matters in respect to which it would seem that we were entitled to have his deliberate opinion. His words are generally carefully chosen, but they seem often to be chosen with the intention of avoiding an explicit decision. For instance, speaking of the appointment of General Meade to the command of the army, he says, —

“For the second time within the space of a year President Lincoln had selected the worst possible moment for making a change in the chief command of this army. This change might have been reasonable on the day following the battle of Chancellorsville; it was singularly inopportune at present, when the two armies were about to be engaged in a decisive conflict.

“Far from justifying it, the manner in which Hooker had handled his army for the last fortnight deserved nothing but praise,” etc.

That it was extremely unwise to defer the supersession of Hooker till the 28th of June may be readily admitted. But it having been deferred till then, was it unwise to remove¹ him then? To this question the count would seem at first sight to give an affirmative answer. But we are inclined to think that he means merely to express his opinion of the folly of deferring the change so long, and at the same time to give General Hooker the credit he is entitled to for his manœuvres during the preceding fortnight. We do not believe that the count would maintain that it would have been prudent, or even safe, for the government to have allowed the army to

fight another great battle under General Hooker. And these are our reasons: —

General Hooker had lost in the early part of the preceding month the battle of Chancellorsville. In this battle he had an immense superiority of numbers, he had a most favorable start, he had a perfectly plain course to pursue. He completely threw away his advantages by deliberately renouncing the initiative, and by intrenching his army in a tangled wilderness. When disaster came, he lost all heart. Beyond personally exerting himself from time to time to restore order, which he certainly courageously did, he did nothing. He seems to have relied on Sedgwick to help him, with 75,000 men, fight Lee, with 45,000 men. In fact he did not even engage the whole of his army. Two corps were never put in. Nothing but the weakness of the enemy saved our army, under the command of this helpless and pusillanimous chief, from a most disastrous defeat. What would have happened to us at Gettysburg if Hooker had been our leader; if it had devolved upon him instead of upon Meade to decide whether to concentrate the army upon Gettysburg, when the First and Eleventh corps had been routed, and the Fifth and Sixth corps were many miles away, or to risk the demoralization attending on a retreat following immediately upon the severe losses of the 1st of July, let those answer who recall the insistence of Hooker upon a retreat across the Rapahannock, when our army was still largely superior to that of Lee, when we had plenty of fresh troops to oppose to his exhausted and decimated battalions, and when every instinct of a resolute man bade us fight it out. What would have been the result if it had been for Hooker to restore the left of our line at Gettysburg, on the afternoon of July 2d, when the enemy, taking advantage of the false position which Sickles

¹ Strictly speaking, General Hooker was not removed, but he was virtually forced into resigning

by General Halleck's course in regard to Harper's Ferry.

had assumed, came in like a flood, and threatened to carry everything before them, let those say who recollect how this same Sickles had exhausted in vain, on the 3d of May, every means to obtain from Hooker ammunition and reinforcements, and had gallantly maintained his position till lack of the ample supplies and reserves which were within Hooker's reach compelled its abandonment.

That the Comte de Paris is perfectly cognizant of Hooker's wretched failure at Chancellorsville is plain. He speaks of Hooker's having "doomed himself," by going back into the forest, "to powerless immobility;" thereby permitting Lee "to venture upon a manœuvre which it would have been impossible to execute in any other locality," namely, the flank march of Jackson so as to attack our right. No doubt the count entertains for General Hooker the respect and admiration which he deserved as an excellent brigade, division, and corps commander; but none the less does he consider him to have made an absolute failure as an army commander. Speaking of the battle of Sunday morning, he says (page 87), "The Confederates have not a battalion left that is available; they have not a man who has not been in action. Is Hooker similarly situated? . . . Without counting the Eleventh corps, which has not yet fully recovered from its disaster, he has the First and Fifth corps under his control, that is to say, nearly thirty-five thousand men, who have not yet fired a shot, with not a single enemy in front of them." But there is no need that we should quote further. Nowhere is the battle of Chancellorsville better described, and the causes of our miserable failure analyzed, than in the pages of the volume before us.

Why then do we find that doubtful utterance about the inopportuneness of relieving Hooker, to which we have just called attention? Partly because the

count wishes to dismiss Hooker with a word of praise for his recent manœuvres; and partly, we suspect, and we regret to say so, because the count has fallen under influences hostile to General Meade. We surmise this partly from certain indications, such as the very high terms in which certain officers, of whose dislike of General Meade we have abundant evidence in their testimony before the committee on the conduct of the war and in their published writings, are uniformly spoken of; and partly from the very measured terms in which the count intimates his approval of those acts and doings of General Meade's of which he does approve. We may, perhaps, be mistaken as to this; still, we think that we cannot be wrong in saying that the reader will find that, for some reason or other, Hooker has, and Meade has not, the sympathy of the author; and that, while the grievous faults of the one are made as little of as justice will permit, the imagination of the reader is encouraged to frame an hypothetical test of Meade's conduct by dwelling on what Meade might, or rather on what some people thought that he might, have accomplished, had he done on certain well-known occasions something else than what he did do.

The inconsistency of human nature is surely never more clearly and more painfully exhibited than in such a disposition as this. Let it be granted that the army of the Potomac ought to have attacked the enemy, if possible, after the repulse of Pickett's division: that is only the first step in arriving at a conclusion that General Meade was to blame for not ordering such an attack. The army had been weakened enormously by two or three days of hard fighting; several of its best and bravest generals, Reynolds, Hancock, Sickles, and others, had been killed or wounded; three of our corps had been very severely handled, many of our best officers placed *hors de combat*. We are not going to argue the

matter one way or the other; we simply say that it was by no means a plain question, and that the decision arrived at on the spot by the general who, taking command of the army on Sunday, has by Friday afternoon won such a protracted, obstinate, and terrible battle as Gettysburg ought not be lightly complained of. It may, of course, be re-examined, but only with great care, and with every disposition to do justice to the man who has had the responsibility of the decision.

And this brings us to another remark on the count's history, which is this: that he does not, like Napier in his *Peninsular War*, or Chesney in his *Waterloo Lectures*, devote a certain space in each of his chapters, well marked off, to the criticising of men and operations, but he throws his remarks in anywhere. This has the merit of avoiding anything like a lecture, and it takes the reader, as it were, into the author's confidence; for it is extremely difficult to resist the force of conclusions which are arrived at and stated in the course of the count's charming and animated narrative. But it has its disadvantages, nevertheless. It masks the force of certain arguments, and enhances the force of others. It enables the writer to make a great many suggestions about the course of conduct he is describing, every one of which may have some weight; and, as he does not give himself the trouble of summing up these suggestions and arriving at and enunciating his conclusion, it is quite possible for him to avoid the charge of having expressed an opinion on the question; while, at the same time, the suggestions thrown out by him on the side of the question on which his sympathies lie would naturally and almost inevitably outweigh those on the other. The result is that the reader's mind is unconsciously impressed by the preponderating weight of the suggestions on that side of the question which the author would like to favor. And yet, it

is perfectly possible that, were the writer to impose upon himself the duty of weighing the evidence and arguments, he would be forced to adopt an opinion entirely contrary to this, and so to instruct his readers. The propriety of the removal of Hooker from the command of the army, of which we have already spoken, is an instance in point. The wisdom of General Meade's decision not to take the offensive at Gettysburg, and of that not to attack the enemy at Williamsport, are others. These questions we should like to have seen discussed in a more systematic manner, and the facts and arguments on both sides carefully weighed.

The appendix contains, besides rosters of both armies, President Lincoln's most characteristic note to General Hooker (page 851), on placing him at the head of the army. It is not generally known, and it is one of the wisest and best letters that Mr. Lincoln ever wrote.

There is also (page 911) a very valuable itinerary of the different corps of the army of the Potomac in June and July, 1863, compiled, under the direction of Adjutant-General Drum, by J. W. Kirkley, Esq., of that office.

The count has also given us some additions and corrections to his former volumes, of which the most important begins on page 859, and relates to the second battle of Bull Run and the case of General Porter. We would call attention to a misprint on page 860, line two from the bottom, where "His," the first word in the line, should be "Kemper's." The new matter contains a retraction of any opinions unfavorable to Porter expressed in the previous volume. The count, in his statement of the events of the 29th of August, falls into a very unnecessary error, though not a very material one. He states that on the morning of that day McDowell, with King's division of his corps, was with Porter's column, "while Ricketts, at

the head of the second division of McDowell's corps, had borne more to the right, and was to strike the turnpike north of Groveton" [sic]; that McDowell "sought to deploy" King's division to the right of Porter "in order to assist Ricketts, and thus form a continuous front of attack;" but "the impenetrable thickets which covered the ground on that side rendered such deployment impossible, and McDowell . . . determined to bring King back to the rear, in order to overtake Ricketts and operate with his whole corps in a less eccentric fashion against Jackson's right wing." We are sorry to say that this explanation of McDowell's course

is incorrect, inasmuch as Ricketts's division, which had on the morning of the 29th arrived at Bristoe at the same time that King's division had reached Manassas Junction, remained in rear of it throughout the day. King's division led in the march up the Sudley Springs road in the afternoon of the 29th, and this division only was engaged on that day. General McDowell expressly states in his report that "Ricketts's division, coming on in the rear of King's, was taken up the Sudley Springs road," — that is, was not turned into the Warrenton turnpike, as King's had been, — "north of the Warrenton pike, and held as a reserve for the time, in front."

MARK TWAIN'S LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

OF the first fifteen chapters of Mr. Clemens's book,¹ twelve are reprinted from *The Atlantic*; but they are so full of entertaining and instructive matter that they will repay a second reading. In the three introductory ones which precede these, the physical character of the river is sketched, and brief reference is made to the early travelers and explorers of the stream, — De Soto, Marquette, and La Salle; these latter belonging to the epoch of what Mr. Clemens quaintly calls "historical history," as distinguished from that other unconventional history, which he does not define, but certainly embodies in the most graphic form. There are some good touches in this opening portion; as where the author refers to "Louis XIV., of inflated memory," and, speaking of the indifference which attended the discovery of the Mississippi, remarks, "Apparently, nobody happened to want such a river, nobody needed it, nobody

was curious about it; so, for a century and a half, the Mississippi remained out of the market and undisturbed. When De Soto found it, he was not hunting for a river, and had no present occasion for one; consequently he did not value it, or even take any particular notice of it." We are also presented with a chapter from an unpublished work by the writer, detailing the adventures of a Southwestern boy a quarter of a century ago, which places before us in vivid colors the rough, hilarious, swaggering, fighting, superstitious ways of the bygone raftsmen. Rude, sturdy, unflinching, and raw though the picture is, it is likely to stand a long while as a wonderful transcript from nature, and as a memorial of the phase of existence which it describes that will not easily be surpassed in the future. The chapter on *Racing Days* is perhaps a little disappointing, although suggestive. Then there comes a short autobiographic summary of Mr.

¹ *Life on the Mississippi*. By MARK TWAIN, author of *The Innocents Abroad*, *Roughing It*, etc.

With more than three hundred Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

Clemens's life after he had ceased to be a pilot and several other things, and until he became a New Englander; followed by an account of the trip which he made down and up the Mississippi, twenty-one years from the time when he last sailed upon it in charge of a steamer's course. At St. Louis he found a steamer which was to stop at the old French settlements sixty miles below St. Louis. "She was a venerable rack-heap, and a fraud to boot; for she was playing herself for personal property, whereas the good honest dirt was so thickly caked over her that she was righteously taxable as real estate. There are places in New England where her hurricane deck would be worth a hundred and fifty dollars an acre. The soil on her fore-castle was quite good; the new crop of wheat was already springing from the cracks in protected places. The companion-way was of a dry, sandy character, and would have been well suited for grapes, with a southern exposure and a little sabsoiling. The soil of the boiler-deck was thin and rocky, but good enough for grazing purposes." He finally concluded not to take this boat, but another, called the *Gold Dust*, upon which he was subsequently anxious to make the return trip from New Orleans; but luckily he was prevented by circumstances from doing so, for the *Gold Dust* was blown up on her way back to St. Louis, during the voyage he had intended making with her. The material offered by observations on the journey is various beyond enumeration, and much of it is extremely amusing. Hoaxes and exaggerations palmed off by pilots and other natives along the way upon supposed ignorant strangers; stories of gamblers and obsolete robberies; glimpses of character and manners; descriptions of scenery and places; statistics of trade; Indian legends; extracts from the comments of other travelers, — all these occur, interspersed with two or three stories of

morous or tragic import, or of both together. One of the tales thus interpolated — Ritter's Narrative — is not only complicated and ingenious in plot, but bears witness also to its author's startling power of weird imagination; and a perhaps still more remarkable thing about it is the manner in which at last it is given a sudden turn, which carries the reader away from one of the most ghastly situations imaginable with a sensation of amusement and of humorous surprise. At the same time, the story, with consummate skill, is made tributary to the main current of the book, and of the river with which it deals. Mr. Clemens is never tired of noting the extraordinary changes which take place in the course of the Mississippi and the conformation of its banks; the appearance and disappearance of islands; the sudden action of the mighty flood in making new "cut-offs," which play havoc with state boundary-lines, and playfully transfer towns from one river-bank to the other. The general reader stands in some peril of finding these observations wearisome; but just as he is on the brink of fatigue, Mr. Clemens enlivens him with a dry remark like this: "We dashed along without delay; for the hidden rock which lay right in the way was only a long distance off."

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quial crudities upon which he now turns. In considering the cemetery at New Orleans, which is kept in very fine order, "If those people down there," at the levee or in the business streets, says Mr. Clemens, "would live as neatly while they are alive as they do after they are dead, they would find many advantages in it." Of the memorial wreaths: "The immortelle requires no attention; you just hang it up, and there you are. Just leave it alone; it will take care of your grief for you, and keep it in mind better than you can." He declares himself in favor of cremation, and considers unjustifiable the old form of burial, which preserves disease germs to such an extent that even "a dead saint enters upon a century-long career of assassination the moment the earth closes over his corpse." All this is in keeping with that grimness which is a constituent of the author's humor. There is a good deal of grimness and soberness in the

book, underlying the surface of fun and incident and panoramic diversity of scene. There is also a good deal of solid sense and of information. What the future investigation — if people of the twentieth century have any time left for investigating the past — will conclude concerning the life depicted in these pages we can conjecture only from our own impression; which is that the Mississippi has developed prosperity and misery in about even measure, and that the type of character most frequent along the line of its flow has combined with great hardiness and practical dexterity a Greek love of skillful lying and a peculiarly American recklessness of personal safety. Meanwhile we are very sure that Mr. Clemens has given us the most thorough and racy report of the whole phenomenon which has yet been forthcoming, and that much more significance is contained in it than we are able to concentrate in these few words.

THE SPANISH PENINSULA IN TRAVEL.

are signs of a rediscovery of Spain. We are so greatly interested for our own sake in the country, that we have been a long time in getting to it. In England, where the Englishman has been a lover of the picturesque, the student in art, the historical student, the philologist, might each claim the country as a museum arranged for his special delectation; and the restless traveler, in search of novelty, is not likely to be content to stay in Europe for a long time to come, if he will but haunt this corner

many reports of the country, varying in their character according to the taste and interest of the reporter.

For certainly one must be very limited in the range of his nature who failed to find in Spain a field for the exercise of his favorite hobby. The lover of the picturesque, the student in art, the historical student, the philologist, might each claim the country as a museum arranged for his special delectation; and the restless traveler, in search of novelty, is not likely to be content to stay in Europe for a long time to come, if he will but haunt this corner

an instance of the variety of occasions which a traveler may find, we have to take up two recent books

of travel, which have little in common except a general field of observation. Dr. Vincent,¹ to be sure, does not spend all his time in Spain; he flits back and forth across the Pyrenees, remaining most of the time by the Biscayan coast, but shooting off also nearly to the Gulf of Lyons. Yet his book connects itself in the reader's mind with Spain, and by its treatment, as well as by the region which it covers, serves very well as an introduction to travel in Spain proper. Indeed, one might learn a lesson in travel in any region, from this agreeable little book. The leisurely manner in which the author hovers about the entrance to the country which he proposes to explore, the genuine interest which he takes in the historic apparatus of his work, and the good-natured indifference which he shows to the petty discomforts of travel all mark him as a sensible companion; while the simplicity of his descriptions and the absence of any obtrusive rhetoric or profound philosophic speculations give one a confidence in his honesty as a reporter. He is not conspicuously a humorist in his narrative, but he is always good-tempered, and often has a playful touch which makes the reader attached to him; as where, in describing the bathing at San Sébastian, he remarks how "some small boys, who know well that they are on forbidden ground, surreptitiously strip under the shadow of the balcony, and scamper, like frightened snipe, to hide themselves in the water."

The thorough enjoyment which this writer takes in his little excursion, and the absence of all hurry and the business of travel, have an influence upon the book greater, we suspect, than the author himself knows. It is impossible for a reader not to be strongly affected by the mood of his traveling companion, and he quickly learns whether his guide is of an anxious or of a genial

turn of mind. Dr. Vincent's enjoyment of his journey is that of an educated man, who likes all the by-play of travel, but gives his serious thought to that which demands thought. He does not weary the reader with his speculations regarding the Basques, nor with his reflections upon Lourdes or Loyola, but he recognizes the kind of interest which all intelligent readers will take in such subjects, and does not belittle them by flippancy. How well he can succeed in giving his impressions may be seen by his words after describing the monastery of Ignatius Loyola:—

"With all the stony splendors of the church, and the elaborate and costly adornments of this chapel, the effect was more than tawdry and vulgar. It went deeper than that to one who knew the history of the remarkable order which it represented. It carried with it the sense of a strong, pitiless hand laid upon the breast. To a man fresh from the robust contact of men and the healthful clash of opinion; to one with the free breath of the glorious mountains yet in his nostrils and the salt of the ocean spray scarce gone from his lips, this place was like a prison and a baby-house combined. The subtle, passionless, inexorable policy of the order seemed to have infused itself into the atmosphere. Though no warden appeared, and no attendant followed the visitor through the desolate halls, one might well feel as though a wary eye saw every movement from some secret spying-place, and that the very walls conveyed each word to a practiced ear."

The last chapter in the book is an agreeable account of Carcassonne, that precious bit of mediævalism, which ought to be put under a glass cover and preserved for our unhappy descendants to turn to when they are discontented with modern civilization. The etchings by Smillie, Gifford, and Yale add much

¹ *In the Shadow of the Pyrenees from Basque-Land to Carcassonne.* By MARVIN R. VINCENT,

D. D. With etchings and maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

to the pleasure one gets from this little book, and the maps and plans interspersed give one the satisfied feeling that he has been treated with respect and liberality.

The trigness of Dr. Vincent's volume and the modesty of its aim find an interesting antithesis in Mr. Lathrop's and Mr. Reinhart's book of travel in Spain proper.¹ From Dr. Vincent's sketches we get the impression that he was on a vacation jaunt; Spanish Vistas suggests a more deliberate, picturesque tour, undertaken for the purpose of working up a good subject, and making a special literary and pictorial report. The result, though of a different sort, leaves an equally agreeable impression of truthfulness and thoroughness. Whatever other use Mr. Lathrop or Mr. Reinhart might have made of their studies in Spain, they have given the reader in this handsome volume no merely desultory notes, but a succession of clearly defined pictures of Spanish life. They entered Spain at Burgos; went thence to Madrid, and then to Toledo; from Toledo to Cordova, and thence to Seville, Granada, and the Alhambra; they struck down to Malaga on the sea-coast, and there taking to the sea, cruised along the southern and eastern shores of the peninsula to Barcelona, where they bade good-by to Spain.

The effect of a succession of pictures is enhanced by the absence of detail in traveling from one point to another, and by the contrasts which Spain herself presents, as one shoots from city to city, leaving a place at dark, and waking at a new and strangely different place. The conglomerate character of the kingdom is well shown in the change from Castile to Andalusia, to Granada, and to Aragon, when each stride in the journey brings to light some new and strange grouping.

¹ *Spanish Vistas*. By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. Illustrated by CHARLES S. REINHART. New York: Harper & Bros. 1883.

Mr. Lathrop's strength is in his artistic sense of what is essential to a complete picture, and he employs words to reproduce the scenes in so decorative a manner that one is affected by the richness and suggestiveness of the phraseology. When, for example, in speaking of the people of Burgos, he says, "The splendidly blooming peasant women showed their perfect teeth at us, and the men, in broad-brimmed pointed caps and embroidered jackets, whose feet were brown and earthy as tree-roots, laughed outright," the grotesque suggestion gives a distinct touch to the picture over and above the clear description. There is indeed a constant exuberance of fancy, which serves to heighten the artistic quality of the work. The sights which are depicted are less likely to call out Mr. Lathrop's ethical reflections than his purely fanciful constructions. "As I looked," he says, when approaching the Alhambra hill, "at the rusty red walls and abraded towers palisading the hill, the surroundings became like some miraculous web, and these ruins, concentrating the threads, were the shattered cocoon from which it had been spun."

It is primarily as an artist that Mr. Lathrop views Spain; yet he has the interest also of a student in history and society, and very possibly, if he were to go again and stay longer, he would more frequently ask and answer questions. He gives, as he is bound, a faithful description of a bull-fight; but with a just sense of effect, he uses low tones in his picture, and trusts to the severity of his lines. Part of this is due, doubtless, to resolution, and part to the impression which such scenes make upon a self-possessed man of slight sympathy with mere animal excitement. The cold blood of the thing, he says, impresses him,—the business-like manner in which the brutality is carried to its conclusion; and he turns away from the spectacle with this curious bit of information: "The

utter simple-mindedness with which Spaniards regard the brutalities of the sport may be judged from the fact that a bull-fight was once given to benefit the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!"

It is, however, the picturesqueness of Spain which appeals chiefly to this writer, and the reader is not called upon to take more than a superficial view of the country. There is thus an evenness of merit in the work and a singleness of aim which render it exceedingly satisfactory. The pictures by Mr. Reinhart admirably agree with the spirit and temper of the narrative, and often enrich it in an unexpected manner. Indeed, when the text and the picture describe the same scene, each seems complete by itself, yet each often embroiders the other. In Toledo, Mr. Lathrop was amused by the drowsiness of humanity: "Men and boys slumber out-of-doors, even in the hot sun, like dogs; after sitting meditatively against a wall for a while, one of

them will tumble over on his nose, — as if he were a statue undermined by time, — and remain in motionless repose wherever he happens to strike." Mr. Reinhart saw the same group which may have suggested the description, and his humorous treatment is cleverly realistic, while his sly parenthesis is in a recumbent statue in a niche of the wall against which two of the figures are lying. The pictures throughout the book are vigorously drawn, and richly engraved. They harmonize, as we have said, with the text, and altogether the general effect of the book is so satisfying that the reader stops to consider what a happy conjunction it was which brought these two travelers together; for each saw and pictured the same subjects, the one with pen, the other with pencil. Had Mr. Lathrop also drawn, or had Mr. Reinhart also written, we please ourselves with thinking that there would not have been so fine a diverse unity.

TWO JOURNALISTS.

THE common ground on which Mr. Bryant and Mr. Weed may be said to meet seems at first sight merely conventional. Both had a long and contemporaneous career as editors of influential journals; but Mr. Bryant, in the eyes of most people, was a poet, and Mr. Weed a political manager. The occupations which they followed were their means of livelihood; the real lives which they led, and for which they will be remembered, were widely remote and distinct. Nevertheless, each was too individual a man for any mechanical separation between his vocation and his occupation, and the biography of each

offers an interesting opportunity for a comparison which may help to bring out both the common qualities of the men and their peculiarities.

It is a great pity that Mr. Bryant's autobiography should have been a mere fragment, introducing the completer narrative of his life,¹ which his son-in-law has provided; for although Mr. Godwin has probably made a fuller and more methodical record than Mr. Bryant would have cared to furnish, he has also divested the record of that personal quality which constitutes the charm of autobiography, and of which we have a glimpse in the delightful chapters con-

¹ *A Biography of William Cullen Bryant, with Extracts from his Private Correspondence.* By

PARKE GODWIN. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

tributed by Mr. Bryant. The mellowness of this autobiographic fragment, its playfulness and serenity, are the true notes of a reflective old age, and had the strain been continued the work would have been a notable one. It is not difficult to understand why Mr. Bryant left a fragment only; he might well have carried the narrative a little farther along; yet the reserve of his nature would infallibly cause him to feel a growing disinclination as he moved away from that period of childhood and youth, and the contemplation of those figures of the past, which to an old man may easily seem properties of another world and another person.

This reserve has doubtless controlled the biographer, partly through a force of personality, which would deter one who knew Mr. Bryant well from indulging in too curious observation; partly through the necessary obscurity attaching to Mr. Bryant's life. There was no mystery about his career, or his judgments of men and events; but what one man knew every one might know, and the sum of knowledge has left the world still unacquainted with Mr. Bryant. It is possible, indeed, that his was one of those natures so classic in form and style that their grace is impenetrable because wholly open; we are so wonted to the romantic conception of human life, which demands deep shadows and yields to subtle analyses, that when we come to apply our habits of mind to more rigidly classic models we set aside too lightly, as thin and superficial, a cast of human nature which is rarely fine in outline and firm in form.

Certainly, a careful reading of Mr. Godwin's *Life of Bryant* does not add to the impression which has already been formed of a man so long in the public eye. The image created by his poems and public utterances is not essentially enriched or modified by the extracts given from his private correspondence. Here and there are glimpses

of a tenderness of nature which might not be apparent otherwise to any but a very close reader of his poetry; but the general result is to deepen those familiar lines of passionless fidelity to elemental properties in literature, politics, religion, and society which have conspired to make Mr. Bryant's personality one respected and admired rather than enthusiastically loved. Enthusiasm, indeed, did follow him; but it was wrested from a long-indifferent public by the accumulation of sentiment, as the severe figure of the poet held with unswerving integrity the same characteristics in old age which had marked it in youth. It was impossible to withhold hearty applause from so venerable and sturdy a product of American democracy, and the public seemed to regard Mr. Bryant finally as a sort of human mountain.

The more one studies Mr. Bryant's career, the more do his poetry and his profession display their essential unity. The subjects of his verse were not the subjects of his editorial articles, but the man behind each was the same, and the two modes of expression have a common origin and end. Simplicity, love of truth, and a lofty conventionalism characterized both poems and political leaders. Now and then there was a verse in his poetry which had the flight of a bird in the highest ether, and occasionally in his political precepts he rose to a noble strain of patriotic fervor; but in the main there was an evenness of tone which expressed the dignity of his life and thought. There was a constant reference in his mind to certain large, elemental conceptions of nature and society; so that while he could not be called a doctrinaire in politics, he was apparently indifferent to the personal element, and moved on his way with a confidence in his political views which was born of a confidence in the order of things. Other men might look at the clock to see what time it was, but he

was satisfied with the sidereal system for a timepiece. At the outset of his career as a journalist he had something to say of the profession which might stand as a tolerable expression of his professional creed.

"The class of men," he said, "who figure in this country as the conductors of newspapers are not, for the most part, in high esteem with the community. . . . The general feeling with which they are regarded is by no means favorable. Contempt is too harsh a name for it, perhaps, but it is far below respect. Nor does this arise from the insincerity or frivolousness of their commendation or their dispraise in the thousand opinions they express in matters of art, science, and taste, concerning all of which they are expected to say something, and concerning many of which they cannot know much; as from the fact that, professing, as they do, one of the noblest of sciences, that of politics, — in other words, the science of legislation and government, — they too often profess it in a narrow, ignorant, ignoble spirit. Every journalist is a politician, of course; but in how many instances does he aspire to no higher office than that of an ingenious and dexterous partisan? He does not look at political doctrines and public measures in a large and comprehensive way, weighing impartially their ultimate good or evil, but addicts himself to considerations of temporary expediency. He inquires not what is right, just, and true at all times, but what petty shift will serve his present purpose. He makes politics an art rather than a science, — a matter of finesse rather than of philosophy. He inflames prejudices which he knows to be groundless because he finds them convenient. He detracts from the personal merits of men whom he knows to be most worthy. . . . Yet the vocation of the newspaper editor is a useful and indispensable and, if rightly exercised, a noble vocation. It pos-

sesses this essential element of dignity: that they who are engaged in it are occupied with questions of the highest importance to the happiness of mankind. We cannot see, for our part, why it should not attract men of the first talents and the most exalted virtues. Why should not the discussions of the daily press demand as strong reasoning powers, as large and comprehensive ideas, as profound an acquaintance with principles, eloquence as commanding, and a style of argument as manly and elevated as the debates of the senate?"

In the exercise of journalistic duties, Mr. Bryant acquired a somewhat more flexible style of writing. Yet the grave, formal English in which he was trained was so expressive of his nature that the above passage fairly represents the serious attitude which he always maintained toward journalism. He did not ignore personal politics, and he used a direct and forcible form of attack when engaged in political warfare; but after all, he fought constantly from behind those intrenchments of political philosophy which he believed were most necessary to defend, and most efficient bulwarks of democratic liberty. It must be remembered that journalism, when this was written, — that is, when Mr. Bryant had just succeeded to the principal editorship of the *Evening Post*, — was of a pretty acrimonious order; and though it may be doubted if Mr. Bryant had as great an influence upon the development of journalism in the country as some of his contemporaries, it is quite certain that the cool temper and even tone of his paper had a conservative power not to be despised. Mr. Bryant's democracy was of a somewhat ideal order, and more inflexible than the democracy of the party which bore the name. It was, indeed, somewhat regardless of historical movements, but, as we have intimated, was saved from the unwisdom of mere theory by its integral consistency with the whole tone of Mr.

Bryant's mind. His democratic faith was a part of the severe principle which extended to the most mechanical routine of his daily life, and so lofty was it that it becomes impossible to give it a party significance. Who would ever think of calling Mr. Bryant a war democrat! Like Wordsworth's cloud,

"Which moveth altogether, if it move at all,"

Mr. Bryant's nature comprehended professional duty, poetic inspiration, and religious faith within one consistent, large, and simple whole.

Just when Mr. Bryant was assuming full control of the journal with which his name is identified, Mr. Thurlow Weed was engaged, with the assistance of friends, in establishing the *Evening Journal* at Albany; and although he relinquished his editorial duties earlier than Mr. Bryant, the careers of the two men were substantially synchronous. We are not so ill off in our knowledge of the details of Mr. Weed's life as we were in the case of Mr. Bryant. The distaste which the poet had for a minute record of his experience gives place to a hearty and genial review¹ of his career by the political manager. Mr. Weed's autobiography shows, as Mr. Bryant's fragmentary sketch does, how significant and interesting to an old man are the incidents of early life and the circumstances out of which his education has come. Mr. Weed dwells with affectionate and lingering concern upon the sterile ground of his boyhood, and without much moralizing presents a very clear picture of the local scenes among which he moved. Both Mr. Bryant and Mr. Weed were country boys: but with Mr. Bryant the country, as a recollection, was chiefly nature; with Mr. Weed it was rustic humanity. Indeed, Mr. Weed remained to the end of his days a countryman. Not that he was wanting in the civility of cities, and

engaged in the companionship of men of the world, but he was always at home with the farmer and the legislator from the country districts. There was a homeliness in his nature which appeared in the strong local attachments which he manifested, and in his minute acquaintance with a wide range of life.

The autobiography was written at different times, under different impulses, and it bears the marks of leisureliness and of indifference to complete form. Names of men who have figured in New York politics, but are only village Hampdens to the general reader, fall from Mr. Weed's pen as if he were sitting in his editorial office, and talking uninterruptedly with friends who had been with him in interminable political contests. He is an old soldier telling over his battles, and he recites catalogues of heroes who are as real and as valiant as Homer's are to him. Mr. Weed is as minute in his political history of New York as Gilbert White in his *Natural History of Selborne*. There is the same absence of perspective, the same delightful parochialism. There is not much attempt at individualizing the persons who crowd these pages; but they are so real to Mr. Weed, and the circumstances which he relates are so vivid in his memory, that he leads the reader on and on simply by the force of his own energetic companionship.

To Mr. Weed a journal was a political instrument, and politics was a most interesting and absorbing occupation, requiring a minuteness of knowledge of men and affairs to be compared only with the detailed acquaintance which a stock-broker has with the market. The time when Mr. Bryant and Mr. Weed were most deeply engaged in journalism was one when politics in America was a passion. It was the one excitement which overbore all other occupations, once in every four years at least. As we look back upon those days, we

¹ *The Autobiography of Thurlow Weed*. Edited by his daughter, HARRIET A. WEED. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

are able to see that there was a groundswell of real political movement, and a superficial froth and fume which were thrown off by the wind and current of present feeling. It was a time when a rapidly growing nation was fitting itself not only to the land which it occupied, but to the political principles which were its birthright; when men were learning the use of that most delicate instrument of modern civilization, the ballot. It was a time, also, when the order of society was ruder and simpler, and the passions of men had freer play. If the ballot was a weapon, it was also a toy; and in the absence of those resources which a more complex society offers, politics was the opera-house, the theatre, the club, the library, the music-hall, the ball, the picture-gallery, the foreign tour, the summer sport, the dinner-party, the institute, and one may almost say the church.

Let any one acquaint himself with the circumstances of the "campaign" of 1840, and he will understand this. How it appeared at the time to our two journalists illustrates the difference in the two men. Mr. Bryant, to be sure, was on the losing side; but one does not need that fact to explain the contempt which he had for the wild nonsense of the Whig party. Mr. Godwin, in describing his work at this time, says, "Mr. Bryant was at first disposed to treat this immoral tomfoolery, which the most respectable classes promoted by a personal participation in it, with serious and indignant argument. But he soon saw that he might as well attempt to reason against the northwest wind or the tides of the sea. The only answer would have been a hurrah and a horse-laugh; and so he took the times in their own spirit, and flung at them the keenest shafts of banter and ridicule. On no other occasion were his humorous powers so frequently called into play; and his hits at the muzzled candidate, the mouthing orators, the immense pa-

rades, and the junketings, though ineffective, were among the best sallies of his pen."

Mr. Weed, on the other hand, in recalling the time, recounts eagerly the political incidents both in state and national affairs, and if we had room we should like to quote the whole of the naive narrative which relates the *coup d'état* by which New York State was wrested from the democratic party on the eve of election. The political change was effected, according to Mr. Weed, by the judicious use of money paid to him by New York gentlemen, whose names are given. They brought packages of bank-notes of various denominations, amounting to eight thousand dollars, and stood ready to draw checks for as much more as might be required.

"The election," says Mr. Weed, "was to commence on Monday morning, and to terminate on Wednesday evening. I informed them that it would be quite impossible, in so short a time, to use any such amount of money, and, after explaining what I thought might be accomplished in the brief interval before the election, took \$3000, \$1500 of which was immediately dispatched by messengers to Columbia, Greene, Delaware, and Rensselaer counties; \$1500 was reserved for Albany. . . . Thus a memorable *coup d'état*, completely revolutionizing the State, was effected, on the very verge of the election, by the thoughtfulness and liberality of a few zealous politicians in the city of New York. The secret was well kept, for until now no whisper of it has ever been heard."

The circumstance is related chiefly to give opportunity for telling an amusing "blind," by which the politicians of the other side were hoodwinked, when the news got abroad of the appearance at a strange hour of a steamboat at Albany; for the zealous politicians of New York had chartered a steamer for their purpose. All this is very well; but the

critical reader will notice that Mr. Weed does not explain to him, however carefully he may have explained to the New York gentlemen, just what was done with three thousand dollars in twenty-four hours to effect a change in political sentiment or principle in the doubtful district. Are we then hastily to accept the conclusion that the money was used corruptly? Familiarity with recent political operations would go far toward justifying one who should take such a view; but while, in the absence of fuller information, we are unable to settle the question conclusively, the real evidence is all the other way.

That is to say, the book before us is so frank, and the incidents of Mr. Weed's career are related with so much minuteness and fullness, that the reader has no great difficulty in forming a tolerably consistent conception of a man of singular force of character. Mr. Weed had great astuteness, but it is impossible, in the face of the full revelation which this book affords, to believe him a man of low cunning, least of all a man capable of glorying in such cunning. On the contrary, his very faults had the air of noble defects. He tells with evident gusto how he once "got even" with Mr. Everett, who had treated him with cool civility in London, and one begins to think him a vindictive man; but the incident, taken with others, leads one finally to regard him as a man of spirit, of long memory, and extremely jealous of his rights. To be sure, these qualities are not of the highest order: they made him an enemy to be feared, but they also made him an unflinching friend. The persistency with which he pursued his object in the extraordinary Morgan affair was a persistency which made his enemies helpless; and while, in all his political and journalistic career, he was capable of working in the dark, of keeping his own counsel, and of meeting subtlety with subtlety, his strength lay not in his adroitness, but in his steadfast-

ness and unflagging zeal. The autobiography abounds in entertaining incidents, illustrative of this quality, and illustrative also, by the way, of the circumstances of journalistic and political life at the time.

"There used to be a sharp rivalry," says Mr. Weed, "between the *Argus* and the *Evening Journal* to obtain the earliest news. The earliest copy of the President's annual message to Congress was the occasion of much solicitude. Such messages were usually received about the close of the season of navigation. On one of these occasions I went to New York to obtain the earliest possible copy of President Jackson's message. Mr. Obadiah Van Benthuyzen, one of the proprietors of the *Argus*, went to New York on the same boat and on the same errand. Colonel J. Watson Webb, one of the editors of the *Courier and Enquirer*, had been favored with a copy of the message in advance of its delivery to Congress. No other New York paper had it. Colonel Webb, then in political accord with the *Argus*, promised Mr. Van Benthuyzen the first copy printed of the *Courier*, while I was to receive the second. The steamboat *De Witt Clinton*, Captain Sherman, by an arrangement which Mr. Van Benthuyzen had made with the agent, was to delay her departure from five o'clock, P. M., until Mr. Van Benthuyzen came on board, should he be able to do so by eleven o'clock.

"My friend Captain Sherman advised me of this arrangement, adding that his orders were to have everything in readiness and cast off his lines the moment Mr. Van Benthuyzen could get on board; expressing the hope that I might also get there before the boat was out of the dock. We both passed the evening at the office of the *Courier and Enquirer*, with hacks in waiting at the door. Towards ten o'clock the first proof impression of the message was taken, and handed to Mr. Van Benthuyzen, who

instantly made his exit. There was a delay of nearly two minutes before I obtained my copy. In descending three flights of stairs I found the lights extinguished, and was compelled to grope my way down. In this way I lost another minute, in consequence of which I reached the wharf to find the steamer under way about twenty feet from the dock. I learned from an acquaintance, who was standing on the dock, that a freight steamer would leave early the next morning. Proceeding to the dock of that steamer, I induced the agent to fire up and get under way at as early an hour as practicable. We were off in two hours after the departure of the *De Witt Clinton*, and reached Poughkeepsie, where both boats were detained by the ice an hour or two, after Mr. Benthuyzen had departed in the mail stage for Albany. I found Bally, a well-known and active livery-stable man, who assured me that he could overtake the stage before it reached Albany. In a very few minutes, therefore, I was seated in a cutter (for the sleighing was good) and off, express to Albany. Bally was as good as his word; for in approaching Greenbush the stage was in sight, scarcely a quarter of a mile ahead of us. Mr. Van Benthuyzen and myself ran a foot-race across the river on the ice, and the *Journal* and the *Argus* issued the message in an extra simultaneously."

A paper like the *Albany Evening Journal* probably offered a better fulcrum for a political manager than it would now. At any rate, Mr. Weed seated in the editor's chair was a power behind the throne, and his narrative gives abundant illustration of the activity with which he exercised his power. He believed heartily in the newspaper, and he used it vigorously as a means to an end. In 1841, while in Washington, he learned privately that there was a secret understanding in the Senate, under the lead of the South Carolina senators,

by which the nomination of Everett as minister to England was to be rejected. This information Mr. Weed received when calling, one Sunday evening, upon Senators Mangum, of North Carolina, and Morehead, of Kentucky. He had with him Mr. Christopher Morgan, and all four gentlemen were agreed that such a proceeding would wrong the Whig party. The senators had been under a pledge of secrecy, but had revealed the secret to the other two.

"Both senators," Mr. Weed naively says, "then became disembarassed, and a plan to avert this evil was arranged. Messrs. Mangum and Morehead said that they would either prevent an executive session on Wednesday, or, failing to do so, would get the question on Mr. Everett's confirmation postponed for a week. Meantime, Morgan and myself were to arouse a strong popular sentiment against the 'deep damnation' of rejecting the nomination of the most distinguished citizen for a position to which his eminent talents and character entitled him. We repaired to Morgan's apartment, and set ourselves to work writing 'correspondence' for Whig journals in Raleigh, N. C., Richmond and Winchester, Va., Wilmington, Del., Louisville, Ky., Baltimore, Philadelphia, Trenton, New York, New Haven, Providence, Boston, Albany, etc., followed by brief letters to influential Whigs, asking them to write to all Whig members of Congress with whom they were acquainted, protesting against the contemplated rejection. This labor was completed at sunrise, just in season to get our letters off by the morning mails. The question of Mr. Everett's rejection was laid over for a week. Meantime, indignant 'public opinion' poured in through journals and letters from so many quarters, and with such telling effect, that Mr. Everett's nomination was confirmed, nearly all the Whigs and two or three Northern Democratic senators voting for it. No one except

Messrs. Morehead, Mangum, Morgan, and myself knew what had caused that 'great commotion.' "

There are many disclosures of political secrets in the volume, but the most interesting of all is the general revelation of that species of political manipulation which found its most complete exponent in Mr. Weed, and its most perfect apparatus in the partisan press. The greater part of the volume is a more or less conscious exhibition of this; and no student of our political life can fail to find interest in the story, for it is a personal narrative of a régime which is fast becoming historical and obsolete. Political manœuvring has been bolder and coarser since Mr. Weed's day, and the changes which have taken place in society and government render exactly such a career as his no longer possible. There is an element of picturesqueness in the personal politics of his day which redeems it from grossness, and an individual value in leadership which was in part a tradition from the early days of the republic, when leaders and led were farther apart than they are now.

As the autobiography passes into the later years of Mr. Weed's life, it grows more desultory, but it also deals with larger, more vital subjects. We no longer are confronted by a host of New York village politicians, but by the names of men of historical significance. Very interesting is the whole of Mr. Weed's report of his interviews with Mr. Lincoln; the report, also, of his diplomatic journey to Europe, of his shrewd dealings with Mr. Bennett, when Mr. Lincoln sent him to convert the New York Herald; and the judgments which he passes upon the men who were in affairs are valuable and sometimes surprising. We are a little disappointed at the brief mention of Mr. Greeley; but perhaps this is due in part to the fact that some of the latter portion appeared in the form of letters to The New York Tribune.

The reader rises from this most interesting autobiography with an impression of the growing power of the man whose life is told in it. The polemic character of the early part of the book gives place in the conclusion to the broad, catholic judgment and charity of a man whose years had mellowed him. What was it, we ask, in Mr. Weed's disposition and education which enabled him to pass the test of an active politician's career, and issue unimpaired in conscience and integrity? If a single word can cover the answer, it would be "patriotism." In these later days, we have become used to thinking of the word in connection with the ordeal of battle; but a life like Mr. Weed's shows very clearly what a passion patriotism was in the days when the nation was gathering itself together. We do not think this power of patriotism has been sufficiently recognized in taking account of the national forces forty years ago. The country was not so large; the memory of the men who had established its order was still alive; the parties which strove in conflict had no geographical lines; there were fewer distractions in life, and a keener interest in public affairs. Mr. Weed was a patriot. He believed in his country heart and soul; and while he was a thorough partisan, his party, in his mind, was the servant of the nation. This passion for his country ennobled his political energy and gave it bent and direction. It caused that, after having been a Warwick in New York, he could go to Washington and show himself something more than merely a friend of Mr. Seward. His counsels in the critical time after Mr. Lincoln's first election were the wise counsels of a patriot, and it is entirely just to revise one's judgment of his early career by a reading of his later. No man could have brought the wisdom which Mr. Weed brought to government whose life had been one of political chicanery, for that warps and twists a man's judgment.

How strangely different were the two journalists! Yet they meet on this common ground of patriotism, after all. In a crisis, they were found on the same side; in the movements which led to the crisis they were often opposed. Their modes of working were very different: Mr. Bryant contented himself with the exposition and insistence of a few strong ideas; Mr. Weed was forever working at

his ends through men. The former has more classic dignity, the latter more human picturesqueness. In a great profession like journalism there is room for both characters; and while journalism could not hold the poet, neither could it limit the politician. Later times will furnish other types of journalists, but we doubt if there will ever be more marked contrasts in the types.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THIS confession differs from that of most criminals who are classed under the same head; for whereas house-breakers usually break into houses, I broke out. It was not a difficult exit, for there was no glass to be broken, or any occasion for a burglar's tool-box. The truth is that one night, lately, I could not sleep, and when the eastern sky began to show a tinge of light I seated myself by the window; and by the time the clocks and bells of the neighborhood struck three, I became possessed by a desire to go out-of-doors to watch the coming of the June morning, and to see the world before the sun himself, and to hear the matins of the birds from beginning to end, because I had been at best an unpunctual worshiper at this service. An occasional early waking or late falling asleep had given me a fragment of the music; but it was much like the way a foreign tourist saunters idly in at the door of a cathedral while mass is being performed.

So after I had leaned out of my eastern window for a few minutes longer, and I had heard one sleepy note from the top of an elm not far away, I dressed myself hurriedly, and took my boots in my hand, and prepared to escape. It was no easy matter, for I belong to a household of light sleepers, who are

quick to hear an untimely footfall. I stole carefully by the open doors and down the stairs, remembering fearfully that one was apt to creak, and I hardly took a long breath until I found myself out in the garden.

It was startlingly dark under the trees, and the alarmed shadows appeared to be hovering there as if to discuss the next move, and to find shelter meanwhile. A bat went by me suddenly, and at that I stood still. I had not thought of bats, and of all creatures they seem most frightful and unearthly, — like the flutter of a ghost's mantle, or even the wave and touch of its hand. A bat by daylight is a harmless, crumpled bit of stupidity; but by night it becomes a creature of mystery and horror, an attendant of the powers of darkness. The white light in the sky grew whiter still, and under the thin foliage of a great willow it seemed less solemn. A bright little waning moon looked down through the slender twigs and fine leaves, — it might have been a new moon watching me through an olive-tree; but I caught the fragrance of the flowers, and went on to the garden. I went back and forth along the walks, and I can never tell any one how beautiful it was. The roses were all in bloom, and presently I could detect the different colors. They

were wet with dew, and hung heavy with their weight of perfume; they appeared to be sound asleep yet, and turned their faces away after I had touched them.

Some of the flowers were wide awake, however. One never knows the grace and beauty of white petunias until they have been seen at night, or, like this, early in the morning. It is when the dew has fallen that this delicate flower and mignonette also give out their best fragrance; and if one is lucky enough to be able to add the old-fashioned honey-suckle his garden is odorous indeed. Roses need the sunshine to bring out their full beauties, though when I held my face close to the great wet clusters it seemed to me that I had taken all their store of perfume for the coming day in one long, delicious breath. The white flowers looked whiter still in the pale light, and the taller bushes were like draped figures; and suddenly I was reminded, nobody knows why, of a long walk with some friends through the damp avenues of Versailles, when the leaves were beginning to fall, and the garden of the Little Trianon was gay with blossoms. I remembered most vividly how warm the sunshine was upon the terraces; how empty and silent the pathetic holiday rooms; how we strained our eyes to catch sight of the ghosts who must be flitting before us, and trying to keep out of sight, lest one of us might be a seer of spirits, and might intrude upon their peaceful existence. If there were a little noise in the court-yard, I thought it was the merry servants of a hundred years ago, busy with their every-day duties. The scent of the petunias and geraniums and mignonette was filling all the air. We were only stealing in while the tenants of the house were sleeping, or were away in Paris; we had not even a fear or suspicion of the sorry end. It was a strange jumble of reminiscences, personal and historical, that flitted through my mind,

as I went walking slowly up and down my own New England garden, among the roses, in the middle of the night.

I could not say it was the middle of the night, or still less the dead of night, and have any respect for myself as a truth-teller. It had suddenly become morning. I sat down on one of the garden benches, and watched and listened. A pewee began his solo somewhat despairingly and without enthusiasm, and the song-sparrows tried to cheer him, or at least to make him hurry a little. The bobolinks tuned up, and the golden robins; and presently the solos were over, and the grand chorus began. One joyful robin, who had posted himself on the corner of a roof where I could see him, seemed to have constituted himself leader of the choir, and sang and sang, until I feared for his dear life; one would have thought he had reached bird-heaven before his time. It must have been the dawn of a long-looked-for day with him, at any rate, he was so glad to have it come at last. I remembered the young English soldier whom Howells saw at daybreak in Venice, and like him I hoped that I should know in another world how my robin liked the day's pleasure, after all.

I became very neighborly with a sober-minded toad, that gave an eager scramble from among the flower-deluges, and then sat still on the gravel walk, blinking and looking at me, as if he had made plans for sitting on the garden bench, and I was giving him great inconvenience. He was a philosopher, that fellow; he sat and thought about it, and made his theories about me and about the uncertainty of temporal things. I dare say he comes out every morning, and looks up at the bench, and considers his ambitions and the adverse powers that thwart them, in common with many of his fellow creatures.

The colors of the world grew brighter and brighter. The outline of the trees, and of some distant fields even, became

distinct ; yet it was a strange, almost uncanny light, — it was more like looking through clear water, — and I still expected something out of the ordinary course to happen. I was not continuing my thoughts and plans of the day before, though abruptly I became conscious that one of my friends was awake, and an understanding between us sprang up suddenly, like a flame on the altar to Friendship, in my heart. It was pleasant, after all, to have human companionship, and it was difficult to persuade myself that the mysterious telegraph that was between my friend and me measured so many miles. I thought of one and another acquaintance after this, but only the first was awake and watching at that strange hour ; the rest slept soundly, and with something approaching clairvoyance I could see their sleeping faces and their unconsciousness, as I looked into one shaded room after another. How wonderful the courage is which lets us lie down to sleep unquestioningly, night after night,* and even wait and wish for it ! We have a horror of the drugs that simulate its effect ; we think we are violating and tampering with the laws of nature, and make the false sleep a last resource in illness or a sinful self-indulgence. But in the real sleep, what comes to us ? What change and restoration and growth to the mind and soul matches the physical zest which does us good and makes us strong ? He giveth to his beloved *while sleeping*, is the true rendering from the Psalms.

No wonder that in the early days a thousand follies and fables and legends were based on the dreams and mysteries of sleep. No wonder that we gain confidence to approach the last sleep of all, since we find ourselves alive again morning by morning. And as for the bewildered state into which some of us fall in our later years, is not that like a long darkness and drowsiness, from which the enfeebled mind and body can-

not rouse themselves until the brightest of all mornings dawns ?

The ranks of flowers in my garden took on a great splendor of bloom, as the light grew clearer. After having watched them fade in the grayness of many an evening twilight, it was most lovely to see how the veil was lifted again at daybreak. It seemed as if the quiet June morning ushered in some grand festival day, there were such preparations being made. After the roses, the London pride was most gorgeous to behold, with its brilliant red and its tall, straight stalks. It had a soldierly appearance, as if the flower were out early to keep guard. Twice as many birds as one ever sees in the day-time were scurrying through the air, as though they were late to breakfast, at any rate, and had a crowd of duties to attend to afterward. The grand chorus was over with, though a number of songsters of various kinds kept on with their parts, as if they stayed to practice a while after service, though the rest of the choristers had thrown off their surplices and hurried away.

I had a desire to go out farther into the world, and I went some distance up the street, past my neighbors' houses ; feeling a sense of guilt and secrecy that could hardly be matched. It had been one thing to walk about my own garden, and even to cross the field at the foot of it to say good-morning to a row of elm-trees and the robins in their tops, of which incident I forgot to speak in its proper place. But if any one had suddenly hailed me from a window I should have been inclined to run home as fast as my feet could carry me. In such fashion are we bound to the conventionalities of existence !

But it seemed most wonderful to be awake while everybody slept, and to have the machinery of life apparently set in motion for my benefit alone. The toad had been a comfort, and the thought of my friend even more, if one

will believe it; and besides these, I had become very intimate with a poppy, which had made every arrangement to bloom as soon as the sun rose. As I walked farther and farther from home I felt more and more astray, and as if I were taking an unfair advantage of the rest of humanity. In one house I saw a lamp burning, the light of it paling gradually, and my glimpse of the room gave me a feeling of sadness. It was piteous that no one should know that the night was over, and it was day again. It was like the flicker of the lamp at a shrine, — an undying flame that can lighten the darkness neither of death nor of life; a feeble protest against the inevitable night, and the shadows that no man can sweep away.

A little child cries drearily in a chamber where the blinds are shut, — a tired wail, as if the night had been one of illness, and the morning brought no relief. A great dog lies sleeping soundly in the yard, as if he would not waken these three hours yet. I know him well, good fellow, and I have a temptation to speak to him, to see his surprise; and yet I have not a good excuse. He would simply wonder what made the day so long afterward; and I turn towards home again, lest some other house-breaker might go in where I have come out. A belated pewee, who appears to have overslept himself, sets up his morning song all by himself, and the pigeons, who are famous sleepy-heads, begin to coo and croon, as if they are trying to get themselves asleep again. The cocks crow again once or twice apiece all over town, and it is time to go home. The spell of the dawn is lifted; and though I cannot resist leaping the front fence instead of opening the gate for myself, I am a little dismayed afterward at such singular conduct, and take pains to look up and down the street, to make sure there are no startled passers-by.

The house is still dark, and it seems

hot after the dew and freshness of the out-of-door air; but I draw the bolts carefully, and take off my shoes and steal up-stairs. The east is gorgeous with yellow clouds; the belated pewee is trying to make up for lost time. I hear somebody in the next room give a long sigh, as if of great comfort, and I shut out the dazzling light of the sun, and go to bed again. Presently I hear the mill-bells up and down the river ring out their early call to the tired housekeepers, and I think it is a reluctant rather than a merry peal; and then I say to myself something about to-morrow — no, it is to-day — yes — but this was daylight that was neither to-morrow's nor yesterday's. And so I fall asleep, like all the rest of the world, to wake again some hours later, as much delighted and puzzled with my morning ramble as if it had been a dream.

— I have been considering the relations of the apologizer and the apologizee (if this strange verbal coinage will pass), and I find that my sympathies go out decidedly towards the latter. I do not envy him his momentary ground of vantage, though he certainly has an opportunity of displaying the rarest tact. It depends very greatly upon him whether the effort at reparation of which he is the involuntary object shall result in graceful accomplishment or in ungraceful *contretemps*. If the apologizer hesitate, or become involved in his emotions, it seems to be expected that the apologizee will haste to the rescue, and save the dignity of the occasion. His attitude should never be merely passive and receptive; it should be graciously adjusted between gentle remonstrance and reluctant assent. He should not remain silent; he should not appear to recall with circumstantial accuracy the matter of offense; nor should he seem to have forgotten it wholly, as to do so places the apologist under the painful necessity of re-stating the case. It will not do for the apologizee to take high

stoical ground, and affirm that where no injury is felt no injury exists; for what is this but arrogating a calm and invulnerable self-superiority? He should show himself to have been sufficiently hurt to find comfort in the apologizer's kindly offices; and it will be the height of generous art if he contrive to make the apologizer feel that it is himself who has acted with the utmost magnanimity, — himself who now deserves a handsome acknowledgment. Should I ever meet the genius who wrote the Book of Etiquette, I shall suggest his inserting in the next edition some remarks designed to illustrate the duties and responsibilities resting upon the apologizee. I confess I would be rejoiced to see the apology dropping into desuetude. In most cases, its use is but an aggravation of the original injury, — is, in a measure, "adding insult to injury." It undoubtedly affords considerable relief to the offender to anticipate judgment, to plead guilty, and pronounce sentence for himself; but this is a species of selfishness." If one be heartily sorry for having given offense, surely there will be enough vitality in his persistence to hit upon some terser form of expression than that to be found in words. By the exercise of a little patience and watchfulness, he will at length make his conduct speak intelligible and perfect *amende*. There is something — perhaps we ought to respect it — which, when we would make verbal acknowledgment of our fault, and crave pardon therefor, goes against the grain of nature. It is a curious fact that I never indulge in apology without straightway feeling the need of apologizing for my apology.

— Some months ago a contributor gave an account of the sensitive plant, its nature and habits; but as this account did not include directions as to treatment, it may not be amiss to offer a few suggestions on this head. In our experience, — and we have had several

species under observation at different times, — we have found the tenderness of the plant to be directly increased by any access of tenderness in the care bestowed upon it; on the other hand, we have seen plants rendered wonderfully hardy through a little salutary neglect on the part of the gardener. What, indeed, can you expect of a tenderling, that is kept sheltered as much as possible from all vexing contact, — that the noon sun and stormy elements are not allowed to reach? Perceiving that you expect it to shrink at your touch, while you cry out with admiration of its extreme delicacy, the plant determines never to disappoint your expectation. If its phenomena were uniformly passed by unremarked, such treatment, we believe, would go far towards modifying its unhappy nature. This is one of the instances in which clemency is cruelty; since to humor your sensitive friend is to help confirm him in the error of his ways. If you follow our advice, when the plant exhibits signs of agitation you will not protest that you spoke or acted with the best intention in the world; you will not dwell upon the fact of your continued esteem and affection for the injured one, nor will you denounce yourself for a miserable blunderer. On the contrary, if you can bring yourself to the point of behaving with crispness, — nay, even with some barbarity, — do so, and deserve credit for your courage and candid benevolence. Tell your friend that he is not a sensitive plant, but a nettle, whose irritable papillæ both wound and are wounded, whoever ventures near. If your patient has a right constitution, he will thrive under this heroic treatment, and be grateful, by and by, for the rigor practiced by his physician. The man who labored under the delusion that he was glass, on being restored to sanity, ought not to grumble over the contusions given him in order to dispel his vitreous theory.

— I believe that I am not without the sympathy of many friends when I say that there should be a reform in the custom of making calls. The pleasant fashion of paying an afternoon visit, or spending half an hour of the morning with some friend whom one really wishes to see and to be with, has fallen into sad disgrace. In nine cases out of ten, the people who come to see us do it simply out of ceremony. We wait until our conscience cannot longer bear the thought of the length of the list of society debts, and then start out to strike as many names as possible from the list; feeling that fortune has favored us when we discover that our acquaintances have also chosen that afternoon for being abroad, and that, instead of having comfortable little talks with three or four friends, we have been able to leave our cards at a dozen or fifteen doors.

It is a pity that we do not make this custom a wholly ceremonious one, and conduct it by means of cards. Even with the appointment of one day in a week we find ourselves little helped, though that is much the most sensible way of avoiding the evil of having one's time broken in upon ruthlessly and needlessly every afternoon in the week. A most wise and sympathetic woman was once heard to cry out in despair that she thought nobody had a right to steal her time any more than her money; and that people should no longer come without excuse to stay with her for an hour or two, and with excuse there should be some sort of permission given or appointment made.

If a lady goes much into society, and does her part in receiving guests in her turn, there will inevitably occur some opportunity or other, in the course of the season, when she will meet, either in her own house or in the drawing-rooms of her friends, most of her acquaintances. Those who are not met in this way will either be invalids or busy souls who can spare but little time to pleasure. There

is one other class, — those who are never met except in the exchange of ceremonious visits. Now this seems quite idle, — that we should feel bound to carry on the time-squandering fashion of a mock friendship. We either know people, or we do not; we are either associated and linked with them in some useful and purposeful way, or we are simply feigning it.

The present writer would be the last person to overlook the delights and satisfactions of intercourse with friends, even of stray interviews with our fellow creatures, which give us an opportunity to see the workings and the inner trials and purposes of their lives. Such talks are most helpful and delightful, and may give us a chance of helping and pleasing in our turn. Country life is the better for seeing everything one can of the outside world and of one's associates and neighbors; else it becomes narrowed and selfish. City life should be as much sheltered and keep as much privacy as it can; else it becomes broken and purposeless and unsatisfactory, and at the mercy of idlers and of the thousand demands of every-day life which of necessity assail it. A great deal of our fancied duty to our neighbor and our recognition of her existence can be done by cards, at any rate. There is exactly time enough for those things which are really our duty. We ought to be quick-witted enough to know them as they come, and sensible enough not to fret at the occupations which must be pushed aside.

— It is on a day like this that a poet should come into the world. To be born under such a sky, to open the eyes to such a light, and to draw in with the first breath an air like this, it seems, should be enough to gift and consecrate a soul for the poet's lifelong dream of beauty and of love. It is almost enough to make poets of us who have had no short experience of the rude prose of earthly existence. The memory of the burden

and heat borne through sad and toilsome days is charmed away, and we feel ourselves new born, as it were, into some happier sphere, and rebaptized with a spirit of fresh delight. It cannot but be believed that one source of the joy of the divine life must lie in the exercise of the creative energy that has made and is forever making the beauty of the earth. We human beings have intimations of the same, — poets and painters, I mean, and all who live to express, even imperfectly, what they see and feel of the natural beauty surrounding them, and their imaginative conceptions of the beauty we call ideal. Biographers tell us that poets and painters are no happier than the rest of mankind; that some, indeed, have been far less blessed than commoner men. Surely it was not in virtue of their artistic endowment that they were unhappy, but in spite of it. No doubt a finer sensibility is a two-edged sword, opening opposite ways to pleasures and to pains. The same thing is true of all men according to the measure of their susceptibility; yet what but this capacity for receiving impressions of supersensuous things makes the life of the civilized man more worth having than that of the savage? To have desires after the higher joys, though often ungratified, is better than to exist as the beasts. For a like reason, it is not altogether a pain to feel on such a day as this the stirrings of soul which for the real poet are the prelude to a burst of song, but which for the great majority of the ungifted mean nothing more than to let us know that we are of kin, though far off, with him. The longing to express ourselves, to utter our thoughts, our feelings, — it may be it is not always the restless movement of vanity; who knows but it is the sign of an inner struggle toward the light of an embryonic sense or faculty yet to be developed somewhere, at some time?

The reason why one would be grateful for the gift of artistic utterance on a

day like this is the sense of its beauty as a fleeting thing, that one longs somehow to hold and keep for one's self and others. Summer will be a joy forever to man while the earth endures, but each beautiful day of it is short-lived. The serene blue of the sky, made lovelier by quiet clouds of silver and faint gray; the clear, sweet light and mellow shades; the big bright bees, — it is easy to catalogue these things, but that is not to make them seen and felt. A landscape painter who had the skill to put into his picture the true atmospheric quality of the scene could reproduce a part of it, but he could not give the shifting of the shadows on the hill slopes and the river, nor the passing into one another of the luminous grays and pearly whites of the cloud-heaps. A poet could describe it better; a musician could fill us with the sentiment of the whole. I remember a bit of music of Schumann's, "Mai, lieber Mai," a haunting little melody, which at any moment will bring up all the sweet, half-melancholy longing of early spring. And there are lines, or even single epithets, of the poets that take us out-of-doors at once, and make us feel the air and sunshine, and give us definite vision of place, season, and hour. Here are two clear pictures in half a dozen of Browning's lines: —

"Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,
Miles and miles,
On the solitary pastures where the sheep,
Half asleep,
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight."

"The gray sea and the long black land,
And a yellow half-moon, large and low."

There is a beautiful series of such word pictures in Tennyson's *Palace of Art*; his verse, indeed, is everywhere full of them.

The birds, their flights and their singing, are a part of to-day's deliciousness. I think that hardly even Shelley has sung a bird-flight as it ought to be sung. Is there anything more fascinating than to watch that free, swift taking of the

whole wide air? I positively envy the little creatures, though it is likely their enjoyment of the actual sensation no more than equals our imagination of it. I would like to be a sea-gull, or an eagle, or any bird that visits the high places of the earth, where the barriers and bounds of space seem to be done away with. In reading the poets I like to come on passages that give broad outlooks and large suggestions; they are rarer than pictures of detail. Browning, greatest of modern masters, has them both. If he were a smaller poet, — to utter a commonplace, — he would appear larger in the eyes of many; but when his constant readers note what he can do in certain directions, they understand that if he does no more on those ways it is only because he does not choose; he cares for so many more things than mere picture-making. Others can paint as well as he, but who better than he does sometimes? Take the little song in *Paracelsus*, beginning,

"The river pushes
Its gentle way thro' strangling rushes."

That is one manner; in another and larger one is the passage of the same poem,

"From the east, fuller and fuller
Day, like a mighty river, is flowing in;"

and this from *Two on the Campagna*:

"The champaign, with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere!
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air, —
Rome's ghost since her decease."

There is no lack of companions for our out-of-door excursions, and we may choose them to suit our taste. There is Chaucer, cheerful as the sunshine, ready to enliven the way with tale-telling; Cowper for those who like his wild society; and Wordsworth for those who do not object to his sermonizing tendency. There are our own hearty Lowell and Emerson and Whittier, who can tell us secrets of out-door nature as well as of the nature of humankind. It is said of Rossetti by his friend Mr. Watts that he

had no genuine affection for the natural world, — a strange want in a poet who nevertheless has sometimes noted natural effects with a keen perception and a fine and firm reproductive touch. Mr. Watts, it seems to me, must be right in ascribing to this defect in Rossetti's nature some part of his morbid melancholy. It is a rather curious affiliation that some have found between this poet and Keats, who loved Nature, though with small opportunity for knowing her. To digress a little, I lately read an essay on *The Grand Style* in poetry, in which notably fine examples of this style were given from Milton, Matthew Arnold, — whose verse, by the way, has at times a fine out-door quality, — and others. Rossetti might have furnished the writer with one or two noteworthy instances, as in the little poem of *The Sea Limits* and the sonnet called *Retro me, Sathana*. It seemed strange that Browning, too, should not have been cited in this connection, since his poetry assuredly contains passages which would have illustrated the writer's theme. Browning's manner is often wanting in the composure which is one of the marks of the style called "the grand," but for the reason that he is commonly speaking not out of his own personality, but dramatically, through that of a fictitious character. The writer denied to Shelley the possession of a grand style, except in one or two instances, such as the closing lines of *Alastor*. However that may be, Shelley, too, is an out-of-door poet, in his own peculiar fashion. He spent much of his time, we know, among woods and waters, that often furnished the direct inspiration of his verse. His poetry would seem to show that he had more affinity with the elements of the natural world than with humanity; not that his love for his kind was not both genuine and deep, but in his verse human nature is treated always in the large, and more in the abstract than the concrete. As

he writes in one of the letters lately collected in a volume of the Parchment Library, "As to real flesh and blood, you know I don't deal in those articles; you might as well go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton as expect anything human or earthly from me." He is speaking here in reference to his *Episychidion*, but what he says applies more generally. To go abroad with Shelley is somewhat like getting into a balloon for an excursion in mid-air, or being invited to climb with him to some tremendous elevation, whence he will show us all the kingdoms of the world, ancient and new. Since he will probably begin straightway to declaim against these and pour shame on all their glory, some of us may not care to undertake these more formidable expeditions in his company; in which case, we can suggest his leading us instead to the hidden abode of the beautiful Witch of Atlas, or taking us with him in his boat for a sail upon the *Serchio*.

— It promised to be a hot day, when, having waked half breathless at a very early hour, I looked out at the sky. A still, noontide heat (painted dark) pervaded the air. Those old associates of the long winter nights, the *Pleiades*, *Taurus*, and *Orion*, seemed strangely astray in that sultry heaven. Not a frosty shaft or piercing eye-glance from any of the troop; instead, I thought of hot coals dully glowing through ashes, or of "seeds of fire" sown in smoke. There was little heralding of the morn-ing on the part of the birds; only a faint voice here and there, listlessly protesting at the prospect of heat. The trees were as motionless in all their branches as though an enchanter's wand were held over them. The sun came up so fiercely thirsty that all the dew scarcely availed to slake his very earliest beams. But before long, more than one flower had drooped its devoted head, like another *Hyacinth* wounded by the golden quoit. Even the brave

and hardy grass appeared to lose vital color, and to shrink under the steady glare.

On such a day the birds are silent, yet there is no lack of musicians to fill up the rests. Chief among these substitutes is the harvest-fly (often called locust).

"He takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights."

I should not wonder, indeed, if this be the very insect which *Anacreon* hailed as "happy;" it is certainly "fleshless" and "bloodless," and has its habitation in a tree, in which particulars it corresponds with the subject of the ancient ode. Just at the climax of its harsh roundelay, the harvest-fly throws in a few notes imitating the chirp of the smallest and shrillest of the sparrow tribe. I could fancy the fervid, incessant sound had a heating effect upon the atmosphere; that, as the insect mounts his scales, the thermometric current rises accordingly. The tremolo to the ear is repeated to the eye in the constant quivering seen above distant fields, the air seeming to be pierced through and through with keen stilettos of sound.

Insect life asks only for a sunshine holiday; no hour so hotly shining that it cannot be improved. From my place in the shade, I watch with lazy interest the career of a large butterfly, — a rich *Ethiopian*, with gorgeous decorations. In the parched and discouraged garden, only one flower offers him any attraction: this is a poor, stunted, crimson *verbena*, about which *Sir Butterfly* hovers for an instant, and then is off on a zigzag tour of the garden. Wherever he goes, he always returns to keep tryst with the flattered *verbena*, as who should say, "I find nothing so sweet as you; you are indeed my none-such." Also, as I sit under my favorite tree, and look up at its goodly canopy, studying its scalloped and pointed border, I be-

come curiously interested in the company of flies hovering under the branches. These insects appear to be ranged along an imaginary barrier, and to be beaten back whenever they attempt to cross it; or one might suppose they are each held by an invisible string, which pulls them in check when they have gone its full length. I would like much to know the purpose of these mysterious hoverings, which the observer finds after a while to be exceedingly sleep-inducing.

At noon, when our tent of shadows has contracted to the utmost, and when all nature seems to be patiently enduring, how still is the world about us, or through what a somnolent medium all sounds reach us! The cicada chorus has become pleasantly droning and confused; "that flying harp, the honey-bee," passes us with a lulling air; as in a grotesque dream, we find ourselves listening to the conversational tones of the poultry, and discovering a wonderful likeness to human parley in the *sotto voce* remarks exchanged by chattering and partlet over their noonday meal. Or perhaps in the distance we hear the moaning of a threshing-machine; a sound which is like the wind breathing through a crevice, a first forerunner of autumn, a good accompaniment for a Lityerses or Linus song, or other lament at the passing of the season. It is a still world to the eye, also, no wind stirring grass or foliage; any moving object far away in the fields being quickly remarked. The whisking of tails, where the cows are fighting flies in yonder pasture, is rather absurdly conspicuous, in the utter quiet of the landscape.

Ninety in the shade! The birds ought long ago to have retired to the densest woodlands they know of, the fish to the deepest root-roofed recesses of the creek, and the crab to the very bottom of his dam's cellar. Are they all under shelter? It is well; there was no time to lose.

"Hither rolls the storm of heat;
I feel its finer billows beat
Like a sea which me infolds."

Thus sings the poet of all serenity. I may some time have questioned crudely the fitness of the storm figure, but do so no longer; for I am convinced the dynamic marks were well put in.

— In this country, where traveling is not always interesting, especially in the Western country, where the day's journeys are like reading one page of a book over and over, it is a good plan to consider a comfortable method of spending one's time. Reading is the first and best way of occupying the mind; but many persons cannot read in the fast-moving and jarring railway train without serious damage to their eyesight. Everybody does not find games with cards agreeable. I for one hold that nothing can possibly be duller. I always get thinking of something else, and have to be reminded when it is my turn to play.

Sometimes I take it upon myself to name all my fellow travelers, and this is no such trifling undertaking as one might suppose it to be. There is always a certain correspondence between a man and his name. He grows to resemble it more and more. It is not that one learns to associate the two; for it is sometimes possible to guess what the name is, after a careful survey and consideration of the person's appearance. Whether christening is a greater responsibility than has been believed, and a name is a sort of rudder which steers us through life, is, to say the least, an unsettled question. It is very good fun to try to recall some former journey, and follow one's self through its successive stages; but many persons only find amusement in looking out of the windows, and idly taking note of the scenery and inhabitants. Some one once invented a railway game at which two can play together, or several persons can take sides. It is certainly a good

way to beguile a weary hour for impatient children. One chooses one side of the railway, and one the other, and counts two for a red cow, two for a spotted one, three for a horse, and four for a dog, and so on, with high numbers attached to improbable beasts or birds. It is needless to say that it is an excellent sum in addition, and that the one who gets the highest number in an hour wins the game. It really grows exciting toward the last, for the one who is ahead may be hindered by an unpopulated waste of water, alongside the track, and during the passing of it his opponent catches up triumphantly.

My own favorite diversion is trying to see a freight car marked with a certain number. I have never succeeded in finding it, after several years of search. I do not know why I chose 4711, which is the well-known number of a brand of cologne water; but having once done so, I shall never spend even a half hour on the railroad without hoping to see it. Once, in London, I saw the mystic figures on a hansom cab, and it gave me great satisfaction. I think all the 4711 freight cars have found me out, and have escaped together to Texas, or some far corner of the country, where I am not likely to go.

—Not long ago, after reading Kit Marlowe's *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, I turned to *The Nymph's Reply*, by the Philosophic Muse of Raleigh, and read that also. While meditating the two, I became aware that a third voice, light, inconsequent, and yet not without its note of sincere regret, had joined the musical dialogue. The voice and the mood it uttered; the troublous self-consciousness; the desire yet inability to return to first principles; the wistful regard toward Arcadia, crossed by a humorous sense of having outgrown the prime conditions of Arcadian life, — all seemed strangely familiar, and I have since concluded that what I heard must have been

THE REPLY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

ACROSS the ages, blithe and clear,
I hear thy song, O shepherd dear!
Thy suit I hear, and sigh, alas,
That words so sweet must vainly pass.
I cannot come and live with thee, —
Shepherd, thy love I cannot be:
For thou art constant, plain, and true;
I, fond of all that's strange and new, —
Exotic gardens, gems of price,
And trappings rich and skilled device,
And speed that vies with winged winds,
Yet runs too slow for vanward minds!
Soon would I drain thy promised joys,
Soon would despise thy country toys;
In each thy gifts would find some flaw:
A posied cap, a belt of straw,
A lamb's-wool gown, a kirtle fine,
Not long would please such heart as mine.
Thy trilling birds would soon become
So irksome I should wish them dumb,
And in the tinkling waterfall
I'd hear but vexed spirits call.
With Gorgon looks I'd turn to rocks
Thy merry fellows and their flocks.
Shouldst thou a bed with roses strew,
And line it with the poppy, too,
Thy tenderest care would never do, —
Some hateful thorn would still prick through!
In riddles I would ever speak,
And puzzle thee with whim and freak.
I am distrustful, veering, sad;
With subtle tongue I'd drive thee mad:
And so, for very love of thee,
Shepherd, thy love I will not be!

— While the veteran reader of newspapers scans with satisfaction the bristling column of telegraphic news, does he ever reflect that, since his paper was issued, other dispatches, some of them quite contradictory to previous ones, have been arriving; and that even as these were being communicated by the wires decisive events were "transpiring," soon to be reduced to telegraphic terms, and startle the world with their novelty and unexpectedness? 'Tis not probable that the reader of newspapers troubles himself with any such absurd speculation, making the printed sheet stale while still damp from the press. Yet the thoughtful subscriber to the *Times* and the *Eternities* habitually reads with this cautious reservation; interpreting relatively, not absolutely, the engaging caption "latest dispatches."

"Every hour adds unto the current arithmetic, which scarce stands a moment." Every hour brings fresh intelligence, compared with which the bulletins of an hour ago seem trivial and irrelevant. The commissioner may make a faithful but not an exhaustive report on any given subject; one comes after him who has made more recent investigation, or whose eye was opened to see what he could not see. Later advices are always arriving. Our after-thoughts are an infinite series. Just as we think we have made a complete inventory of our cogitations, and are about to submit the list, comes up something pat and close related, which we cannot afford to count out. It is a lame result that gives a remainder greater than the divisor. I suppose that the writer of an elaborate volume might subscribe *FINIS* with as haunting a sense of the incompleteness of his work as he might have who had treated the same subject in a

single brief essay. These later advices are very insistent. The naturalist cannot write the biography of a flower, a bird, or an insect, but the next day some of the creature's neighbors will be dropping in with bits of interesting gossip about the biographee; or, worse yet, with denials of certain statements contained in the history. Long after he had finished the poem, the poet heard the muses singing "complemental verses," which, to have heard before in their proper sequence, he would have given all his laureate hire. Condense as we may, there are always some volatile and delicate atoms of philosophy or of fancy that escape the condensing process. Sublimated in some mysterious way, they afterwards fall in clear crystalline grains, but too late to serve our special purpose. It scarcely becomes us to treat contemptuously half-truths, when we get all our truths in fractional remittances at uncertain intervals.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History. The series of *The Navy in the Civil War* (Scribners) is continued by *The Atlantic Coast*, by Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, and *The Gulf and Inland Waters*, by Commander A. T. Mahan. The former naturally treats of the two great centres on the Atlantic, Port Royal and the North Carolina coast; and Admiral Ammen had the advantage of commanding a vessel in the battle of Port Royal, and also of being present in the two bombardments of Fort Fisher. Commander Mahan's volume treats of the Mississippi Valley, the battles of New Orleans, Vicksburg, Grand Gulf, and Mobile, and also of operations on the Texas shore and on the Red River. — From Gettysburg to the Rapidan, by Brigadier-General Andrew A. Humphreys (Scribners), was intended originally to form a portion of the author's volume in the Campaigns of the Civil War, but was omitted because of the bulk of that volume. It is a compact narrative, with almost no comment. — *English Towns and Districts* is the title which Mr. E. A. Freeman gives to a volume in which he has collected about thirty papers, contributed originally to the *Saturday Review* and other journals and magazines. (Macmillan.) They are special studies illustrative

of early English and Welsh history, and are of archaeological interest chiefly. There are several illustrations from Mr. Freeman's own drawings and from photographs. — Mr. George Meade issues through Porter and Coates a pamphlet upon the question, Did General Meade desire to retreat at the Battle of Gettysburg? which is a vigorous reply to the assertions which have their latest presentation in General Doubleday's volume, in the Campaign series. — *The Brooklyn Bridge* is a reprint, in Harper's Franklin Square Library, of historical and descriptive papers previously published in Harper's periodicals. — *The Puritan Conspiracy against the Pilgrim Fathers* and the Congregationalist Church in 1624 is a pamphlet, by John A. Goodwin (Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston), which treats of Lyford and Oldham, and their underhand attempts to capture the Plymouth Colony.

Poetry. An *Idyl of the War*, *The German Exiles* and other Poems, by Ellwood L. Kemp (Potter, Philadelphia), draws chief inspiration from the Pennsylvania Germans. We should like the author to try the effect of printing his *Idyl of the War* as prose, and see what minute changes only

would be required. It could be read aloud without creating any suspicion that it was blank verse. — *Pedantic Versicles*, by Isaac Flagg (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is a little volume of verse by a student in the ancient classics, who has sometimes amused himself, sometimes touched his lyre with more serious intent. We doubt if he sets a high value on his *jeux d'esprit*, but he would have a right to linger a little, as we have done, over his first song of Eros. — *Poems Antique and Modern*, by Charles Leonard Moore (John E. Potter, & Co., Philadelphia), has all the attractiveness of print and binding which an author can well desire. It is made agreeable to the eye and hand, and the smoothness of the verse agrees with the externals. Even the taste gets its satisfaction, as in the line,

"And jellied treasures of some summer task."

— *Poems, Songs, and Ballads*, by X. Y. Z., is a quarto pamphlet, printed by Frank N. Pettit at Jarvis, somewhere in Canada, apparently. While looking for the poetry we came across some good advice to parents as to their treatment of children: —

"And should another in a plight,
Caused by a tumble or a fight,
Startle you with a gory nose,
And soiled and even tattered clothes,
Chastise him not with hand or cane,
For he has quite sufficient pain."

— *Catiline*, an historical play in three acts, and *The Rival Runners*, a farce in one act, by Arthur J. O'Hara, are published in a little pamphlet, by Stephen Mearns, New York. — *Poems of History* (M. W. Ellsworth & Co., Detroit) is an anthology, chosen and annotated by Henry A. Ford, in which are collected poems by the most famous poets of all ages, relating to most notable nations, eras, events, and characters of the past, from the time of Adam to the year 1883. So reads the title-page. The design is a good one, but in trying to cover all the period from Adam to Peter Cooper the compiler has sometimes sacrificed his idea of securing the most famous poets.

Biography. In the series of English Philosophers (Putnams) the latest volume is Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, by Thomas Fowler. The close relation of the writings of the two men is the reason for treating them in a composite volume. The author recognizes the secondary place which they occupy in a history of philosophy, but justly contends that secondary men have played too important a part in the development of special phases of philosophy to be left in neglect. — *Twelve Americans*, their lives and times, is a volume of biographical sketches, by Howard Carroll (Harpers), of men eminent in various professions, when the biographies first appeared in the columns of the New York Times. Mr. Carroll appears to have followed his own taste in collecting sketches of Seymour, C. F. Adams, Cooper, Hamlin, Gilbert, Schenck (not the Bitters Schenck), Douglass, Allen, Thurman, Jefferson, E. B. Washburne, and Stephens. From the nature of the work it is necessarily somewhat eulogistic in tone, as well as limited by the fact that the subjects were living when their lives were written; but the style is ani-

mated, and Mr. Carroll supplies the reader with many suggestive facts. — In the serial *Topics of the Time* (Putnams), the second number is devoted to *Studies in Biography*, and contains seven papers from English reviews, upon Gambetta, Swift, Miss Burney, Wilberforce, George Sand, and other topics. The editor might do good service by making up his numbers from obscure journals, special pamphlets, and small books, more commonly found in England than here. — *George Sand*, by Bertha Thomas, is the third in the series of *Famous Women*. (Roberts.) There is added also a paper by Justin McCarthy, reprinted from *The Galaxy*. Miss Thomas does not trouble herself to use much discrimination in her eulogy. — *The Life of Schiller*, by Heinrich Düntzer, translated by Percy E. Pinkerton (Macmillan), is a full and orderly biography, abundantly illustrated by wood-cuts, and is every way acceptable; for English readers as well as German have lacked the completeness of knowledge about Schiller which they have had about Goethe.

Literature and Criticism. *Studies in Literature* is the title of a number of the serial *Topics of the Time* (Putnams), which contains half a dozen papers drawn from English reviews upon American Literature in England, — *The Bollandists*, *The Humorous in Literature*, and other subjects. — A second edition has been published of W. Y. Selar's work on *Virgil* (Macmillan), which was designed originally as one of a series of the *Roman Poets of the Augustan Age*, but has never been followed by a Horace, although, as our readers know, the author has published a most acceptable work on the *Roman Poets of the Republic*. This volume is a critical and biographical work on Virgil, the critical element greatly predominating, and occasion is taken to discuss freely other aspects of Latin literature. — *Two volumes of Essays*, by F. W. H. Myers, have been published (Macmillan): one devoted to classic subjects, and treating of Greek oracles, Virgil, and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus; the other to modern subjects, which are chiefly literary, although theology and history are incidentally treated in a paper on *Ecce Homo* and Mazzini. Mr. Myers is always a thoughtful and earnest writer, and the reader of these essays will be made to perceive the character of the best contemporary criticism in England. — *The Greek and Latin Inscriptions on the Obelisk-Crab* in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, is a monograph in scholarship by Augustus C. Merriam, adjunct professor of Greek in Columbia College. (Harpers.) It is in the form of a report to President Barnard.

Travel. From the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules is a volume of observations on Spain, its history and people, by Henry Day (Putnams), who carries to Spain no special equipment for bringing back the best which Spain offers. There is a commonplaceness about the work which seems unnecessary in these days of really good travel-writing.

Theology, Philosophy, and Morals. *The Lamb in the Midst of the Throne*, or the History of the Cross, is an octavo volume of five hundred pages, by James M. Sherwood. (Funk & Wagnalls, New

York.) It is the work of an old clergyman, no longer in pastoral service, who was once editor of *Hours at Home*, and undertakes to pass in review the philosophy of redemption. Mr. Sherwood sees everything in literature and art around him going wrong; he believes in a future redemption of the world, but somehow fails to discover any of the redemptive process now going on, simply because his own traditional conception of the redemptive power is not so generally accepted as he could wish. But a theology which has the remoteness of Mr. Sherwood's interpretation does not seem a ground of immediate hope.

Social Economy. Handbook for Hospitals, (Putnams) is an issue by the State Charities Aid Association, and is intended to give in compact form the latest and most sensible hints regarding the structure and care of hospitals, with special reference to the needs of small towns and villages. The book will do good, and we hope it may help to establish a preference for small hospitals in the place of great caravanseries. — The Engineering News Publishing Co. of New York has issued Statistical Tables from the history and statistics of American water-works, compiled by J. J. R. Cross, consisting of an alphabetical list of towns which have a public water supply, with the number of population, date of construction of works, by whom owned, source and mode of supply, cost of works, bonded debt, rate of interest, and officers of works. — The Control of Defective Sight on Land and Sea, with especial reference to the subject of color-blindness, is a résumé of what has been done in this country and abroad toward arriving at proper legislative action. It is a pamphlet issued from the office of The Railway Review, Chicago, and containing the editorial articles which have appeared in that journal upon the subject. The editor urges legislative action, and insists that the railways are powerless without it.

Text-Books and Education. Mr. Rolfe has ac-

companied his school Shakespeare with two volumes upon the same plan, devoted, one to the Sonnets, the other to the Poems. It can hardly be said, however, that they belong to a school edition, for he has published *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece* without change. — Two Shakespeare Examinations, with some remarks on the class-room study of Shakespeare, by William Taylor Thom (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is a most interesting volume, illustrative of work done by young women in a Southern college, and full of suggestion to teachers and students. The book has also a pathetic interest, delicately hinted at by the author and editor. — A Robinson Crusoe for schools has been edited by W. H. Lambert. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The editing has been in the omission of some parts and condensation of others, as well as in the expurgation of gross terms and allusions. These last, however, are exceedingly few. We should treat with more suspicion the editor's statement that "the long and involved sentences which characterize the writers of the age of Defoe have been cast into a simpler form, while the diction of the author has been carefully preserved;" but we welcome so good an addition to school-books as a cheap Robinson Crusoe.

Fiction. In the No Name series (Roberts), the latest volume is *Princess Amélie*, which is in the form of an autobiography; the scene being laid in the French Revolution. — In the Round Robin series (Osgood), *His Second Campaign* is a story of North and South: the first campaign having been of war, the second of love. — *Those Pretty St. George Girls* (Peterson) is a silly story of so-called English society. — In the Transatlantic series (Putnams), *Her Sailor Love*, by Katharine S. Macquoid, may be commended on the score of the author's name. — *X. Y. Z.* is a detective story, by Anna Katharine Green (Putnams), wherein a mystery is propounded, deepened, and solved in less than a hundred pages.

SEPTEMBER, 1883

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Esoteric Buddhism.



NOT long since appeared a book on "The Occult World," which attracted no little attention. Its author, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, President of the Simla Theosophical Society, in India, by virtue of this connection, has come into possession of what he regards as the key to the mysteries of Buddhism. In the preface to his new book, entitled "Esoteric Buddhism," he says: "The teachings embodied in the present volume let in a flood of light on questions connected with Buddhist doctrine which have deeply perplexed previous writers on that religion, and offer to the world for the first time a practical clue to the meaning of almost all ancient religious symbolism." A work on such a theme, and presenting such claims, cannot fail to attract the attention of those, not a few, who take special interest in the questions it discusses and the mysteries it illuminates. And even if it does not accomplish all that the author claims, it can hardly fail to suggest much for which students of ancient faiths and symbols will be grateful.

Jones Very's Poems.

Early in May the late Rev. Charles T. Brooks of Newport, whose character and literary labors entitle him to long and loving remembrance, wrote to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company as follows:—

I hail with inexpressible pleasure the long-expected appearing of Jones Very's Poems, especially in the bright and lovely form you have generously given them. It seems to me incredible that these heavenly strains, so long ago welcomed by many of our first singers and seers, should not now at last begin

to find a fast-growing circle of appreciative listeners. Some of Very's sonnets have always impressed me as finer than any since Shakespeare's. Wonderful is their union of deep and lofty thought and feeling with an unlabored simplicity, sweet as the note of a bird.

Mr. Whittier says of this book:—

I am much pleased with Mr. Andrews' memoir of Jones Very and the remarkable poems of that singular genius. They recall

the poems of Herrick and Vaughan, and many of them are equal to the best of those old writers.

Rev. George Batchelor, of Chicago, says:—

I believe the book to be one of the most remarkable lately printed. These poems ought to have immediate currency, and will, if this generation has any poetic insight. Some of the sonnets seem to me as nearly perfect as human speech can ever be.

Thought, feeling, form, are combined in such delicate and faultless proportions that I do not see how they can be improved. It seems to me they have never been surpassed, and that they will live with the works of the immortals.

English Opinion of "But Yet a Woman."

The London *Academy* of June 30 contains a notice of Mr. Hardy's very successful novel "But Yet a Woman." "In Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy," it says, "America has produced another subtle analyst of character. . . . The book is a very far-reaching analysis of thought and passion. The

author's drawing of character is the drawing of a master. . . . The local color of 'But Yet a Woman' is perfect. The characters speak and act just as Frenchmen and Frenchwomen would act. If the author has nothing but Saxon blood in his veins, this exact reproduction of the thoughts and manners of France is a mystery."

Zschokke's Meditations.

The new edition of this religious classic has met with a cordial welcome. *The Churchman* of New York says of it:—

It passed through forty editions in Germany, and was received with favor by persons of all creeds, such was its sound morality, though it was an exposition of modern rationalism. It was a favorite work with the late Prince Albert, and after his death, the "Meditations on Death and Eternity" were, at the request of Queen Victoria, translated into English, and they were published with an intimation that they had "been selected for translation by one to whom in deep and overwhelming sorrow they had proved a source of comfort and edification." They had a larger circulation than the Queen contemplated. Miss Rowan then translated and published another volume of selections from the "Stunden der Andacht," and they appeared in a volume with the title, "Meditations on Life

and Its Religious Duties." The present volume has combined the two works in one. It is an entirely new edition, printed from new type, and it will be welcome to many readers, and especially to those who have endured affliction and sorrow, and who love to meditate upon the "Last Things." This work of Zschokke's has long been regarded as a classic, and needs no description or praise. It has formed a part of many devotional libraries, and has led the thoughts of men not only to the rod, but to Him who hath appointed it. We do not doubt but it will have a wide circulation, and many a heart will remember with gratitude that fellowship of suffering in the royal heart which unlocked for them such a well of consolation.

American Statesmen.

The popular and critical appreciation of this series increases with the appearance of each new volume. Speaking of Mr. Morse's "Thomas Jefferson," and Mr. Lodge's "Daniel Webster," *The Examiner*, of New York, says:—

These two volumes are valuable additions to the series of which they are a part. In style, accuracy, sound judgment and fresh-

ness, they are not exceeded by any books of their kind.

The Nation remarks:—

More readable books than the editor's (Mr. Morse's) Adams and Jefferson we have seldom taken up. In vigor of style, selection and arrangement of details, and unity of

narrative, there is little left to be desired. In comparison with the common run of biographies, the subject stands out like a portrait by a master beside a colored photograph.

The Hartford Courant observes of Mr. Lodge's "Daniel Webster:"—

A very satisfactory presentation of the great orator. The author apprehends the great size of the man, but he analyzes with uncommon discrimination the elements of

his greatness, and shows his limitations, and the directions in which his extraordinary power lay. It seems to us the best estimate that has ever been made of the man.

The Independent observes:—

The "American Statesmen" series is rapidly developing into a complete survey of

the early political history of the American Union.

One of the Departments at Washington has ordered fifty sets of this Series.

Dr. Holmes's Medical Essays.

This book is, of course, especially interesting to members of the medical profession; but it is also rendered very engaging to all intelligent readers

by qualities aptly described in the following paragraph from the New York Tribune:—

The charm of Dr. Holmes's manner, which is not merely an affair of literary style but the expression of a genial temperament, is hardly less conspicuous in his serious professional essays than in the lighter and freer papers by which he has so often captivated the "general reader." This pervading person seems indeed to be pretty often in the doctor's thoughts. Grave professional opinions are adroitly accommodated to his tastes and capacity. Dr. Holmes detests pedantry; and when he can express his meaning in plain English he is sure not to fall into scientific affectations. "I hope we shall make everything as plain and simple to you as we can," he says in one of his lectures. "I know there are professors in this country who 'ligate' arteries. Other surgeons only tie them, and it stops the bleeding just as

well." Often he makes a quasi-humorous metaphor do duty for a technical explanation. He is speaking for instance of catalytic action or that mysterious chemical phenomenon in which an inert substance by its mere presence causes union to take place between two other substances: "It has played the part of the unwedded priest," he remarks, "who marries a pair without taking a fee or having any further relation with the parties;" and later he refers to the action of catalysis in the process of digestion "as being one of those peculiar reactions provoked by an element which stands outside and looks on without compromising itself." The effect of this method is to make the addresses and essays interesting, intelligible, and easily remembered.

Dr. Hayes's Arctic Boat Journey.

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The New Theology.

Mr. Munger's book, entitled "The Freedom of Faith," attracts very general and marked attention, as was inevitable from the character of the work. It is not a commonplace book, but rouses and stimulates whoever reads it, and is destined to be one of the noted books of the time. The *Literary World* says:—

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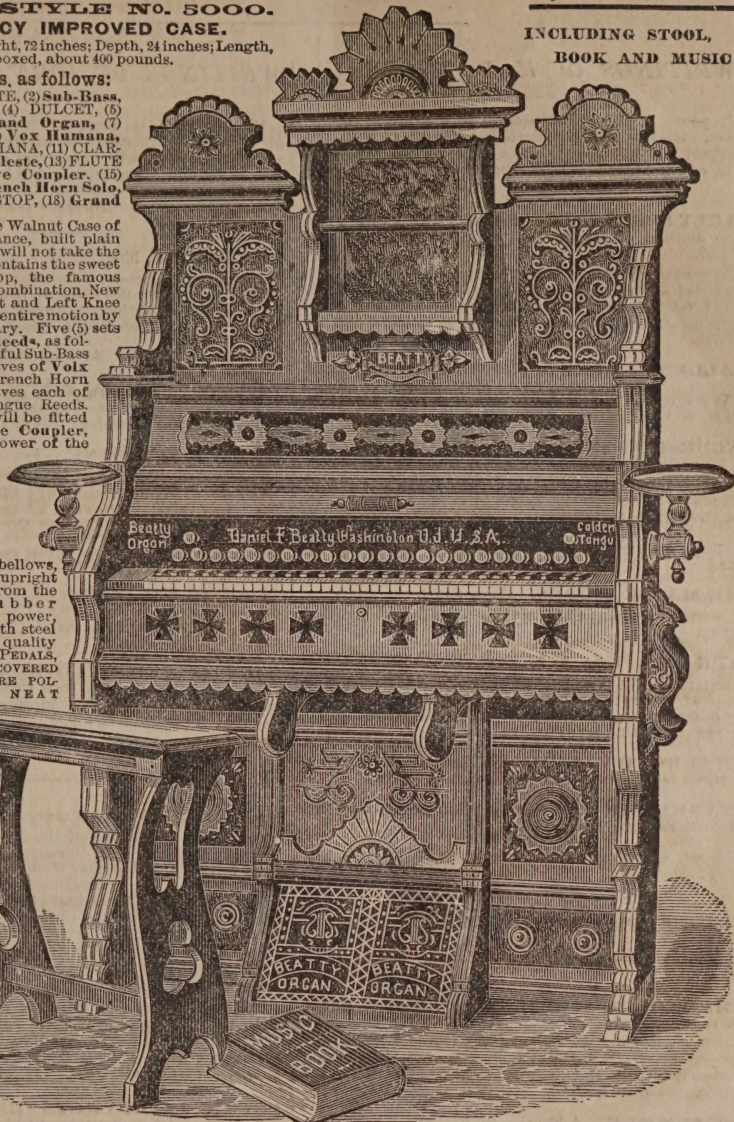
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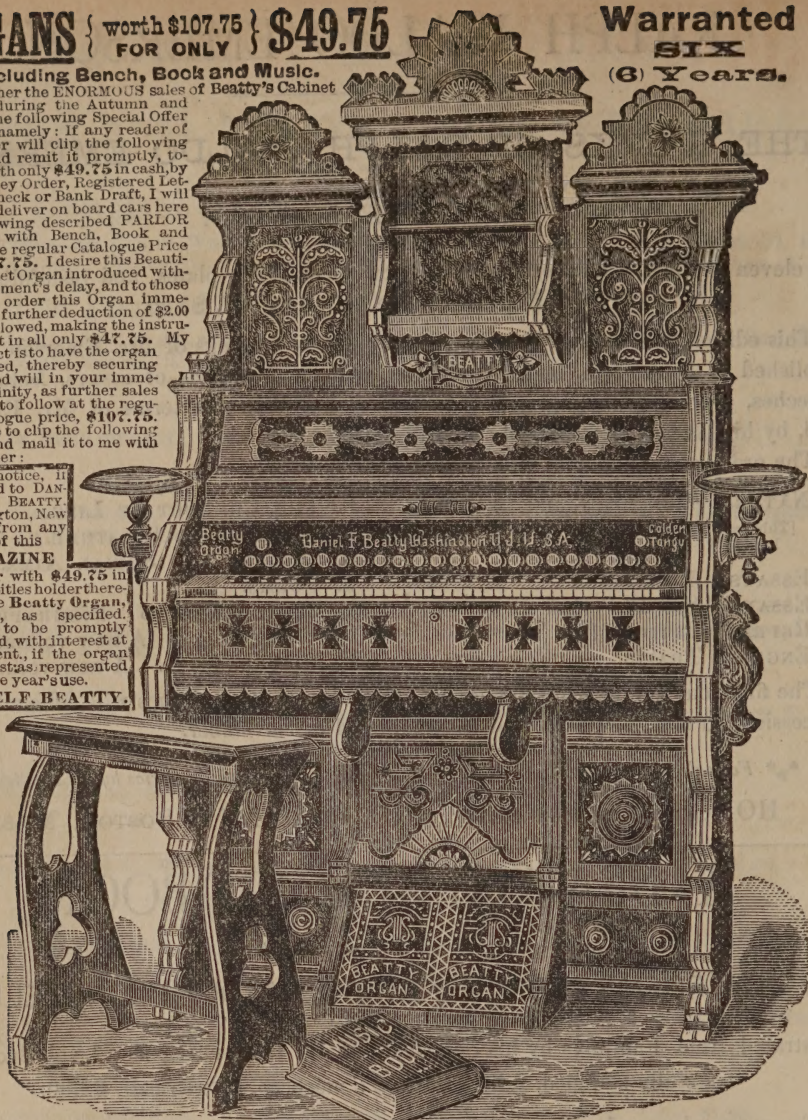
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A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LII. — OCTOBER, 1883. — No. CCCXII.

A ROMAN SINGER.

VII.

ON the day following Nino's *début*, Maestro Ercole de Pretis found himself in hot water, and the choristers at St. Peter's noticed that his skull-cap was awry, and that he sang out of tune; and once he tried to take a pinch of snuff when there was only three bars' rest in the music, so that instead of singing C sharp he sneezed very loud. Then all the other singers giggled, and said, "Salute!" — which we always say to a person who sneezes — quite audibly.

It was not that Ercole had heard anything from the Graf von Lira as yet; but he expected to hear, and did not relish the prospect. Indeed, how could the Prussian gentleman fail to resent what the maestro had done, in introducing to him a singer disguised as a teacher? It chanced, also, that the contessina took a singing lesson that very day in the afternoon, and it was clear that the reaping of his evil deeds was not far off. His conscience did not trouble him at all, it is true, for I have told you that he has liberal ideas about the right of marriage; but his vanity was sorely afflicted at the idea of abandoning such a very noble and creditable pupil as the Contessina di Lira. He applauded himself for furthering Nino's wild schemes, and he blamed himself for being so reckless about his own interests. Every

moment he expected a formal notice from the count to discontinue the lessons. But still it did not come, and at the appointed hour Ercole's wife helped him to put on his thick winter coat, and wrapped his comforter about his neck, and pulled his big hat over his eyes, — for the weather was threatening, — and sent him trudging off to the Palazzo Carmandola.

Though Ercole is stout of heart, and has broad shoulders to bear such burdens as fall to his lot, he lingered long on the way, for his presentiments were gloomy; and at the great door of the palazzo he even stopped to inquire of the porter whether the contessina had been seen to go out yet, half hoping that she would thus save him the mortification of an interview. But it turned out otherwise: the contessina was at home, and De Pretis was expected, as usual, to give the lesson. Slowly he climbed the great staircase, and was admitted.

"Good-day, Sor Maestro," said the liveried footman, who knew him well. "The Signor Conte desires to speak with you to-day, before you go to the signorina."

The maestro's heart sank, and he gripped hard the roll of music in his hand as he followed the servant to the count's cabinet. There was to be a scene of explanation, after all.

The count was seated in his great arm-chair, in a cloud of tobacco smoke, reading a Prussian military journal. His stick leaned against the table by his side, in painful contrast with the glittering cavalry sabres crossed upon the dark red wall opposite. The tall windows looked out on the piazza, and it was raining, or just beginning to rain. The great inkstand on the table was made to represent a howitzer, and the count looked as though he were ready to fire it point-blank at any intruder. There was an air of disciplined luxury in the room, that spoke of a rich old soldier who fed his fancy with titbits from a stirring past. De Pretis felt very uncomfortable, but the nobleman rose to greet him, as he rose to greet everything above the rank of a servant, making himself steady with his stick. When De Pretis was seated he sat down also. The rain pattered against the window.

"Signor De Pretis," began the count, in tones as hard as chilled steel, "you are an honorable man." There was something interrogative in his voice.

"I hope so," answered the maestro modestly; "like other Christians, I have a soul" —

"You will your soul take care of in your leisure moments," interrupted the count. "At present you have no leisure."

"As you command, Signor Conte."

"I was yesterday evening at the theatre. The professor you recommended for my daughter is with the new tenor one person." De Pretis spread out his hands and bowed, as if to deprecate any share in the transaction. The count continued, "You are of the profession, Signor De Pretis. Evidently, you of this were aware."

"It is true," assented Ercole, not knowing what to say.

"Of course is it true. I am therefore to hear your explanation disposed." His gray eyes fastened sternly on the

maestro. But the latter was prepared, for he had long foreseen that the count would one day be disposed to hear an explanation, as he expressed it.

"It is quite true," repeated De Pretis. "The young man was very poor, and desired to support himself while he was studying music. He was well fitted to teach our literature, and I recommended him. I hope that, in consideration of his poverty, and because he turned out a very good teacher, you will forgive me, Signor Conte."

"This talented singer I greatly applaud," answered the count stiffly. "As a with-the-capacity-and-learning-requisite-for-teaching-endowed young man deserves he also some commendation. Also will I remember his laudable-and-not-lacking-independence character. Nevertheless, unfitting would it be, should I pay the first tenor of the opera five francs an hour to teach my daughter Italian literature." De Pretis breathed more freely.

"Then you will forgive me, Signor Conte, for endeavoring to promote the efforts of this worthy young man in supporting himself?"

"Signor De Pretis," said the count, with a certain quaint geniality, "I have my precautions observed. I examined Signor Cardegna in Italian literature in my own person, and him proficient found. Had I found him to be ignorant, and had I his talents as an operatic singer later discovered, I would you out of that window have projected." De Pretis was alarmed, for the old count looked as though he would have carried out the threat. "As it is," he concluded, "you are an honorable man, and I wish you good-morning. Lady Hedwig awaits you, as usual." He rose courteously, leaning on his stick, and De Pretis bowed himself out.

He expected that the contessina would immediately begin talking of Nino, but he was mistaken; she never once referred to the opera or the singer, and

except that she looked pale and transparent, and sang with a trifle less interest in her music than usual, there was nothing noticeable in her manner. Indeed, she had every reason to be silent.

Early that morning Nino received by a messenger a pretty little note, written in execrable Italian, begging him to come and breakfast with the baroness at twelve, as she much desired to speak with him after his stupendous triumph of the previous night.

Nino is a very good boy, but he is mortal, and after the excitement of the evening he thought nothing could be pleasanter than to spend a few hours in that scented boudoir, among the palms and the beautiful objects and the perfumes, talking with a woman who professed herself ready to help him in his love affair. We have no perfumes, or cushions, or pretty things at number twenty-seven, Santa Catarina dei Funari, though everything is very bright and neat and most proper, and the cat is kept in the kitchen, for the most part. So it is no wonder that he should have preferred to spend the morning with the baroness.

She was half lying, half sitting, in a deep arm-chair, when Nino entered; and she was reading a book. When she saw him she dropped the volume on her knee, and looked up at him from under her lids, without speaking. She must have been a bewitching figure. Nino advanced toward her, bowing low, so that his dark curling hair shaded his face.

"Good-day, signora," said he softly, as though fearing to hurt the quiet air. "I trust I do not interrupt you?"

"You never interrupt me, Nino," she said, "except — except when you go away."

"You are very good, signora."

"For heaven's sake, no pretty speeches," said she, with a little laugh.

"It seems to me," said Nino, seating himself, "that it was you who made the

pretty speech, and I who thanked you for it." There was a pause.

"How do you feel?" asked the baroness at last, turning her head to him.

"Grazie — I am well," he answered, smiling.

"Oh, I do not mean that, — you are always well. But how do you enjoy your first triumph?"

"I think," said Nino, "that a real artist ought to have the capacity to enjoy a success at the moment, and the good sense to blame his vanity for enjoying it after it is passed."

"How old are you, Nino?"

"Did I never tell you?" he asked, innocently. "I shall be twenty-one soon."

"You talk as though you were forty, at least."

"Heaven save us!" quoth Nino.

"But really, are you not immensely flattered at the reception you had?"

"Yes."

"You did not look at all interested in the public at the time," said she, "and that Roman nose of yours very nearly turned up in disdain of the applause, I thought. I wonder what you were thinking of all the while."

"Can you wonder, baronessa?" She knew what he meant, and there was a little look of annoyance in her face when she answered.

"Ah, well, of course not, since *she* was there." Her ladyship rose, and taking a stick of Eastern pastil from a majolica dish in a corner made Nino light it from a wax taper.

"I want the smell of the sandal-wood this morning," said she; "I have a headache." She was enchanting to look at, as she bent her softly-shaded face over the flame to watch the burning perfume. She looked like a beautiful lithe sorceress making a love spell, — perhaps for her own use. Nino turned from her. He did not like to allow the one image he loved to be even for a moment disturbed by the one he loved

not, however beautiful. She moved away, leaving the pastil on the dish. Suddenly she paused, and turned back to look at him.

"Why did you come to-day?" she asked.

"Because you desired it," answered Nino, in some astonishment.

"You need not have come," she said, bending down to lean on the back of a silken chair. She folded her hands, and looked at him as he stood not three paces away. "Do you not know what has happened?" she asked, with a smile that was a little sad.

"I do not understand," said Nino, simply. He was facing the entrance to the room, and saw the curtains parted by the servant. The baroness had her back to the door, and did not hear.

"Do you not know," she continued, "that you are free now? Your appearance in public has put an end to it all. You are not tied to me any longer, — unless you wish it."

As she spoke these words Nino turned white, for under the heavy curtain, lifted to admit her, stood Hedwig von Lira, like a statue, transfixed and immovable from what she had heard. The baroness noticed Nino's look, and, springing back to her height from the chair on which she had been leaning, faced the door.

"My dearest Hedwig!" she cried, with a magnificent readiness. "I am so very glad you have come. I did not expect you in the least. Do take off your hat, and stay to breakfast. Ah, forgive me: this is Professor Cardegna. But you know him? Yes; now that I think, we all went to the Pantheon together." Nino bowed low, and Hedwig bent her head.

"Yes," said the young girl, coldly. "Professor Cardegna gives me lessons."

"Why, of course; how *bête* I am! I was just telling him that, since he has been successful, and is enrolled among the great artists, it is a pity he is no longer tied to giving Italian lessons, —

tied to coming here three times a week, to teach me literature." Hedwig smiled a strange, icy smile, and sat down by the window. Nino was still utterly astonished, but he would not allow the baroness's quibble to go entirely uncontradicted.

"In truth," he said, "the Signora Baronessa's lessons consisted chiefly" —

"In teaching me pronunciation," interrupted the baroness, trying to remove Hedwig's veil and hat, somewhat against the girl's inclination. "Yes, you see how it is. I know a little of singing, but I cannot pronounce, — not in the least. Ah, these Italian vowels will be the death of me! But if there is any one who can teach a poor dilettante to pronounce them," she added, laying the hat away on a chair, and pushing a footstool to Hedwig's feet, "that some one is Signor Cardegna."

By this time Nino had recognized the propriety of temporizing; that is to say, of letting the baroness's fib pass for what it was worth, lest the discussion of the subject should further offend Hedwig, whose eyes wandered irresolutely toward him, as though she would say something if he addressed her.

"I hope, signorina," he said, "that it is not quite as the baroness says. I trust our lessons are not at an end?" He knew very well that they were.

"I think, Signor Cardegna," said Hedwig, with more courage than would have been expected from such a mere child, — she is twenty, but Northern people are not grown up till they are thirty, at least, — "I think it would have been more obliging if, when I asked you so much about your cousin, you had acknowledged that you had no cousin, and that the singer was none other than yourself." She blushed, perhaps, but the curtain of the window hid it.

"Alas, signorina," answered Nino, still standing before her, "such a confession would have deprived me of the

pleasure — of the honor of giving you lessons."

"And pray, Signor Cardegna," put in the baroness, "what are a few paltry lessons, compared with the pleasure you ought to have experienced in satisfying the Contessina di Lira's curiosity? Really, you have little courtesy."

Nino shrank into himself, as though he were hurt, and he gave the baroness a look which said worlds. She smiled at him, in joy of her small triumph, for Hedwig was looking at the floor again, and could not see. But the young girl had strength in her, for all her cold looks and white cheek.

"You can atone, Signor Cardegna," she said. Nino's face brightened.

"How, signorina?" he asked.

"By singing to us now," said Hedwig. The baroness looked grave, for she well knew what a power Nino wielded with his music.

"Do not ask him," she protested. "He must be tired, — tired to death, with all he went through last night."

"Tired?" ejaculated Nino, with some surprise. "I tired? I was never tired in my life, of singing. I will sing as long as you will listen." He went to the piano. As he turned, the baroness laid her hand on Hedwig's, affectionately, as though sympathizing with something she supposed to be passing in the girl's mind. But Hedwig was passive, unless a little shudder at the first touch of the baroness's fingers might pass for a manifestation of feeling. Hedwig had hitherto liked the baroness, finding in her a woman of a certain artistic sense, combined with a certain originality. The girl was an absolute contrast to the woman, and admired in her the qualities she thought lacking in herself, though she possessed too much self-respect to attempt to acquire them by imitation. Hedwig sat like a Scandinavian fairy princess on the summit of a glass hill; her friend roamed through life like a beautiful soft-footed wild animal, re-

joicing in the sense of being, and sometimes indulging in a little playful destruction by the way. The girl had heard a voice in the dark, singing, and ever since then she had dreamed of the singer; but it never entered her mind to confide to the baroness her strange fancies. An undisciplined imagination, securely shielded from all outward disturbing causes, will do much with a voice in the dark, — a great deal more than such a woman as the baroness might imagine.

I do not know enough about these blue-eyed German girls to say whether or not Hedwig had ever before thought of her unknown singer as an unknown lover. But the emotions of the previous night had shaken her nerves a little, and had she been older than she was she would have known that she loved her singer, in a distant and maidenly fashion, as soon as she heard the baroness speak of him as having been her property. And now she was angry with herself, and ashamed of feeling any interest in a man who was evidently tied to another woman by some intrigue she could not comprehend. Her coming to visit the baroness had been as unpremeditated as it was unexpected, that morning, and she bitterly repented it; but being of good blood and heart, she acted as boldly as she could, and showed no little tact in making Nino sing, and thus cutting short a painful conversation. Only when the baroness tried to caress her and stroke her hand she shrank away, and the blood mantled up to her cheeks. Add to all this the womanly indignation she felt at having been so long deceived by Nino, and you will see that she was in a very vacillating frame of mind.

The baroness was a subtle woman, reckless and diplomatic by turns, and she was not blind to the sudden repulse she met with from Hedwig, unspoken though it was. But she merely withdrew her hand, and sat thinking over the

situation. What she thought, no one knows; or, at least, we can only guess it from what she did afterwards. As for me, I have never blamed her at all, for she is the kind of woman I should have loved. In the mean time Nino caroled out one love song after another. He saw, however, that the situation was untenable, and after a while he rose to go. Strange to say, although the baroness had asked Nino to breakfast, and the hour was now at hand, she made no effort to retain him. But she gave him her hand, and said many flattering and pleasing things, which, however, neither flattered nor pleased him. As for Hedwig, she bent her head a little, but said nothing, as he bowed before her. Nino therefore went home with a heavy heart, longing to explain to Hedwig why he had been tied to the baroness, — that it was the price of her silence and of the privilege he had enjoyed of giving lessons to the contessina; but knowing, also, that all explanation was out of the question for the present. When he was gone, Hedwig and the baroness were left together.

"It must have been a great surprise to you, my dear," said the elder lady kindly.

"What?"

"That your little professor should turn out a great artist in disguise. It was a surprise to me, too, — ah, another illusion destroyed. Dear child! You have still so many illusions, — beautiful, pure illusions. Dieu! how I envy you!" They generally talked French together, though the baroness knows German. Hedwig laughed bravely.

"I was certainly astonished," she said. "Poor man! I suppose he did it to support himself. He never told me he gave you lessons, too." The baroness smiled, but it was from genuine satisfaction this time.

"I wonder at that, since he knew we were intimate, or, at least, that we were acquainted. Of course I would not

speak of it last night, because I saw your father was angry."

"Yes, he was angry. I suppose it was natural," said Hedwig.

"Perfectly natural. And you, my dear, were you not angry too, — just a little?"

"I? No. Why should I be angry? He was a very good teacher, for he knows whole volumes by heart; and he understands them, too."

Soon they talked of other things, and the baroness was very affectionate. But though Hedwig saw that her friend was kind and most friendly, she could not forget the words that were in the air when she chanced to enter, nor could she quite accept the plausible explanation of them which the baroness had so readily invented. For jealousy is the forerunner of love, and sometimes its awakener. She felt a rival and an enemy, and all the hereditary combativeness of her Northern blood was roused.

Nino, who was in no small perplexity, reflected. He was not old enough or observant enough to have seen the breach that was about to be created between the baroness and Hedwig. His only thought was to clear himself in Hedwig's eyes from the imputation of having been tied to the dark woman in any way save for his love's sake. He at once began to hate the baroness with all the ferocity of which his heart was capable, and with all the calm his bold, square face outwardly expressed. But he was forced to take some action at once, and he could think of nothing better to do than to consult De Pretis.

To the maestro he poured out his woes and his plans. He exhibited to him his position toward the baroness and toward Hedwig in the clearest light. He conjured him to go to Hedwig, and explain that the baroness had threatened to unmask him, and thus deprive him of his means of support, — he dared not put it otherwise, — unless he consented to sing for her and come to her

as often as she pleased. To explain, to propitiate, to smooth, — in a word, to reinstate Nino in her good opinion.

"Death of a dog!" exclaimed De Pretis; "you do not ask much! After you have allowed your lady-love, your innamorata, to catch you saying you are bound body and soul to another woman, — and such a woman! ye saints, what a beauty! — you ask me to go and set matters right! What the diavolo did you want to go and poke your nose into such a mousetrap for? Via! I am a fool to have helped you at all."

"Very likely," said Nino calmly. "But meanwhile there are two of us, and perhaps I am the greater. You will do what I ask, maestro; is not true? And it was not I who said it; it was the baroness."

"The baroness — yes — and may the maledictions of the inferno overtake her," said De Pretis, casting up his eyes and feeling in his coat-tail pockets for his snuff-box. Once, when Nino was younger, he filled Ercole's snuff-box with soot and pepper, so that the maestro had a black nose and sneezed all day.

What could Ercole do? It was true that he had hitherto helped Nino. Was he not bound to continue that assistance? I suppose so; but if the whole affair had ended then, and this story with it, I would not have cared a button. Do you suppose it amuses me to tell you this tale? Or that if it were not for Nino's good name I would ever have turned myself into a common storyteller? Bah! you do not know me. A page of quaternions gives me more pleasure than all this rubbish put together, though I am not averse to a little gossip now and then, of an evening, if people will listen to my details and fancies. But those are just the things people will not listen to. Everybody wants sensation nowadays. What is a sensation compared with a thought? What is the convulsive gesticulation of a dead frog's leg compared with the intellect

of the man who invented the galvanic battery, and thus gave fictitious sensation to all the countless generations of dead frogs' legs that have since been the objects of experiment? Or if you come down to so poor a thing as mere feeling, what are your feelings in reading about Nino's deeds compared with what he felt in doing them? I am not taking all this trouble to please you, but only for Nino's sake, who is my dear boy. You are of no more interest or importance to me than if you were so many dead frogs; and if I galvanize your sensations, as you call them, into an activity sufficient to make you cry or laugh, that is my own affair. You need not say "thank you" to me. I do not want it. Ercole will thank you, and perhaps Nino will thank me, but that is different.

I will not tell you about the interview that Ercole had with Hedwig, nor how skillfully he rolled up his eyes and looked pathetic when he spoke of Nino's poverty, and of the fine part he had played in the whole business. Hedwig is a woman, and the principal satisfaction she gathered from Ercole's explanation was the knowledge that her friend the baroness had lied to her in explaining those strange words she had overheard. She knew it, of course, by instinct; but it was a great relief to be told the fact by some one else, as it always is, even when one is not a woman.

VIII.

Several days passed after the début without giving Nino an opportunity of speaking to Hedwig. He probably saw her, for he mingled in the crowd of dandies in the Piazza Colonna of an afternoon, hoping she would pass in her carriage and give him a look. Perhaps she did; he said nothing about it, but looked calm when he was silent and savage when he spoke, after the manner of passionate people. His face aged and grew

stern in those few days, so that he seemed to change on a sudden from boy to man. But he went about his business, and sang at the theatre when he was obliged to; gathering courage to do his best and to display his powers from the constant success he had. The papers were full of his praises, saying that he was absolutely without rival from the very first night he sang, matchless and supreme from the moment he first opened his mouth, and all that kind of nonsense. I dare say he is now, but he could not have been really the greatest singer living, so soon. However, he used to bring me the newspapers that had notices of him, though he never appeared to care much for them, nor did he ever keep them himself. He said he hankered for an ideal which he would never attain; and I told him that if he was never to attain it he had better abandon the pursuit of it at once. But he represented to me that the ideal was confined to his imagination, whereas the reality had a great financial importance, since he daily received offers from foreign managers to sing for them, at large advantage to himself, and was hesitating only in order to choose the most convenient. This seemed sensible, and I was silent. Soon afterwards he presented me with a box of cigars and a very pretty amber mouthpiece. The cigars were real Havanas, such as I had not smoked for years, and must have cost a great deal.

"You may not be aware, *Sor Cornelio*," he said one evening, as he mixed the oil and vinegar with the salad, at supper, "that I am now a rich man, or soon shall be. An agent from the London opera has offered me twenty thousand francs for the season in London, this spring."

"Twenty thousand francs!" I cried in amazement. "You must be dreaming, Nino. That is just about seven times what I earn in a year with my professorship and my writing."

"No dreams, *caro mio*. I have the

offer in my pocket." He apparently cared no more about it than if he had twenty thousand roasted chestnuts in his pocket.

"When do you leave us?" I asked, when I was somewhat recovered.

"I am not sure that I will go," he answered, sprinkling some pepper on the lettuce.

"Not sure! Body of Diana, what a fool you are!"

"Perhaps," said he, and he passed me the dish. Just then, Mariuccia came in with a bottle of wine, and we said no more about it; for Mariuccia is indiscreet.

Nino thought nothing about his riches, because he was racking his brains for some good expedient whereby he might see the *contessina* and speak with her. He had ascertained from *De Pretis* that the count was not so angry as he had expected, and that *Hedwig* was quite satisfied with the explanations of the *maestro*. The day after the foregoing conversation he wrote a note to her, wherein he said that if the *Contessina di Lira* would deign to be awake at midnight that evening she would have a serenade from a voice she was said to admire. He had Mariuccia carry the letter to the *Palazzo Carmandola*.

At half past eleven, at least two hours after supper, Nino wrapped himself in my old cloak, and took the guitar under his arm. Rome is not a very safe place for midnight pranks, and so I made him take a good knife in his waist-belt; for he had confided to me where he was going. I tried to dissuade him from the plan, saying he might catch cold; but he laughed at me.

A serenade is an every-day affair, and in the street one voice sounds about as well as another. He reached the palace, and his heart sank when he saw *Hedwig's* window dark and gloomy. He did not know that she was seated behind it in a deep chair, wrapped in white things, and listening for him against the beat-

ings of her heart. The large moon seemed to be spiked on the sharp spire of the church that is near her house, and the black shadows cut the white light as clean as with a knife. Nino had tuned his guitar in the other street, and stood ready, waiting for the clocks to strike. Presently they clanged out wildly, as though they had been waked from their midnight sleep, and were angry; one clock answering the other, and one convent bell following another in the call to prayers. For two full minutes the whole air was crazy with ringing, and then it was all still. Nino struck a single chord. Hedwig almost thought he might hear her heart beating all the way down in the street.

"Ah, del mio dolce ardor bramato ogetto," he sang, — an old air in one of Gluck's operas, that our Italian musicians say was composed by Alessandro Stradella, the poor murdered singer. It must be a very good air, for it pleases me; and I am not easily pleased with music of any kind. As for Hedwig, she pressed her ear to the glass of the window that she might not lose any note. But she would not open nor give any sign. Nino was not so easily discouraged, for he remembered that once before she had opened her window for a few bars he had begun to sing. He played a few chords, and breathed out the "*Salve, dimora casta e pura,*" from Faust, high and soft and clear. There is a point in that song, near to the end, where the words say, "Reveal to me the maiden," and where the music goes away to the highest note that any one can possibly sing. It always appears quite easy for Nino, and he does not squeak like a dying pig, as all the other tenors do on that note. He was looking up as he sang it, wondering whether it would have any effect. Apparently Hedwig lost her head completely, for she gently opened the casement and looked out at the moonlight opposite, over the carved stone mullions of her

window. The song ended, he hesitated whether to go or to sing again. She was evidently looking towards him; but he was in the light, for the moon had risen higher, and she, on the other side of the street, was in the dark.

"Signorina!" he called softly. No answer. "Signorina!" he said again, coming across the empty street and standing under the window, which might have been thirty feet from the ground.

"Hush!" came a whisper from above.

"I thank you with all my soul for listening to me," he said in a low voice. "I am innocent of that of which you suspect me. I love you, ah, I love you!" But at this she left the window very quickly. She did not close it, however, and Nino stood long, straining his eyes for a glimpse of the white face that had been there. He sighed, and striking a chord, sang out boldly the old air from the *Trovatore*, "*Ah, che la morte ognora è tarda nel venir.*" Every blind fiddler in the streets plays it, though he would be sufficiently scared if death came any the quicker for his fiddling. But old and worn as it is, it has a strain of passion in it, and Nino threw more fire and voice into the ring of it than ever did famous old Boccardè, when he sang it at the first performance of the opera, thirty and odd years ago. As he played the chords after the first strophe, the voice from above whispered again: —

"Hush, for Heaven's sake!" Just that, and something fell at his feet, with a soft little padded sound on the pavement. He stooped to pick it up, and found a single rose; and at that instant the window closed sharply. Therefore he kissed the rose and hid it, and presently he strode down the street, finishing his song as he went, but only humming it, for the joy had taken his voice away. I heard him let himself in and go to bed, and he told me about it in the morning. That is how I know.

Since the day after the *début* Nino had not seen the baroness. He did not speak of her, and I am sure he wished she were at the very bottom of the Tiber. But on the morning after the serenade he received a note from her, which was so full of protestations of friendship and so delicately couched that he looked grave, and reflected that it was his duty to be courteous, and to answer such a call as that. She begged him earnestly to come at one o'clock; she was suffering from headache, she said, and was very weak. Had Nino loved Hedwig a whit the less, he would not have gone. But he felt himself strong enough to face anything and everything, and therefore he determined to go.

He found her, indeed, with the manner of a person who is ill, but not with the appearance. She was lying on a huge couch, pushed to the fireside, and there were furs about her. A striped scarf of rich Eastern silk was round her throat, and she held in her hand a new novel, of which she carelessly cut the pages with a broad-hafted Persian knife. But there was color in her dark cheek, and a sort of angry fire in her eyes. Nino thought the clean steel in her hand looked as though it might be used for something besides cutting leaves, if the fancy took her.

"So at last you have honored me with a visit, *signore*," she said, not desisting from her occupation. Nino came to her, and she put out her hand. He touched it, but could not bear to hold it, for it burned him.

"You used to honor my hand differently from that," she half whispered. Nino sat himself down a little way from her, blushing slightly. It was not at what she had said, but at the thought that he should ever have kissed her fingers.

"*Signora*," he replied, "there are customs, chivalrous and gentle in themselves, and worthy for all men to practice. But from the moment a custom

begins to mean what it should not, it ought to be abandoned. You will forgive me if I no longer kiss your hand."

"How cold you are! — how formal! What should it mean?"

"It is better to say too little than too much," he answered.

"Bah!" she cried, with a bitter little laugh. "Words are silver, but silence — is very often nothing but silver-plated brass. Put a little more wood on the fire; you make me cold." Nino obeyed.

"How literal you are!" said the baroness petulantly. "There is fire enough, on the hearth."

"Apparently, *signora*, you are pleased to be enigmatical," said Nino.

"I will be pleased to be anything I please," she answered, and looked at him rather fiercely. "I wanted you to drive away my headache, and you only make it worse."

"I am sorry, *signora*. I will leave you at once. Permit me to wish you a very good-morning." He took his hat and went towards the door. Before he reached the heavy curtain, she was at his side with a rush like a falcon on the wing, her eyes burning darkly between anger and love.

"Nino!" She laid hold of his arm, and looked into his face.

"*Signora*," he protested coldly, and drew back.

"You will not leave me so?"

"As you wish, *signora*. I desire to oblige you."

"Oh, how cold you are!" she cried, leaving his arm, and sinking into a chair by the door, while he stood with his hand on the curtain. She hid her eyes. "Nino, Nino! You will break my heart!" she sobbed; and a tear, perhaps more of anger than of sorrow, burst through her fingers, and coursed down her cheek.

Few men can bear to see a woman shed tears. Nino's nature rose up in his throat, and bade him console her. But between him and her was a fair,

bright image that forbade him to move hand or foot.

"Signora," he said, with all the calm he could command, "if I were conscious of having by word or deed of mine given you cause to speak thus, I would humbly implore your forgiveness. But my heart does not accuse me. I beg you to allow me to take leave of you. I will go away, and you shall have no further cause to think of me." He moved again, and lifted the curtain. But she was like a panther, so quick and beautiful. Ah, how I could have loved that woman! She held him, and would not let him go, her smooth fingers fastening round his wrists like springs.

"Please to let me go," he said between his teeth, with rising anger.

"No! I will not let you!" she cried fiercely, tightening her grasp on him. Then the angry fire in her tearful eyes seemed suddenly to melt into a soft flame, and the color came faster to her cheeks. "Ah, how can you let me so disgrace myself! how can you see me fall so low as to use the strength of my hands, and yet have no pity? Nino, Nino, do not kill me!"

"Indeed, it would be the better for you if I should," he answered bitterly, but without attempting to free his wrists from her strong, soft grip.

"But you will," she murmured passionately. "You are killing me by leaving me. Can you not see it?" Her voice melted away in the tearful cadence. But Nino stood gazing at her as stonily as though he were the Sphinx. How could he have the heart? I cannot tell. Long she looked into his eyes, silently; but she might as well have tried to animate a piece of iron, so stern and hard he was. Suddenly, with a strong, convulsive movement, she flung his hands from her.

"Go!" she cried hoarsely. "Go to that wax doll you love, and see whether she will love you, or care whether you leave her or not! Go, go, go! Go to

her!" She had sprung far back from him, and now pointed to the door, drawn to her full height and blazing in her wrath.

"I would advise you, madam, to speak with proper respect of any lady with whom you choose to couple my name." His lips opened and shut mechanically, and he trembled from head to foot.

"Respect!" She laughed wildly. "Respect for a mere child whom you happen to fancy! Respect, indeed, for anything you choose to do! I—I—respect Hedwig von Lira? Ha! ha!" and she rested her hand on the table behind her, as she laughed.

"Be silent, madam," said Nino, and he moved a step nearer, and stood with folded arms.

"Ah! You would silence me now, would you? You would rather not hear me speak of your midnight serenades, and your sweet letters dropped from the window of her room, at your feet?" But her rage overturned itself, and with a strange cry she fell into a deep chair, and wept bitterly, burying her face in her two hands. "Miserable woman that I am!" she sobbed, and her whole lithe body was convulsed.

"You are indeed," said Nino, and he turned once more to go. But as he turned, the servant threw back the curtain.

"The Signor Conte di Lira," he announced in distinct tones. For a moment there was a dead silence, during which, in spite of his astonishment at the sudden appearance of the count, Nino had time to reflect that the baroness had caused him to be watched during the previous night. It might well be, and the mistake she made in supposing the thing Hedwig had dropped to be a letter told him that her spy had not ventured very near.

The tall count came forward under the raised curtains, limping and helping himself with his stick. His face

was as gray and wooden as ever, but his mustaches had an irritated, crimped look, that Nino did not like. The count barely nodded to the young man, as he stood aside to let the old gentleman pass; his eyes turned mechanically to where the baroness sat. She was a woman who had no need to simulate passion in any shape, and it must have cost her a terrible effort to control the paroxysm of anger and shame and grief that had overcome her. There was something unnatural and terrifying in her sudden calm, as she forced herself to rise and greet her visitor.

"I fear I come out of season," he said, apologetically, as he bent over her hand.

"On the contrary," she answered; "but forgive me if I speak one word to Professor Cardegna." She went to where Nino was standing.

"Go into that room," she said, in a very low voice, glancing towards a curtained door opposite the windows, "and wait till he goes. You may listen if you choose." She spoke authoritatively.

"I will not," answered Nino, in a determined whisper.

"You will not?" Her eyes flashed again. He shook his head.

"Count von Lira," she said aloud, turning to him, "do you know this young man?" She spoke in Italian, and Von Lira answered in the same language; but as what he said was not exactly humorous, I will spare you the strange construction of his sentences.

"Perfectly," he answered. "It is precisely concerning this young man that I desire to speak with you." The count remained standing because the baroness had not told him to be seated.

"That is fortunate," replied the baroness, "for I wish to inform you that he is a villain, a wretch, a miserable fellow!" Her anger was rising again, but she struggled to control it. When Nino realized what she said, he came forward, and stood near the count, fac-

ing the baroness, his arms folded on his breast, as though to challenge accusation. The count raised his eyebrows.

"I am aware that he concealed his real profession so long as he gave my daughter lessons. That, however, has been satisfactorily explained, though I regret it. Pray inform me why you designate him as a villain." Nino felt a thrill of sympathy for this man whom he had so long deceived.

"This man, sir," said she in measured tones, "this low-born singer, who has palmed himself off on us as a respectable instructor in language, has the audacity to love your daughter. For the sake of pressing his odious suit, he has wormed himself into your house, as into mine; he has sung beneath your daughter's window, and she has dropped letters to him, — love-letters, do you understand? And now," — her voice rose more shrill and uncontrollable at every word, as she saw Lira's face turn white, and her anger gave desperate utterance to the lie, — "and now he has the effrontery to come to me — to me — to me of all women — and to confess his abominable passion for that pure angel, imploring me to assist him in bringing destruction upon her and you! Oh, it is execrable, it is vile, it is hellish!" She pressed her hands to her temples as she stood, and glared at the two men. The count was a strong man, easily petulant, but hard to move to real anger. Though his face was white and his right hand clutched his crutch-stick, he still kept the mastery of himself.

"Is what you tell me true, madam?" he asked in a strange voice.

"Before God, it is true!" she cried desperately.

The old man looked at her for one moment, and then, as though he had been twenty years younger, he made at Nino, brandishing his stick to strike. But Nino is strong and young, and he is almost a Roman. He foresaw the count's action, and his right hand stole to the

table, and grasped the clean, murderous knife; the baroness had used it so innocently to cut the leaves of her book, half an hour before. With one wrench he had disarmed the elder man, forced him back upon a lounge, and set the razor edge of his weapon against the count's throat.

"If you speak one word, or try to strike me, I will cut off your head," he said quietly, bringing his cold, marble face close down to the old man's eyes. There was something so deathly in his voice, in spite of its quiet sound, that the count thought his hour was come, brave man as he was. The baroness tottered back against the opposite wall, and stood staring at the two, disheveled and horrified.

"This woman," said Nino, still holding the cold thing against the flesh, "lies in part, and in part tells the truth. I love your daughter, it is true." The poor old man quivered beneath Nino's weight, and his eyes rolled wildly, searching for some means of escape. But it was of no use. "I love her, and have sung beneath her window; but I never had a written word from her in my life, and I neither told this woman of my love nor asked her assistance. She guessed it at the first; she guessed the reason of my disguise, and she herself offered to help me. You may speak now. Ask her." Nino relaxed his hold, and stood off, still grasping the knife. The old count breathed, shook himself and passed his handkerchief over his face before he spoke. The baroness stood as though she were petrified.

"Thunder weather, you are a devilish young man!" said Von Lira, still panting. Then he suddenly recovered his dignity. "You have caused me to assault this young man, by what you told me," he said, struggling to his feet. "He defended himself, and might have killed me, had he chosen. Be good enough to tell me whether he has spoken the truth, or you."

"He has spoken — the truth," answered the baroness, staring vacantly about her. Her fright had taken from her even the faculty of lying. Her voice was low, but she articulated the words distinctly. Then, suddenly, she threw up her hands, with a short, quick scream, and fell forward, senseless, on the floor. Nino looked at the count, and dropped his knife on a table. The count looked at Nino.

"Sir," said the old gentleman, "I forgive you for resisting my assault. I do not forgive you for presuming to love my daughter, and I will find means to remind you of the scandal you have brought on my house." He drew himself up to his full height. Nino handed him his crutch-stick civilly.

"Signor Conte," he said, simply, but with all his natural courtesy, "I am sorry for this affair, to which you forced me, — or rather the Signora Baronessa forced us both. I have acted foolishly, perhaps, but I am in love. And permit me to assure you, sir, that I will yet marry the Signorina di Lira, if she consents to marry me."

"By the name of Heaven," swore the old count, "if she wants to marry a singer, she shall." He limped to the door in sullen anger, and went out. Nino turned to the prostrate figure of the poor baroness. The continued strain on her nerves had broken her down, and she lay on the floor in a dead faint. Nino put a cushion from the lounge under her head, and rang the bell. The servant appeared instantly.

"Bring water quickly!" he cried. "The signora has fainted." He stood looking at the senseless figure of the woman, as she lay across the rich Persian rugs that covered the floor.

"Why did you not bring salts, cologne, her maid — run, I tell you!" he said to the man, who brought the glass of water on a gilded tray. He had forgotten that the fellow could not be expected to have any sense. When her

people came at last, he had sprinkled her face, and she had unconsciously swallowed enough of the water to have some effect in reviving her. She began to open her eyes, and her fingers moved nervously. Nino found his hat, and, casting one glance around the room that had just witnessed such strange doings, passed through the door and went out. The baroness was left with her servants. Poor woman! She did very wrong, perhaps, but anybody would have loved her — except Nino. She must have been terribly shaken, one would have thought, and she ought to have gone to lie down, and should have sent for the doctor to bleed her. But she did nothing of the kind.

She came to see me. I was alone in the house, late in the afternoon, when the sun was just gilding the tops of the houses. I heard the door-bell ring, and I went to answer it myself. There stood the beautiful baroness, alone, with all her dark soft things around her, as pale as death, and her eyes swollen sadly with weeping. Nino had come home and told me something about the scene in the morning, and I can tell you I gave him a piece of my mind about his follies.

"Does Professor Cornelio Grandi live here?" she asked, in a low, sad voice.

"I am he, signora," I answered. "Will you please to come in?" And so she came into our little sitting-room, and sat over there in the old green arm-chair. I shall never forget it, as long as I live.

I cannot tell you all she said in that brief half hour, for it pains me to think of it. She spoke as though I were her confessor, so humbly and quietly, — as though it had all happened ten years ago. There is no stubbornness in those tiger women when once they break down.

She said she was going away; that she had done my boy a great wrong, and wished to make such reparation as she

could, by telling me, at least, the truth. She did not scruple to say that she had loved him, nor that she had done everything in her power to keep him; though he had never so much as looked at her, she added pathetically. She wished to have me know exactly how it happened, no matter what I might think of her.

"You are a nobleman, count," she said to me at last, "and I can trust you as one of my own people, I am sure. Yes, I know: you have been unfortunate, and are now a professor. But that does not change the blood. I can trust you. You need not tell him I came, unless you wish it. I shall never see him again. I am glad to have been here, to see where he lives." She rose, and moved to go. I confess that the tears were in my eyes. There was a pile of music on the old piano. There was a loose leaf on the top, with his name written on it. She took it in her hand, and looked inquiringly at me out of her sad eyes. I knew she wanted to take it, and I nodded.

"I shall never see him again, you know." Her voice was gentle and weak, and she hastened to the door; so that almost before I knew it she was gone. The sun had left the red-tiled roofs opposite, and the goldfinch was silent in his cage. So I sat down in the chair where she had rested, and folded my hands, and thought, as I am always thinking ever since, how I could have loved such a woman as that; so passionate, so beautiful, so piteously sorry for what she had done that was wrong. Ah me! for the years that are gone away so cruelly, for the days so desperately dead! Give me but one of those golden days, and I would make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. A greater man than I said that, — a man over the seas, with a great soul, who wrote in a foreign tongue, but spoke a language germane to all human speech. But even he cannot bring back one of those dear days. I would give much to have that

one day back, when she came and told me all her woes. But that is impossible.

When they came to wake her in the morning — the very morning after that — she was dead in her bed; the color gone forever from those velvet cheeks,

the fire quenched out of those passionate eyes, past power of love or hate to rekindle. Requiescat in pace, and may God give her eternal rest and forgiveness for all her sins. Poor, beautiful, erring woman!

F. Marion Crawford.

HEREDITY.

MR. FRANCIS GALTON's new book of inquiries into the constitution of the human faculties reminds us afresh of the remarkable contribution which this powerful thinker has made to positive philosophy.

In the quietest way, without any flourish of trumpets or pretensions to cosmic knowledge, he has laid down laws which profoundly affect not only science, but practical morality. And it has all been done with so little assumption that we have not resented it, or even been quite conscious of the injury. Like the rival smith upon whom Siegfried tried his thrice-forged sword, we do not realize the wounds in our old beliefs, until they fall suddenly to pieces before our eyes. And in the present article we shall try to develop more fully than he has done the consequences which must follow from this new law.

Many persons have tried to overthrow portions of the theory of evolution, and in the several forms which Spencer, Darwin, and Haeckel gave it it has certainly had some severe blows; but the contribution of Mr. Galton to this theory was so cautiously and solidly prepared that no one has pointed out any serious flaw in it, and few have been able to add much to it. Mr. George Darwin, the late Mr. R. L. Dugdale, and Mr. F. M. Holland (not Hollond, as Mr. Galton misspells the name) have carried the investigation a little further, but most of the works on the subject

are little more than collections of anecdotes and fancies; and in its main aspects it stands as Galton shaped it, a simple and modest theory, but bearing consequences to humanity much more important than those suggested by Darwin or Spencer. Of the rhythmic integration of the latter we hear nothing from Galton. To him, as to most other investigators, cosmism has proved a barren fount. The fierce struggle for existence described by Darwin takes a modified and gentler form in Galton's hands, for his conclusions go only to changes in mankind, and do not affect the lines separating the several species. Within these narrower bounds his work is very impressive; for it seems to prove that the qualities of men are usually hereditary, not accidental, and that life is a prolonged viriculture, in which progress depends more upon marriage customs and birth-rates than upon the institutions on which we are wont to plume ourselves. This new view brings ethics almost within the circle of the physical sciences. Our culture has, indeed, he thinks, already gotten ahead of our brain capacity, so that only a small minority has the mental ability to profit by the advances which the leaders of thought have made. Thus, the question of further progress is not as to collecting more intellectual material so much as to profiting by what we already have. We have the arms of Ulysses, but how few of us can string his bow!

In this volume Galton examines the several human faculties in some detail, in reference to the possible improvement of mankind, with his former ingenuity and care, and brings out many curious facts not at all in accord with common opinion. For instance, comparing the sensitivity of different classes of persons in numerous experiments, he finds that "men have more delicate powers of discrimination than women;" that blind persons do not have any increased acuteness of the other senses; and that there is no foundation for the reputed keensightedness of sailors and savages; the apparent advantage being due in each case not to perceiving more, but to more skillful interpretation of what is perceived. A curious power which he thinks might be improved by education is that of calling up at will before the eye pictures of past scenes, — a power that few pay any attention to, but which must be very delightful to all, and very valuable to great painters and to imaginative artists. Spenser, Hawthorne, and Victor Hugo would not have been what they were without it. Galton's examination into the singular forms in which many people visualize numbers, whenever they think of them, and see them arranged in shapes and even color with such axiomatic regularity that they cannot conceive of the possibility of doing otherwise, throws new light upon innate mental peculiarities, and also upon the danger of using inconceivability as a test of truth. His experiments show plainly the enormous mental differences with which we enter the world; and if his investigations into the characteristics of twins are to be trusted, education can do little to alter them. On this point the answers to his inquiries seem too few and too exaggerated for quite so sweeping a conclusion; but it is all in accord with his main argument of the necessity of breeding better men, if we would make a further advance.

What the future man will be Galton seeks to determine by his ingenious composite photographs, in which a series of portraits are merged in one in such a manner as to give a portrait showing the common characteristics of all of the group, freed from the diversities of its component members. He takes as representative of the best English type of our day some two dozen young men from the Royal Engineers, and gets a composite picture of them, very different from the beefy, heavy British type which we usually figure to ourselves. The earnest, straightforward eyes, the strong, energetic mouth and jaw, seem as much American as English. This question of type is especially interesting to him, because he afterwards argues that future development must take place in the direction of the best present type of each race, and that there would be a frightful waste of vital power in trying to approach a dissimilar one. This national type is not fixed. Galton thinks that the English one has changed much within a few generations. "The features of men painted by and about the time of Holbein have usually high cheek-bones, long upper lips, thin eyebrows, and lank, dark hair;" while statistics show that the English are now a fair and reddish race, with blue or gray eyes and brown hair. The tendency to obesity which appeared early in this century has lessened, but the improvement in physique, he thinks, extends only to the better-cared-for classes. And similar evidence could be produced of an analogous change in New England.

Galton's experiments in calling ideas into consciousness support the theory of unconscious cerebration of Hamilton and others. Consciousness lights up only a small part of our mental habitation, he thinks; and beyond it lies an ante-chamber filled with ideas, ready to enter the audience chamber when occasion offers. Sometimes they crowd in so quickly that consciousness cannot keep

track of them all, and loses sight of part in following the others; and sometimes the guiding will which marshals their order grows weak, and they flit back and forth in dreamy disconnection with any external world; while at other times no effort can make them enter. As Lowell says,

"Hopeless my mental pump I try:
The boxes hiss, the tube is dry."

But when we are at our best the antechamber of the ready talker is full of stories and witticisms; that of the scientist is crowded with facts and theories in his specialty, and the artist's with images of beauty. Here again we touch these inborn mental powers. We may pack the antechamber with memorized facts and open wide the doors, but only innate ability can keep them alive and fruitful. It is their growth and multiplication out of sight upon which originality depends.

When the court of conscience is held, the precedents which guide it come from these remote chambers, — ancestral heirlooms whose force it is painful to dispute. This view of conscience as a sort of common law court, determined by the customs of our forefathers, seems more natural to an Englishman than to a foreigner, who demands an authorized code. This hereditary conscience, which both the positivists and evolutionists accept, seems, however, entirely insufficient to many thinkers. Frances Power Cobbe, in a recent magazine essay, complains that it makes conscience "a crowned and sceptred impostor; . . . the echo of the rude cheers and hisses . . . of barbarous forefathers, who howled for joy round the wicker images wherein the Druids burned their captives, and yelled under every scaffold of the martyrs of truth and liberty; . . . the shifting sand heaps of our ancestral impressions, — nay, rather let us say the mental kitchen-middens of generations of savages." Miss Cobbe is very eloquent, but Galton would not admit her logic.

It would be as just to call the common law the refuse heap of savages as to apply that description to inherited conscience; for each represents (and the latter far more justly) the best that former generations were able to appropriate from the teachings of life. And there are even some advantages in the positive view, for it sanctions growth, and looks to science for correction.

Mr. Galton is not blind to "the religious significance of the doctrine of evolution." He sees clearly that it involves a new moral law and a new attitude toward heaven. His invariable laws do not agree with miraculous answers to prayer, and he pauses to apply statistics to show that such answers are not given. The future man which his teaching aims at producing is not at all the timid, toothless, hairless, slow-moving creature which a lively essayist has recently described as our destiny. Such a violation of the law of natural selection would speedily fall back before a more vigorous rival. The type that Galton's viriculture aims at combines the beauty of an athlete with the mental brilliancy of a Greek and the indomitable energy of a Norseman, but it is more pagan than Christian.

"The sunburnt world a man will breed," says Emerson; but he will be readier, if Galton is right, to face nature and human nature sword in hand than throw himself for help

"Upon the great world's altar stairs,
Which slope through darkness up to God."

This new attitude of science will have to be faced. It is no trifling over details, like the length of the days of the Mosaic creation, nor does it soar into abstruse metaphysics. It goes directly to the root of that brotherhood of man and self-surrender to God which have ever been the glory of Christianity. The morality with which it replaces it, in spite of some evident practical advantages, is often shocking to our highest instincts. It is a matter of immense

and indeed vital importance; for, if Galton is right, the progress of civilization turns upon our decision. If the Teutonic race, from which modern civilization radiates, should decay, as other noble races have done in the past, it may be centuries before another is produced that can fill its place.

We must bear clearly in mind that if Galton's arguments are to be trusted two things are necessary, in order that civilization may move steadily forward: there must be a selection of the best, and a transmission of their qualities to their descendants. Neither of these is of much use without the other, and they seldom go on properly together. Where selection works, as it often does at this day, to attract the most vigorous to the great cities, and reward them with success, accompanied with desires, cares, and vices, which delay their marriage and prevent their having children, it is positively injurious to the community. There is some immediate gain, more money made or books written; but the next generation is drawn from poorer sources, and, if the process goes far enough, decay must set in. We must remember how often great nations have begun to rot in the height of their prosperity. We see Athens full of men of marvelous genius; but they do not marry, and at last their places are filled by slaves, retaining the Pyrrhic dance without the Pyrrhic phalanx. We see Rome, with a greater vitality, rising to be the mistress of the world, but after a time her close family ties are sapped by luxury, and the same decay sets in. Her farms are depopulated and her fields untilled. She calls in barbarians to fill her ranks, and falls before them from sheer exhaustion. The Ottoman empire has gone through the same changes; and the danger is a threatening one to us to-day. In Australia and our own great West the English race multiplies apace; but in New England the old families are dying out, and it is plainly fall-

ing back before the more prolific Celt; and in the South the blacks are multiplying nearly twice as fast as the whites, so that in another century, instead of being only half as numerous, they will have become two to one. Galton insists that the sole way to move forward without an enormous waste of life is to quietly replace the feebler race by the better one, and it will not do for us to do the opposite. To raise the weak to the height of the stronger could only be accomplished by a frightful sacrifice of life in the necessary dark ages of selection; and the process would be terribly wasteful if successful, since the same forces, if applied to the better material, would produce a better result without this misery. It is not a question of education, but of stock. Churches, colleges, and art galleries are the signs of intellectual power. They ornament and train it, but they do not produce the raw material. Physical decay is little affected by religion or art; and the institutions of a nation are often at their best after it has passed its prime.

The necessary natural selection no longer, however, requires the merciless starvation and slaughter involved in its operation upon the lower animals. We must have that free competition in which the stronger win the commanding position which is their due; but if we can insure the fertility of the better portion, and the comparative sterility of the meaner part, of a community, it is no longer essential to destroy the deformed or diseased, or embitter their existence by hardships, for in the course of time their strains will die out. Galton does not dispute the much-discussed pressure of population upon the means of subsistence which Malthus urged, but the question takes a new shape to him; for the misery, rightly understood, is the path of progress. He does not at all accept that philosopher's remedy of delaying marriage until late in life, because the argument would appeal only

to the more intelligent class, and the restriction would therefore be applied where multiplication is desired, while the unfortunate increase of the lower class would be unchecked.

Even in this mild and modified form, however, it is still a relentless struggle for existence. It is utterly opposed to coöperation or communism, for the sifting process of individual competition is the only efficient mode of recruiting the leading class. The object of the better part of the community must be the elevation of their own family and race; and this at the best is a broadened egotism, never reaching Christian altruism.

If we are convinced that the only way of upraising a race is by securing the success of its best elements in the remorseless contest in which the stronger shall prosper and hand down their traits to the next generation, while the weaker perish without leaving a trace, then the birth-rate becomes the most important test of progress, the pulse-beat of national health; while in broader issues the war-cry of the races will echo with fiercer fury. The primitive passions for kindred and race are exalted again to the highest dignity; and thus we call to our aid two powerful emotions, which the last century frowned upon, but which are yet among the most potent that sway mankind, — family pride and patriotism. With Spartan firmness we are told to revive somewhat of Spartan principle, and consider in our laws the inheritance of dispositions as well as estates. This is no scheme of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Personal freedom is fettered with new duties to the community, universal brotherhood is replaced by the narrow tie of blood, and equality must yield to claims of birth. It has indeed a strong savor of aristocracy, though it is the aristocracy of inherited worth, not tradition or wealth.

It is not difficult to find striking instances of dangerous violations of this

law. Galton dwells upon the evils of a celibate priesthood, which long sterilized the most intellectual element in the community; and he attributes to this much of the midnight blackness of the dark ages. He points out that the restrictions upon marriage which until lately encumbered the English college fellowships were equally bad. Indeed, his argument points at bestowing them only upon heads of families; and perhaps the same principle might apply to all government offices. He urges the importance of charities giving dowries to deserving unportioned girls, and would look with severe reprobation upon our custom of helping sons to establish themselves in business, while daughters receive very little, in proportion, when they marry. He would no doubt think it a plain duty for parents to make sure of homes for their children, and would frown at the current morality which makes marriage a mere matter of individual fancy or passion, and shrinks from the clutch of baby fingers. The man of health and ability who does not become a father is little better than a wrong-doer, from Galton's point of view, though ignorant, perhaps, of the barrenness of his buried talent: and the whole burden of his scheme is strongly against the American ideal of home life, with its independent members so slightly bound to each other.

Equally important inferences may be drawn as to the treatment of criminals. The class is generally infertile, but such instances as the Jukes family, with its five prolific generations of criminals and paupers, show the danger. Imprisonment for life, or exile to a penal colony, where there is no intermixture of the sexes, would often be necessary; for crime becomes a disease, to be stamped out like the cattle plague. Pauperism would have much of the same character, and indiscriminate charity would acquire a new degree of wrongfulness. Indeed, the whole field of private charity and out-

door relief would be much restricted, with a corresponding extension of the poorhouse system. The reception of paupers and criminals from abroad becomes a wrong to the next generation, whose patrimony is squandered. The Chinese may increase our wealth, but wealth is not the object of living. It sounds fine in a Fourth of July oration to talk of America as the asylum for the oppressed of all nations, but it is wicked folly from this scientific point of view. These conclusions must appear harsh to those who would foster the negro and Indian; for Galton's law is squarely across their path, and the sooner they die quietly out the better: and to assist them to multiply becomes as wrong as the keeping the filthy and effete Turk in Europe for the sake of enfeebling Russia. In order to insure the triumph of the superior race, war will sometimes be a moral duty, and a standing army can hardly be avoided, either by the victor, or by those inferior races who object to being too hastily hustled out of the way. Such an army, if it took away from home life the flower of the people, might be a frightful curse, even if its career were a series of victories like those of the great Napoleon. On the other hand, a uniform conscription, from which, after service of a year or two, all persons who had the average amount of health and ability were transferred to a reserve corps called out only in emergencies, might be a spur to national progress, though the morale of the permanent part of the army would of course be very low.

Imperfect as this brief sketch is of the new psychology and the consequences which seem justly to flow from it, it is pretty plain that it involves a new ethical code, and a very militant and positive one. We are not prepared to go quite as far as the speaker in a late English magazine dialogue, who says, I am

emancipated and elevated by positivism, "but I have not yet attained to being a hypocrite; of daring to pretend to my own soul that this belief of ours, this truth, is not bitter and abominable, arid and icy, to our hearts." This aridity and iciness which seem so abominable to Vernon Lee come mainly from the religious belief or unbelief associated with heredity in the minds of most positivists. It is not necessary, however, that the followers of Galton should accept the pantheism which their teacher avows; and an investigation which shows us how to elevate mankind can never be really opposed to religion. Separating it from religious views, upon which it is not dependent, we can see that this new eugenic code is a definite, practical, and fertile one, which avoids the extremes which threaten life most, the fiery communism below and the frigid indifference above. It is intensely alive in a proud English way. It is not a religion, but it might be a banner to fight under and conquer by.

But with all this we must confess that it is bitterly opposed to our most cherished instincts, our purest aspirations. For eighteen hundred years our warmest sympathies have been given to the weak and down-trodden, and we look ever upward for relief from the bloody conflict in which they have been overthrown. Instinctively we turn to coöperation and charity for aid, and cry out against the remorseless strength that refuses mercy to the vanquished in the bitter struggle of life. The beatitudes are still our creed, and still we look for relief from all this turmoil and sorrow in the tender care of a father who never forgets the weakest of his children. But there is no sanction for this alleviating providence in Galton's remorseless law. It claims to be only common sense, but its terrible *væ victis* is a knell of utter destruction to all but the victor race.

Henry W. Holland.

EN PROVINCE.

VI.

FROM POITIERS TO CARCASSONNE.

I.

It is an injustice to Poitiers to approach her by night, as I did some three hours after leaving La Rochelle; for what Poitiers has of best, as they would say at Poitiers, is the appearance she presents to the arriving stranger who puts his head out of the window of the train. I gazed into the gloom from such an aperture before we got into the station, for I remembered the impression received on another occasion; but I saw nothing save the universal night, spotted here and there with an ugly railway-lamp. It was only as I departed, the following day, that I assured myself that Poitiers still makes something of the figure she ought on the summit of her considerable hill. I have a kindness for any little group of towers, any cluster of roofs and chimneys, that lift themselves from an eminence over which a long road ascends in zigzags; such a picture creates for the moment a presumption that you are in Italy, and even leads you to believe that if you mount the winding road you will come to an old town-wall, a mass of creviced brownness, and pass under a gateway surmounted by the arms of a mediæval despot. Why I should find it a pleasure, in France, to imagine myself in Italy is more than I can say; the illusion has never lasted long enough to be analyzed. From the bottom of its perch Poitiers looks large and high; and indeed, the evening I reached it, the interminable climb of the omnibus of the hotel I had selected, which I found at the station, gave me the measure of its commanding position. This hotel, "*magnifique construction ornée de statues*," as the Guide-

Joanne, usually so reticent, takes the trouble to announce, has an omnibus, and, I suppose, has statues, though I didn't perceive them; but it has very little else save immemorial accumulations of dirt. It is magnificent, if you will, but it is not even relatively proper; and a dirty inn has always seemed to me the dirtiest of human things — it has so many opportunities to betray itself.

Poitiers covers a large space, and is as crooked and straggling as you please; but these advantages are not accompanied with any very salient features or any great wealth of architecture. Although there are few picturesque houses, however, there are two or three curious old churches. Notre Dame la Grande, in the market-place, a small Romanesque structure of the twelfth century, has a most interesting and venerable exterior. Composed, like all the churches of Poitiers, of a light brown stone with a yellowish tinge, it is covered with primitive but ingenious sculptures, and is really an impressive monument. Within, it has lately been daubed over with the most hideous decorative painting that was ever inflicted upon passive pillars and indifferent vaults. This battered yet coherent little edifice has the touching look that resides in everything supremely old: it has arrived at the age at which such things cease to feel the years; the waves of time have worn its edges to a kind of patient dullness; there is something mild and smooth, like the stillness, the deafness, of an octogenarian, even in its rudeness of ornament, and it has become insensible to differences of a century or two. The cathedral interested me much less than Our Lady the Great, and I have not the spirit to go into statistics about it. It is not statistical to say that the cathe-

dral stands half-way down the hill of Poitiers, in a quiet and grass-grown place, with an approach of crooked lanes and blank garden-walls, and that its most striking dimension is the width of its façade. This width is extraordinary, but it fails, somehow, to give nobleness to the edifice, which looks within (Murray makes the remark) like a large public hall. There are a nave and two aisles, the latter about as high as the nave; and there are some very fearful modern pictures, which you may see much better than you usually see those specimens of the old masters that lurk in glowing side-chapels, there being no fine old glass to diffuse a kindly gloom. The sacristan of the cathedral showed me something much better than all this bright bareness; he led me a short distance out of it to the small Temple de Saint-Jean, which is the most curious object at Poitiers. It is an early Christian chapel, one of the earliest in France; originally, it would seem, a baptistery, but converted into a church while the Christian era was still comparatively young. The Temple de Saint-Jean is therefore a monument even more venerable than Notre Dame la Grande, and that numbness of age which I imputed to Notre Dame ought to reside in still larger measure in its crude and colorless little walls. I call them crude, in spite of their having been baked through by the centuries, only because, although certain rude arches and carvings are let into them, and they are surmounted at either end with a small gable, they have (so far as I can remember) little fascination of surface. Notre Dame is still expressive, still pretends to be alive; but the Temple has delivered its message, and is completely at rest. It retains a kind of atrium, on the level of the street, from which you descend to the original floor, now uncovered, but buried for years under a false bottom. A semicircular apse was,

apparently at the time of its conversion into a church, thrown out from the east wall. In the middle is the cavity of the old baptismal font. The walls and vaults are covered with traces of extremely archaic frescoes, attributed, I believe, to the twelfth century. These vague, gaunt, staring fragments of figures are, to a certain extent, a reminder of some of the early Christian churches in Rome; they even faintly recalled to me the great mosaics of Ravenna. The Temple de Saint-Jean has neither the antiquity nor the completeness of those extraordinary monuments, nearly the most impressive in Europe; but, as one may say, it is very well for Poitiers.

Not far from it, in a lonely corner which was animated for the moment by the vociferations of several old women who were selling tapers, presumably for the occasion of a particular devotion, is the graceful Romanesque church erected in the twelfth century to Saint Radegonde; a lady who found means to be a saint even in the capacity of a Merovingian queen. It bears a general resemblance to Notre Dame la Grande, and, as I remember it, is corrugated in somewhat the same manner with porous-looking carvings; but I confess that what I chiefly recollect is the row of old women sitting in front of it, each with a tray of waxen tapers in her lap, and upbraiding me for my neglect of the opportunity to offer such a tribute to the saint. I know not whether this privilege is occasional or constant; within the church there was no appearance of a festival, and I see that the name-day of Saint Radegonde occurs in August, so that the importunate old women sit there always, perhaps, and deprive of its propriety the epithet I just applied to this provincial corner. In spite of the old women, however, I suspect that the place is lonely; and indeed it is perhaps the old women that have made the desolation.

The lion of Poitiers, in the eyes of the natives, is doubtless the Palais de Justice, in the shadow of which the statue-guarded hotel, just mentioned, erects itself; and the gem of the court-house, which has a prosy modern front, with pillars and a high flight of steps, is the curious *salle-des-pas-perdus*, or central hall, out of which the different tribunals open. This is a feature of every French court-house, and seems the result of a conviction that a palace of justice — the French deal in much finer names than we — should be in some degree palatial. The great hall at Poitiers has a long pedigree, as its walls date back to the twelfth century, and its open wooden roof, as well as the remarkable trio of chimney-pieces at the left end of the room as you enter, to the fifteenth. The three tall fireplaces, side by side, with a delicate gallery running along the top of them, constitute the originality of this ancient chamber, and make one think of the groups that must formerly have gathered there — of all the wet boot-soles, the trickling doublets, the stiffened fingers, the rheumatic shanks, that must have been presented to such an incomparable focus of heat. To-day, I am afraid, these mighty hearths are forever cold; justice is probably administered with the aid of a modern *calorifère*, and the walls of the palace are perforated with regurgitating tubes. Behind and above the gallery that surmounts the three fireplaces are high gothic windows, the tracery of which masks, in some sort, the chimneys; and in each angle of this and of the room to the right and left of the trio of chimneys, is an open-work spiral staircase, ascending to — I forget where; perhaps to the roof of the edifice. This whole side of the *salle* is very lordly, and seems to express an unstinted hospitality, to extend the friendliest of all invitations, to bid the whole world come and get warm. It was the invention of John, Duke of

Berry and Count of Poitou, about 1395. I give this information on the authority of the Guide-Joanne, from which source I gather much other curious learning: as, for instance, that it was in this building, when it had surely a very different front, that Charles VII. was proclaimed king, in 1422; and that here Joan of Arc was subjected, in 1429, to the inquisition of certain doctors and matrons.

The most charming thing at Poitiers is simply the promenade de Blossac — a small public garden at one end of the flat top of the hill. It has a happy look of the last century (having been arranged at that period), and a beautiful sweep of view over the surrounding country, and especially of the course of the little river Clain, which winds about a part of the base of the big mound of Poitiers. The limit of this dear little garden is formed, on the side that turns away from the town, by the rampart erected in the fourteenth century, and by its big semi-circular bastions. This rampart, of great length, has a low parapet; you look over it at the charming little vegetable-gardens with which the base of the hill appears exclusively to be garnished. The whole prospect is delightful, especially the details of the part just under the walls, at the end of the walk. Here the river makes a shining twist, which a painter might have invented, and the side of the hill is terraced into several ledges, — a sort of tangle of small blooming patches and little pavilions with peaked roofs and green shutters. It is idle to attempt to reproduce all this in words; it should be reproduced only in water-colors. The reader, however, will already have remarked that disparity in these ineffectual pages, which are pervaded by the attempt to sketch without a palette or brushes. He will doubtless, also, be struck with the groveling vision which, on such a spot as the ramparts of Poitiers, peoples itself with carrots and cabbages rather

than with images of the Black Prince and the captive king. I am not sure that in looking out from the promenade de Blossac you command the old battlefield; it is enough that it was not far off and that the great rout of Frenchmen poured into the walls of Poitiers, leaving on the ground a number of the fallen equal to the little army (eight thousand) of the invader. I did think of the battle; I wondered, rather helplessly, where it had taken place; and I came away (as the reader will see from the preceding sentence), without finding out. This indifference, however, was a result rather of a general dread of military topography than of a want of admiration of this particular victory, which I have always supposed to be one of the most brilliant on record. Indeed, I should be almost ashamed, and very much at a loss, to say what light it was that this glorious day seemed to me to have left forever on the horizon, and why the very name of the place had always caused my blood gently to tingle. It is carrying the feeling of race to quite inscrutable lengths when a vague American permits himself an emotion because more than five centuries ago, on French soil, one rapacious Frenchman got the better of another. Edward was a Frenchman as well as John, and French were the cries that urged each of the hosts to the fight. French is the beautiful motto graven round the image of the Black Prince, as he lies forever at rest in the choir of Canterbury: *à la mort ne pensai-jemye*. Nevertheless, the victory of Poitiers declines to lose itself in these considerations; the sense of it is a part of our heritage, the joy of it a part of our imagination, and it filters down through centuries and migrations till it titillates a New Yorker who forgets in his elation that he happens at that moment to be enjoying the hospitality of France. It was something done, I know not how justly, for England, and what was done in the four-

teenth century for England was done also for New York.

II.

If it was really for the sake of the Black Prince that I had stopped at Poitiers (for my prevision of Notre Dame la Grande and of the little temple of St. John was of the dimmest), I ought to have stopped at Angoulême for the sake of David and Eve Séchard, of Lucien de Rubempré and of Madame de Bargeton, who when she wore a *toilette étudiée* sported a Jewish turban ornamented with an Eastern brooch, a scarf of gauze, a necklace of cameos, and a robe of "painted muslin," whatever that may be; treating herself to these luxuries out of an income of twelve thousand francs. The persons I have mentioned have not that vagueness of identity which is the misfortune of historical characters; they are real, supremely real, thanks to their affiliation to the great Balzac, who had invented an artificial reality which was as much better than the vulgar article as mock-turtle soup is than the liquid it emulates. The first time I read *Les Illusions Perdues* I should have refused to believe that I was capable of passing the old capital of Anjou without alighting to visit the Houmeau. But we never know what we are capable of till we are tested, as I reflected when I found myself looking back at Angoulême from the window of the train, just after we had emerged from the long tunnel that passes under the town. This tunnel perforates the hill on which, like Poitiers, Angoulême rears itself, and which gives it an elevation still greater than that of Poitiers. You may have a tolerable look at the cathedral without leaving the railway-carriage; for it stands just above the tunnel and is exposed, much foreshortened, to the spectator below. There is evidently a charming walk round the plateau of the town, commanding those pretty views of which Balzac gives an account. But the train whirled me away,

and these are my only impressions. The truth is that I had no need, just at that moment, of putting myself into communication with Balzac ; for opposite to me in the compartment were a couple of figures almost as vivid as the actors in the *Comédie Humaine*. One of these was a very genial and dirty old priest, and the other was a reserved and concentrated young monk — the latter (by which I mean a monk of any kind) being a rare sight to-day in France. This young man, indeed, was mitigatedly monastic. He had a big brown frock and cowl, but he had also a shirt and a pair of shoes ; he had, instead of a hempen scourge round his waist, a stout leather thong, and he carried with him a very profane little valise. He also read, from beginning to end, the *Figaro*, which the old priest, who had done the same, presented to him ; and he looked altogether as if, had he not been a monk, he would have made a distinguished officer of engineers. When he was not reading the *Figaro* he was conning his breviary or answering, with rapid precision and with a deferential but discouraging dryness, the frequent questions of his companion, who was of quite another type. This worthy had a bored, good-natured, unbuttoned, expansive look ; was talkative, restless, and almost disreputably human. He was surrounded by a great deal of small luggage, and had scattered over the carriage his books, his papers, the fragments of his lunch, and the contents of an extraordinary bag, which he kept beside him — a kind of secular reliquary — and which appeared to contain the odds and ends of a life-time, as he took from it successively a pair of slippers, an old padlock (which evidently did not belong to it), an opera-glass, a collection of almanacs, and a large sea-shell, which he very carefully examined. I think that if he had not been afraid of the young monk, who was so much more serious than he, he would have held the shell to his ear, like a child.

Indeed, he was a very childish and delightful old priest, and his companion evidently thought him most frivolous. But I liked him the better of the two. He was not a country curé, but an ecclesiastic of some rank, who had seen a good deal both of the church and of the world ; and if I too had not been afraid of his confrère, who read the *Figaro* as seriously as if it had been an encyclical, I should have entered into conversation with him.

All this while I was getting on to Bordeaux, where I permitted myself to spend three days. I am afraid I have next to nothing to show for them, and that there would be little profit in lingering on this episode, which is the less to be justified as I had in former years examined Bordeaux attentively enough. It contains a very good hotel — an hotel not good enough, however, to keep you there for its own sake. For the rest, Bordeaux is a big, rich, handsome, imposing commercial town, with long rows of fine old eighteenth-century houses overlooking the yellow Garonne. I have spoken of the quays of Nantes as fine, but those of Bordeaux have a wider sweep and a still more architectural air. The appearance of such a port as this makes the Anglo-Saxon tourist blush for the sordid water-fronts of Liverpool and New York, which, with their larger activity, have so much more reason to be stately. Bordeaux gives a great impression of prosperous industries and suggests delightful ideas, images of prune-boxes and bottled claret. As the focus of distribution of the best wine in the world, it is indeed a sacred city — dedicated to the worship of Bacchus in the most discreet form. The country all about it is covered with precious vineyards ; sources of fortune to their owners and of satisfaction to distant consumers ; and as you look over to the hills beyond the Garonne you see them, in the autumn sunshine, fretted with the rusty richness of this or that immortal

clos. But the principal picture, within the town, is that of the vast curving quays, bordered with houses that look like the *hôtels* of farmers-general of the last century, and of the wide, tawny river, crowded with shipping and spanned by the largest of bridges. Some of the types on the water-side are of the sort that arrest a sketcher — figures of stalwart, brown-faced Basques, such as I had seen of old in great numbers at Biarritz, with their loose circular caps, their white sandals, their air of walking for a wager. Never was a tougher, a harder, race. They are not mariners, nor watermen, but, putting questions of temper aside, they are the best possible dock-porters. “Il s’y fait un commerce terrible,” a *douanier* said to me, as he looked up and down the interminable docks; and such a place has indeed much to say of the wealth, the capacity for production, of France — the bright, cheerful, smokeless industry of the wonderful country which produces above all the agreeable things of life, and turns even its defeats and revolutions into gold. The whole town has an air of almost depressing opulence, an appearance which culminates in the great *place* which surrounds the Grand-Théâtre — an establishment in the grandest style, encircled with columns, arcades, lamps, gilded cafés. One feels it to be a monument to the virtue of the well-selected bottle. If I had not forbidden myself to linger, I should venture to insist on this, and, at the risk of being considered fantastic, trace an analogy between good claret and the best qualities of the French mind; pretend that there is a taste of sound Bordeaux in all the happiest manifestations of that fine organ, and that, correspondingly, there is a touch of French reason, French completeness, in a glass of Pontet-Canet. The danger of such an excursion would lie mainly in its being so open to the reader to take the ground from under my feet by saying that good claret does n’t

exist. To this I should have no reply whatever. I should be unable to tell him where to find it. I certainly did n’t find it at Bordeaux, where I drank a most vulgar fluid; and it is of course notorious that a large part of mankind is occupied in vainly looking for it. There was a great pretense of putting it forward at the Exhibition which was going on at Bordeaux at the time of my visit, an “exposition philomathique,” lodged in a collection of big, temporary buildings in the Allées d’Orléans, and regarded by the Bordelais for the moment as the most brilliant feature of their city. Here were pyramids of bottles, mountains of bottles, to say nothing of cases and cabinets of bottles. The contemplation of these shining embankments was of course not very convincing; and indeed the whole arrangement struck me as a high impertinence. Good wine is not an optical pleasure, it is an inward emotion; and if there was a chamber of degustation on the premises I failed to discover it. It was not in the search for it, indeed, that I spent half an hour in this bewildering bazaar. Like all “expositions,” it seemed to me to be full of ugly things, and gave one a portentous idea of the quantity of rubbish that man carries with him on his course through the ages. Such an amount of luggage for a journey after all so short! There were no individual objects; there was nothing but dozens and hundreds, all machine-made and expressionless, in spite of the repeated grimace, the conscious smartness, of “the last new thing,” that was stamped on all of them. The fatal facility of the French *article* becomes at last as irritating as the refrain of a popular song. The poor “Indiens Galibis” struck me as really more interesting — a group of stunted savages who formed one of the attractions of the place, and were confined in a pen in the open air, with a rabble of people pushing and squeezing, hanging over the barrier, to look at them. They

had no grimace, no pretension to be new, no desire to catch your eye. They looked at their visitors no more than if they had been so many sunbeams, and seemed ancient, indifferent, terribly bored.

III.

There is much entertainment in the journey through the wide, smiling garden of Gascony ; I speak of it as I took it in going from Bordeaux to Toulouse. It is the south, quite the south, and had for the present narrator its full measure of the charm he is always determined to find in countries that may even by courtesy be said to appertain to the sun. It was, moreover, the happy and genial view of these mild latitudes, which, heaven knows, often have a dreariness of their own ; a land teeming with corn and wine, and speaking everywhere (that is, everywhere the phylloxera had not laid it waste) of wealth and plenty. The road runs constantly near the Garonne, touching now and then its slow, brown, rather sullen stream, a sullenness that incloses great dangers and disasters. The traces of the horrible floods of 1875 have disappeared, and the land smiles placidly enough while it waits for another immersion. Toulouse, at the period I speak of, was up to its middle (and in places above it) in water, and looks still as if it had been thoroughly soaked — as if it had faded and shriveled with a long steeping. The fields and copses, of course, are more forgiving. The railway line follows as well the charming Canal du Midi, which is as pretty as a river, barring the straightness, and here and there occupies the foreground, beneath a screen of dense, tall trees, while the Garonne takes a larger and more irregular course a little way beyond it. People who are fond of canals — and, speaking from the pictorial stand-point, I hold the taste to be most legitimate — will delight in this admirable specimen of the class, which has a very interesting history, not to be

narrated here. On the other side of the road (the left), all the way, runs a long, low line of hills, or rather one continuous hill, or perpetual cliff, with a straight top, in the shape of a ledge of rock, which might pass for a ruined wall. I am afraid the reader will lose patience with my habit of constantly referring to the landscape of Italy, as if that were the measure of the beauty of every other. Yet I am still more afraid that I cannot apologize for it, and must leave it in its culpable nakedness. It is an idle habit, but the reader will long since have discovered that this was an idle journey and that I give my impressions as they came to me. It came to me, then, that in all this view there was something transalpine, with a greater smartness and freshness and much less elegance and languor. This impression was occasionally deepened by the appearance, on the long eminence of which I speak, of a village, a church, or a château, which seemed to look down at the plain from over the ruined wall. The perpetual vines, the bright-faced, flat-roofed houses, covered with tiles, the softness and sweetness of the light and air, recalled the prosier portions of the Lombard plain. Toulouse itself has a little of this Italian expression, but not enough to give a color to its dark, dirty, crooked streets, which are irregular without being eccentric, and which, if it were not for the superb church of Saint Sernin, would be quite destitute of monuments.

I have already alluded to the way in which the names of certain places impose themselves on the mind, and I must add that of Toulouse to the list of expressive appellations. It certainly evokes a vision — suggests something highly *méridional*. But the city, it must be confessed, is less pictorial than the word, in spite of the Place du Capitole, in spite of the quay of the Garonne, in spite of the curious cloister of the old museum. What justifies the

images that are latent in the word is not the aspect, but the history, of the town. The hotel to which the well-advised traveler will repair stands in a corner of the Place du Capitole, which is the heart and centre of Toulouse, and which bears a vague and inexpensive resemblance to Piazza Castello at Turin. The Capitol, with a wide modern face, occupies one side, and like the palace at Turin looks across at a high arcade, under which the hotels, the principal shops, and the lounging citizens are gathered. The shops are probably better than the Turinese, but the people are not so good. Stunted, shabby, rather vitiated looking, they have none of the personal richness of the sturdy Piedmontese; and I will take this occasion to remark that in the course of a journey of several weeks in the French provinces I rarely encountered a well-dressed male. Can it be possible that republics are unfavorable to a certain attention to one's boots and one's beard? I risk this somewhat futile inquiry because the proportion of neat coats and trousers seemed to be about the same in France and in my native land. It was notably lower than in England and in Italy, and even warranted the supposition that most good provincials have their chin shaven and their boots blacked but once a week. I hasten to add, lest my observation should appear to be of a sadly superficial character, that the manners and conversation of these gentlemen bore (whenever I had occasion to appreciate them) no relation to the state of their chin and their boots. They were almost always marked by an extreme amenity. At Toulouse there was the strongest temptation to speak to people, simply for the entertainment of hearing them reply with that curious, that fascinating accent of the Languedoc, which appears to abound in final consonants, and leads the Toulousains to say *bien-g* and *maison-g*, like Englishmen learning French. It is as if they talked with their teeth

rather than with their tongue. I find in my note-book a phrase in regard to Toulouse which is perhaps a little ill-natured, but which I will transcribe as it stands. "The oddity is that the place should be both animated and dull. A big, brown-skinned population clattering about in a flat, tortuous town, which produces nothing whatever that I can discover. Except the church of Saint Sernin and the fine old court of the Hôtel d'Assézat, Toulouse has no architecture; the houses are for the most part of brick, of a grayish-red color, and have no particular style. The brickwork of the place is in fact very poor — inferior to that of the north Italian towns, and quite wanting in the richness of tone which this homely material takes on in the damp climates of the north." And then my note-book goes on to narrate a little visit to the Capitol, which was soon made, as the building was in course of repair and half the rooms were closed.

IV.

The history of Toulouse is detestable, saturated with blood and perfidy; and the ancient custom of the Floral Games, grafted upon all sorts of internecine traditions, seems, with its false pastoralism, its mock chivalry, its display of fine feelings, to set off rather than to mitigate these horrors. The society was founded in the fourteenth century, and it has held annual meetings ever since — meetings at which poems in the fine old *langue d'oc* are declaimed and a blushing laureate is chosen. This business takes place in the Capitol, before the chief magistrate of the town, who is known as the *capitou*, and of all the pretty women as well — a class very numerous at Toulouse. It was impossible to have a finer person than that of the portress who pretended to show me the apartments in which the Floral Games are held: a big, brown, expansive woman, still in the prime of life, with a

speaking eye, an extraordinary assurance, and a pair of magenta stockings, which were inserted into the neatest and most polished little black sabots, and which, as she clattered up the stairs before me, lavishly displaying them, made her look like the heroine of an *opéra-bouffe*. Her talk was all in *n's*, *g's*, and *d's*, and in mute *e's* strongly accented, as *autré*, *théâtre*, *splendidé* — the last being an epithet she applied to everything the Capitol contained, and especially to a horrible picture representing the famous Clémence Isaure, the reputed foundress of the poetical contest, presiding on one of these occasions. I wondered whether Clémence Isaure had been anything like this terrible Toulousaine of to-day, who would have been a capital figure-head for a floral game. The lady in whose honor the picture I have just mentioned was painted is a somewhat mythical personage, and she is not to be found in the Biographie Universelle. She is, however, a very graceful myth, and if she never existed her statue does, at least; a shapeless effigy, transferred to the Capitol from the so-called tomb of Clémence in the old church of La Daurade. The great hall in which the Floral Games are held was encumbered with scaffoldings, and I was unable to admire the long series of busts of the bards who have won prizes and the portraits of all the capitouls of Toulouse. As a compensation I was introduced to a big bookcase, filled with the poems that have been crowned since the days of the troubadours, a portentous collection, and the big butcher's knife with which, according to the legend, Henry, Duke of Montmorency, who had conspired against the great cardinal with Gaston of Orleans and Mary de' Medici, was, in 1632, beheaded on this spot by the order of Richelieu. With these objects the interest of the Capitol was exhausted. The building, indeed, has not the grandeur of its name, which is a sort of promise that the visitor will find

some sensible embodiment of the old Roman tradition that once flourished in this part of France. It is inferior in impressiveness to the other three famous Capitols of the modern world — that of Rome (if I may call the present structure modern), and those of Washington and Albany!

The only Roman remains at Toulouse are to be found in the museum, a very interesting establishment, which I was condemned to see as imperfectly as I had seen the Capitol. It was being rearranged, and the gallery of paintings, which is the least interesting feature, was the only part that was not upside down. The pictures are mainly of the modern French school, and I remember nothing but a powerful though disagreeable specimen of Henner, who paints the human body, and paints it so well, with a brush dipped in blackness; and, placed among the paintings, a bronze replica of the charming young David of Mercié. These things have been set out in the church of an old monastery, long since suppressed, and the rest of the collection occupies the cloisters. These are two in number; a small one, which you enter first from the street, and a very vast and elegant one beyond it, which with its light gothic arches and slim columns (of the fourteenth century), its broad walk, its little garden with old tombs and statues in the centre, is by far the most picturesque, the most sketchable, spot in Toulouse. It must be doubly so when the Roman busts, inscriptions, slabs and sarcophagi are ranged along the walls; it must indeed, to compare small things with great, and as the judicious Murray remarks, bear a certain resemblance to the Campo Santo at Pisa. But these things are absent now; the cloister is a litter of confusion, and its treasures have been stowed away, confusedly, in sundry inaccessible rooms. The custodian attempted to console me by telling me that when they are exhibited again it

will be on a scientific basis, and with an order and regularity of which they were formerly innocent. But I was not consoled. I wanted simply the spectacle, the picture, and I did n't care in the least for the classification. Old Roman fragments, exposed to light in the open air, under a southern sky, in a quadrangle round a garden, have an immortal charm simply in their general effect, and the charm is all the greater when the soil of the very place has yielded them up.

v.

My real consolation was an hour I spent in Saint-Sernin, one of the noblest churches in southern France, and easily the first among those of Toulouse. This great structure, a masterpiece of twelfth-century Romanesque, and dedicated to St. Saturninus — the Toulousains have abbreviated — is, I think, alone worth a journey to Toulouse. What makes it so is the extraordinary seriousness of its interior; no other term occurs to me as expressing so well the character of its clear gray nave. As a general thing, I do not favor the fashion of attributing moral qualities to buildings; I shrink from talking about tender porticoes and sincere campanili; but I find I cannot get on at all without imputing some sort of morality to Saint-Sernin. As it stands to-day, the church has been completely restored by Viollet-le-Duc. The exterior is of brick, and has little charm save that of a tower of four rows of arches, narrowing together as they ascend. The nave is of great length and height, the barrel-roof of stone, the effect of the round arches and pillars in the triforium especially fine. There are two low aisles on either side. The choir is very deep and narrow; it seems to close together, and looks as if it were meant for intensely earnest rites. The transepts are most noble, especially the arches of the second tier. The whole church is narrow for its length, and is singularly complete

and homogeneous. As I say all this, I feel that I quite fail to give an impression of its manly gravity, its strong proportions, or of the lonesome look of its renovated stones as I sat there while the October twilight gathered. It is a real work of art, a high conception. The crypt, into which I was eventually led captive by an importunate sacristan, is quite another affair, though indeed I suppose it may also be spoken of as a work of art. It is a rich museum of relics, and contains the head of St. Thomas Aquinas, wrapped up in a napkin and exhibited in a glass case. The sacristan took a lamp and guided me about, presenting me to one saintly remnant after another. The impression was grotesque, but some of the objects were contained in curious old cases of beaten silver and brass; these things, at least, which looked as if they had been transmitted from the early church, were venerable. There was, however, a kind of wholesale sanctity about the place which overshot the mark; it pretends to be one of the holiest spots in the world. The effect is spoiled by the way the sacristans hang about and offer to take you into it for ten sous — I was accosted by two and escaped from another — and by the familiar manner in which you pop in and out. This episode rather broke the charm of Saint-Sernin, so that I took my departure and went in search of the cathedral. It was scarcely worth finding, and struck me as an odd, dislocated fragment. The front consists only of a portal, beside which a tall brick tower, of a later period, has been erected. The nave was wrapped in dimness, with a few scattered lamps. I could only distinguish an immense vault, like a high cavern, without aisles. Here and there, in the gloom, was a kneeling figure; the whole place was mysterious and lopsided. The choir was curtained off; it appeared not to correspond with the nave, that is, not to have the same axis. The only

other ecclesiastical impression I gathered at Toulouse came to me in the church of La Daurade, of which the front, on the quay by the Garonne, was closed with scaffoldings; so that one entered it from behind, where it is completely masked by houses, through a door which has at first no traceable connection with it. It is a vast, high, modernized, heavily decorated church, dimly lighted at all times, I should suppose, and enriched by the shades of evening at the time I looked into it. I perceived that it consisted mainly of a large square, beneath a dome, in the centre of which a single person—a lady—was praying with the utmost absorption. The manner of access to the church interposed such an obstacle to the outer profanities that I had a sense of intruding, and presently withdrew, carrying with me a picture of the vast, still interior, the gilded roof, gleaming in the twilight, and the solitary worshiper. What was she praying for, and was she not almost afraid to remain there alone?

For the rest, the picturesque at Toulouse consists principally of the walk beside the Garonne, which is spanned, to the faubourg of Saint-Cyprien, by a stout brick bridge. This hapless suburb, the baseness of whose site is noticeable, lay for days under the water at the time of the last inundations. The Garonne had almost mounted to the roofs of the houses, and the place continues to present a blighted, frightened look. Two or three persons, with whom I had some conversation, spoke of that time as a memory of horror. I have not done with my Italian comparisons; I shall never have done with them. I am therefore free to say that in the way in which Toulouse looks out on the Garonne there was something that reminded me vaguely of the way in which Pisa looks out on the Arno. The red-faced houses—all of brick—along the quay have a mixture of brightness and

shabbiness, as well as the fashion of the open *loggia* in the top-story. The river, with another bridge or two, might be the Arno, and the buildings on the other side of it—a hospital, a suppressed convent—dip their feet into it with real southern cynicism. I have spoken of the old Hôtel d'Assézat as the best house at Toulouse; with the exception of the cloister of the museum, it is the only "bit" I remember. It has fallen from the state of a noble residence of the sixteenth century to that of a warehouse and a set of offices; but a certain dignity lingers in its melancholy court, which is divided from the street by a gateway that is still imposing, and in which a clambering vine and a red Virginia-creeper were suspended to the rusty walls of brick and stone.

The most interesting house at Toulouse is far from being the most striking. At the door of number 50 Rue des Filatiers, a featureless, solid structure, was found hanging, one autumn evening, the body of the young Marc-Antoine Calas, whose ill-inspired suicide was to be the first act of a tragedy so horrible. The fanaticism aroused in the towns-folk by this incident; the execution by torture of Jean Calas, accused as a Protestant of having hanged his son, who had gone over to the church of Rome; the ruin of the family; the claustration of the daughters; the flight of the widow to Switzerland; her introduction to Voltaire; the excited zeal of that incomparable polemist, and the passionate persistence with which, from year to year, he pursued a reversal of judgment, till at last he obtained it, and devoted the tribunal of Toulouse to execration and the name of the victims to lasting wonder and pity—these things form part of one of the most interesting and touching episodes of the social history of the eighteenth century. The story has the fatal progression, the dark rigidity, of one of the tragic dramas of the Greeks. Jean Calas, advanced in life, blameless,

bewildered, protesting his innocence, had been broken on the wheel, and the sight of his decent dwelling, which brought home to me all that had been suffered there, spoiled for me, for half an hour, the impression of Toulouse.

VI.

I spent but a few hours at Carcassonne; but those hours had a rounded felicity, and I cannot do better than transcribe from my note-book the little record I made at the moment. Vitiated as it may be by crudity and incoherency, it has at any rate the freshness of a great emotion. This is the best quality that a reader may hope to extract from a narrative in which "useful information" and technical lore even of the most general sort are completely absent. For Carcassonne is moving, beyond a doubt, and the traveler who, in the course of a little tour in France, may have felt himself urged, in melancholy moments, to say that on the whole the disappointments are as numerous as the satisfactions must admit that there can be nothing better than this.

The country, after you leave Toulouse, continues to be charming; the more so that it merges its flatness in the distant Cévennes on one side, and on the other, far away on your right, in the richer range of the Pyrenees. Olives and cypresses, pergolas and vines, terraces on the roofs of houses, soft, iridescent mountains, a warm yellow light — what more could the difficult tourist want? He left his luggage at the station, warily determined to look at the inn before committing himself to it. It was so evident (even to a cursory glance) that it might easily have been much better that he simply took his way to the town, with the whole of a superb afternoon before him. When I say the town, I mean the towns; there being two at Carcassonne, perfectly distinct, and each with excellent claims to the title. They have settled the matter between them,

however, and the elder, the shrine of pilgrimage, to which the other is but a stepping-stone, or even, as I may say, a humble door-mat, takes the name of the Cité. You see nothing of the Cité from the station; it is masked by the agglomeration of the *ville-basse*, which is relatively (but only relatively) new. A wonderful avenue of acacias leads to it from the station — leads past it, rather, and conducts you to a little high-backed bridge over the Aude, beyond which, detached and erect, a distinct mediæval silhouette, the Cité presents itself. Like a rival shop, on the invidious side of a street, it has "no connection" with the establishment across the way, although the two places are united (if old Carcassonne may be said to be united to anything) by a vague little rustic faubourg. Perched on its solid pedestal, the perfect detachment of the Cité is what first strikes you. To take leave, without delay, of the *ville-basse*, I may say that the splendid acacias I have mentioned flung a summerish dusk over the place, in which a few scattered remains of stout walls and big bastions looked venerable and picturesque. A little boulevard winds round the town, planted with trees and garnished with more benches than I ever saw provided by a soft-hearted municipality. This precinct had a warm, lazy, dusty, southern look, as if the people sat out-of-doors a great deal, and wandered about in the stillness of summer nights. The figure of the elder town, at these hours, must be ghostly enough on its neighboring hill. Even by day it has the air of a vignette of Gustave Doré, a couplet of Victor Hugo. It is almost too perfect — as if it were an enormous model, placed on a big green table at a museum. A steep, paved way, grass-grown like all roads where vehicles never pass, stretches up to it in the sun. It has a double *enciente*, complete outer walls and complete inner (these, elaborately fortified, are the

more curious); and this congregation of ramparts, towers, bastions, battlements, barbicans, is as fantastic and romantic as you please. The approach I mention here leads to the gate that looks toward Toulouse — the *Porte de l'Aude*. There is a second, on the other side, called, I believe, the *Porte Narbonnaise*, a magnificent gate, flanked with towers thick and tall, defended by elaborate outworks; and these two apertures alone admit you to the place — putting aside a small sally-port, protected by a great bastion, on the quarter that looks toward the Pyrenees. As a votary, always, in the first instance, of a general impression, I walked all round the outer enceinte; a process on the very face of it entertaining. I took to the right of the *Porte de l'Aude*, without entering it, where the old moat has been filled in. The filling-in of the moat has created a grassy level at the foot of the big gray towers, which, rising at frequent intervals, stretch their stiff curtain of stone from point to point. The curtain drops without a fold upon the quiet grass, which was dotted here and there with a humble native, dozing away the golden afternoon. The natives of the elder Carcassonne are all humble, for the core of the *Cité* has shrunk and decayed, and there is little life among the ruins. A few tenacious laborers, who work in the neighboring fields or in the *ville-basse*, and sundry octogenarians of both sexes, who are dying where they have lived, and contribute much to the pictorial effect — these are the principal inhabitants. The process of converting the place from an irresponsible old town into a conscious "specimen" has of course been attended with eliminations; the population has, as a general thing, been restored away. I should lose no time in saying that restoration is the great mark of the *Cité*. M. Viollet-le-Duc has worked his will upon it, put it into perfect order, revived the fortifications in every detail. I do

not pretend to judge the performance, carried out on a scale and in a spirit which really impose themselves on the imagination. Few architects have had such a chance, and M. Viollet-le-Duc must have been the envy of the whole restoring fraternity. The image of a more crumbling Carcassonne rises in the mind, and there is no doubt that forty years ago the place was more affecting. On the other hand, as we see it to-day, it is a wonderful evocation, and if there is a great deal of new in the old, there is plenty of old in the new. The repaired crenellations, the inserted patches, of the walls of the outer circle sufficiently express this commixture. My walk brought me into full view of the Pyrenees, which, now that the sun had begun to sink and the shadows to grow long, had a wonderful violet glow. The platform at the base of the walls has a greater width on this side, and it made the scene more complete. Two or three old crones had crawled out of the *Porte Narbonnaise*, to examine the advancing visitor; and a very ancient peasant, lying there with his back against a tower, was tending half-a-dozen lean sheep. A poor man in a very old blouse, crippled and with crutches lying beside him, had been brought out and placed on a stool, where he enjoyed the afternoon as best he might. He looked so ill and so patient that I spoke to him; found that his legs were paralyzed and he was quite helpless. He had formerly been seven years in the army, and had made the campaign of Mexico with Bazaine. Born in the old *Cité*, he had come back there to end his days. It seemed strange, as he sat there, with those romantic walls behind him and the great picture of the Pyrenees in front, to think that he had been across the seas to the far-away new world, had made part of a famous expedition, and was now a cripple at the gate of the mediæval city where he had played as a child. All this struck me as a great deal of history

for so modest a figure — a poor little figure that could only just unclothe its palm for a small silver coin. He was not the only acquaintance I made at Carcassonne. I had not pursued my circuit of the walls much further when I encountered a person of quite another type, of whom I asked some question which had just then presented itself, and who proved to be the very genius of the spot. He was a sociable son of the ville-basse, a gentleman, and as I afterwards learned an employé at the prefecture — a person, in short, much esteemed at Carcassonne. (I may say all this, as he will never read these pages.) He had been ill for a month, and in the company of his little dog was taking his first airing; in his own phrase he was *amoureux-fou de la Cité* — he could lose no time in coming back to it. He talked of it, indeed, as a lover, and, giving me for half an hour the advantage of his company, showed me all the points of the place. (I speak here always of the outer enceinte; you penetrate to the inner, which is the specialty of Carcassonne, and the great curiosity, only by application at the lodge of the regular custodian, a remarkable functionary, who, half an hour later, when I had been introduced to him by my friend the amateur, marched me over the fortifications with a tremendous accompaniment of dates and technical terms.) My companion pointed out to me in particular the traces of different periods in the structure of the walls. There is a portentous amount of history embedded in them, beginning with Romans and Visigoths; here and there are marks of old breaches, hastily repaired. We passed into the town — into that part of it not included in the citadel. It is the queerest and most fragmentary little place in the world, as everything save the fortifications is being suffered to crumble away, in order that the spirit of M. Viollet-le-Duc alone may pervade it, and it may subsist simply as a magnifi-

cent shell. As the leases of the wretched little houses fall in, the ground is cleared of them, and a mumbling old woman approached me in the course of my circuit, inviting me to condole with her on the disappearance of so many of the hovels which in the last few hundred years (since the collapse of Carcassonne as a stronghold) had attached themselves to the base of the walls, in the space between the two circles. These habitations, constructed of materials taken from the ruins, nestled there snugly enough. This intermediate space had therefore become a kind of street, which has crumbled in turn, as the fortress has grown up again. There are other streets beside, very diminutive and vague, where you pick your way over heaps of rubbish and become conscious of unexpected faces, looking at you out of windows as detached as the cherubic heads. The most definite thing in the place was a little café, where the waiters, I think, must be the ghosts of the old Visigoths; the most definite, that is, after the little château and the little cathedral. Everything in the Cité is little; you can walk round the walls in twenty minutes. On the drawbridge of the château, which, with a picturesque old face, flanking towers and a dry moat, is to-day simply a bare *caserne*, lounged half a dozen soldiers, unusually small. Nothing could be more odd than to see these objects inclosed in a receptacle which has much of the appearance of an enormous toy. The Cité and its population vaguely reminded me of an immense Noah's ark.

VII.

Carcassonne dates from the Roman occupation of Gaul. The place commanded one of the great roads into Spain, and in the fourth century Romans and Franks ousted each other from such a point of vantage. In the year 436, Theodoric, king of the Visigoths, superseded both these parties, and it is during his occupation that the inner en-

ceinte was raised upon the ruins of the Roman fortifications. Most of the Visigoth towers that are still erect are seated upon Roman substructions which appear to have been formed hastily, probably at the moment of the Frankish invasion. The authors of these solid defenses, though occasionally disturbed, held Carcassonne and the neighboring country, in which they had established their kingdom of Septimania, till the year 713, when they were expelled by the Moors of Spain, who ushered in an unilluminated period of four centuries, of which no traces remain. These facts I derive from a source no more recondite than a pamphlet by M. Viollet-le-Duc — a very luminous description of the fortifications, which you may buy from the accomplished custodian. The writer makes a jump to the year 1209, when Carcassonne, then forming part of the realm of the viscounts of Béziers and infected by the Albigensian heresy, was besieged, in the name of the Pope, by the terrible Simon de Montfort and his army of crusaders. Simon was accustomed to success, and the town succumbed in the course of a fortnight. Thirty-one years later, having passed into the hands of the king of France, it was again besieged by the young Raymond de Trincavel, the last of the viscounts of Béziers; and of this siege M. Viollet-le-Duc gives a long and minute account, which the visitor who has a head for such things may follow, with the brochure in hand, on the fortifications themselves. The young Raymond de Trincavel, baffled and repulsed, retired at the end of twenty-four days. Saint Louis and Philip the Bold, in the thirteenth century, multiplied the defenses of Carcassonne, which was one of the bulwarks of their kingdom on the Spanish quarter; and from this time forth, being regarded as impregnable, the place had nothing to fear. It was not even attacked, and when, in 1355, Edward the Black Prince marched into

it, the inhabitants had opened the gates to the conqueror before whom all Languedoc was prostrate. I am not one of those who, as I said just now, have a head for such things, and having extracted these few facts had made all the use of M. Viollet-le-Duc's pamphlet of which I was capable.

I have mentioned that my obliging friend the amoureux-fou handed me over to the door-keeper of the citadel. I should add that I was at first committed to the wife of this functionary, a stout peasant-woman, who took a key down from a nail, conducted me to a postern door, and ushered me into the presence of her husband. Having just begun his rounds with a party of four persons, he was not many steps in advance. I added myself perforce to this party, which was not brilliantly composed, except that two of its members were gendarmes in full toggery, who announced in the course of our tour that they had been stationed for a year at Carcassonne and had never before had the curiosity to come up to the Cité. There was something brilliant, certainly, in that. The *gardien* was an extraordinarily typical little Frenchman, who struck me even more forcibly than the wonders of the inner enceinte; and as I am bound to assume, at whatever cost to my literary vanity, that there is not the slightest danger of his reading these remarks, I may treat him as public property. With his diminutive stature and his perpendicular spirit, his flushed face, expressive, protuberant eyes, high, peremptory voice, extreme volubility, lucidity, and neatness of utterance, he reminded me of the gentry who figure in the revolutions of his native land. If he was not a fierce little Jacobin he ought to have been, for I am sure there were many men of his pattern on the Committee of Public Safety. He knew absolutely what he was about, understood the place thoroughly, and constantly reminded his audience of what he himself had done in

the way of excavations and reparations. He described himself as the brother of the architect of the work actually going forward (that which has been done since the death of M. Viollet-le-Duc, I suppose he meant), and this fact was more illustrative than all the others. It reminded me, as one is reminded at every turn, of the democratic conditions of French life: a man of the people, with a wife *en bonnet*, extremely intelligent, full of special knowledge, and yet remaining essentially of the people, and showing his intelligence with a kind of ferocity, of defiance. Such a personage helps one to understand the red radicalism of France, the revolutions, the barricades, the sinister passion for thrones. (I do not, of course, take upon myself to say that the individual I describe — who can know nothing of the liberties I am taking with him — is actually devoted to these ideals; I only mean that many such devotees must have his qualities.) In just the *nuance* that I have tried to indicate here, it is a terrible pattern of man. Permeated in a high degree by civilization, it is yet untouched by the desire which one finds in the Englishman, in proportion as he rises in the world, to approximate to the figure of the gentleman; on the other hand, a *netteté*, a faculty of exposition, such as the English gentleman is rarely either blessed or cursed with. This brilliant, this suggestive warden of Carcassonne marched us about for an hour, haranguing, explaining, illustrating, as he went: it was a complete little lecture, such as might have been delivered at the Boston Music Hall, on the manner in which a first-rate *place forte* used to be attacked and defended. Our peregrinations made it very clear that Carcassonne was impregnable; it is impossible to imagine, without having seen them, such refinements of immurement, such ingenuities of resistance. We passed along battlements and *chemins de ronde*, ascended and descended tow-

ers, crawled under arches, peered out of loop-holes, lowered ourselves into dungeons, halted in all sorts of tight places, while the purpose of something or other was described to us. It was very curious, very interesting, above all it was very pictorial, and involved perpetual peeps into the little crooked, crumbling, sunny, grassy, empty Cité. In places, as you stand upon it, the great towered and embattled enceinte produces an illusion; it looks as if it were still equipped and defended. One vivid challenge, at any rate, it flings down before you; it calls upon you to make up your mind on the matter of restoration. For myself, I have no hesitation; I prefer in every case the ruined, however ruined, to the reconstructed, however splendid. What is left is more precious than what is added; the one is history, the other is fiction, and I like the former the better of the two; it is so much more romantic. One is positive, so far as it goes; the other fills up the void with things more dead than the void itself, inasmuch as they have never had life. After that I am free to say that the restoration of Carcassonne is a splendid achievement. The little custodian dismissed us at last, after having, as usual, inducted us into the inevitable repository of photographs. These photographs are a great nuisance, all over the Midi. They are exceedingly bad, for the most part; and the worst, those in the form of the hideous little *album-panorama*, are thrust upon you at every turn. They are a kind of tax that you must pay; the best way is to pay to be let off. It was not to be denied that there was a relief in separating from our accomplished guide, whose manner of imparting information reminded me of the energetic process by which I have seen mineral waters bottled. All this while the afternoon had grown more lovely; the sunset had deepened, the horizon of hills grown purple; the mass of the Canigou became

more delicate, yet more distinct. The day had so far faded that the interior of the little cathedral was wrapped in twilight, into which the glowing windows projected something of their color. This church has high beauty and value, but I will spare the reader a presentation of details which I myself had no opportunity to master. It consists of a Romanesque nave of the end of the eleventh century, and a gothic choir and transepts of the beginning of the fourteenth; and, shut up in its citadel like a precious casket in a cabinet, it seems — or seemed at that hour — to have a sort of double sanctity. After leaving it and passing out of the two circles of walls, I treated myself, in the most infatuated manner, to another walk round

the Cité. It is certainly this general impression that is most striking — the impression from outside, where the whole place detaches itself at once from the landscape. In the warm southern dusk it looked more than ever like a city in a fairy-tale. To make the thing perfect, a white young moon, in its first quarter, came out and hung just over the dark silhouette. It was hard to come away — to incommode one's self for anything so vulgar as a railway-train; I would gladly have spent the evening in revolving round the walls of Carcassonne. But I had in a measure engaged to proceed to Narbonne, and there was a certain magic in that name which gave me strength — Narbonne, the richest city in Roman Gaul.

Henry James.

PERSEPOLIS.

HERE is the royalty of ruin: naught
Of later pomp the desert stillness mars;
Alone these columns face the fiery sun,
Alone they watch beneath the midnight stars.

Forests have sprung to life in colder climes,
Grown stalwart, nourished many a savage brood,
Ripened to green age, fallen to decay,
Since this gray grove of marble voiceless stood.

Not voiceless once, when, like a rainbow woof
Veiling the azure of the Persian sky,
Curtains of crimson, violet, and gold
In folds of priceless texture hung on high!

And what have sun and shadow left to us?
What glorious picture in this marble frame
Ever, as soundless centuries roll by,
Gives this lone mount its proudest, dearest 'fame?

The sculptured legend on yon polished cliff
Has lost its meaning. Persia, gray and old,
Upon her bed of roses sleeps away
The ages, all her tales of triumph told.

But here Queen Esther stood; and still the world,
 In vision rapt, beholds that peerless face,
 When, with the smile which won a throne, she gave
 Joy to her king and freedom to her race.

Frances L. Mace.

CREAM-WHITE AND CROW-BLACK.

THERE is a rattle and a rush and a roar; then a rough little home-made wagon rolls into sight. The rude wheels are cut out of plank, with holes in the middle screeching for axle-grease; a long white-oak sapling serves for a tongue, to which are harnessed, with odd pieces of chain and hickory bark, four little kinky-headed negroes. Perched upon the precarious seat of honor sits a bare-legged, freckle-faced, bright-eyed boy, cracking a knotty leathern whip, and shouting like mad. In a cloud of dust, bouncing along, pattering, puffing, snorting, blowing, this cart clatters up to the gray stone steps of a great, squatty, gable-roofed house, bristling with snub-nosed dormer windows, and porch-room enough to seat the Virginia legislature.

Backward! turn backward a few decades, O Time! and this freckle-faced boy may be George Washington returning from a raid on the chincapin thickets of Westmoreland; Thomas Jefferson with a string of eels and catfish from the muddy Rivanna at Shadwell; a learned professor of the University of Virginia; or any one of those fine-looking, gray-headed old gentlemen you are certain to encounter in the streets of Charlottesville.

The small driver leaps off at the front door, while the equipage rattles off to the rear, and the foaming chargers are expected to unhitch themselves and wait, while Mars' Tom partakes of his eleven-o'clock lunch of hot ash-cake and buttermilk, and rests from his arduous labors of the morning.

"Ain't mammy got my lunch ready 'n' I'm hungry as a bear 'n' me 'n' Joe 'n' Jake 'n' Jessie started up a old har 'n' found a settinhennes' 'n' all of 'm was rotten 'n' killed a snake 'n' had mo' fun 'n' nuff 'n' we all was settin' in th' bacca patch playing mumble-peg 'n' up come ole Dick th' overseer's son 'n' he reckon we all better stop scratchin' in th' bacca patch 'n' Jake he hollered out

" 'Ole Mister Dick,
 Stick stet stick,
 Highboy lowboy,
 Skinny-head Dick,'

'n' ole Dick he bet he was n't goin' to stan' no nigger sassin' him like that 'n' throwed a rock 'n' like to bust Jake's head open 'n' me 'n' Joe jumps on 'n' we all had it a rollin' 'n' a pitchin' 'n' where's mammy with my lunch 'n' I'm hungry as a bear." All this rigmarole with never a stop or a punctuation mark; and yet such boys learned to talk after a while, and won for themselves name and fame.

It is Virginia's proud boast to have produced Patrick Henry, the tongue; Thomas Jefferson, the pen; and George Washington, the sword of the Revolution; but, undoubtedly, as boys, they played with the little "niggers," domineered over them, talked the same lingo, and held the rules of grammar in very low esteem.

Presently, "mammy," who is crow-black, in a bright red turban dotted with squares of yellow spots, comes with a brown pitcher of foaming fresh buttermilk and platter of hot brown ash-

cakes, to call the children to their mid-day repast; with some difficulty prevailing upon impatient Mars' Tom to wash from his grimy hands and face the river mud and odor of catfish and fishing-worms.

"No, honey, youse not a gwine to eat none of dis milk, — not wid dem hands; not if I knows it. Youse a disgrace to your brudders and sisters, wid der hands and faces like lilies." Rather brown lilies are the faces and hands of Kitty and little Nan, Roger and Rupert, but they shine by comparison; and Mars' Tom meekly laves in the tin pan, and wipes on the roller towel, which hangs in the back porch from one year's end to the other.

There was no "going back on mammy." Papa was apt to be reading the Whig, and if you broke rules laughed, and said, "Boys will be boys." Mamma was hearing Lettie play her music lesson, and must not be disturbed. So it fell to mammy's lot to see to the manners and customs of the children of the family.

Dear old mammy! Had she not washed, dressed, scolded, nursed, and domineered over every one of them, from pretty Lettie down to the baby in arms?

Black mammy, tall and straight, as only "totin' water from the spring" can make one (and she could "tote" one bucket on her head, filled to the brim, and one in each hand, up the long hill, without spilling a drop); always with a bright turban, a long white apron, a straight, short gown of striped cotton — grown, spun, and woven on the plantation — for summer wear, and gay-colored woolen plaid in winter. No goring of mammy's dresses, no ruffles, no flounces, — only a good wide sensible tuck, to allow for shrinkage; no fancy bonnets or hats for mammy, so that one can scarce tell mistress from maid. There was always a big pocket to mammy's dress, out of which, as from a conjurer's bag, she could produce at will

unlimited peanuts, moist, sticky peppermint drops, hickory nuts, boiled eggs, sweet potatoes, and popcorn. She kept a supply of soft rag ready to tie up a cut finger or "stumped toe" at a moment's notice; could find lost articles, from the "scissors" up to old marster's keys, which he was constantly losing or forgetting, and could pick out splinters without hurting a bit.

That was mammy. Little Nan, shining like a lily blossom in her bath-tub, puts up two chubby hands to the kind old mahogany face, and lisps, "Mammy, you ith tho thweet, you ith tho lubly."

Very close were the bonds of affection between mammy and her foster-children. Many a childish fault she condoned, and many a wild escapade excused, spurring their flagging ambition by the pride and interest she took in their attainments. "Dar now, Miss Lettie, your cousin Sarah played a longer chune than a'er one you kin play! Larn your books, childen, larn your books! I clar, I'se mortified to death if see tother folks' childen wid' farrer skins and larnin' bigger books and playin' longer chunes than mine. Larn de books, and war your bonnets, and keep freckles off your faces!" Mammy never approved of her young ladies putting their hands in the dough, or performing any household labor that might harden their skin or injure their beauty. She had a favorite story she used to tell about a certain princess who refused to "hold her hands like a lady," but insisted on learning to spin; and although she only spun the purest gold, "*it made her thumb broad.*" The moral of this story was that if a lady turned the door-knobs it spread her hands; if she handled the tongs, it would harden her fingers; and a brown skin was far too suggestive of "po' white trash" to suit mammy's aristocratic ideas.

The office of "mammy" in a Southern family was often hereditary; little mammy, that is to be, beginning her

profession as playmate, and then waiting-maid, of pretty Miss Mary. But when young mistress goes off to boarding-school for the finishing touches the maid rises a step in rank. "Old miss" promotes her to the task of holding hanks, winding brooches of cotton, and teaches her to knit yarn socks for the "hands." She also becomes exceedingly expert at finding old miss's spectacles, sees company coming a long way off, keeps the key-basket in place, gets water-melons out of the ice-house when called for in a hurry, and not infrequently finds a pleasant solace as well as gentle mental stimulus in the "b-a-t-s" and "c-a-t-s" of the First Reader. Higher learning than this, mammies did not aspire to; being satisfied with having their love-letters written by proxy, when Miss Mary came home for the holidays, instead of, as is the present custom, "taking pen in hand at this present opportunity," to let the beloved one know "that she is enjoying good health, and hopes these few lines will find him the same," as ninety-nine hundredths of the colored folks' letters begin.

At the close of the war, it so happened that one of these incipient mammies applied for service to a bustling, strong-minded woman, one of King Solomon's paragons, "who riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat unto her household." Well pleased with the girl's honest dark face, Mrs. Allen asked her name.

"Alcinthy Fitzallen de Montague, marm."

"Well, Cinthy, I suppose you can cook?"

"Oh, no, marm! Aunt Melindy was de cook at our house."

"Can you wash and iron?"

"*Me* wash and i'on! Law, no, marm! Aunt Big Tildy, she did de washing and i'ning."

"Can you attend to the table?"

"He! he! Dat was nobody's business but Uncle Solomon's, and he did n't

'low no childen to fool long o' his dinin'-room."

"Can you make up beds and attend to the chambers?"

"In course not, marm! Little Tildy and Cousin Pat was de house gals, and dey didn't want nobody to ten' to *der* business."

"Then what under the sun was your occupation?"

"*I did keep flies off old miss.*"

Only fancy a woman who "looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness," who "considereth the field and buyeth it," and turneth off such a lot of spinning; that busy, energetic housekeeper, who scarcely sits still long enough for a fly to light on her, — imagine such a woman hiring a half-grown girl to *keep flies off her!*

It was a matter of course that mammy should marry the butler, who, dressed in old marster's cast-off clothes, walked like him, talked like him, looked after the carriage horses, and was considered quite the "upper crust" by the field hands of the plantation. By dint of catching up the table conversation and parlor manners of the guests of the house, this functionary was given to great elegance of language and long dictionary words, and was very high-toned indeed. He was called, through respect, "*Uncle*" Peter or "*Uncle*" Solomon, as the case might be, by all the rising generation, and considered an oracle of wisdom. In those days, though,

"The butcher, the baker,
And candlestick-maker"

all dwelt together in unity, there were nevertheless many grades of gentility, and it would have been quite a *mésalliance* for mammy to have married any other than Uncle Solomon. As Uncle Solomon waxed in years he would become very fervent in preaching and exhorting, though to his dying day he would claim Noah as "one of de twelve apostles."

Uncle Solomon said things now and then well worth repeating. Being engaged as head-waiter by an ambitious young officer at a banquet far beyond his means, "Uncle Sol" was called on, at the close of the feast, for a sentiment. "Gentlemen," he said, "in proposing the health of your very persequential host, I shall call to my remembrance and rickollect what I remember, and select my text from the midst of Revolutions. May the scissors of experience cut the wings of extravagance."

During the trying period of the war there were innumerable instances of the fidelity and affection subsisting between master and servant. When Sheridan swept through the South on his celebrated raid, it was mammy who "planted" the hamper of silver plate in the old burying-ground, and made a baby-grave mound over it, headstone and all, while Uncle Solomon lay groaning, like one possessed, on a rickety bed in the darkest corner of his cabin. Had the raiders thought of searching under him, they would have been astonished to find, instead of "nothing but old clo'," piles of tobacco, bags of meal, flour, coffee, sugar-cured hams, and other delicacies, tempting enough to soldiers on the march.

When young Mars' Tom, glowing with patriotism, volunteered in the army, no one was deemed so trustworthy as Uncle Solomon for looking after his welfare. But a very few days of the shelling around Fredericksburg sent the old man hurrying home.

"Marster," he said solemnly, "send for the boy to come home, and quit sech foolishness! Them balls and shells comes a fizin' and bustin' and exploring along, and it 'pears to me had jest as soon hit Mars' Tom as not. It is impossible for me to be 'sponsibility of the chile in such a pernickety association."

But when at last the Northern troopers swept down upon Stonewall Jack-

son's men, and left young Thomas with his face to the stars and a bullet through his heart, Uncle Solomon, his gray head bowed in sorrow, returned alone.

"When hame cam' the saddle a' bloody to see,
Hame cam' the guid steed,
But hame never cam' he,"

there was not one in that grief-stricken household who yearned more lovingly than mammy for her foster-child, and "refused to be comforted, because he was not."

Mammy loved dearly to sing hymns. She would lay down her corn-cob pipe, the constant use of which had worn a groove in her front teeth, and clasping baby Nan in her arms rock back and forth, singing in a high, cracked voice,

"Nobody knows the troubles I've had,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows the troubles I've had,
Sing glory hallelujah!

"What makes the debble love me so?
Oh yes, Lord,
He hilt me in a chain of woe,
King Jesus sot me free.

"Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
Oh yes, Lord,
Sometimes I am upon the groun',
Oh yes, Lord.

"Nobody knows the troubles I've had," etc.

But when mammy was "up" she was perfectly triumphant in

"I'm a goin' up to heaven!
Bright mansions above,
Where my Jesus went before me,
Bright mansions above,
To argue with the Father,
Bright mansions above,
To chatter with the sun,
Bright mansions above,
To talk about the world,
Bright mansions above,
That I just came from,
Bright mansions above.

"I know you want to go,
I see a cloud a rising,
Ready for to rain,
But it's not a gwine to snow,
Catch the eagle wing,
Fly away to heaven.

"Silver slippers in the heaven,
Don't you want to put them on?

Long white robe,
Bright starry crown,
Try 'em on, they'll fit you well,
Bright mansions above."

Farewell, good old mammies! With the institution of slavery they have passed away, but very pleasant is the remembrance of them. Simple and faith-

ful in their lives, they have passed into the presence of the great Master, who alone can disintegrate the evil from the good, to receive the reward of faithful servants, and, wearing the "long white robe," with "starry crown," may stand waiting to receive their foster-children in the "bright mansions above."

E. M. De Jarnette.

NEWPORT.

VIII.

HALF-LIGHTS.

OLIPHANT could not at once muster his courage to call upon Octavia, in reply to her note; and it was with no little trepidation that he prepared to go to Mrs. Ware's party, although he had a trembling pleasure in the prospect, also. This was to be their first interview since the critical one at her house. How, then, would she treat him? Was she angry; did she suspect his judgment or sincerity, because of his appearing on the drive with Mrs. Blazer? Or would she prove lenient?

With such queries he tortured himself as diligently as if he had been a boy of twenty, and she a capricious maiden of the same age. When at last, after floating about some time in the perfumed crush of the large villa drawing-rooms, he saw her at a distance, it seemed to him that there was a shadow of forbidding, at least a lack of cordiality, in her mute greeting. But how could so lovely a form of womanhood be cruel or unkind? Oliphant would not believe it, and hastened to make his way towards her. At that instant Roland De Peyster, by the piano, was sending out a volume of baritone voice from under his waving red mustache, singing, —

"I know not when the day shall be,
I know not where our eyes may meet,
What welcome you may give to me,
Or will your words be sad or sweet;
It may not be till years have passed,
Till eyes are dim, and tresses gray:
The world is wide, but, love, at last,
Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day."

(L'istesso tempo.) "Some day, some day" —

and so on. It was nothing less than sardonic in De Peyster to regale the company with this sentiment, considering the number of young ladies who were ready to meet him, not "some day," but any day; yet the performance stirred Oliphant deeply. It was with a resonance of feeling in his tone that he began to speak to Octavia.

"I must apologize," he said, "for not responding immediately to your kind note. I was really planning to call to-day, but" —

"Oh, it does n't matter, Mr. Oliphant." She appeared much more gracious, now that he was near her. "I'm afraid," she added, "I was rather hasty in sending that note. At the time, I thought we'd better meet soon; but, to tell you the truth, I changed my mind, afterwards."

A light gust of air from some open window blew in upon Oliphant's face, while she was replying, and brought a faint tang of the sea to mingle with the odor of the flowers around them. He could not tell whether it was this breath

of the lonely waters, or a lurking chilliness in her manner, that touched him with momentary foreboding. "I hope no oversight or any act of mine was the cause of your change," he returned.

Octavia raised her face and smiled, looking off towards the chandelier; then said, gently, "I have no fault to find."

"Because you have found one already?" he inquired. "I know what you must be thinking of; but I can explain it. I have found out who told you of the matter we were speaking about, the other day; and I must assure you, if I had known before, I never should have appeared publicly with" —

"Hsh!" said Octavia, lifting her gloved hand a little, in warning; and Oliphant discovered that Mrs. Blazer was in the act of gliding by them, on the arm of Baron Huynneck. She barely inclined her head, as she passed, and Oliphant gave the slightest possible salutation in return.

"Would you mind going out on the terrace?" Octavia asked. "It is stifling here." While they moved away together, she said half archly, "Have you been taking Mrs. Blazer to task for telling tales? She has put you on her black list, evidently."

"It was n't my fault," he answered, "that we did n't quarrel outright."

Octavia made no concealment of her pleasure, though "It was wrong for you to risk *that*," she said. "Why should you quarrel on my account?"

"Why?" echoed he. "Merely because I value your regard — or the chance of it — too much to risk losing it even for something much better than Mrs. Blazer's good will."

There was a sweet, lulled look upon Octavia's face, as she listened; a look which to Oliphant, albeit he hardly dared to think he was right, seemed like one of trustful surrender. "Thank you," she murmured, not too seriously. "You are chivalrous, I see. But tell

me how it was that that woman came to hear of the circumstances."

"I haven't the faintest idea," Oliphant said; and he frankly detailed the whole history of the letter, including even his half-formed suspicion of Raish. "I questioned Porter, this afternoon, without telling him what the letter was; and he did n't seem to know a thing. He faced me squarely, and said, 'It's very puzzling, and I can't help you out at all. Don't ask me to investigate, because I make it a rule never to inquire into such things; they lead to so much trouble.'"

"I can't fully trust your friend," said Octavia; "but I believe I trust you. At any rate, it is all over, now. At first I was bewildered and thought something must be done; so I was anxious to see you. Besides, I felt so *alone*, don't you know. It was a strange moment. I wanted some one to — to" —

"Advise with?" he suggested.

"Yes." Octavia's voice sank to an enticing whisper.

"I wish I could have done anything for you," Oliphant rejoined. "I'm bitterly sorry for the whole affair, so far as my share in it goes, if it caused you pain."

Octavia gave him a glance of gratitude for his sympathy. They were standing on the terrace, now, in the subdued light from one of the drawing-room windows. "I'm sorry, too," she said, very softly, "for you. It is a very hard position that you've been placed in."

"So you acquit me, and forgive me?"

"Why should n't I, Mr. Oliphant? You could hardly have done otherwise than you did."

"Still," he said, "I was afraid. But if it is all right, won't you give me a little token, — one of those roses?"

A few Marshal Niel buds hung richly upon the black of her low-cut dress.

"You don't need it," Octavia lightly assured him. "I'll give you my hand;

I mean I'll shake hands, if you like. But the rose would be sentimental, and sentiment, you know, is hardly for us, at our time."

She looked away from him into the night, a little sadly. Out beyond the terrace were the many-colored glow of lanterns, the thick dusk of waving tree-tops, and the forms of guests wandering about the grounds, as indistinct in the dim light of lanterns and stars as the shapes in an old tapestry. Involved in a web of radiance from the window, which was crossed by dark lines from the curtains and a spray of palm inside, she was more beautiful than ever, with her pale brown hair, her dark dress, and the gleams of white "illusion" at the bosom.

"Nonsense!" said Oliphant. "For you, at least, it's an anachronism to take that tone; and there's some hope even for me, so long as Dana Sweetser keeps up his youth. Haven't you observed him talking devotedly to Miss Loyall, this evening?"

"No, I did n't see him. But there go two young people who are better worth noticing." She nodded towards the terrace steps, where Perry Thorburn and Josephine, who had come out of the house, were moving down into the shadowy region of the lawn.

"Oh, that reminds me. How strange about the false report of Lord Hawkstane being engaged!" Octavia began to laugh, but she ceased on his asking immediately, "Is it really young Mr. Thorburn who ought to have been rumored about, instead?"

She divined his motive. With a downcast face, as if making confession on her own behalf, she answered, "Mr. Thorburn is greatly interested in Josephine. But you're not to mention it; he confides in me."

It was indeed a confession, for it explained everything to Oliphant; it showed him that Perry's attentions to Octavia were simply in the interest of

his attachment for Josephine, and it set him free to think of Octavia as his fancy, in its most sanguine mood, might urge. Did she know the full force of this admission? Did she guess what unpremeditated scheme and infatuated longing it aroused in Oliphant? He could not tell, nor did he wish to inquire, but was content to yield himself to the fascination of that which he imagined might be possible. And so he paced around, and smiled and chatted and sighed, and allowed various expressions to master his countenance, like other men who were present that evening; never suspecting that the women with whom he conversed — among them this charming lady, who had suddenly become for him the one apart from all the rest — were so many packages of emotional dynamite, artfully encased in silk, and set by invisible clock-work of the heart to explode at a given time.

Justin, meanwhile, had been fairly well received. He brought for Vivian a bunch of grasses and flower-de-luce and late June roses, gathered specially for her, which was so unlike everything else in the rooms that it gained a distinction and charm of its own; and she took it with a candid little burst of thanks and friendliness. Mrs. Ware met him with haughty benevolence, and Stillman yielded him a reluctant courtesy. All had gone well, yet Justin was not happy; for Count Fitz-Stuart had appropriated Vivian, and her younger lover grudged the moments which she was now squandering on that fragment of misdirected royalty in the lamp-lit walk.

"Have you succeeded in entertaining yourself, count?" Vivian asked, as they strolled together.

"No, mademoiselle. I find your assembly charming, but when not until now have I had two words with you, shall you expect me to be content?"

"Why not? There are surely a great many pleasant people for you to

talk to here. Still, no; I should think you would be tired of this country."

"Not of at all. How often, mademoiselle, must I persuade you? I find Newport very agreeable — quite at the manner of Europe; *seulement un peu plus simple, savez-vous?* more — more *rustique*."

"Then really, count, are you not longing to return home?"

"*Mais* — why do you think?"

"Because, as you're the last of your family, you must be lonesome without relatives, and I should imagine you would feel it all the more among strangers."

"No, not that," said Fitz-Stuart, with gravity. "Even if I were prince, I think I would become republican, to be near where you are."

"It would be a great pity, though," said Vivian. "We should n't care half as much about you, then. We Americans just adore the nobility. I'm sure I do. There!"

The count displayed his peachy little smile. "To be adored is ravishing," he remarked, complacently.

"Ah, but I don't say," laughed Vivian, impelled by a sense that she was engaged in one of those international encounters which have assumed such importance of late, — "I don't say that I adore *you*, you know. It's only the nobility as an institution, a class. I adore them all at once, don't you see?"

"That is too many," he said, methodically. "I prefer if you like only me."

"Oh, yes, I know. You have told me so several times."

"Ah, Mademoiselle Ware," Fitz-Stuart began with pathos, "why can you not reconsider?" As they were constantly passing other pairs, he thought it prudent to speak in French. "I have your brother's consent; I still place myself at your feet — my title, my illustrious race, everything but fortune."

Vivian assumed alarm, and stopped him. "Don't, *don't* speak French!"

she exclaimed. "Every one here knows French. Talk in English, and they will never understand you."

"Ah, these young girls of America!" murmured the count, shrugging his shoulders. "You tell me this, when my race should be upon the English throne?"

"They *would* have been there, too," Vivian hastened to say, "if James the Third, or somebody, had n't refused to give up Catholicism, and preferred the French language. He was an ancestor of yours, was n't he?"

The count put on the most regal manner at his disposal. "Yes, my friend," was his reply. "His majesty would not surrender his belief of religion. Does it not prove he was good man?"

"I'm not certain," she returned. "It proves that he *thought* he was good. Perhaps you think you're good, too, Monsieur le Comte; but I never will marry a Catholic."

"Mademoiselle," said he impressively, "what my ancestor has refused to abandon for the sake of a kingdom, I will sacrifice if I can win your hand."

The speech was so magnificent that Vivian blushed with pride in spite of herself; but she answered gayly, "You'd better not forsake your religion to-night. Wait just a few days. I am sure I can't agree to what you ask — certainly not now. But I'll tell you what I *will* do. If I can't consent to marry, I'll promise to ride with you to the polo-match to-morrow, as you proposed this morning."

Fitz-Stuart contemplated her mournfully. "Mees Ware," he said, "you have no sentiment. But I submit myself."

As they regained the terrace, Vivian paused, and with a deep breath, looking up to the sky, she murmured, "How beautiful the stars are to-night!"

Again the count regarded her, thoughtfully, as if he could not make out what was passing in her mind. At length he said wearily, himself glancing at the

firmament, "Yes, yes; the stars. But *they are so old!*"

"Monsieur le Comte," said Vivian, soberly, "*you* have no sentiment!"

It was after this that Justin had his chance for a short interview with her. Stillman, patrolling the house and the illuminated portion of the grounds, was especially pleased with the lighted arbor, which was to prevent any conference between his sister and Craig; but while he was sauntering along by it, with his uncovered bald head showing in the radiance like a very large pink wafer, Vivian innocently wandered away with Craig into the dark and deserted space lying on the other side of the house, along the sea-front.

"It's pleasanter here," she said. "I want to get rid of that babble of voices for a little while, and listen to the waves instead."

"I don't care so much for the waves," Justin answered, significantly; "but one voice is better than many. The last time I saw you, I began to think I should n't hear much more of it."

"When? And what do you mean?"

"Why, yesterday, on the avenue. You rode by without noticing my existence."

"You foolish boy! You can't expect that I should be recognizing people *all* the time. If I were, I should n't be able to do anything else."

Vivian treated him to a glance of pretty disdain, which was lost in the darkness.

"There are some of the other things which I'd just as soon not have you do," said Justin.

"What, are you going to criticise me?"

"No, not you; but I might criticise the life you're leading. I don't like it. You're throwing yourself away, and it makes me very uncomfortable, besides."

"Ah, I see; there's the trouble. Men never can bear to be uncomfortable."

"You know you're not in earnest, Miss Ware, when you say that about me. But are you always going to plague me so?"

"'Always' is a long time. Perhaps we shan't know each other always."

"Perhaps not," said Craig, in a tone that blended with the sombreness of the night around them. "We hardly know each other now; I see you so seldom. I have to creep about in my obscure little world, and even when we meet you are surrounded by people who look down upon me. There's that count, with whom you spend so much time."

"Oh, he makes you uncomfortable, too, I suppose. But what do you imagine *he* would say, if he knew of my being out here with you? The count insists upon it that I ought to marry him."

"I was sure of it!" Craig exclaimed, bitterly.

"Just fancy," Vivian pursued, "how wonderful it would be to marry into a royal line—or on to the end of it, rather! We should n't have any court or any kingdom, but I've no doubt he would give me a real throne—if I paid for it."

"Well, with such an inducement as that, you'll probably accept him," said Justin, scornfully, but without the least conviction.

"Oh," she retorted, "you have formed a high opinion of me!"

"Vivian!" he groaned, most unexpectedly. "Don't you know? Why do I come here? Why do I wait around in places, trying to see you? Why am I miserable? Don't you know I'm in love with you?"

She held her breath for an instant. "Well," she observed, "that's a nice effect for love to have—to make you miserable!"

"Pshaw!" muttered Justin. "You understand well enough. I should n't be miserable at all, if you only told me that you loved me, too."

"Really?" Vivian uttered a peal of laughter, that seemed to Justin like the beginning of a new composition. "Do you think, then, that you'd be able to endure it?"

"I don't dare to think of it," said Justin, "except when I am alone. That is, I have n't dared to, until now. But — do you love me?"

"Justin, you're not in earnest. How can I fall in love with a poor young musician, when I have counts and all sorts of rich men dancing about me? Do you think it possible?"

The poor boy was shaken with the strength of his passion, and aghast at his own temerity in declaring it so abruptly. "Oh, I don't suppose it's possible," he answered. "You know nothing of what it is to really feel: you can't be serious."

"Well, let's see if I can't," he heard her saying, without being able clearly to see her face through the night. "Why do you insist upon asking me whether I love you?"

"Because," he replied, innocently enough, "it's the only way to find out. I can't go on, without settling this question."

"Oh, that makes a difference," said Vivian, who must have had a microscopic eye for distinctions imperceptible to men. "Well, then, will you listen if I tell you a great secret?" Craig said nothing, but groped for her hand and found that she allowed him to take it in his, unguarded. "Do you know," she continued, "I think — if I were to try — I might like you a great deal."

"Thank Heaven!" he breathed; and the spirit of a man awoke within him. He drew her close to him.

The cool dark, the sweet odors of earth and grass, and the soothing rustle of wind and sea enveloped them with sympathy. The delicate perfume of her hair floated round him, as if she had indeed been a flower.

"How wonderful it is!" he mur-

mured. "I can scarcely believe it; and yet it is just what I have believed, for a long time, ought to happen. But why do you think you can love me, Vivian?"

"Because you are the only true and simple man in the world," said Vivian. The reason appeared to be conclusive. "And what can you find in me?" she asked, in her turn, looking fondly up through the dusk, over his shoulder.

"It will take me all my life to explain," he said, touching his lips to her forehead. "But I must tell you," he added, "I did n't mean to speak so soon. I'm only a beginner, you know. I have nothing, and I must make my way, still."

"What does that matter?" Vivian answered. "I am well off in my own right: I shall be rich enough for both."

Both! How delicious the word sounded! But Justin felt it incumbent upon him to be austere firm. "No," he said; "it can't be left so. I will claim nothing until I can do so fairly. Now that we are united in spirit, I won't ask you to promise: I simply trust to you. Only, see how much you can separate yourself, for me, from this gay and frivolous life in which you are placed. That's all I ask."

"Oh, you are very generous," Vivian exclaimed, moving away haughtily; "very generous, indeed! But I think I should like you all the better if you were a little — well, a little *meaner*."

"I shall never be mean enough," he hotly rejoined, "to take an unjust advantage. If I let you engage yourself to me now, it would make you lots of trouble. Besides, think what your people would say of me!"

"Yes, that's it," Vivian was quick to say. "You care more for your pride than for me. It's very fine, this talking about love; but I've always noticed that there is n't much in it, compared with other considerations; and now I find that you're like all the rest. Yes, I was a goose; it's a humbug."

"I quite agree with you," Justin declared, becoming superbly frigid. "Women can't appreciate a manly motive. They are all self-willed and hasty, and I bitterly deceived myself in thinking you were different."

"Very well," she continued; "you wish me to be free, and I *am* free. I was going to make a great, great sacrifice for you, Mr. Craig; but now I shan't. I will keep my promise to the count, to ride with him to polo, to-morrow."

"Just as you please," Justin said. And they were able to return to the house in a state of polite ferocity that completely allayed Stillman's rising suspicions.

It is true, Justin played for the company, at Mrs. Ware's request, though it was not seconded by Vivian; and he had never played better, with greater fire or with profounder depth, mystery, and sentiment. "But if they only knew," he reflected, amid the ensuing applause, "how ragged my coat-linings are, and that my heart is all in tatters!"

And for a number of days afterwards it was noticed by their particular friends that both Craig and Vivian took every opportunity to point out, with convincing cynicism, the uselessness of building hopes upon the loves of men and women.

Before Oliphant went away that night, Octavia, lightly draped with a wrap that encircled her head like a hood, met him again in the hall, and, discovering that he would like to witness the polo games, invited him to lunch with Josephine and herself at High Lawn and drive to the grounds. He was exceedingly grateful for her courtesy; but the mutual relation that had sprung up between them was not yet quite clear to him. He had expected that some constraint would trammel them, after the disclosure of the letter; but, to his astonishment, there had resulted an increased freedom and intima-

cy, notwithstanding which, he suspected that they actually stood farther apart than before. She now treated him, he was aware, with more art. "Still," he assured himself, "that is only because she feels the difficulty of putting me at my ease. Yes, yes; she's a generous woman."

IX.

POLO, AND CERTAIN POSSIBILITIES.

Half an hour before the time for polo, the next afternoon, Perry Thorburn issued from a street near the Cliffs, driving his trap solemnly down Narragansett Avenue, accompanied by a groom with arms discreetly folded. Perry had already indued his tight-fitting riding costume, but it was entirely concealed by his long Newmarket overcoat, which allowed only the yellow-bordered boots, that projected below, to betray his errand. He held the reins, however, with peculiar gravity; he was conscious of his exalted mission; you might easily have supposed him a volunteer victim going to some heathen sacrifice, for the good of the community at large. Roland De Peyster, who was captain of the opposing side, the reds, made his entry upon the polo field from another quarter, with equal state. People in carriages, on horseback, and on foot kept assembling, until the immense inclosure within the high board fence was thickly fringed with a brilliant concourse. Bannerets fluttered from the marquees in one corner, and a band dispersed brazen melodies through the wide, warm air; there was a great array of pretty costumes, and waving ribbons, and lovely, expectant faces: the scene was festal, yet the fashionable crowd was under the spell of a subdued propriety which threw a tinge of solemnity over the scene. Solemnly, too, the eight players came out from the tents, and the blues rode down to the lower

end of the field. Then, at a given signal, Thorburn and De Peyster charged for the centre crease, where the ball lay awaiting them.

For a few seconds nothing was heard except the dull, rapid pounding of the ponies' hoofs on the thin sward. Thud, thud, thud, they went: every one was breathless, waiting to see who should get the first stroke; but De Peyster's pony was the swiftest, and with a sharp, nervous click he sent the ball flying, before Thorburn could reach it, a good half-way toward the enemy's goal. Instantly Thorburn wheeled, and all the other players closed in. They made a queer sight, dressed in tight flannel shirts, with fantastically patterned ornament of stripes, bars, and spots, and wearing round, flat-topped caps. They appeared like so many imps starting into sudden action, flying hither and thither, wheeling abruptly, bending forward, and skimming the ground with their long, unwieldy mallets that scurried after the ball with the agile inconsequence of kittens, yet in deadly earnest; and never uttering a sound except a few short, sharp cries now and then, which came to the spectators as inarticulate bursts. The silence of the whole proceeding was what struck Oliphant: the punctilious, much-dressed assembly was silent, and so were the gentlemen on horseback, erratically careering about in the centre. The blues gained a temporary advantage, but not enough to save them; and with a few more judicious plays the reds drove the ball between the enemy's pennants, in little more than three minutes.

There was a very slight applause from a few gloved hands; the brass instruments blared again; and after a six minutes' interval the second game opened. Both this and the third went, like the first, against Thorburn, although his men performed some excellent feats. Once, the ball was driven out of bounds, and a remarkably correct young man,

who had Miss Loyall on the box with him, ordered his groom to throw the small object of contention back; whereupon the players began to whack at it fiercely, until Colonel Clancy, who was acting as umpire, stopped them, and riding down to the boundary rope called out to the correct young man: "Don't you know any better than to throw the ball in like that?"

"Oh — aw, beg pahdon," said the culprit; and his accent was received as making entire amends.

"It strikes me," said Oliphant to the ladies, "that that's rather rough — addressing a gentleman in that style."

"Oh, no," Josephine assured him. "They have to be very strict. Why, they won't let anybody go inside the ropes, whatever happens."

Oliphant had dismounted, and stood beside the carriage, so as to get a nearer view. He also had a better view of Octavia and Josephine, who were remarkably effective that day; the former sitting beneath a small gold and violet dome of parasol, through which the light streamed softly, and Josephine receiving a peculiar glory from her crimson shelter.

In the fourth game a prolonged struggle began. It would have decided the day, if it had gone for the reds; but fortunately Thorburn had reserved his best pony until now, and in his desperate efforts to turn the tide, his blue and white shirt, his sunburned face and amber hair, seemed to be in all parts of the field at once. The crisis came when Richards, of the reds, delivered a clever blow from under his pony, and sent the ball rattling towards the blue flags, amid a good deal of applause. Thorburn darted after it like lightning, with both sides in full chase; then, with a neat back stroke, he reversed its direction, whirled around, and carried the crowd with him. Young Chiseling, however, of De Peyster's party, had hung back to keep the red goal; and

seeing the ball go free, a little on one side, he bore down to strike it. Thorburn quickly noticed this move, and had already urged his pony with nervous leaps towards the same spot. He came shooting by, only a few yards from where Oliphant stood; and the next instant the two riders had clashed together and were thrown. They lay upon the grass slightly stunned, but the astonishing thing about the accident was that the two ponies had straddled: Thorburn's, his fore feet forced up into the air by the shock, had attempted to leap over Chiseling's, but had been unable to carry his hind legs clear, and so remained caught, with two hoofs on the ground.

There were ineffectual little shrieks from some of the ladies, and Clancy shouted, "Pull them apart, before they get to kicking!"

But he himself reined in at a safe distance, and the players were gyrating in a knot, close to the red goal, wholly absorbed. Chiseling rose and walked off with a false and dazed attempt at self-possession, but Thorburn could do no more than sit up. The ponies were restive. Without stopping to reflect, Oliphant bent under the rope and rushed out to the point of danger.

"Get off the field!" thundered the umpire. The onlookers echoed him with warning shouts and murmurs. But Oliphant paid no attention: his blood was up. He grasped Thorburn's pony by the bridle, pulled with all his force, and compelled him to spring. This freed the animal; the other, turning sharply, trotted away and was caught by Clancy. The next thing was to lift Thorburn, who was soon able to move towards the tent: at the same moment, luckily, the ball was driven through by the blues, who thus retrieved their honor.

A double demonstration of approval greeted these performances; for, although Oliphant promptly retired to his previous obscurity, he was received with

the warmest acknowledgments. There was quite a general clapping of hands in the neighborhood of Mrs. Gifford's carriage; and even Clancy came cantering in pursuit, to thank Oliphant for his service, while warning him that the interference was against all rules of the game. Atlee and Roger Deering, who were not far away, hastened up, to congratulate the hero of the hour. "By Jove, you know," said Atlee, glassing him all over, "it was — er — 'm — really fine, you know."

"Atlee means you're A 1," Roger remarked, grinning, and shaking his cousin's hand.

All this was nothing to Oliphant, compared with the homage that Octavia bestowed upon him. She gave him the full depth of her eyes, and smiled entrancingly as she said, "Bravo, Mr. Oliphant! I'm really proud of you; and I'm so glad you came with us, because we can share in your glory."

Josephine said nothing, but she, too, smiled; and there was a quality in her long, slow, fascinating look that penetrated Oliphant, — stirred him in fact so profoundly that he experienced something like alarm. Was it involuntary with her, or did it have a meaning?

Thorburn was not seriously hurt, but he found himself unable to sit his horse firmly, and had suffered a sprain in one wrist; accordingly, it was impossible to go on with the games. Octavia and Josephine took pains to drive over to the tent and inquire about his injuries, with a captivating appearance of being agitated; and yet Oliphant could see that he himself, although he had not undergone the slightest damage, was an object of far more interest to them. The flattery was like a bath of perfumes to him; no sort of discontent could trouble him now; he wished that he might go on living, for the rest of his term, in Newport and in the sight of Octavia. He drove with the ladies, and then stopped at High Lawn a few minutes,

before leaving them. Josephine at first disappeared, giving him an opportunity to speak with Octavia alone; and he improved it by telling her the singular episode with Vivian Ware, which it seems that Justin had recounted to him.

"You observed her at the grounds, did n't you," he asked, "riding with the count? She means to discipline our young friend, I judge."

"That is, torture him," said Octavia, with compassionate warmth. "It's too bad—too bad! Mr. Oliphant," she added, utilizing all the charm of her most confiding manner, "we must bring those two young people together—you and I!"

"With all my heart," he said, stumbling over the word, and wondered why she did not think that they themselves might also be brought together.

Josephine then came back; to whom, since she was about departing for Jamestown, he made his farewell. "Good-by," she responded, as she let her hand sink into his. "If you have n't been to Conanicut, you must come over and see us. My father, I'm sure, would be glad to meet you."

Again he felt the power of her steady and controlling gaze, to which Octavia was not blind, either; for Oliphant, who had the temerity to possess intuitions as quick as a woman's, saw that Octavia did not approve of the fascination her friend was deploying for his benefit. Well, he rather liked this: it was one more drop of flattery.

The days that followed gave him many meetings with Octavia—at dinners, at dances, at picnics of a stately, champagne-flavored kind near Paradise, or among the beeches and box-hedges and bay-bushes of the Glen, with its idle, mossy old grist-mill. He also came once or twice to High Lawn. Having made acquaintance with some delightful people who lived in a great house on Ocean Avenue, out of the Newport whirl, he found himself one of a party invited to

spend a day there; and, Octavia being present, he strayed with her down a path in the rock, which stopped at the sheer edge of an undermined point, called by a picturesque terrorism The Pirate's Cave. Here they were invisible to the rest of the company. There had been a mirage all the morning, which threw Block Island up on the horizon as an inverted shape of towering sandy-tinted cliffs, in which the sails of becalmed ships made vertical white rifts; and this dim vision had haunted Oliphant with a hint of expectancy. But now it had vanished; and the sea, from being green compared with the sky, or pale blue beside the grass, was a deep blue everywhere.

"A change of color is an event here," said Oliphant. "It seems almost to change one's own mood."

"What is your mood, then?" asked Octavia.

"I could hardly tell you," he answered. "A while ago I was looking forward; and now I'm retrospective."

"Ah," said she, with a little frown, "it is n't good to be thinking of your past."

"I'm not: I'm thinking of yours!"

"Why?"

"Because that is where you seem to keep yourself. I continually catch a look in your eye which shows that you are wandering there. Why don't you live in the present?"

"But what is the present?" she replied. "Does n't it dissolve at the touch of a memory or a hope—the past or the future?"

"I wish it could," he exclaimed fervently, "at the touch of a hope!"

A huge wave rolled into the cavern, as he spoke, and exploded there with a muffled sound like a knell.

"You're dissatisfied, then, with things as they are?"

"In one sense, very much so; in another, not at all. But I can imagine something better."

"There's where we differ," Octavia rejoined. "I'm very well content now; but my past was so complete and so sunny that there could hardly be anything better."

"Well, you've heard me hint often enough that mine was a dreary failure. I gave my life up to one woman, and" — He checked himself, promptly.

"Yes," said Octavia; "it seems as if one had to be punished for too absolute a surrender. I gave myself up, too: I was happy, as I've said, but — that letter, Mr. Oliphant, that letter! That has been my punishment." It was the first time she had openly referred to it since the evening at Mrs. Ware's. "I should not say this to you," she added, "except that you have spoken frankly to me."

"I understand," he answered, appreciatively, more and more drawn on to speak from his heart. "But if it is possible for even the happiest career to be shadowed by a little thing, why should people let one experience settle the problem? Is n't it permitted to try again?"

"No, no!" she cried, in strange, unforeseen excitement. "You must n't say that, Mr. Oliphant. It's sacrilege!"

And as she turned upon him, he felt the flame of her resentment; but he answered quietly: "You ought to be more indulgent to poor, irrepressible human nature. It has been ascertained that hope, like truth, when crushed, granulated, or powdered, will rise again."

She laughed faintly, and for a brief space they sat gazing out upon the waters, which passing clouds had suddenly softened to gray, seamed with many creeping wave-lines; a blind-looking ocean, yet watchful, as if waiting and preparing for some particular event. Then Octavia's glance came back to Oliphant, who in his gray suit appeared like a part of the lichened rock against which he was propped; his face, too,

like the sea's, patient, prepared, but stronger.

There was a complete transformation in her when she resumed the talk. "Do you believe," she dreamily inquired, "that if a true love has once been given, it can ever be given again, — the same kind, I mean?"

The hollow echo of an inrolling wave once more resounded upon their ears. "Perhaps not the same," Oliphant returned; "but there's always a question as to which is the best kind. It's a hard lesson to learn that the first conception, however exalted, may not be the wisest."

Octavia had a secret sense that there had been a lack in her first love; it had not welded into itself the substance of sorrow. Perhaps the love which should exist in spite of disappointment or doubt was the better developed sort — as shadows prove an object to be rounded. Fortifying herself against this suspicion, she said, "Love is a mistake, and marriage is a mistake, I fear. Looking back upon it, from our point of view, as something which is over for us, does n't it strike you as strange that we should all be brought up to expect success in a matter so difficult? People ought to look to friendship, instead, which is the most unselfish affection."

"I doubt that. But as for friendship, I thought it was exhausted, too, until I met you, Mrs. Gifford. I fancied my life was a desert, and that my heart was turned to stone; but all at once, here's a fresh fountain springing out of the rock."

"Be careful!" Octavia interposed. "You're growing poetic, and you must remember we've reached the age of prose."

"Well, even prose will do for expressing belief. I wish you would believe, Mrs. Gifford."

"In what?"

"In the possibilities of the future."

She let her parasol droop, saying with

dejection, "I should be glad if there were any such buoyancy in me. But hope and happiness have gone, Mr. Oliphant. See how Justin and Vivian, who really have any quantity of faith, assume to be skeptical; while I, who am a skeptic, do my best to believe, and can't."

"Did n't you say, though, a few minutes since, that you were content?"

"That was a conventional statement, a comparative one: I'm giving you the *unconventional* truth, now. Indeed, I shall never be contented again."

Oliphant rose to his feet, and stood before her on the narrow ledge. Behind him was the slowly chafing sea; a light wind brought up the scent of shell and weed; the tide boomed sullenly in the deep recesses. There was Octavia, crouched against the granite wall, like another Andromeda, and Oliphant wished that he were Perseus.

"I shall never be content, myself," he said, with his hand on the iron rail along the verge, "except in one event."

A sparkle came from her eyes, rapid and keen as the light from her diamonds. "What one thing could have so much power?" she asked, with a half-tremulous smile that disintegrated his calmness.

"To see you happy," he exclaimed, "and to have some share in making you so!"

For an instant, Octavia was dismayed. Her hand, with jeweled rings upon it, sought the rough stone surface, for aid in rising; but Oliphant was quick to lend her his help, and she accepted it.

"You are very kind, to care so much about it," she said. "But are you not caring *too* much? Let me warn you in time." She spoke in haste, uneasily; yet all the while a subtle pleasure played around her lips, intoxicating Oliphant with the conviction that she did not really wish to repel him.

"No, no, Mrs. Gifford; I can't heed

any warning; I can't take one. We have been thrown together strangely, by a fate that we could n't control. Do you suppose I can control my interest in you, either? And would you be willing to take from me the one thing that makes life valuable to me now?"

"How can I take that away?" she asked, in a whisper; but he could hear it through the beating of the breeze.

"By denying me your companionship," he returned earnestly. "I want to be near you constantly, to do something for you; to be your reliance."

"Oh, it's impossible," murmured Octavia, shrinking slightly towards the high rock. "How can you expect that, Mr. Oliphant? What are you dreaming of?"

"Ah, if that's the way it strikes you," said Oliphant, "it is all useless; yes, it's only a dream! You need nothing; you are really happy enough, and my wish is a selfish one."

She made the slightest perceptible gesture of remonstrance, and seemed impelled to start towards him. "It is not selfish," said she, in melting tones. "I thank you for your generous feeling; indeed, I do. But you know people can't form such companionships: there is no room in this world for the finest impulses."

Scintillant reflections from the water chased each other over the granite surface behind Octavia, and dazzled Oliphant; but the conflicting moods that flitted across her face dazzled and bewildered him still more. She seemed alternately a coy girl unwilling to be won; a woman recognizing with devout joy the dawn of love; a shape of distant perfection, wholly unattainable. Through it all, he held to the one thought that he desired her more than anything on earth, and, however mad the scheme, was determined to win her.

"You told me," he said, growing bold as he grew agitated, "that friendship is the best affection. But if there's no

place for our friendship, there may be for something else."

Octavia started, but she made no sharp protest. Instead, she gazed at him meditatively for a moment, and he discerned in her large inquiring eyes a womanly sense of the devotion which he offered — a tenderness blended with pity and pride. She, however, raised one finger to her lips in admonition.

"It's time for us to be interrupted, Mr. Oliphant, if you have come to that. Shall we interrupt ourselves?"

"Are you going to joke me?" he asked, with pain. "Surely you see how much in earnest I am. You will listen and consider?"

She detected the transfiguring light upon his features, as he leaned nearer towards her. "I—I did n't mean to joke," she said, with seductive contrition. Oliphant believed then that she would yield to his entreaty that she should hear him. Suddenly there came a shock of change; apprehension seemed to have assailed her; she clasped her hands, and cried out, "No, I cannot listen! Don't ask me to, — don't ask me."

An undertone as of sobbing rang in that cry, and Oliphant's forehead grew white and wrinkled with anxiety. "Why do you look at me so, Mrs. Gifford? What have I done?"

"Look? How am I looking?"

"You seem angry, as well as pained. I should think that you hated and despised me for this."

At that instant a gull came wheeling through the air above them, with a weird, vibrating scream; and the hollow rock was filled again with the baffled roar of a retreating billow.

Octavia's eyes fell, and she said very slowly, "No, I do not hate you."

He recovered hope at once. "Then you forgive me," he concluded buoyantly; "and you will let me speak, some time. Will you think of what I have said?"

The wildness of her outburst had died away, and the indescribable smile mingled of coquetry and undisguised emotion, which Oliphant had already noticed, resumed its sway, as she answered, "At least, I shan't be likely to forget it."

George Parsons Lathrop.

TWO EMIGRANTS.

HE left his staff, his scrip, his shoon,

And in the first gray dawning light,

When dropped the weary, waning moon,

He said, "Farewell!" and passed from sight.

We watched him go, and held his hand

To the last lonely point of land.

There came to us, one winter night,

A stranger from an unknown land:

He had no staff, no scrip, no shoon,

No word that we could understand;

A traveler without a name,

Who could not tell us whence he came.

Barbara Heaton.

MÆNADISM IN RELIGION.

MÆNADISM literally means the peculiar madness of the initiated in the mysteries of Dionysos. Relatively, it signifies all intoxicating, will-destroying excesses of religious fervor in which "the multitude" have taken part. The word is here used in this latter signification. It is a remarkable fact in the history of religion that men of widely differing creeds and countries have agreed in attaching a spiritual value to hysteria, chorea, and catalepsy on the one hand, and to a frenzy of cruelty and sensuality on the other. Diseased nerves and morals have often been ranked as the highest expression of man's faith and devotion. The individual in the superexalted mental and physical state becomes a prophet, a Pythoness, an ecstatic, or a "medium," according to the age in which he or she lives. When the exaltation is still further heightened by the sympathetic force of numbers, it leads to Bacchantic revels, Oriental orgies, and nervous epidemics, than which there is nothing stranger in the records of human feeling. The distinction between the various phases of Mænadism is less in the actual demonstrations than in the interpretation given to them. The African *feticheeress*, or voodoo, and the Turkish dervish, during their mystic ceremonies, both fall into convulsions. But one thinks thereby to attain magical ascendancy; the other hopes to see God face to face. The Bacchante and the mediæval Christian both danced, like the Arab Zikr, in frantic fury until their strength deserted them. But while by the dance the former voluntarily honored a divinity, the latter involuntarily obeyed a devil.

Mænadism in the beginning was the outgrowth of that desire for excitement which is instinctive in human beings. When Victor Hugo declares that a hell

where one is bored is more terrible than a hell where one suffers, he expresses in definite language that which has been vaguely felt by all men, savage or civilized; and indeed even by beasts and insects, who manifest a susceptibility to the feeling of *ennui* and a necessity to indulge in superfluous activity. Ants interrupt their labors to engage in sham battles. Birds occasionally sing and flutter, as if in an ecstasy of delight. Horses, dogs, and cats romp like children, and the fiercest wild animals have been seen to race and struggle in evident play. In man the instinct is still stronger, because the loss of liberty entailed by social life limits his occasions of gratifying it, thus adding to its original force that of restrained emotion. As striving after knowledge of the unknown gives the impetus to scientific study, so it seems as if the desire for *something beyond* ordinary relaxations is a stimulus to elevate human ideals of pleasure. Religion at first provides for both these cravings. Myths and doctrines are the result of the intellectual need, and sacred feasts of the emotional. The majority of men, sheep-like, accept without questioning the beliefs and amusements supplied for them. Greek Dionysiacs, Roman Saturnalia, Hindu Holi, and mediæval *Fêtes des Fous* have been sufficient outlet for those who only need a Bacchanalia of fun in order that, according to Schlegel, "once the fit is over, they may for the rest of the year apply themselves to serious business." But there are a few independent individuals who, because they will not be led, but must lead themselves, push inquiry to its extreme and exhaust emotion in all its possible variations. With them the general festival is exchanged for the special orgy, just as occultism replaces the doctrines

of the multitude. They develop religious fervor to a degree which is as far above the capacity and comprehension of common men as the passion of the toreador when in the arena is removed from the calm of the shepherd watching the same bulls on the hill-side. A natural barrier separates them from their fellow-mortals; and when they join together into an order apart, to give free expression to their devotional feelings, Mænadism really begins.

This occurs at a very early stage of culture. Already among the higher savage tribes, where "existence is all a feeling, not yet shaped into a thought," there are mystic brotherhoods and sisterhoods, whose superiority consists, not in moral virtues nor spiritual knowledge, but in keenly sensitive emotional temperaments, and in the superior endurance of pain by piety. Savages, like children, usually expend the force of their feelings in muscular activity. As Tylor says, "They dance their joy and sorrow, their love and rage, even their magic and religion." To some this corporeal excitement is as intoxicating in its effects as alcohol or hashish would be, and causes a temporary cessation of volitional power, so that their movements become wholly automatic. Knowing as little of the reasons of their convulsive conduct as a child does of the man who pulls the wires during a puppet performance, they attribute it to supernatural interference. Deeply impressed by the consciousness of occult forces in nature, they are stirred to the very depths of their being when they themselves seem animated by like mysterious agents. They *feel* that subtle relation between themselves and the external world which later, developing into well-defined thought, becomes the philosophy which represents man as the *microcosm* or mirror of the universe. In all countries where men are ignorant of the laws of physiology and psychology, the delirium and hallucinations pro-

duced by mental aberration pass for divine revelations, and the contortions and spasms of nervous affections for supernatural manifestations. To-day, in the East, idiots and epileptics are believed to be inspired saints, and are respected accordingly. Even in Greece insanity was considered a divine malady. The suspension of will, the highest human function, which the Western man of modern times would regret as the greatest of all misfortunes, savages deliberately seek as the supreme point of perfection. While those who are permanently disordered must remain unconscious of their supernatural powers, the partially affected, who live as it were on the border-land of disease; can in their lucid intervals devote their energies to cultivating and increasing them. The ardor which illuminati at a later period bring to study and to thought, primitive children of light spend upon abnormal sensations and emotions. A long and painful apprenticeship is required of aspirants to the mystic orders. Life in the wilds and woods, far from all other human beings, silent intercourse with nature, strange diet, impressive ceremonial, and strict discipline add still further to their natural excitability. Finally, when the time comes for the celebration of the mystic rites, the initiated are told to relinquish all self-control. Yielding to delirious impulses without inquiring into their why and whither, they are worked up to a pitch of frenzy more like an apotheosis of human passion than an expression of religious devotion. The orgy in this its crudest development is worship of emotion, in which there is as yet no ideational motive.

Just as the monastic life is the highest realization of Catholic ideals, so Mænadism with savages represents the culminating point, beyond which religious enthusiasm cannot go. But for this very reason it is at first well-nigh inseparable from witchcraft and sorcery.

Religion in its primitive form is pure magic, and consequently it values prayer and ritual in proportion to their magical efficacy. The gris-gris laden Vodun-vi, or feticheeresses of Dahomey, by their unearthly dances excite themselves to convulsive contortions and wild tearing of flesh. But even as they dance they work their mystic spells, as their vou-dou sisters still do in America. The Shamans in Siberia and the medicine men of certain North American Indian tribes sway their bodies to and fro, and writhe in pious spasms, to produce that orgasm which sweeps before it all consciousness and thought, but which, in so doing, gives them command over the spirits, and powers akin to those of Joshua in the valley of Ajalon. The devil-dancers of Ceylon pirouette and chassé to frighten away the demons, an end which their hideous movements are well calculated to accomplish. The Yezedis, by their frantic leaps and twirls and cruel flourishing of daggers, so terrible to behold that the usually dauntless Lady Hester Stanhope fainted at the sight, implore the miraculous intervention of Sheitan, or Satan, their lord and master. Repellent and ridiculous as these ceremonies appear to us, they are serious and sacred enough to those taking part in them: The wild, blood-shot eyes of Shamans during the final ecstasy; the mad transports of the young Dahoman witches as they follow their arch-Hecate through the intricate measures of their dance; the indifference of the Yezedi devil-worshippers to gaping wounds and loss of blood, — all equally attest the genuine earnestness of these mystics. Their ends are sordid; but where religion does not look beyond the present, and prayer which does not better man's temporal condition has no meaning for him, then those measures by which spirits are forced into bestowing their favors, or removing their curses, constitute the most perfect forms of religious worship.

But the mysticism which is conformable with savage standards of conduct is irreconcilable to higher degrees of civilization. Feasts and orgies continue because, notwithstanding more elevated ideals of morality, men still crave excitement, and enthusiasts still require extraordinary channels for their piety. A growing sense of æstheticism may cause a change in the accessories of ritual. Drums made of skulls and deafening gongs and whistles are perhaps replaced by lutes, cymbals, and double pipes, and rude, spasmodic laughter and savage screams are softened into rhythmic invocation and hymn-singing. Just as the actual intoxication of two men of equal constitution will not differ because one drinks from fine Venetian glass and the other from coarse earthenware, so the delirious orgasm of orgiastic worship is the same, whether inspired by discordant drum-beating or by soft Lydian airs. But — and herein lies the essential difference — mystics who have passed beyond the primitive period of religious development make their emotional transports a means to something higher, and not an end in themselves. The growth of sympathy in men's relations to their fellow-beings elevates their conception of the duties of humanity to divinity. They are convinced that the object of prayer and sacrifice is not merely to reap benefits for themselves, but to pay respect to deity. Therefore, all religious rejoicings, however earthly in tone or however rapturous, must not only be a *cultus* of feeling, but must contribute definitely to the greater glory of a supernatural being. The orgies of the civilized nations of antiquity were invariably connected with earth and generative deities, probably because they were survivals of dances and debauches which had flourished long before there was a systematized belief in Bacchus or Mylitta. While arbitrary feasts must have perished with the special circumstances

that created them, those which were associated with natural phenomena could be adapted to the new culture by converting their vague sympathy with nature into worship of definite deity.

It is chiefly by the orgiastic worship of the Greeks that we know how Mænadism passed through this stage of development. The dancing of the maidens of Shiloh and the frenzied prayers of the priests of Baal, when, in their contest with Elijah, they leaped upon the altar, and "cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them" (1 Kings xviii. 28), were evidently Mænadic rites, but the only record of them is a passing allusion in the Bible. The Teutons, Celts, and Northmen of pagan Europe had their spring and autumn, their midsummer and midwinter festivities, to the turbulent nature of which, quaint customs, such as May-day dances and Saint John's fires, long attested, but of which next to nothing is actually known. The mysteries of Oriental races were guarded with such jealous care that few but the initiated ever learnt what took place in the inner shrine. There was, unfortunately, no Louis Jacolliot in ancient times to watch unseen the sacred midnight revels, and then give a glowing description of them to the unilluminated. Besides, Mænadism in the East was merged at a very early period into a still higher phase of mysticism. But, though the fate of Pentheus awaited the curious Greek who dared to pry into the secret rites, there are sufficient data recorded of the religious orgies in Greece to show that before they came under foreign influence they were esteemed as the best possible testimony of human respect and love for divinity. The enthusiasm which kindles in the devout an ardent desire to realize their ideal of perfection by imitating, in weak, human fashion, the supernatural attributes and actions of the being worshiped was the inspiration of Hellenic mystics. Their

excesses, so incomprehensible in themselves, were explained to be either pious commemoration of incidents in a god's career, or an expression of gratitude for gifts bestowed upon mortals by the powers above; and to prevent human criticism — their weak points being well recognized — they were ascribed to a divine origin. The Corybantic fury of the priests of Cybele, when, dancing to the sound of shrill fife, leathern drum, and "wild bells' clashing ring," they scourged each other and mutilated themselves, typified the mad deeds of the fair young Atys after he had been bereft of his reason by the "great mother of the gods," because of his infidelity to her. By the strange midnight rites of the Eleusinian festivals, by the sudden changes from darkness and mournful cries to light and joyful hymns, the faithful were acting with true dramatic feeling the wanderings of Demeter in search of Persephone, and the final reunion of mother and daughter. The Mænads, in their dances through mountain and forest, and in their fury of lasciviousness and animalism, either celebrated the joy which filled the radiant Dionysos when the vines bloomed in summer and bore fruit in autumn, or bemoaned the madness and desolation which befell him through the wrath of Hera, when, at the first chill of winter, his vines withered and died. But there was still another motive to Bacchantic revels.

The Greeks were not a drink-loving people, like the Northern nations. At a drinking bout, the gods of Olympus would have been completely outdone by the heroes of roaring Valhalla. But since they believed that Dionysos gave them the juice of the grape, they also thought the delirium it produced was wrought by him. Their arguments were not unlike those of Omar Khayyam: —

"Why, be this juice the growth of God, who dare
Blasphe-me the twisted tendril as a snare?
A blessing we should use it, should we not?
And if a curse, — why, then who set it there?"

Intoxication was a blessing, because God-given; but instead of concluding, with the Persian poet, that it should be the chief occupation and end of life, it was held to be a duty sacred to Bacchus, the maddening god, "whom swords and blood and sacred rage delight." It was a common saying among the ancients that the Greeks never were intoxicated save at their holy festivals. It is no wonder that Dionysos later became the god of liberty. Those who were consecrated to him were exempted from observance of all human laws and restrictions. Once the Bacchantes had donned the sacred fawn skin and crowned themselves with ivy, had wreathed the serpents in their hair and raised aloft the mystic thyrsus, they knew no guide but the impulse of the moment. Maddened with wine, they did not hesitate at any pleasure, however dissolute; nor were they daunted by any crime, however cruel. This explanation for the madness of the Mænads gives us the keynote to those darker orgies held in honor of generative and phallic deities. The rites of the Asiatic Mylitta and Ash-tarothe, the Greek Aphrodite, and the Samothracian Cabiri were as nameless as those with which modern Tantrikas and Sivaite Brahmans celebrate their mysteries. At those shrines where a sin was a prayer and vice became virtue, human sensuality was typical of certain divine functions, just as intoxication with Bacchus was a recognition of the heavenly origin of the soul-stirring drink. It is difficult for Christians, with their doctrines of original sin and the necessity of penance and mortification of the flesh, to realize that these practices were religious ceremonies. The orgies were pleasurable in themselves, and were sometimes abused by hypocrites; or, as Pythagoras expressed it, "Many carry the thyrsus, but few are inspired with the spirit of the god." But had self-gratification been the sole object, and had insincerity

been the rule, and not the exception, then these shameless indulgences would have perished because of their own unworthiness. Their fundamental cause, though an unconscious one, was physical passion but that which made them possible as sacred ceremonies was an honest, if mistaken, desire of pious enthusiasts to exhaust every conceivable expression by which finite creatures can declare their recognition of the infinite. So well did the enlightened understand that to the vulgar these rites would seem like emancipation from moral restraints, instead of the freedom of a devout soul sanctified by divinity, that none were admitted to the inner sanctuary until they had passed through many and severe tests, and then they were sworn to eternal secrecy.

If magical powers were sometimes obtained during the orgies; if the Bacchantes with a stroke of their thyrsi could make water leap from the rocks, wine spring from the earth, and their wands distill great heaps of honey, these marvels were no more the object sought than the miracles of Moses were his main mission when he led the Israelites through the desert. But there were other wonders worked in man during his delirium, which finally became of main importance. Hallucinations producing pleasurable sensations are common symptoms of ecstasy, whether this be the result of physical disease or of mental and sensual excitements. The sincere worshiper, during his orgy, was a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions. He heard sounds to which ordinary ears were deaf, and saw those things to which ordinary eyes were blind, and even while so seeing and hearing was filled with ineffable rapture. As soon as more attention was given to the soul and its future than to the body and the present, these subjective sensations were supposed to be due to the free activity of the soul of the inspired mystic, which, illuminated with divine wisdom and

inflamed with divine happiness, overpowered his consciousness of physical existence. Had all races considered religion from the objective stand-point of the Greeks, esoteric doctrine would perhaps never have reached such prominence. It was through the influence of Oriental thought that Eleusinian celebrants were brought to believe that their rites united them in intimate communion with Demeter herself, and that Bacchantes imagined that by their debauches they were initiated into the real meaning of life and death. In the East, where men despised life because it was so easy to sustain, and loathed their bodies, which were a hindrance to a continual state of *Kheyf*, prayers and ceremonies were valued according to their effect upon the spirit. This indifference carried to its extreme taught not only the delusion but the evil of matter, and that the one truth and good is being *per se*. Since in the orgiastic ecstasy, as in hashish dreams, all calculations of time and space are lost sight of, the ecstatic thought, while in that state, to fathom the mystery of eternity, and to feel in the accompanying pleasure the pure joy of release from the prison-house of flesh. The delirious orgasm, explained by this higher mysticism, which is still the belief of Oriental philosophers, is the escape of the vital principle in man from the dark chrysalis of matter into the divine light of absolute knowledge. It is the merging of the finite into the infinite, whether the conception of the latter be the Buddhist's Nirvāna, the Hindu Yogi's Samāddi, or the Mohammedan's Allah. Probably originating in India, this doctrine was the inspiration of Egyptian, Persian, and cabalistic mystics, and it passed into the West through Neoplatonism, reappearing in Gnostic beliefs and Baphometric fire-baptisms of *Freedom and Prudence*, and having its votaries to-day among those Western occultists who look upon the manifesta-

tions of spiritualism as only the initial stage to that perfect wisdom and power which the soul can reach. The spiritual supremacy must be gained, at any price. Men who seek to see God face to face care little as to the nature of the methods employed, provided these be efficacious.

"It heeds not whence begins our thinking,
If to the end its flight is high."

The end here sanctifies the means, even if these be wine, women, and song, as in Persian Sufism. Hence, this belief has authorized solemnities, varying from silent meditation and prayer to the most outrageous sensualities. Pious ejaculations and bodily contortions, sacred hymns and rhythmic movements, contemplation and hashish fantasies, are all equally holy, if they can succeed in intoxicating the soul. The Yogi tortures his body until he exhausts it, or else, like the monks of Mount Athos, fixes his eyes upon it until he forgets it. The Buddhist, by thorough abstraction, conquers perception, sensation, and thought. The Neoplatonist freed his spirit by prayer, music, and dialectics. But there are still other men, who cannot excite within themselves the spiritual orgasm without recourse to physical and sensual stimulants. No people have ever understood the subtle link between religious emotion and physical sensation as well as Persians. At once the most mystical in their philosophy and the most voluptuous in their pleasures of all men, they have made sensuous raptures the mediums to spiritual ravishment. There are certain sects of Sufis, such as the *Ahlavis*, who in their sacred orgies realize the erotic and bacchanalian excesses which, when sung by Hafiz, are piously supposed to be allegorical. The heavenly delirium is wrought by a very earthly wine-cup, and the losing of identity in boundless love is obtained by exhausting every conceivable caprice of human passion. The secondary importance which this

mysticism awards to ritual is signally illustrated by the different orders of dervishes. While all are imbued with Sufism, their ceremonies vary from corporeal excitement, which is probably a direct inheritance from Corybantes, to silent, Buddha-like contemplation. The *Rufâ'ees* are stimulated by juggler tricks with sword and fire and acrobatic feats. Persian dervishes revel in the fancies of a hashish-created fairy-land. *Mehlevees*, or dancing dervishes, best known to Europeans, spin and turn in graceful or wild measures, which symbolize the harmonious action of natural forces, to the sound of their beloved flute and drum, wherein they hear the music of the spheres. *Kâdirees*, with hands resting on each other's shoulders, sway their bodies to and fro in spasmodic regularity. But to *Nakshibendes* the recital in chorus of the *Iklas*, their sacred prayer, one thousand and one times is more intoxicating than drugs and physical movements; while *Melaneeeyoons*, sitting in solemn silence meditating upon the divine spirit, have no stimulus beyond the magnetic-like current of sympathy which passes from one to the other. Yet all, from first to last, when in the glow of "endless ecstatic fire," imagine themselves in that state of *Noor*, or ecstasy, in which the soul either rests, filled with heavenly quiescence and delight, or else, loosened from its body, wanders far and wide, and even into Paradise, as did the spirit of the great prophet.

There is another side to Mænadism entirely distinct from that already considered. As delirium is in one case quieted by an opiate, but in another excited by it, so the spiritual exaltation which with some men is the result of the physical excitement is with others the cause of it. Neophytes with the dervishes are not allowed to join in the dancing and spinning, or howling; but they become so agitated by the words of the sheik who prepares them for in-

itiation that involuntarily they contort their bodies in movements closely corresponding to those of the regular ritual. The religious enthusiasm which in its intensity instinctively seeks relief in bodily activity, though this may not be lawfully ordained, has never reached such an extreme as it did in Europe during the early and mediæval period of Catholicism; nor is it difficult to understand why this should have been. Though Christianity incorporated into itself the great festivals of paganism, it substituted the asceticism of the cloister for its orgies. That the latter did survive among a minority, who clung to the old religion, there can be no doubt. The favorite accusation which the early Christians hurled at heretics, and which the latter returned with good interest, was that they celebrated midnight feasts as profligate as those of pagans. Gnostics and orthodox alike were declared to steep themselves in sensuality during their sacred mysteries. Rumors of wild orgies were continually set afloat throughout the Middle Ages. Waldenses were accused of practices which vied in cruelty and sensuality with the rites of Moloch, and Montanists of transports equaling those of the Mænads. As late as the thirteenth century an Irish priest was reported to have led the maidens of his parish in a Bacchanalian dance in honor of the "god of the gardens." Devil-worshippers, when they met for the Sabbat, on the Brocken and other mountain tops or lonely haunts, were supposed by a complete rebellion against Christian morality to express their allegiance to Satan. But, notwithstanding these survivals, legitimate orgiastic worship had no place in Catholicism. At the same time, men too young, hardy, and vigorous for the indifference to life of Buddha, and too ignorant for the metaphysics of Plotinus, were bidden to sacrifice earthly interests to obtain spiritual salvation. Man's every thought and action was

referred to its influence upon the life to come. Never was Carlyle's after-warning, "Beware of fixed ideas!" so sadly needed. The effort to impose a creed whose mainspring was Neoplatonism, and whose ideal of worship was entirely spiritual, upon races hardly advanced beyond barbarism was as though an attempt had been made to suddenly transform Pan and his satyrs into Artemis and her nymphs. Just as the hooved heels and horned heads of the brute deities would have to peep out again before long, so semi-barbarous Europeans were forced occasionally to express their emotions by physical turbulence in unison with their natural instincts, but which, because of their dominant idea, always bore a religious meaning. Their restrained feelings found outlets in crusades and mammoth pilgrimages, in inquisitions and persecutions of Jews, and, worse still, in the unparalleled extravagances of nervous epidemics. Europe became one great bedlam, filled to overflowing with prophets who received but too much honor in their own country, and with devil-possessed victims. Dervishes did not turn and spin in the sanctuary, but energumens, of whom the Russian Yourodevoy are the modern representatives, twisted and writhed at the threshold. There was no priesthood of Cybele; but when Italy was suddenly aroused to a realization of sin, or when Central Europe was terror-stricken with the ravages of the Black Death, there arose, as if by magic, long processions of penitents, seeking to avert wickedness and disease by Corybantic dances and mutual flagellations. They marched from city to city, clothed in sombre penitential garments, their faces masked, and carrying triple iron-pointed scourges, with which they wounded themselves well-nigh unto death, that they might by their example preach the necessity of chastening the body and bringing it into subjection. Troops of men, women, and children fell into the ranks, and

mothers held up their newly born infants to the lashes of the holy brotherhood. Town and country, forest and mountain passes, resounded with their hymns of praise and thanksgiving, and streets and highways were reddened with their blood. And with it all raged unbounded sensuality. There were no Bacchantes to revel in honor of a laughing wine-god, but for two centuries the inhabitants of one half of Europe bounded and jumped with the preternatural energy of madmen in a tragic, devil-inspired dance. High and low, laity and clergy, nobles and peasants, danced in church and market-place, through crowded cities and quiet villages. From far and near they flocked at the sound of trumpet, drum, and bagpipes, garlanded and bedecked as if for a feast, yet bearing the bandages with which, when their fury was at its zenith, they had to swathe themselves, in order to moderate the physical convulsions. Epilepsy, hysteria, agonies as if of death, and only too clear evidence of crime and brutality, to which their frenzy sometimes led, could not daunt the dancers. Neither did they succumb before the powers of medicine and exorcism. Like a great storm, which nothing can stay until all its violence be spent, the dancing mania lasted until exhausted by its very vehemence.

Prayer instead of wine was the inspiring stimulant of new sisterhoods, but it fired them with an intoxication as fierce and intemperate as that of Greek Mænads. The history of the convents during the Middle Ages reads like a canto borrowed from Dante's *Inferno*, interpolated with revelations from a madhouse. Tortures of hellish ingenuity are mingled with humorous freaks, grim as the laugh of an enslaved Caliban. Poor nuns toiling to impossible ideal heights are hurled pitilessly back into very actual depths. Now, in the reaction from spiritual excesses, the sisters of an entire community mew like

cats, bite like dogs, and crow like cocks; again, they burst into uncontrollable paroxysms of laughter, climb trees with incredible velocity, and vie with each other in gymnastic feats. But beneath this comedy-like surface is the unspeakable tragedy of human minds and hearts unbinged and broken by the terrors of witchcraft and sorcery, and the ever-present dread of incubi and succubi, evils born of too much faith. Terrible as were the imaginary passions of Mænads in the legend of Pentheus, they were surpassed by the reality in the stories of Louis Garfride and Marie de Sains.

These nervous epidemics did not cease with mediævalism, although since that period they have never been so widely spread nor of such long duration. While the Reformation roused religious fervor to fever heat, the general diffusion of ideas and interests resulting from the invention of printing and the revival of learning diverted much of its intensity into mental channels. It was only among the most fanatical that the old evils reappeared. Some of the reformers believed that the time had arrived for the fulfillment of the words of the prophet Joel: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." The inspiration of the Holy Ghost, which had hitherto been declared the guide of the church, was now supposed to be not only possible, but necessary, to each individual. In place of one Pope, all became equally God's vicegerents. The workings of the Spirit, being supernatural, could not be judged by natural standards, and hence monomaniacs could declare their insane ravings divine revelations, and men and women afflicted with hysteria or epilepsy could proclaim their convulsive actions manifestations of the power of the Holy Ghost, without incurring the charge of insanity or

blasphemy. Phenomena which Catholic fanatics had believed to be signs of diabolical possession were by the new enthusiasts thought to be evidence of the outpouring of the Spirit. Western prophets, unlike Eastern mystics, were physically agitated by their spiritual illumination. The mental equilibrium of Anabaptists, the "bastards of the Reformation," was entirely destroyed by the new freedom, and, like soldiers suddenly let loose in a conquered city, they plunged into an abyss of crime and delirium. Men proclaimed themselves Kings of Sion and Jerusalem, marched naked through the streets, and even to the battle-field, and romped in childish sports that they might be like little children; the ungodly were tortured, massacred and defrauded; brothers killed brothers; strangers were murdered in broad daylight; and true believers were robbed by a crafty tailor, whose revelations were of a peculiarly practical nature. On the one hand, there was an hysterical extreme, produced by the fasting and prayer of "self-denying spiritual Anabaptists;" and on the other, the sensual orgies of "Free Brothers," whose Sabbath-like celebrations were, they said, for Christ's sake. And such absurdities and infamies were not only countenanced, but encouraged, because it was imagined that once a man had been illuminated by divine grace he was ever after as infallible as Catholics believe their church to be, and therefore he could do no evil.

In France, belief in the outpouring of the Spirit, aggravated by persecution and ill-treatment, converted the Huguenot inhabitants of Dauphiny, Vivarais, and Cévennes into seers and oracles. Infants of thirteen months from their cradles and gray-headed old men from the very brink of the grave preached and prophesied. Poor half-idiotic shepherds became the Davids of the new revelation, and high-born ladies suddenly awoke to a consciousness of sibylline powers.

So realistic was the popular delusion that women refused to eat for fear of giving offense to the divine Being who abided within them; parties of the faithful, meeting, blew into each other's mouths, that the Holy Ghost might thus be passed from one to another; and troops of prophets and prophetesses marched to battle unarmed, because by the power of their breath, as if by a whirlwind from heaven, they expected to rout the enemy. The inspired were counted by thousands, and the invariable prelude to their prophetic utterances was agonizing physical suffering. "When they were seized by the Spirit," an eye-witness remarked of the Cévennes prophets, "they all of them had fits, some of one kind and some of another, more or less." The controversy aroused by the Jansenist revival of the doctrine of "prevenient grace" coming to a crisis about the time of the death of Abbé Paris, the first report of a miracle worked at his tomb at St. Médard was the signal for the appearance of a new army of prophets and wonder-workers. Royal intervention and parliamentary proclamations could not stay the fierce torrent of religious emotions. Neither was it moderated by the shafts of ridicule.

"De par le roi défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu!"

was the jesting account of the wits of the day of what actually took place. But when the Convulsionnaires were shut out from St. Médard they crowded into Paris, and for over fifty years their hysterical fanaticism manifested itself, says Hecker, "in more lamentable phenomena than the enlightened spirits of the eighteenth century would be willing to allow."

In England, a few poor illiterate Quakers, with morbid imaginations, who had forsworn whatever little color of pleasure their creed still allowed, but who could not endure its undemonstrative form of worship, announced themselves

the direct inheritors of the supernatural powers of the French prophets. Mother Ann and her followers, instead of being moved at their meetings to the usual placid discourses, were made to shake and tremble like clouds agitated by a mighty wind. To them their actions appeared to be the work of that Spirit which in the latter day was to shake heaven and earth and the nations therein, and which from the time of the Apostles had manifested itself in the elect in unwonted liveliness of prayer. These first involuntary movements were the origin of the Shaker dances; founded, according to the faithful, upon special revelation and justified by various scriptural texts, but which are one of those strange revivals which occur in the history of all development. To-day, that religion is more free from superstition and less emotional than it has ever been, Spiritualists have renewed the primitive belief in the active agency of the spirits of the dead, and Shakers practice the oldest method of religious worship. Shakerism was too crude and subversive of social life to affect the mass of Englishmen, but Methodism appealed to all classes of men. When religion was at its lowest ebb in the eighteenth century, new doctrines arose to animate it with fresh vigor. Wesley and Whitefield, whose oratory was better calculated to stimulate the emotions than the intellect, preached the necessity of rebirth or regeneration by faith alone to miners, farmers, and the hard-working members of society, to whom religion for many years had been but a name. Excitement was thus introduced to lives otherwise dull and eventless, and a sense of dignity communicated to men as destitute of social individuality as bees in a bee-hive or ants in an ant-hill. Moreover, belief in the sensible operations of the Spirit aroused in the individual an unnatural interest in his own emotional states, an evil which is obviated by those creeds which make man's salvation as

dependent upon sacraments and observance of discipline as upon consciousness of sin and change of heart. This subjective doctrine reacted with terrible force upon the nervous systems of people to whom an outlet for feeling in ideational energy was simply an impossibility. During Whitefield's first sermon, fifteen of his hearers were driven mad. "All upon whom God laid his hand," Wesley naively remarked after a successful meeting, "turned either very red or almost black." The record of the progress of a certain phase of Methodism is one of a long series of convulsions, spasms, and agonies of soul, finding vent in screams and groans, or of poor humanity maddened in its attempt to become God-like. That the excitement of this movement never developed into an epidemic as disastrous as that of the Cévennes or of St. Médard was because the ever-increasing rationalism of the age was undermining the old ideas as to the interaction of physical and spiritual forces. From the time of Wesley to the present, there have been many revivals of the nervous phenomena. When the first enthusiasm had somewhat abated, sects of ranters and jumpers sought to counteract the growing indifference. In the early part of this century the inhabitants of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia, during a period of religious agitation, were seized by the "jerks," a contagious nervous disease, not unlike the chorea which attacked the inmates of mediæval convents. The scenes now at camp-meetings, and in some Methodist churches, rival those of the first gatherings around Wesley and Whitefield. These manifestations must survive to a limited extent so long as men with badly balanced minds or nervous temperaments concentrate their thoughts

upon religious belief which does not concern itself with works; or so long as religion is made an excuse for the disposal of surplus emotional energy, as is often the case, for example, with negroes who join Methodist and Baptist congregations, and with whom a chance circumstance will divert the tide of religious fervor into a totally different channel.

While it is of course impossible to know what the future may bring forth, it may be safely predicted that the hysterical extravagances of Mænadism will never reappear as epidemics in the civilized Western world. It is a significant fact that the work of the Salvation Army, the great modern revivalists, has not encouraged the convulsive expressions of religious excitement. Leading in a few instances to fanaticism and folly as unfortunate as any excesses in previous ages, it has at least this merit: it requires as proof of conversion total abstinence from drink and tobacco, rather than imaginary sensations and emotions; thus showing a keener appreciation, though to be sure a distorted one, for practical human morality than for unprofitable supernatural phenomena. Even if religion should later become the dominant idea of Europe or America, which seems unlikely from the present secularization of interests, it would not give rise to dancing or prophesying manias. Never again, unless science be completely forgotten, can nervous disorders be attributed to the immediate action of good or evil spirits. Whatever faith the future may evolve, if it be an embodiment of the ideals of the age, its saints and prophets will be those men who, instead of sacrificing their will power, will have developed it to its utmost possibility.¹

Elizabeth Robins.

¹ It is impossible in a short article to give the physiological or pathological causes of ecstasy and delirium in religion. The curious reader may

consult the works of Carpenter, Maudsley, Calmeil, or indeed any of the physiologists of the day who have written on the action of the brain.

PÈRE ANTOINE.

"Yes, Madame la Comtesse," said Monsieur le Curé, a mild glow of enthusiasm lighting up his irregular features, "I have saved five hundred and fifty francs."

M. le Curé had come to make a visit of ceremony at the grand château. Monsieur was scrupulously exact about his visits of ceremony to Madame de Mirouet, the sole remaining representative of the great family in his parish. His deference to madame was perhaps all the more marked because of her misfortunes. The family estates had in great part passed into the hands of strangers; and, in the Franco-Prussian war, her husband and her two sons had given themselves for their country. She was alone in the world now, this stately old lady; but the sense of her own dignity kept her from loneliness. She heard the discussions of her servants concerning the details of her little farm with the same well-bred interest which she had formerly shown in listening to the intrigues of statesmen; and, in her gray alpaca gown, she received the calls of M. le Curé with the same serene grace with which, in her youth, attired in satins and laces, she had entertained a royal duke. She was an impressive old lady, as she sat in a straight-backed chair in the midst of the dignified and shabby magnificence of the grand salon. She seemed to belong to the present no more than did the ancestral portraits on the wall; and one felt that she shared in their stern, though mute, protest against the degeneracy of the times. "The world is indeed in a sad way," thought madame, "in these days, when all the traditions of the noblesse are overthrown. It is a comfort to find here and there a man who has not lost the proper spirit of deference to his superiors;" and she bowed her head with courtly

condescension to the remarks of M. le Curé, who sat before her, a trifle ill at ease, the angles in his lank figure rather displayed than concealed by his shabby soutane.

Poor M. le Curé! Did he remember, as he talked to the faded figure in gray alpaca, a day, forty years ago, — a day when the clear sun of Normandy had shone down on the rose-garden of the château as it was shining this afternoon; and the young girl, gathering roses for her marriage fête, caught sight of a shy boy peeping over the hedge? Did he remember how she had smiled frankly at him, and tossed him a rose with a gay "Good-by, Antoine; you will be a learned man before I see you again;" and how the poor fellow had stammered out his thanks, and run away from the beautiful vision? Had there, perhaps, been a little romance in M. le Curé's life, — a romance none the less pathetic because unknown to the world and hardly acknowledged even to himself? At all events, there were no signs of sentiment visible now in the middle-aged man, with somewhat coarse features and patient face, who sat talking to the shadowy old lady. M. Antoine was thinking far more of his five hundred and fifty francs than of the bright young girl whom a hard destiny had sent back, in her old age, to live, desolate and alone, in her father's house.

"It is a large sum, M. le Curé," said madame.

"Ah, yes, madame, a sum immense, which it has required much patience to save. For two years I have fasted and pinched. I can hardly believe that my long waiting is at last rewarded, and that to-morrow the altar will be mine. Could you but see it!" M. le Curé went on, his monotonous voice trembling with emotion. "The wood is oak, rich and

mellowed by age. The altar must date back to the twelfth century at least; and the carving — ah, we see no such work to-day! At the corners stand as pillars the four Evangelists; the space between is filled with reliefs, but reliefs of a delicacy and richness! They represent the life of the Holy Mother, and are surrounded by mystical symbols. And this gem has lain hidden for years in an obscure Norman town! It was reserved for me, — for me, madame, — to discover it. Fancy my joy as I pictured to myself that I might become the owner of this treasure, and my terror lest some rival should bear it away before I could save the required sum! But no one has discovered it, and our little church will be enriched by a relic unequaled in France."

As M. le Curé took his leave, and strode homé through the gathering dusk, his unwonted excitement died away, and left on his face the placid, dreamy expression which was often interpreted as stupidity. He was, in fact, by no means a clever man. He had disappointed his friends, who had hoped much from the shy, studious boy, by an utter lack of ambition. Yielding to their entreaties, he had studied for a couple of years at Paris; but he felt out of place amid the bustle and glitter of the great city, and after taking orders returned, contented to live and die as priest in his small native village of Crèvecœur. Perhaps some early disappointment had taken from him all desire for worldly honor; perhaps a certain fastidiousness of feeling, lying beneath his rough exterior, had caused him to shrink from pushing himself forward. M. Antoine was quite satisfied with the life he had chosen. He was a very happy man this evening, as he strolled home through the lane, sweet with the fragrance of honeysuckle. The evening star was just visible in the west, and the hedgerows were alive with the soft twittering of birds and the fluttering of downy night-moths.

The Angelus was ringing, and in the little village at the foot of the hill a few twinkling lights appeared, one after another. A peasant woman, in white cap and large wooden sabots, dropped a courtesy to M. le Curé as she passed, crooning softly to her baby.

M. Antoine felt as peaceful as the scene. He thought of the little gray church to which he was going, — the church which had been to him what wife and children are to other men; and he was filled with joy as he remembered the beautiful altar that he should soon be able to present to it. His two years in Paris had made him able to appreciate the severe but fine architecture of the church, which the peasants described apologetically, as "old, — very old;" and all his innate love of the beautiful was lavished upon it. The thought never occurred to M. le Curé that his church was not alive. Not alive, when he had lived with it for years, and knew every stone in its gray walls! Not alive! Had he not felt the gratitude of the building for the ivies that he had trained round its porch, and the beautiful wax candles that he burnt within? M. le Curé's happiest hours were spent in the little church. Often he would rise in the night, and slipping through the tiny garden of the *presbytère*, would let himself into the building, and there the morning would find him, kneeling before the altar. He gained a great reputation for sanctity from these midnight vigils; but I fear that if the truth were told M. le Curé's religious sense was somewhat vague. He would have been horrified had any one hinted that he was not "*bon Catholique*;" he crossed himself at the mention of a heretic; but in his practical life all the devotion and enthusiasm of his nature went out to the church, which was never cold, never unsympathetic, never uncongenial, — which was always ready to receive confidences, and never needed tiresome explanations. The

adornment of the church was the aim of M. Antoine's life. Already he had gained several prizes, such as a singularly beautiful font for holy water, and some fine brass candlesticks; but never had he dreamed of possessing anything so unique as this twelfth-century altar. He paused, and clasped his hands, and his breath came faster as he thought of the honor which would be done his beloved church.

He did not sleep much that night through excitement, and early the next morning he started for Lisieux, to complete his bargain.

As he was passing through the village, the peasant woman whom he had seen the night before ran out from her house, and stopped him.

"Ah, M. le Curé, what good Providence sends you into the town at this early hour? My little Jeanne is ill, and I was just wishing I could see you. The doctor says she must have nourishing food, soups and jellies, and where is the money to come from?"

M. le Curé hesitated. He entered the house, and all the time that he was uttering the commonplaces of sympathy he was performing a mental calculation. Yes, at least forty francs would be necessary to furnish the sick child with the comforts she needed. Somehow, the money in M. Antoine's pocket seemed very heavy just then. And yet—and yet, forty francs represented at least two months of saving; and in those two months what might not happen?

At that moment, pale little Jeanne opened her eyes, smiled at the curé, and nestled confidently against the big brown hand which he had laid on her cheek.

M. Antoine coughed, fumbled in his pocket, and drew out a piece of money. "There, Mère Suzanne," said he awkwardly; "with that you can buy some trifles for the child," and hastily taking his leave, to avoid her thanks, he hurried home.

Mère Suzanne found in her hand a five-franc piece. She was overcome with gratitude and delight, for she had seldom so much money in her possession at once. "Ah, the saintly man!" she murmured. "With this I can buy thee soup and meat for several days, my little Jeanne."

M. le Curé went home in a discontented frame of mind. He was cross to old Babette, his housekeeper, when she expressed surprise at his sudden return, and spent the morning pacing up and down the pleached alley in his garden. He put aside without looking at them his five hundred and forty-five francs; he hated the sight of them, and wished them either more or less. If he were to be deprived of the pleasure of buying his altar for the present, he wished that he might at least have the privilege of feeling generous. However, he consoled himself as best he might, and turned his attention to the quickest method of making up the missing five francs.

He succeeded so well that in less than a week he was on his way to Lisieux. This time, nothing happened to interrupt his bargain, and he returned in triumph, with a joyful sense of security. No one could take the altar from him now! He spent most of the ensuing day in preparing the church to receive its new treasure. Poor Babette had to scrub off every speck of dust from the stone floor; and the curé felt quite impatient with two old women in muddy sabots who came in to pray for a few minutes. But at last all was ready. M. Antoine had even tried to adorn the chancel with ivy and sprigs of honeysuckle; and the result, although rather clumsy, served its purpose of affording him pleasure.

Towards evening, the altar arrived. It jarred a little on M. Antoine that two sturdy countrymen in blue blouses should carry it to its place; he would have felt it more suitable had an invisi-

ble band of angels gently lowered the altar, while chanting the most solemn of music. However, the work was at last ended, and the countrymen left the church. But he was not yet allowed to enjoy his new possession in peace; it was the hour of vespers, and the peasants, who had heard from Babette the rumor of a new acquisition, came to the church in larger numbers than usual. M. le Curé was not sorry to have, as it were, a little fête in honor of the altar. He had bought six new wax candles when at Lisieux; and now he placed them upon the altar, and lighted them proudly. In the dim twilight, the rich shades of the wood were brought out by the yellow light, and M. le Curé thought the effect even finer than he had anticipated. When service was over and the people had dispersed, he smiled scornfully, as he remembered how old Mère Bichon had muttered that this altar might be very well, but it was nothing to the one at Fleumont, which had a white cloth with gilt fringe, and was ornamented with two large vases of paper flowers. As he left the church, it seemed to him that its gray walls looked more friendly and protecting than ever, and he gave it a friendly nod of understanding, and murmured aloud, "Adieu."

M. Antoine did not return to the altar for several hours; he was an epicure in his pleasures, and liked to enjoy by anticipation. At last, however, when Babette supposed him fast asleep, he stole through the little garden, and entered the church. He walked straight to the altar, with a trembling sense that it might have vanished. But no; as he lighted his wax candles, one after the other, the four Evangelists at the corners grew more and more distinct, and seemed to smile on him. Already he felt that he knew them as friends. The altar was certainly a wonderful piece of work; the candle-light brought out more clearly the delicate, low relief, and

each instant M. le Curé discovered some new beauty. The church had never looked so fair as in this dim light. The honeysuckle in the chancel mingled its odor with that of the incense; behind, the nave stretched away into the darkness; and through the little rose-window at the end there shone a friendly star. M. Antoine fell on his knees, with clasped hands, on the chancel steps. He would have made a fine study for some mediæval saint, as he knelt there in his black robe, the light striking full on his pale, uplifted face. But M. le Curé's meditations were far from religious; what he was feeling was an ecstasy of delight over his new treasure. It seemed to him that he was taking part in a grand service, of which the altar was the central point. Processions of white-robed boys passed, swinging censers; priests in gorgeous robes chanted the mass, and lifted the Host before the adoring crowd; and M. le Curé was there in the midst of it all!

Suddenly, breaking in upon his reverie, came a harsh whisper: "Monsieur! Monsieur Antoine!" The voice came from old Babette, who did not dare to speak aloud.

The curé roused himself, with a sigh. "What is it?" said he, going to the door. "Why do you call me? I am engaged."

Beside Babette stood a dark figure, patting his horse's neck. "Ah, M. le Curé," said the figure. "Old Jean of the Mill is dying, and he bade me tell you to come as quick as you can to administer the last sacraments."

Such calls were not uncommon, but it seemed unjust to M. Antoine that one should have come on this particular night; and I fear that he felt rather indifferent to old Jean's spiritual welfare. However, he mounted his nag, and started on his journey, calling to Babette to extinguish the candles in the church. But the old woman was either too deaf or too sleepy to hear him, and went

straight to bed, muttering crossly to herself.

M. le Curé returned to Crèvecœur in the gray dawn of the following morning. He had had a hard night, for old Jean was long about dying, and the scene had worn upon M. Antoine, who was not so young as he had once been. As he rode through the fields in the dewy morning, he tried to think of the peaceful little gray church and the beautiful altar within; but he could not bring them vividly before his mind: the distorted features of the dying man and little Jeanne's pale face insisted on presenting themselves to him. Passing through the village, he was surprised to see several women out, in spite of the early hour; and noticed, with a certain dreamy wonder, that they shook their heads as they looked at him. He did not stop, although one woman started to speak to him; he was in haste to reach his beloved church. Ah! here was the turn in the road where he should first catch a glimpse of its ivy-covered walls. But no, he must be wrong; it was farther on. . . . The church not yet visible? What did it mean? And what was this sound of voices that came to him across the quiet meadows? M. le Curé stopped his horse for an instant, his heart sinking, and then rode furiously on to the presbytère gate.

The church was gone; and in its place were a few ruined walls and a heap of smouldering ashes.

M. le Curé dismounted mechanically, and in spite of the crowd that tried to prevent him walked into the midst of the ruins. A little black object caught his eye, and he stooped and picked it up. It was the head of the Apostle John, which, charred by the fire, had lost its former expression of friendly benevolence, and looked up at M. le Curé with a malevolent grin.

Three weeks later, Babette was standing in the midst of a little group of vil-

lage cronies. They had been talking fast, and were much excited.

"And you say he has never even asked about the fire, Mère Babette?"

"Not a word; and he does not seem to hear, though I tell him again and again how I waked with the smell of smoke, and how I rushed to the church and found that precious altar of his all in a blaze. He does not know that the church is burned. He will sit still for hours, smiling to himself; and then he will go out and stand among the ruins, repeating the service. Madame la Comtesse came to see him this afternoon, and she says"—here the old woman tapped her forehead significantly—"that we must have the doctor from Lisieux."

"Ah, poor man!" murmured the old women. "I wonder whom we shall have in his place;" and, shaking their heads dismally, they separated.

It was even as Babette had hinted. When the doctor came, he said that M. le Curé's mind, already weakened by his monotonous life, had yielded under the influence of the shock. The form which his insanity took was that of living in the past rather than in the present; he might die if he were moved from his familiar surroundings.

So M. le Curé and Babette lived on together, and he was very gentle and submissive to the discipline that she sometimes saw fit to administer: but when her voice grew unusually rasping, he would slip out, and pass through the little garden to the ruins. Sometimes he would poke among the ashes with his stick, a bewildered expression on his face, as if he had lost something; but more often he would stand in his accustomed place, and chant the service solemnly. Sometimes he would fall on his knees, look rapturously at the empty spot where the altar had been, and remain for hours in that position, quite content and happy.

So passed M. le Curé's life. And

there is a new priest in the village of Crèveœur, a burly, red-faced man, who intones the service with a nasal twang; and there is a little church all

freshly whitewashed, and within it an altar covered by a white cloth with gilt fringe, and upon the cloth three large vases of paper flowers.

David a Coit.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME DURING THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

I.

THE foreign tourist now reaches Rome in the comfortable carriage of an express train from Florence or from Naples; he enters the city under an arch opened for the purpose in the walls near the Lateran Gate; he traverses the gardens and vineyards back of the ruined temple of Minerva Medica and the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, and, did he but know it, almost along the line of the far more ancient Servian wall; and he alights in a spacious and incongruously modern station opposite the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, on the plateau of the Viminal and the Esquiline.

Our tourist then takes his seat in an open barouche, drives across the broad piazza, with its beautiful fountain, and turns into the modern avenue of the Via Nazionale: it may be to stop at the large, French-looking Hotel Quirinale, or it may be to drive further on, down into the very heart of the city, passing in front of the stately American church, whose noble Lombard tower rises on the corner of the Via Napoli, — a monument, as the present King of Italy once said that it would be, of American faith in the stability of the Italian kingdom, and especially in the continuance of freedom of worship in the city of Rome.

It is said that when such an innovation as steam traveling was proposed to Pope Gregory XVI., he peremptorily

refused to allow it in the Papal States; adding that were a railroad to come into Rome it would undermine the Papacy. The old Pope was quite right, and wise in his generation, as the event has proved.

Accordingly, when, six and twenty years ago, the writer first visited the Eternal City, he arrived in a little Mediterranean steamer at Civit  Vecchia; waited for hours for permission to disembark; was rowed on shore in a small boat; hired an Italian postilion to drive him, with a friend, up to Rome; and spent some five or six hours on the dreary and desolate road over the Campagna, passing on the way those who drove only a single horse, but obliged to submit to be passed by any one who boasted more horses, or even to lag behind such an one, however slowly he might be moving on.

Early in the month of November, 1859, we were able to go up from Civit  Vecchia to Rome by rail; but we were obliged to leave the train *outside* the city walls, where our passports were closely scrutinized by the police. We were then permitted to enter, in an omnibus, by the Porta Cavalleggieri, and thence to drive along the colonnade of St. Peter's, over the Ponte Sant' Angelo, through the dark and narrow streets, under the oppressive shadows of huge stone palaces with their iron-barred prison windows, to our hotel in the Via Condotti.

If a railroad had indeed been allowed

to come so near the sacred city, in all other things the Vatican stood firm. *Non possumus* was still enthroned upon the seven hills. Pius IX. was in the vigor of his pontificate; Antonelli was in the zenith of his influence and power. It is true that the battles of Magenta and Solferino had been fought in June of that same year; that Milan and Lombardy had been ceded to the Sardinian king. It is true that although the Treaty of Zurich had declared that the dispossessed princes of Central Italy should be reinstated in their former rights, yet there was no provision for carrying this declaration into effect, and Tuscany and the duchies only waited, under the dictatorship of Ricasoli and Farini, for permission to unite themselves with Piedmont and Lombardy. It is true that even the Romagna had, so far, maintained its independence of the Holy See, pending the decisions of a European congress which was soon to meet at Paris, and to which the Italian question had been referred; but, meanwhile, a French army of occupation kept all fear of revolution from the thresholds of St. Peter's. The French bugle daily resounded from the arches of Constantine's Basilica; General Count de Goyon, on the 15th of November, reviewed his troops, some nine thousand strong, and engaged them in battle with an imaginary foe on the Campo Farnesino, beyond the Tiber; and the tall and elegant figure of the Duc de Gramont, the French ambassador, was ever seen on all state occasions in the halls and corridors of the Vatican.

Nevertheless, of all the exciting problems in Italian politics, "the Roman question" was "*la question brulante*." About's trenchant little volume was the politico-literary event of the day. Despite post-office censors and papal police, not a few copies of it had been smuggled into Rome. Wherever people dared discuss public affairs at all they debated whether the French emperor

would be induced by Austria to restore the legations to the Pope; or whether he could be brought by Count Cavour to leave the Romans also free to settle their own future for themselves, or even, as About had proposed, if the temporal power were inevitable, to reduce the inevitable to a minimum, and the temporal papacy to the city and *comarca* of Rome.

Such was the state of Italian politics when the first steps were taken towards the establishment of American services and the organization of an American church.

Protestant worship had for several years been provided for American travelers, from time to time, under the auspices of the American and Foreign Christian Union; and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Alonzo Potter, then Bishop of Pennsylvania, had in the preceding May officiated in the American legation, and administered the rite of confirmation. But now a chaplain of the legation was appointed, with a view to a more settled provision for the religious needs of the Americans in Rome; and since there could be but one organization, an Episcopal church was established, under the protection of the Hon. John P. Stockton, then the minister resident, and with the hearty concurrence of all Protestant Americans in the city, without regard to denominational differences, — Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists uniting with Episcopalians, alike in the steps which were then taken and in the subsequent support of their church.

Such services could be held at that time only within the legation itself, the residence of the minister bringing the premises constructively under the jurisdiction of the American government, so that the papal authorities could take no cognizance of anything done there. The legation was that autumn in the Palazzo Bernini, on the east side of the Corso, between the Via Frattina and

the Via Borgognona, where, opposite a broad flight of marble steps turning to the left, was, and no doubt still is, a large sitting statue of Truth, by Bernini. Here the tourist of a younger generation, who feels a patriotic pride in the noble church on the Via Nazionale, who may also be interested in its earliest beginnings, and who wishes, therefore, to recall "the day of small things," will find a little anteroom, where, on Sunday morning, November 20, 1859, were gathered some forty persons for the opening services. A formal business meeting was held on the 26th, in the private apartment of Mr. Joseph Mozier, Trinità de' Monti, No. 18, at which the protection extended to the congregation by the American minister was gratefully acknowledged, and an organization effected under the name of Grace Church, of which the Hon. Mr. Stockton was appointed senior, and Dr. Fitz-William Sargent junior warden. It is noteworthy that the next morning Cardinal Antonelli told Mr. Stockton what had been done the evening before, as a good-humored intimation that the authorities were watching us.

Shortly after, the legation was removed — and Grace Church, of course, with it — to the Palazzo Simonetti, further up the Corso. In the court, on the ground floor of this palace, a brother of Cardinal Antonelli carried on a profitable banking business. Up the winding staircase, whose open stone balustrade and marble pillars were very fine, week after week, all that winter, the more devout of the Americans in Rome ascended to the chancellerie of the legation, which was transformed every Sunday into a church; while during other days the chancel and the ecclesiastical appointments generally were screened from sight, and the rest of the large room, whose windows looked into the Via Lata, given up to diplomacy. The whole number of Americans in Rome at any one time this winter never quite

reached four hundred: of whom the maximum attendance at our services — all the room would hold — was one hundred and forty.

Under the protection of the legation and of the rectorship of this little congregation, partly of resident Americans, more largely of mere travelers, the opportunity was enjoyed of studying Italian politics, ecclesiastical and secular, — if Italian politics could then, in Rome, ever be regarded as wholly secular, — and of undergoing many experiences, not uninteresting then, but well worthy now, after so great changes, both political and ecclesiastical, of being recalled from the journals and private correspondence of those years.

One of the first incidents of the chapel in this palazzo was strikingly illustrative of the place and times. The Rev. Mr. Heintz, the chaplain of the Prussian embassy, early in December asked for our assistance in a marriage. The groom was a lieutenant in the French army of occupation; the bride, though also French by family and nationality and Roman by birth, was a member of his own spiritual flock and charge, and therefore a Lutheran. He could himself officiate, on such an occasion, only in his own chapel; but *this* marriage could not take place in the Prussian embassy because the parties were French. They could not be married by the French chaplain, a Roman Catholic priest, because the lady, at least, was a Protestant; nor could any one but a Roman Catholic priest officiate in the chapel of that embassy; nor, for the same reason, could she be married by any one anywhere under papal jurisdiction. Could they be married by the American chaplain under the protection of the American flag? Mr. Stockton replied that the ceremony might be performed in the American chapel, if in accordance with American laws, and provided the French ambassador would express in writing a wish to that effect.

The necessary correspondence having taken place, and the parties having been duly instructed concerning the service, on the appointed day the chancellerie was turned into the chapel, the minister resident, consul, and vice-consul, with a few others, attending as American witnesses. The French ambassador and General de Goyon were represented by their respective aides-de-camp. The groom was accompanied by a number of his fellow officers in full uniform, making quite a brilliant gathering; and the bride, by her parents and several friends, as well as by her Prussian pastor. The civil contract had already been signed in the French embassy; the religious services were partly in French, partly in English; and this quasi-international marriage under difficulties was thus happily solemnized to the satisfaction of all concerned.

But the American chaplain at Rome had, that winter, as ever since, much more to do with sorrow and sickness and death than with wedding rejoicings; and there was one day when, amid the wildest saturnalia of the Carnival, he made his way with difficulty through the noisy buffoonery of the crowded streets, from one scene of heart-rending anguish and the bedside of one dying American traveler to that of another. There were five deaths among the Americans in Rome during the season of 1859-60, and three during the following.

As this second season drew near, a renewal of the lease of the apartment in the Palazzo Simonetti was refused to the legation, if heretic worship were to be held there. Mr. Stockton thought, at first, that he might avoid this difficulty by getting some large room elsewhere, and constituting it a part of the legation by placing the American arms over it. But Cardinal Antonelli told him categorically that we could not be permitted to hold our services under any other roof in Rome save that under which the minister resident himself

slept. Thus forced to the alternative of closing the chapel, or making another move, Mr. Stockton — who never spared himself either trouble or expense where the interest of his country folk, or what he held to be his duty to them, was involved — transferred the legation to the Palazzo Lozzano, immediately opposite the Church of San Carlo al Corso. Here, however, it was not the business offices, but the ball-room of the apartment, and therefore of the legation, which alone he had to place at our disposal for a chapel.

The appointments and decorations of this saloon were, as may well be imagined, anything but ecclesiastical. The walls between the marble pilasters were either covered with polished artificial marble, or occupied by large gilt-framed mirrors. Below, along three sides of the room, ran an almost continuous divan, upholstered in yellow damask. On the fourth side the windows looked down into the Corso. The ceiling was divided by the most graceful gilt arabesques into paneled compartments, filled with brilliantly frescoed mythological figures and subjects, of which the central group represented some revelry of the gods. There was around the room a broad frescoed frieze of dancing nymphs and graces. At the further end, between the windows, two carved and gilded tables, of elaborate design and with crimson velvet tops, did duty, the one for the desk and pulpit, the other for an altar; a movable chancel-rail standing in front. However incongruous, however strange a contrast, for instance, to the interior and chancel of the church on the Via Nazionale, yet all this was not without some interesting and primitive associations; for it was probably in just such places that many congregations of early Roman Christians worshipped, in that transition period when they were no longer forced to take refuge in the catacombs, but could not yet build churches, and when they there-

fore gathered, for all religious purposes, in the large halls and festive saloons of the richer members of their brotherhood.

Here no Romans, clerical or lay, dare enter to worship with us, or even to look on in respectful curiosity. On the occasion of our services, two papal gendarmes were stationed at the street *portone* to mark who came. On one occasion, indeed, a young lay attaché of the papal court was seen among us. He was recognized by several of us, who knew him at least by sight or name. His presence there at once excited anxious speculation. Could he be indeed interested to learn something of our worship, and of the religious faith of Protestants, that he should run such a risk of getting himself into serious trouble? How could he have escaped the watch of the police? Or could he, indeed, have come by permission and with due connivance, *as a spy*, to ascertain what we were doing, and what were our heretical ends and aims; or to see if perchance any Roman had been tempted to venture in? It was a grave matter, this young chamberlain's appearance at our service. It transpired, not long afterwards, that he had secured his entrance by the simple expedient of giving a few pauls each to the two Cerberi; and that his mysterious purpose was to gaze upon a fair American who had bewitched him at some late social gathering.

A great war has come and gone for us Americans since those days: the wondrous Italian revolution has at last reached Rome. The successor of Pius IX. regards himself as morally a prisoner in the Vatican; the successor of Victor Emmanuel reigns, the king of a united Italy, from the Quirinal. The

few American residents of Rome who once attended those early services, and who yet remain, and the children of those travelers who visited Rome then, now turn their steps on the Lord's day to very different courts; and many Italians, with none to arrest their purpose, meet with them in a noble temple, — Grace Church is now St. Paul's-within-the-walls, — conspicuous on a broad avenue, which had no existence twenty years ago.

When in 1873 the foundations of St. Paul's Church were about to be laid by the Rev. Dr. Nevin, the present rector, it was necessary, in one place, to dig down through forty feet of accumulated rubbish before the workmen could lay the first stones on solid ground. The strong tower rests on the massive masonry of Servius Tullius. But out of those depths rose the substructure on which the spacious chancel was built up, and the solemn apse. Upon that Servian wall the tower now stands firm, and from its fair open arches the sweet bells chime out on the clear air of Rome their call to prayer. From its lofty apex the cross is revealed against the pure blue sky. Within those courts thousands have worshiped where many thousands more, God willing, will yet follow them.

But whether Americans or Romans, whether from near or from across the seas, little or nothing will they think or know of the walls or of the substructures which lie hidden so far beneath; quite as little of the moral depths to which they had to go, the difficulties with which they had to contend, or the stones which they laid bare, who first began the work, ere anything permanent could be done towards gathering such a congregation of Americans in Rome.

William Chauncy Langdon.

VOLCANO STUDIES.

ON the line of the projected railroad from Guayaquil to Quito there is a little mountain village which is destined to become the Chamouni of the American continent. Guanarete, or Santa Rita, as the Spaniards call it, forms the summit station of the Cerro de las Playas. For more than ninety miles the Cerro runs parallel to the range of the Central Andes, and opposite Quito, at an elevation of nine thousand feet above the level of the Pacific, the heights of the eastern slope afford a view of the grandest mountain panorama of the western hemisphere. In the east the main chain of the Andes is broken by two gaps that reveal the highlands of the Paramos, the central plateau of the South American Sierras; and the nineteen snow-capped peaks in the north, south, and southwest include the five highest active volcanoes on earth.

A life-insurance bureau might repudiate the policy of an Andes explorer. He may lose his way, and starve to death; he may reach his goal, and freeze to death: but among the volcanoes of Ecuador he will not die of *ennui*. A first-class man-hunter, like Suwaroff, may get expert enough to undertake a battle or a siege as a butcher would take a beef contract, and repeated attacks would case-harden even the garrison of a much-besieged town, but not the defenseless burghers. To passive participants danger can never become a routine business, and against the resistless power of a volcano experience has but rarely forearmed the forewarned.

Nor can scientists ever exhaust the problems of volcano study. The *primum mobile* of plutonic agencies is still a mystery, and the fluctuating theories hardly rival the fitfulness of the phenomena. Besides, every volcano has a system of its own. The Sangay, forty

leagues due east from Guayaquil, has never indulged in vehement eruptions, but has nevertheless afflicted the surrounding country with a greater amount of cinerous deposits than any active or extinct volcano of this continent; excepting, perhaps, that prehistoric monster crater that inundated Southern Oregon with twenty thousand square miles of lava streams. The Sangay works day and night, and with the steadiness of a self-regulating steam-mill. I ascended the peak in 1881, with a party of American engineers, and whenever we rested the dark gray ash-cloud which the north wind drifted toward Cuenca preserved the uniformity of its outline like the ridge of a sharply defined mountain range. As seen from the edge of the main crater, the eruptions seem to come by fits and starts, but the aggregate of the matter ejected in any given minute remains about the same from morning till night. Pauses there are none; a souging draft, with a heavier puff at intervals of fifteen to twenty seconds. The furnace of the Sangay has three larger and about fifty smaller vents, that discharge an aggregate of at least forty pounds of ashes per second, or fifteen hundred tons on each day of the year.

With two short intermissions this drain upon the resources of Vulcan has continued year after year since the winter of 1728, before which time the mountain was supposed to be an extinct volcano. With two intermissions, I say, for the ash-rain almost ceased in 1812, on the day when the volcano of St. Vincent turned a fertile island into a cinder heap; and in 1842 ceased entirely for two weeks, distinguished only by the *bramidos de vera paz*, the subterranean thunders, which frightened rather than injured the natives of Northern Guatemala. But what changes in the inter-

nal economy of our Mother Earth can have increased her daily expenditure of fuel to the amount represented by those fifteen hundred tons of ashes? If the fuel is burned in a perpetual furnace, how did it dispose of its ashes before it opened the present vent? — for no other mountain ceased smoking when Sangay began. It is the only incessantly active volcano of South America, and perhaps of the whole western hemisphere, since Steller's arctic Stromboli has never been rediscovered. On the western slope of the mountain a few orange-gardeners eke out a living, for winds from the opposite direction are rare; but on the north, east, and south, drift-ashes about the consistency and color of coarse bran flour have covered an area of four hundred square miles; and if the restless mill should continue to grind, the whole valley of Cuença will ultimately be ruined. In a high wind the ash-cloud above the crater flutters like a banner in a storm, often terminating in curious, ribbon-like shreds, that extend for miles along the horizon, like the smoke-trails in the wake of a Cunard steamer. Vultures sometimes hover at the edge of the cloud, or float along with it in a sort of lazy drift before the wind. "*Se quieren calentar*" (they want to warm themselves), said my Indian guide; but it is more probable that they utilize the ashes for disinfecting purposes, as our barn-yard chickens often bespatter themselves with dust.

The Sangay is our Stromboli, and an indispensable complement to the wonders of the New World, though it is a pity that it should display its pyrotechnics in a fertile valley, instead of on a rocky island.

The peak of Pinchincha in the coast range is an intermittent volcano. Ten or twelve times in the course of this century huge fissures in the flank of the cone have opened and discharged torrents of lava; but the main crater emits only a thin smoke-cloud, and now and

then, after weeks of dire birth-throes, a shower of pumice-stones, mingled with a few larger rocks and jets of superheated steam. The crater is subject to chronic obstructions, and serves as an earthquake signal, for almost every seismic tremor is preceded by disturbances in the coast range, the opening of new fissures, and subterranean detonations; the volcano seems to form the top of a kettle that has to vent its steam by an occasional explosion. The vapor eruptions occur about once in five weeks, and when the oven is in full blast its hot breath can be distinctly felt on the Alturas of San Rafael, upon the ridge of the Eastern Andes. The flue must connect with a very deep-seated furnace. The snow on the slope of the peak often melts without any visible increase of the volcanic emanations, and the theory is that air currents of a truly infernal temperature force their way through clefts where the scorix cannot follow. The thermal springs at the foot of the mountain are too scalding hot for medical purposes, and evaporate almost on the spot where they exude from the rocks. But heat and force are convertible terms, and if the scientists of the future should devise means to tap that source of caloric, and store the dynamic elements, the Pinchincha could furnish motive power enough for all the railroads of South America. On the west side of the mountain one lava stream has run for a distance of fourteen English miles, and, judging from its naked surface, seems to be of rather recent origin, though since the arrival of the Spaniards violent eruptions have occurred only (once in eight or nine years) in the form of stone-showers.

The Cotopaxi (El Gran Cerro, "the great mountain," as the natives call it with a sort of devil-worshipping reverence) indulges in even larger pauses, but has the gift of making up for lost time. On the second and third day of June, 1803, the volcano ejected more

than a cubic mile of cinders and burning stones, and the roar accompanying the eruption was perhaps the loudest voice heard on earth since the "dreadful shouting of the gods," during the conflagration of Troy. The rumbling of an earthquake moves along with the cause of the disturbance, like the rush of a storm or the boom of a tidal wave; but the thunder of a volcano reverberates from a fixed centre, and has to transmit its peals by sound-waves, like the report of a cannon-shot. In that way the roars of Cotopaxi were carried to Guayaquil on the sea-coast, and the echo as far as San Juan de Llanos in New Grenada, a distance of *five hundred and sixty English miles*, — the distance from Boston to Petersburg, Va., or from Paris to Copenhagen! A Spanish officer who survived those two days at Paso del Toro, six miles east of the peak, describes the effect of the detonations as *stupefying*, mentally as well as physically. The Indians crouched in their cabins like cowed beasts, and the Creoles ran to and fro in a dazed way, or huddled together in the churches and shops. About four hundred yards below the top of the peak there is an ugly crevice, which in the course of the last century had been almost filled with cinders from the upper vent, though occasional smoke explosions still proved its connection with the subterranean furnace. But in 1803 that hell-gate burst, and the two craters poured forth a volume of flaming scoriæ, which must have amounted to an average of about eighty tons per minute; for on the plateau of Loreto, thirty miles west of the mountain, the ground was covered with a five-inch layer of volcanic ashes, and at the foot of the volcano that stratum varied from fourteen to twenty-eight inches. The lateral crevice has closed again, but the top crater cannot be trusted. It has a way of bursting forth at the most unexpected times, and on many a cloudless night the peasants

of the Quito valley have been awakened by the thunders of the Gran Cerro, or a sudden shower of bituminous stones.

The view from the ridge of Santa Rita comprises two other active volcanoes, the Tunguragua and the Imbabura, the latter (not the Cotopaxi, as some of our geologists have it) being the one that vomited the strange *mélange* that deluged the Val de Quito with mud-water and dead fish.

But besides these conspicuous volcanoes the Central Andes contain a large number of hidden craters, which now and then become vicarious to the obstructed vents of the regular chimneys. All Northern Ecuador seems, in fact, to rise from the workshops of Tartarus, and scarcely a day passes that the Titans do not assert their activity in some way or other. Every now and then the stillness of the upper Paramos is broken by the crash of a rock avalanche. The concussions, which, like fever tremors, vibrate through the bones of the mountains, shake down all loose rocks and loosen others, and the highland streams have to force their way through such mountainous heaps of gravel that the rain-floods scarcely suffice to keep their channels open, and many of them, like the Rio Esmeraldas, run for miles below piles of boulders that defy the dislodging ability of the current. These avalanches make the Paramos rather unsafe. The crash of their descent often startles the explorer of the highlands on slopes where neither trees nor cliffs afford a shelter, and where life or death may depend upon a single step. In such moments a herd of Andes cows would be a study for a painter. Swiss cattle would be sure to stampede, but in Ecuador experience has taught them a trick or two. Instead of running away, they stand stock still, and watch the slope with straining eyes. If the cannonade comes down a little to the left or right, they move slowly in the opposite direction; but if it comes

right. towards them, they know better than to risk a broadside, and generally manage to save their lives by facing the volley, and trying to dodge the individual bombs. The herder looks out for a tree, and that failing flings himself flat upon the ground; as the larger rocks come down in wide bounds, the odds are that they will not touch him. It is the safest plan; but temerity is as capricious as the code of honor: there are men who would charge a battery rather than touch a snake, while others surround themselves with a whole menagerie of venomous pets, but blanch at the sight of a pocket pistol. Between Loxa and Quito I once followed the example of my traveling companions, two furloughed United States midshipmen, who had got off the stage-coach to help the mules across a steep bluff. We had hardly alighted when the driver had to ply his whip to dodge a stone volley that came crashing through the brambles of the upper slope. It was curious how, even in full trot, the mules pricked up their ears and watched the advent of the volley; but still more amusing was the behavior of the two cadets. They stood bolt upright, and cheered each bomb as if they were standing on the target-beach of Annapolis, while our equatorial fellow travelers were crouching down in the most deferential attitudes. Bodily prostration somehow suggests the idea of self-abasement, but it is all custom.

By the special mercy of Providence the perennial ash-rains of Mount Sangay are cold; but the northern volcanoes often heat the atmosphere with burning cinders, and if a strong wind blows those fire-flies against the plateau of the neighboring highlands the effect is apt to burn itself into the memory of the surprised traveler. It is like passing through the spray of a flaming coal-oil tank, or through a cloud of those tsé-tsé gnats that pierce shirt and jacket; for, like the steel chips of a Bessemer hammer-work, the sparks from the

smithy of Vulcan preserve their caloric for minutes together.

It is probable that volcanoes do not emit *flames*, in the ordinary sense of the word, but the larger specimens of their solid contents often emerge in a state of incandescence that would serve all the purposes of an orthodox Hades. During the eruption of Pinchincha in the winter of 1879, I saw a volcanic boulder go down the eastern slope in wide bounds, but in spite of its velocity setting the brush afire along the whole track of its descent; that is, not only where it struck the ground, but also wherever it dashed through, or over, a tuft of dry grass. A week after the last great outbreak of Imbabura, several fragments of volcanic rocks dug out of a vineyard near Rio Payra were still too hot to be handled with impunity. By a direct contact of a few seconds, a bomb of that sort would fire a Monitor through all its coats of iron.

The two most generally accepted theories about the origin of volcanic agencies are the infiltration and compression explanations. According to the former, sea-water or deep rock springs filter down to the furnace of the central fire, and thus generate rock-rending steam clouds; according to the latter, the gradual contraction of the earth's crust compresses the air of subterranean caves, and forces it up through craters and crevices. But the steam hypothesis is, on the whole, the more plausible one, for the propulsive force of volcanic eruption seems to imply the agency of an actual explosion, or a sudden rupture of a solid obstacle. In deep mines, the collapse of the roof rocks forces out the air in an irresistible, but still gradual, current, while a gas explosion shoots up bodies and truck-wheels, as if from the mouth of a cannon, and motors of that sort alone can account for the artillery feats of the active volcanoes. In 1868 the crater of Arequipa, in Peru, hurled one of its missiles as far as Cañadas,

twelve miles from the *foot* of the mountain; and four miles nearer, the proprietor of a grain plantation found in his fields a volcanic block, eighteen feet in diameter, whose weight was estimated at eight hundred and fifty tons.

In the coast range, many springs have a way of becoming thermal at short notice, and the simultaneous calefaction of its affluents sometimes heats a whole creek to the steaming point. Eels manage to survive such decoctions, perhaps by the same trick that enables them to defy the droughts of the summer weeks; but fishes that cannot burrow in the sand have to live above hot-water mark, and are rarely found below the mouth of the treacherous tributaries. Nearly all the creeks of the Rio Bamba district are more or less impregnated with bituminous solutions, besides being heated by intermittent thermæ, but the hot-spring region *par excellence*, both in degree and permanence of temperature, is the upper valley of the Rio Esmeraldas, a tropical Yellowstone River in a frame of cyclopean mountain walls, with a fringe of perennial verdure. The emerald mines have been abandoned, but the Val de Esmeraldas continues to deserve its name. It is one of the very few *unspoiled* parks of nature. The cloud-capped ridge of Antisana at once shelters it against the north wind and the cinder showers of the northern volcanoes, and supplies its springs with the drainage of its perpetual snow-fields. And though the crater of Antisana has ceased to excrete volcanic matter, the activity of its furnace asserts itself along the base of the mountain in a long series of geysers and *fumaroles*, or smoke fissures. With this permanent supply of heat and moisture the vegetation of the volcanic hot-house could defy climatic vicissitudes, and does defy the diurnal changes of its elevated habitat. At an altitude of eleven thousand feet, where the night-frosts limit the flora of other valleys to grasses and a few hardy va-

rieties of rhododendron, the soil of the Val de Esmeraldas produces oaks, myrtles, mountain cedars, vines, holly, tiger-lilies, rose bay and buckthorn, as well as a large number of deciduous flowers. All along the dolomite cliffs of the upper valley there are *temblorones*, or tremble rocks, that vibrate under each hammer-stroke of the volcanic Titans; steam forces its way through the fissures of the cliffs, like a mystery struggling for expression; the smoke crevices, the hollow sound of each footfall, everything, suggests the idea of a soil where a little digging would reveal strange secrets of the nether world. Between the mouth of the Rio Palomas and the upper limit of arboreal vegetation, the valley is intersected by fourteen or fifteen fumaroles, of which the least would make a New England village the goal of a perennial pilgrimage. The genesis of these clefts resembles the formation of crevices in the ice-bridge of a rising river. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, an earthquake exhibits the phenomena of a lateral concussion; but whenever it is accompanied by a direct *upheaval*, the result is a rent through the mass of the superincumbent rocks, the permanence of such clefts depending upon the nature of the surface strata. In Lisbon, the gulf that swallowed the Cayo Real, with its six thousand refugees, closed in the next minute by the collapse of its gravelly edges; while at Messina and in the Val de Esmeraldas, the solid rock testifies to the achievements of a force which, according to Professor McKinney's estimate, has in one instance done the work of three million tons of gunpowder. Miners know that an insufficient charge of blasting-powder often consolidates the surface rocks by wedging them closer together, and that in other cases the explosion expels the tenuous gases through a hardly visible fissure. But in the *barranca* of Pederñal, at the foot of Antisana, a chasm sixty-five feet wide and four thousand

feet long has been torn through at least three miles of massive rocks, to which depth the walls of the barranca have been fathomed and have sounded solid. Clouds of dun smoke rise in whirls from that hatchway of Tartarus, and the actual depth of the chasm has been estimated at from ten to fifteen miles. Rocks which five men had to move with the aid of leverage have been tumbled over the brink of the abyss, but no human ear has ever heard the termination of their descent. For the upper fifty feet the walls of the gorge are clothed with a mantle of dingy vegetation, a matted tangle of vines, brambles, and pendent mosses. Further down, the naked rocks project in rough cliffs, and in the fissures of these cliffs cluster the only inhabitants of the barranca, drowsy bats, awaiting the fading of their luminous sky-light, and squeaking their protest against untimely interruptions of their slumber. If a stone or a pistol ball dislodges them from their hiding-place, they plunge out of sight, or flutter to and fro along the twilight edge of the nether darkness, while their screams echo up like the cries of the Stymphalides from the shores of Orcus. Their dismal dormitory is at least well warmed; besides the smoke clouds, occasional jets of steaming water squirt through the fissures of the barranca, with a hissing noise, as if the safety-valves of the subterranean furnace had opened, or the old Midgard Serpent were tightening her coils. At the head of the gorge, on the north side of the valley, a little mountain brook trickles down over a terrace of moderate steepness, which in the hot season becomes a sort of dry stairway, though Theseus and Pirithous might have declined to enter the nether world by that gate. The river road bridges the successive barrancas at their upper ends, where their width varies from five to fifteen feet. Some of the smaller ones are almost hidden by a cover of tangle-vines, though they all

emit smoke, and most of them a pungent smell of hydrochloric acid. It is a curious fact that people can become habituated to this smell—that is, not only inured to its influence, but fond of it—and use it as a medium of stimulation. In the Rio Bamba district there are caves where the Indians get gas-tipsy, like children in the fumes of a wine-cellar. To non-habitués this smell is as uninviting as coal-gas. Its physiological action resembles that of nitrous oxide in its immediate effect upon the brain and the nerves and the fitful acceleration of the pulse. The after-effect of the wretched tippie is a two days' headache, although its devotees claim that it makes them *previsionado*, "fore-sighted," as my landlord in Las Payras termed it. After a gas spree, one of his Indians dreamed that he saw a boy in the *serape*, or traveling-shawl, of a neighbor's son, but as thin as a shadow. The next week the neighbor's boy failed to return from a hunting-trip, and two months after they found his body, wrapped up in an old shawl, on the Plateau of Dos Peñas, where he had lost his way and starved to death.

The mining hamlet eight miles above the mouth of the Palomas was abandoned during the war of independence, but a trip to the head of the valley is well worth the risk of a night's camp in the ruined *casuchas*. Visitors may try their luck at the old placer diggings, where here and there emeralds are still found in paying quantities, together with agates and obsidian pebbles, ground dingy by friction, but breaking into glass-like pieces of marvelous dark blue, sky-blue, and iridescent hues. Gold, too, was formerly dug from the river-sand; but the mines of Western Brazil have sapped that industry, as the Eldorado of Northern Georgia was blighted by the Californian treasure-troves. Two miles above the ruins the valley narrows into a cañon, where one of the intermittent geysers hisses and bubbles

in the rocks above, and now and then, overboiling its cauldron, splashes down into the river with a peculiar jingling noise, that rings through the basalt cliffs like peals of merry laughter.

Naturalists may study the vegetation of the upper valley and the curious modifications of a tropical flora in the rarefied air of this volcanic conservatory; for instance, the bright colors but diminished size of the bromelia flowers and ground orchids. The cold winds that stunt the vegetation of the eastern slope do not affect the river thickets of the Esmeraldas, though a protracted drought now and then blotches the verdure of the foliage. Under the equator the warm season lasts from March to July, and, *à priori*, the weather should be expected to be as uniform as the length of the days and nights; but after the summer solstice the rain-clouds of the northern woodlands prevail against the siroccos of the southern pampas, and during the following three months often mingle their thunder-showers with the ash-rains of the volcanoes.

Sportsmen may devote a day to the fœræ of the higher ridges, where ocelots, hill-foxes, and wild dogs find a safe retreat in the rock-chaos of the Paramo. Vicunas, too, can be stalked on their highland pastures, though they take an amazing deal of killing. Near Salto Yegua the Quito sportsmen once bagged an old buck that bore the marks of five rifle-balls, besides a patchwork of fighting and scraping scars about his neck. The Creoles hunt them the year round, but some of their haunts in the summit of the Andes are so inaccessible that they will never be wholly exterminated.

In a lateral valley of the Esmeraldas is a famous cavern, the *cueva de rugidos*, or murmuring cave, an open grotto with a crevice, where the approach of an earthquake can be heard, or rather felt, like the rumbling of a distant explosion, and, as the natives assert, for hours in advance of the catastrophe. But the

frequency of these murmurings makes their predictive values somewhat doubtful, and for actual eruptions there is a far surer augurium, — the rule of alternation of the different craters. The volcanoes hardly ever work together, but explode by turns; and if the smoke clouds in the west presage wrath to the coast range, the neighbors of Cotopaxi know that their own monster can be relied upon to keep the peace. The two mountain ranges seem, in fact, to form the double roof of an interconnected system of subterranean cauldrons, which can use only one flue at a time; and only during the most violent volcanic paroxysms is the shock of the eruption transmitted across the central valley. At such moments, indeed, the idolaters of elemental force cannot worship their deity at a grander shrine than on the summit ridges in the snow world of the Eastern Andes, where now and then the highlanders have seen the explosions of distant Pinchincha hurling their fire-storm against the western sky, while at the same moment an earth wave shook the solid rocks under their feet.

During the last week of August, 1842, the Rumbling Valley of Northern Guatemala depopulated several villages by its continuous uproars. The noise was frightful and incessant, but, strange to say, the phenomenon seems to have limited itself to an acoustic demonstration. There was no earthquake, nor even an earth tremor, and when the villagers found that the cause of their panic was a *vox, et preterea nihil*, they ventured to return to their homes. The "roars" lasted till September 6th, and ceased as abruptly as they had begun.

Above the head-waters of the Esmeraldas lovers of the sublime may ascend the Paramos by the old Antisana Farmhouse road, and visit the Cerro del Padre, where a sheer precipice of eighty-five hundred feet overhangs the valley of Aguas Negras. Or he may visit the farmhouse itself, the highest human hab-

itation on the globe, eighteen hundred feet above the source of the Esmeraldas, and *thirteen thousand* feet above the level of the Pacific. *Jamotes* (a kind of sweet potatoes), onions, cabbages, apple-trees and currants are cultivated in the stone-walled garden behind the hacienda. The pastures, further up, abound with whortleberries, and in March with a species of larkspur, with buck beans and crocus. Wild-growing bushes of various kinds furnish fuel for culinary purposes, for white frosts are limited to the five hours from one to six A. M. The neighborhood of the equator alone cannot account for this combination of creature comforts with an enormous altitude: it must be the influence of the ever-burning fire underneath, the volcanic furnace radiating its heat through every vein of the great mountain system; for even up here there are several hot springs and one fumarole — a hot-air flue rather than a smoke-vent — in a ravine where the shepherds often pass the night in the open air.

The peak of the volcano rises still six thousand feet higher, and can be ascended when the abnormal freshness of the air is tempered by the rays of the noontide sun; but even from the farmhouse the view transcends the grandest panoramas of the European Alps. That from the top of Mont Blanc, for instance, is but a flat map of the dwarfed surrounding mountain systems, while the bird's-eye view from Antisana is com-

bined with *excelsior* prospects of the still higher summits of the Eastern Andes, — besides the smoke-wreathed dome of Cotopaxi and the apex of the equatorial highlands, the unscaled and unscalable snow-peak of Chimborazo.

From the tavern of Santa Rita the Val de Esmeraldas can be reached in a single day; Sangay and Antisana in two days; in four days the Ophir of the Rio Napo mines, and with a good guide in about the same time the summit of Cotopaxi and the Paramos of the Central Andes. Due west, it is only forty miles to the sea, from where the coast plain stretches in an unbroken line to the north end of the continent, and around to the foot of the isthmus.

That line will be the route of the predicted intercontinental railroad, and if General Eads's broad gauges should prove a success, the tourists of the next century (and, for all we know, of the next decade) will leave Boston on the morning after Christmas, and eat their New Year's dinner where the tree shade shelters them from the rays of a vertical sun, or on the piazza of an international hotel. Even now our winter tourists visit the Eden of the equator in numbers that task the resources of the old Spanish mountain taverns.

The Savoyards, too, may have improved their hotels by that time, but the landlords of Chamouni must spice their pastry well if they would compete with the caterers of Santa Rita.

Horace D. Warner.

KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE — who hath it? Nay, not thou,
Pale student, pondering thy futile lore!

A little space it shall be thine, as now

'Tis his whose funeral passes at thy door:

Last night a clown that scarcely knew to spell —

Now he knows all. O wondrous miracle!

THE MUTILATION OF ANCIENT TEXTS.

MANY a lover of the classics, who has toiled long over a hopelessly corrupt passage of his favorite author, must have found himself extremely perplexed if he attempted to render to his own mind a satisfactory account of the processes by which the depravation of the ancient texts took place. These processes, from the multiplicity of influences which worked together to produce the final result, were so numerous that the task is by no means an easy one.

The first step in departure from accuracy lay in the errors which inevitably attended the transcription of books by hand. That this was the case even in antiquity we have the direct testimony of the ancient authors themselves. Cicero, in two letters to his brother Quintus, speaks of certain works which, he says, are so full of errors that he knows not which way to turn. Aulus Gellius declares the manuscripts of Virgil to have been in a state of confusion in the time of Hadrian; and Strabo, alluding to Aristotle's writings, says that the same fate befell all authors in the hands of scribes who copied them merely for sale. Booksellers, indeed, did not always hold themselves responsible for the accuracy of the works which they furnished, even when they were copied in their own shops, and authors sometimes revised and corrected these as a favor to friends who had purchased them.

Another source of corruption lay in the readiness of pretentious scholars to emend the text, who quite as often, perhaps, emended passages which had come direct from the author's hands. Gellius again speaks of the false and audacious emendators, — *falsi et audaces emendatores*, — and there can be little doubt that the evil was wide-spread. When we remember the treatment that

Paradise Lost received at the hands of Bentley, and recall the way in which Lessing ventured to tinker the text of Pliny in order to prove that Pythagoras Leontinus had left a statue of Philoctetes, we can easily comprehend the ground of Gellius' complaint. It is quite probable, too, that many passages commonly considered spurious or corrupt are merely early draughts, which the author would have revised and polished had he been permitted to carry out his design. This is preëminently true of certain of the works of Aristotle, which are regarded as the roughly sketched plan of treatises that were never elaborated. These rude outlines of the great Stagirite were subsequently filled up by the unscrupulous Apellicon of Teos, and after his death fell into the hands of the Romans, to be copied and sold in the book-stalls of the imperial city. Ovid, it is well known, committed the unfinished manuscript of his *Metamorphoses* to the flames, and the work was preserved only through copies that chanced to be in the hands of his friends. Every school-boy is familiar with the story that Virgil destined his *Æneid* to a similar fate, because he had not time to correct and polish it, *decies ad unguem*. Had he lived to complete the task, it is probable that the blemishes which now mark the work, consisting of "incongruities, gaps, contradictions, errors of memory and calculation," and imperfect lines, — the latter amounting in all to fifty-eight, — would in great part have disappeared. One need only examine fac-similes of manuscripts showing the poems of Milton, Byron, and other great modern writers at various stages of completion, to be convinced how much less perfect their works would have been had they died before their task was done. Double readings

and marginal suggestions would have crept into the text, instances of inferior diction would have abounded, and chaos would have prevailed where now we have some of the most admired passages of English literature. The desire of the two great classical writers mentioned above to burn their unfinished works affords a striking illustration of the fallibility of individuals in judging of the value of their own productions. In the case of each of these authors the poem which by so narrow a chance escaped destruction has proved to be not only the most popular, but in spite of all defects the best and greatest, offspring of his genius that has come down to modern times. How different would be the estimate now formed of them if judged by their other writings alone, there is no need of argument to prove.

It is not surprising that the evils already existing among those who used the classical languages as their mother tongue should have greatly increased in the centuries succeeding antiquity. This was less the case, perhaps, in the Eastern empire, where the love of literature never ceased, and where zeal for the masterpieces of ancient composition never died out. There scholars constantly devoted themselves to the great works of the past, and cultivated persons of all ranks, including even the nobility, frequently employed their time in copying. In the West, however, during almost the entire period of the Middle Ages, the transcription of books was largely in the hands of monks, who used only a corrupt and degraded Latin, and were incapable of appreciating the beauties and requirements of the classical style. By such scholars, old and pure although unfamiliar idioms were probably often rejected as errors, in a blind attempt to emend the ancient language to the corrupt style of later times. This result is well seen in those manuscripts of Herodotus which have passed through many transcriptions, copyists

substituting the common forms of the dialect with which they were familiar for those of Ionic orthography and obsolete words.

In some cases mistakes grew out of the positive ignorance of scribes who did not understand the sense of what they were copying, and therefore had nothing to guide them in making out indistinct chirography. Errors of this kind abound in the manuscripts of Persius, but of course are not limited to him. In other cases, as in the tragedies of Seneca, they arose in the hands of more competent transcribers, who found difficulty in deciphering older codices, and were satisfied if they regained something like the original sense and metre. The difficulty was greatly increased by the numerous abbreviations then in use, those of earlier times being misunderstood and wrongly expanded by subsequent writers.

During the Middle Ages, till nearly the end of the thirteenth century, every period had its own spelling and graphic devices, and even its own Latin grammar, and later copyists frequently found it no easy task to interpret correctly the writing of their predecessors. These abbreviations and ligatures the curious reader will find collected and discussed in the third volume of Tassin's *Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique*. So numerous were the mistakes arising from them that the French government at length passed a decree forbidding their employment in all public documents.

Added to these sources of error was the contempt which large numbers of the secular clergy and religious orders felt for the works of classical literature. The authors were godless heathens, who were already suffering in hell, and therefore could hardly be fit teachers or companions for the saints on earth. But taste for the classics never quite died out. Many minds still rose above the superstition of the age, and listened to the song, the narrative, the wisdom,

of the great poets, historians, and philosophers of Greece and Rome. The kind and amount of labor performed in the cloister depended entirely on the individual tastes and temper of the abbot. If he loved learning he endeavored to awaken the same feeling in his monks, and exacted from them a certain amount of literary work. Most frequently this was limited to religious subjects; yet the classics were not wholly neglected, and the copies which were made and preserved during seven centuries after the fall of the Western empire came in great part from the monasteries. That such labor was often of a merely perfunctory character there can be no doubt, the lack of interest of course increasing the liability to error.

Another source of corruption in the hands of monkish transcribers was the attempt to form expurgated editions of the classical poets by omitting or altering objectionable passages, — a process which is made intelligible when we remember that the same fate has befallen Shakespeare, the prince of poets, in our own day.

The learned Mabillon, in his work on Diplomatics, has written at some length to prove that the ancient authors did not suffer in transcriptions made by monks; but it may be said in reply that Tiraboschi, himself a monk, admits such corruption to have taken place, remarking, however, that the historian Sarti rather ungallantly charged it to the copying of manuscripts by the nuns, who, he said, did not possess proper qualifications for the work. Du Cange, under the word *Scriptores*, in his great Glossarium, — a work, it should be remembered, which has been greatly extended and improved by the monks of St. Maur, — expressly says that boys and novices were employed in the important labor of copying, and that a certain amount of work was exacted of them daily. He also quotes Ordericus Vitalis in a precept exhorting the monks not to per-

mit manuscripts to be corrupted by boys, thus showing the evil to have become so common that it required some authoritative utterance on the subject. He cites an old capitulary, which provided that in the transcription of ecclesiastical works only persons of mature age should be employed, — a fact from which we may infer the laxity that prevailed in the case of secular authors. We know, indeed, that all precautions did not preserve even the Scriptures from numerous errors. Origen, Eusebius, Jerome, and, later on, Cassiodorus and Lanfranc, were compelled to collect and compare as many codices as possible, in order to arrive at anything like the correct readings. Classical works surely can have been in no better condition. As early as the sixth century their antiquity and rarity in Italy, the increase of barbarism, and the incompetence of the copyists led the learned to the task of collating and emending texts.

The universality of the evil compels us to believe that the monkish copyists were not exempt. Those corruptions, indeed, which affected the teachings of secular authors are to be traced directly to them. Thus the Sentences of Quintus Sestius Niger, in the hands of the monk Rufinus, received a distinctly Christian coloring. Similarly in the excerpts from Tibullus, which were made from the ninth to the thirteenth century, the text is altered to suit the excerptor. Changes in the diction and amplification of the contents of Solinus are conjectured to have been due to the Scotch monks of Lake Constance. Works which were used as text-books in the mediæval schools suffered severely: owing, in part, to the degradation of style then prevalent; in part, it is probable, to attempts to bring them into harmony with the ethical and religious opinions of the day.

To deny the vast services rendered to literature by the monks and ecclesi-

asties of the Middle Ages would be both foolish and unjust; but while according to them the praise which is their due, the classical scholar cannot fail to see that they were often guilty of great negligence, and of the prejudices natural to their order. The censure commonly heaped upon them because they were not better patrons of secular learning is, however, hardly well considered. The monasteries were only religious houses, and were no more designed to cultivate or perpetuate polite literature than are the churches and charitable institutions of to-day. What the monasteries did in this direction was wholly gratuitous, and for it the world has reason to be thankful. The real ground of complaint against them is that they were not always honest in leaving the works of classical authors as they found them; but this grew out of the different literary ideal of the times, or from a conscientious desire to do for them what we moderns have done in the case of many of our most familiar hymns, which have been altered to suit the doctrines of any sect that chooses to use them. Still it would be wrong to suppose that all the corruptions made during the Middle Ages were due to monastic scholars alone. Secular grammarians existed in Italy till at least the seventh century, and in the East during the entire mediæval period. These, no doubt, exercised the assumed prerogative of their art in working over passages which failed to harmonize with their personal views. Copyists who wrought for hire were also well known, and in their ignorance and incompetency often confused both the words and the sense of the authors that fell into their hands. One person frequently dictated to several such writers at a time,—a fact which would greatly increase the liability to error. This custom is believed not to have prevailed to any great extent in the cloisters, where the rule of silence seems generally to have been observed.

No century, moreover, was free from impostors like the unscrupulous Andreas Darmarius, who corrupted orthography, gave false titles to works, and struck out or inserted passages to suit his pleasure. Notwithstanding this, his transcriptions sold at a high price, and are found in almost all the large libraries of Europe.

The secularization of learning and the almost entire cessation of literary activity in the monasteries during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries placed the copying and care of manuscripts chiefly in the hands of lay scholars. In this movement the initial impulse came from the universities. Although the branches pursued in these institutions were chiefly canon and civil law, medicine and theology,—the study of the classics not having taken deep root till the latter part of the fourteenth century,—the need of trustworthy texts for the thousands of students who congregated there led to the employment of considerable numbers of copyists. These were under the direction of the rectors, or of special censors called *peciarii*; they furnished books at prices fixed by the latter, and were responsible to them for the accuracy of their work. But in spite of all precautions errors were frequent, especially when the copyist left the routine with which he was familiar. The fact that the universities found such a course necessary in order to obtain transcriptions which they would be willing to recommend to their students implies that incompetent persons were already supplying the market with their own inaccurate texts. Over these neither the universities nor any other power exercised the slightest control.

Thus a new industry had sprung into existence, or rather an old industry had undergone a wonderful expansion to meet a new demand. On the revival of humanistic learning, beginning with Petrarch, the study of rhetoric, poetry, philosophy, history, and oratory gradu-

ally came to occupy the attention of Italian scholars, until the enthusiasm for *belles lettres* engaged all the finer intellects of the times. Competent masters of the classics found lucrative positions open to them in the palaces of wealthy citizens, the courts of princes, the offices of chancellors of the republic and secretary of the Roman curia, and also in the capacity of orators, ambassadors, readers, court-poets, and historians. The immense demand thus stimulated for the works of polite literature, as distinguished from law, medicine, and theology, furnished a new field for the activity of transcribers, who of course multiplied rapidly to supply the need. Not only were there local copyists in the various towns, but writers who prided themselves on their elegance and skill went around from city to city and from state to state, copying in the houses of wealthy individuals, and being entertained as guests during their stay. As this movement was to a great extent outside of the universities, the restraints applicable to transcriptions made under their control were no longer available. Thus the last means of maintaining accuracy was swept away, and this important branch of work was left largely in the hands of incompetent and even ignorant persons. Petrarch bitterly lamented the low taste of an age which placed the arts of the kitchen above the culture of the intellect; regretting that no law like that of Constantine now prevailed, which forbade the copying of books except by experienced and skillful writers. Cooks, blacksmiths, farm laborers, weavers, and other artisans, he argued, would not be employed without some test of their capability, but copyists were neither examined nor subjected to any restraint. Whoever could paint on parchment, or form characters with a pen, straightway was accepted as a reputable writer, though devoid of artistic ability, learning, or even intelligence. Correct spelling had long been

lost, but of this he would not complain, if the copyists would write at all what was put into their hands. Their own ignorance might in that case be no less apparent, but the substance at least of the original would be preserved. Cicero, Livy, and especially Pliny, if they could return to earth, would no longer recognize their own works, and the modern author who had entrusted a book to these catch-penny bunglers would not himself know it when it was done. Indeed, after trying more than ten times to have his *De Vita Solitaria* transcribed, he complained in a letter to Boccaccio that he had not been able to obtain in many years a copy of a work which he had written in a few months. Yet for all such wretched work, adds the historian, the copyists were sure of a liberal reward.

From these facts it will readily be seen why, at the time of the Renaissance, calligraphy was so highly prized, and why, as in the case of Niccolo Niccoli, a biographer should deem it no slight praise to say of a scholar that he wrote a beautiful hand. Mercenary copyists, who, it is stated, often did not understand a word of what they wrote, thought only of rapidity, and cared no more for beauty or distinctness than for correctness. The most skillful handwriting, however, tended quite as little to secure trustworthiness of text, the rage for elegance overshadowing all else. Connoisseurs prided themselves on their libraries of ornately written books, and often paid but slight attention to accuracy, if they could only secure beauty. This was the case with the well-known collection made for King Matthias Corvinus at Florence in the latter half of the fifteenth century, the real value of which was by no means commensurate with the money expended in securing it.

The readiness to emend the texts of ancient authors seems never to have ceased from the times of the Greeks and Romans onward. St. Jerome la-

ments the incompetence of the notaries and the carelessness of the copyists, who write not what they find, but what they understand; and while they seek to correct the errors of others succeed only in making greater of their own. "It surpasses all understanding," says Ebert, "how arbitrary a license was exercised in the Middle Ages in changing, augmenting, and at times completely transforming the ancient writers, especially the historians." Criticism, as now understood, was unknown, and the most puerile judgments passed for profound scholarship. The plain meaning of authors was often not so much as suspected, and, in order to make their language conform to the interpretations of bungling commentators, it was changed to forms which the original writers would scarcely have comprehended.

Coluccio Salutato speaks of the extent to which, at the end of the fourteenth century, codices were corrupted and spoiled through ignorance and carelessness, through the presumption of those who were eager to better that which they themselves did not understand, through the unscrupulousness of others who purposely altered the text to introduce into it their own opinions, and through the caprice of certain teachers who would have the ancient authors speak in any way that best suited their whims. In many cases changes started merely as suggested readings. These were sometimes written in the margin, but frequently, in the case of both poetry and prose, as interlinear notes. In subsequent transcriptions by less competent or less principled copyists, such annotations were often incorporated in the text, or were accepted as the correct readings, lines or sentences of the original being stricken out, and these being substituted instead. Sometimes the scribe even carried his ignoble task so far as to cast these glosses into metre, in order to make them fit the text of poems.

The imperfect state of many manuscripts when discovered increased this unfortunate tendency. After the lapse of centuries the ancient codices were in many cases worm-eaten or defective, parts having been torn out or defaced, and rendered illegible by dust and neglect. These gaps or *lacunæ* in the text were often filled up by scholars eager to show their familiarity with the subject of which the author wrote, or their skill in catching his spirit and imitating his style.

In this way Lionardo Bruni undertook to restore the second Decade of Livy in a compilation entitled *De Primo Bello Punico*. Similarly, Gasparino da Barzizza attempted to supply the deficiencies of Cicero's *De Oratore*, which up to that time had existed only in a mutilated condition; but although the work is said to have been well done, it was rendered superfluous by the discovery of the entire treatise at Lodi about 1425. A similar attempt, in the case of Quintilian's *Institutions*, came to naught from the finding of a complete manuscript of that author at St. Gall. At the present day such efforts would be regarded only as the dilettante trifling of a man of elegant leisure, but then they were eagerly caught up by copyists and booksellers, who, unwilling to issue defective editions, were not scrupulous about the means employed to fill out the text. A still more culpable course was pursued by unprincipled rhetoricians, who are said to have introduced whole passages into the works of the ancient orators, in order to secure stronger declamatory effects.

It is probably true, as Heeren and Ebert have stated, that the corruption of ancient literature took place chiefly in the latter half of the century preceding the discovery of printing. We have seen, however, that the process began among the ancients themselves, and did not cease during the entire period of the Middle Ages. These facts must be

borne in mind to prevent their statement from being understood in too sweeping a sense. The establishment of the printing-press about the middle

of the fifteenth century at length gave to literature a fixed and permanent form, and with this great event the work of corruption ceased.

William S. Liscomb.

AMIABILITY: A PHILOSOPHICAL TRAGEDY.

SCENE: *The morning-room at Miss MAYBERY'S. That young lady is seated in an arm-chair R. manipulating a large fan. Opposite to her, with his eyes fixed indolently upon the vista of the garden seen through the open windows, is sitting Mr. NORMAN RUTGERS. A pause in the conversation has somehow occurred.*

Miss M. (*looking up smilingly*). Well?

Mr. R. (*starting and returning the smile*). I beg your pardon! You see that is the worst of feeling one's self so confirmedly at ease with an old friend, Emily. When a man is wooed by a meditative moment he succumbs to it without a struggle.

Miss M. No, not the *worst* of — shall I call it our predicament? A good many men, not invariably sensitive, have thought that the privilege of listening to wholesome truths about themselves from the old friend's lips was a severe handicap on the relationship. But don't look about for your hat, Norman. I don't see you often enough nowadays not to forget your faults when I do. (I wonder if it is n't a pity that I ever saw them so distinctly.) Come, tell me what Roman thought was wrinkling your forehead so speculatively just now. Your brow looked like a bar of music, — the minor chord of a weighty cogitation sprawled all over it.

Mr. R. Thanks: your simile flatters. As it happens, however, I was only recollecting that Jack Flagler promised to ride with me after luncheon, but sent me word that his wife was in her room with such a preciously severe specimen of those periodical headaches of hers

that he thought that he must stay at home — for once. And then I went on to remember, for the five hundredth time, what an unsymmetrical pair those two are, Emily, — how contrasted. I never see Jack but that I fume.

Miss M. (*dryly*). It's very good of you to take the trouble. Why, please?

Mr. R. Why? Think of Jack — handsome, clever, attractive fellow, a man liked by every woman or other man directly he is met — mated for life to a girl like Janet Rainsworth. (*He rises and stands on the rug, leaning upon the chimney-piece.*)

Miss M. (*regarding him, not without admiration, as the attitude is one which becomes him capitally*). You are very fond of your friends, Norman, are you not? In fact, it's an idiosyncrasy which ought to be numbered among the best. But let me tell you that Janet, whom I have always known better and more fairly judged than you, may possibly be denied her share of compassion, on account of this marriage. In fact, I am sure she is. Oh, no; don't look at me in that bewildered fashion. You are prejudiced; but reasonable in most arguments.

Mr. R. Heavens, Emily! Janet Flagler denied her share of compassion! And wherefore due her? She is one of the luckiest women who ever breathed! Think of it! Once a beauty, but faded by the time she reached four and twenty; wearied of society because she had ever lacked the charm to win her success in it; increasingly an invalid, so much so that her great wealth brought

no enjoyment with it, she loved and (dare we suggest anything else, since he has married her?) was loved by the most popular and charming fellow of our set. Himself vigorous and full of life; possessed of that perfect tact which enabled him to adapt himself admirably to any social surroundings; above all, endowed with the sunniest and most unfailing amiability — why, Emily, the fact that Jack Flagler is to-day what he was before he married that serious schoolmate of yours is enough to make his character “stick fiery off” forever. There! I’m out of breath! (*Subsides into his seat, rather ashamed of his own warmth.*)

Miss M. “The sunniest and most unfailing amiability.” Ah, my good Norman, finish that sentence. Finish it with “and therefore, one of the most completely and delightfully selfish of men with whom it is a wife’s lot to be brought into daily contact.” Poor Janet! Small wonder that she has grown languid, and jaded, and faded!

Mr. R. (*indignantly*). Upon my word, Emily, one would fancy that amiability were tantamount to selfishness; that, arguing from Jack, the more a mortal is distinguished for the first quality, the more inevitably the second marks him for its own.

Miss M. Precisely. My dear Norman, selfishness is not necessarily aggressive. The worst phase of it, to my mind, is the passive, the nearly passive. Just this phase is it that stamps your “unfailingly amiable” men indelibly. It is quite as masterful in its way as that manifestation of it which prompts one child to snatch a toy from another, or to refuse to surrender it. Amiability refuses to surrender itself — to any unpleasant emotion. Your Jack Flaglers never stint their wives’ pockets, nor scant their wardrobes, that my lord may have more money for cigars or cordials. Not at all. They content themselves with slipping beyond the little range of

all which daily wearies, perplexes, ruffles, the Janet Rainsworths. They smilingly decline to be troubled with these things. A good deal of the time they are unconscious of their effort to maintain such a course. Their amiability is become overwrapping, habitual, an armament *cap-a-pié*, which, finally, little *can* pierce! (*Miss M., who has been speaking very fast, and as if from some internal grievance, here stops, with a meaning look into Mr. Rutger’s slightly annoyed countenance, bites her lips, and taps her wrist with her fan.*)

Mr. R. Really, Emily, you are still as casuistic as ever, — as you used to be on one or two other questions (*looking intelligently at her*) which I have had the honor to discuss with you. You know that I have always said that you missed your vocation. You should have been the great American female lawyer. You should have written A System of Social Philosophy, by Miss Emily Arnold Mayberry, instead of —

Miss M. Instead of — (Yes, I have piqued him. I may draw this other portrait for the Flagler gallery still more recognizably before our talk is over, — a portrait with every lineament of which my eyes have so long been familiar. How handsome he always looks when he is really interested over anything!)

Mr. R. (*laughing*). — Instead of simply existing as altogether too wise, too charming a woman for your old friends’ peace of heart.

Miss M. (*with slightly satirical accent*). For the pieces of heart of one of my old friends, you mean? Ah! But no diverging. We enter upon a whole avenue of difference, I see. I feel an unmistakable belligerence. (He always provokes it in me, nowadays. It all rises from this tedious, this childish protest of heart against judgment, — the old battle. Pshaw!) I repeat it, Norman. Your Jack Flaglers are apt to reach a kind of dead-centre of good-

nature, from which delightful equipoise it is hard to throw them off. The man or woman, standing beside them, who is pricked by the thousand pins and needles of life's every four and twenty hours, is forced at last to admit with a sigh that to turn in their direction for sympathy is a waste. Their nearness aggravates this fact. If the process of perfecting the amiability be not complete, if there be merely more or less admirable capital in hand for it to increase from, why, then there is a gentle act of repulsion on the amiable person's part toward the comer. If the process be complete, there is next to none. Ah, Norman, a curious life, a sad life, must the woman lead who is supposed to be happy in the possession of not a comparatively, but a perfectly amiable man for her liege lord!

MR. R. (*uneasily*). Ha, ha, Emily! Really, you amuse me. According to you, there ought to be no effort to acquire smoothness and sweetness and suavity of temper in this irritable and fussy world. It is a moral descent, a peril to be shunned. Surely, you will not urge that amiability is *always* associated in individuals with the most disagreeable characteristic of all. I really don't know what you will be laying down next, though!

MISS M. Ah, my friend Norman, it is the exception which proves the rule. Exceptions there are, indeed, praise be thanked! but we seem to find them white-haired, — our mothers and fathers, our grandmothers and grandfathers. Is not that deep-rooted peace, that tranquil spirit, of old age usually united with a great indifference to exactly those trifles which so stimulate, so exhaust, our younger mental energies? Age is rarely stirred by preferences. It has a single great thought upon which to reflect. Life has become a diminuendo.

MR. R. (I shall probably receive a charge upon my right wing, direct; but here goes!) Look here, Emily. I

know a man, let us suppose. Let us also suppose him young, with zest for life, with few responsibilities of it to hamper him and plenty of advantages for enjoying it. He makes friends with ease, especially friends of his own sex. (*Here Miss Mayberry's face exhibits a faint smile, as if perceiving the speaker's aim.*) Furthermore, he likes a somewhat plentiful assortment of the latter about him as he journeys through this vale of perplexities. But — mark me! — while he chooses this man's companionship for, in a minor degree, this virtue, and that man's for that, one thing he exacts from each of them, primarily and positively, as the passport to his regard and his intimacy. The possession of wit, social rank, wealth, reputation, generosity, truth, matters not, unless this one thing be of their very essence. This one thing is an amiable, companionable disposition.

MISS M. Excuse me, Norman, but I really think you'd better talk about yourself, without bothering over a disguise. Continue.

MR. R. (*reddening perceptibly, but going on hurriedly*). All right; only wait till I have finished. Where was I? Oh, well, I — this fellow, that is — we get this sort of set around us. The dozen or so included within it see one another daily. Wherever I look I see the reflection of one general and attractive type of mankind varied only by minor expressions of individuality. Now surely you see that being thus alongside each other so constantly, making test of our personalities by the hundred petty accidents of intimacy, it is simply impossible that we should be what your view of our distinguishing characteristic declares us, — the most completely selfish coterie of human beings imaginable. Our clique could not hold together a day. To oblige, to help in any emergency, small or great —

MISS M. Stop! I anticipate your argument. You are about to say that

you know each other too thoroughly not to have continually encountered mutual selfishness, did it so pervade your clique. The answer is easy. You all instinctively — not by any deliberate or rapid process of reasoning, but instinctively — avoid, in your daily intercourse, friction upon just those sensitive points of your respective characters which would at once reveal to you each other's actual personality — selfishness. Without realizing it, you intuitively slip past, you recoil, you glide, — often by a narrow escape, — from what would suddenly develop the exercise of your pleasant friends' latent disagreeablenesses. I describe the act as intuitive, yet in some part it is the result of that insight and education which your friendship has given you. Nevertheless, you do not realize that you avoid; and thus is perpetuated the amiability of this precious galaxy of good tempers, *in sæcula seculorum*. Amen.

MR. R. (*laughing*). Very nicely managed, Emily, very, upon my word! — for a woman.

MISS M. (*with a little burst of indignation which hints that her interest in the topic has now ceased to be purely pro argumento*). For a woman! Norman! I'm ashamed of you! (*The fan begins to oscillate actively again. Pause.*)

MR. R. (How she always drives me up into a corner, does n't she! To't again.) Well, I won't deny that I could n't have done half so well myself. But look here, for another view of the question from a fresh stand-point. Do you remember — nonsense, of course you do! — those pleasant five years which preceded the marriage of Chauncey your brother? Very well. During each of those five years, Emily, Chauncey Mayberry and I were together, day and night. I sometimes think that we two were as ideally intimate a pair of men as have ever drawn breath. We walked, we traveled, we ate, we drank, we lived and slept, to-

gether three fourths of our time. If Chauncey was called out of town, I shut my own rooms and went somewhere myself. You and he always came down to the Bay in June, and I spent the other half of the summer with your people. (*Miss M. sighs rather profoundly.*) It is impossible that any mortal except one who had entered into existence in the same hour with Chauncey, or shared his home with him, could know him more *au fond*, see him in more varied lights, than I do — or did. Now, Emily, I chose and strove to keep Chauncey for my friend, and liked him primarily because of the true answer which his nature rang to this watchword of mine, — amiability. I never saw Chauncey irritated at trifles. I never found it possible to wrangle with him. We never had a difference. If the subject for one cropped up, Chauncey was, I am sure, more prompt than I to give way, to compromise. Emily, do you mean to tell me that throughout all those years of association I never discovered Chauncey's real nature? Measured by his most ample endowment of disposition, that nature must have been a consummate selfishness toward others, at times when I was not at his side. Be careful, Emily; and (*laughing*) remember that Chauncey is married and lives in Brooklyn. *De mortuis nil!* (*Another short silence ensues.*)

MISS M. (*who, while Mr. R. has been speaking, has been lost in retrospect*). I will be cautious, Norman, and honest as well. I can only reply to you by again asserting what I have called the theory of "intuitive avoidance," betwixt amiable friends; by reminding you that there can be between man and man, as well as between man and woman, a regard so great that, as if by a miraculous blindness, the most glaring fault is not perceived; and last, by calling your attention to your leaving a much larger loophole than you may think, when you admit in this proposition that you did

not, during any stage of your remarkable intimacy with my brother, actually live a single year uninterruptedly with him to note how he experienced just those trivial or graver accidents which are inseparable from family life. These, more than a decade of dining and supping and boating and hours at the Club, make the sister know the brother, the parent the child. Let me tell you, Norman, — and I need not say it with a grain of unkindness — Chauncey was a man who at home was marvelously pleased in having his own way; and he commonly succeeded in having it.

Mr. R. (*a trifle slyly*). In spite of the — proportionate amiability of his — sister?

Miss M. Certainly. She has a dim recollection of sundry struggles, none the less keen because mouth and eyes smiled quite uncloudedly all through. I cannot but remember that Chauncey it was, Norman, who on such occasions triumphed gloriously, albeit without a sharp word or an after-boast. There was a certain gentle insistence, a certain sportive compulsion — (*She stops thoughtfully.*)

Mr. R. (*not without a trace of annoyance*). Well, I compliment you on your confidence in familiarizing yourself with character. To be sure, it is rather extraordinary that, after chumming as we did forever and a day, I should be coolly informed that I have had so imperfect a cognizance of my best friend's heart; but that is neither here nor there, I suppose. I used to regret that I was not cast more in Chauncey's mould. Perhaps I should have been only more grateful that I was so far behind him in finding life's ways those of pleasantness, and the paths which Chauncey and I trod with our light-hearted company those of peace.

Miss M. To my mind, a friendship founded upon mutual amiability is the one great refutation of — (Some wicked spirit seems positively to goad me

on this morning! He will never forgive me, and I ought not to care if he does n't!) — of the doctrine that opposite natures attract.

Mr. R. The presence of the one characteristic arguing a *pro rata* degree of the other? Ah, I see. Thank you. (*Looks Miss M. in the face with entire good humor, and as she bows her head a little maliciously he laughs. Miss M. does likewise. After which brief refreshment they return to the more abstract discussion of the subject.*)

Miss M. One question more. Granting that you, for example, are the proud gem, the lieutenant, of exactly so charming a congeries of unruffled, unwilling-to-be-ruffled souls as you described a few moments ago. Some of them you must count as more nearly attached to you than the rest, I dare say; but nevertheless the predominating degree of fellowship among so considerable a group must be merely pleasant and intimate acquaintanceship. You would not be likely to grapple so many to your soul with hooks of steel! I should hope not. You follow me?

Mr. R. Yes, go on; I am interested.

Miss M. Let us then imagine that you all at once find yourself in a position where you suddenly glance about for some one's arm to lean upon. You need help. I don't necessarily mean by that help mere money; in fact, I will say I don't mean it at all. Let it be merely that some one should stand the brunt of strong, unjust social disapproval with you, for his sympathy's sake. On your word as an intelligent man, Norman, and a remarkably candid one, would you turn to any of these adult and gilded cherubs, fully, unhesitatingly reckoning upon the support of one of them through your adversity? Remember it is not of your larger, general social world of which I speak. That would make my proposition a very, very stale one; for that "all society is selfish" has been admitted since the

days of Greek and Roman philosophy. These are your chosen few, whom you at least call friends. Answer me. Would you, or would you not?

MR. R. (*after a considerable hesitation*). Yes — no. The fact is I can hardly tell how to treat them and your interrogatory with perfect justice. Yet I do not believe I can do so unless I answer no. And furthermore, Emily (*with increasing animation*), I should turn myself, at once, picking him out from all the rest, absolutely depending upon him to go with me to any length, were the cause for which I stood right or wrong, toward the one man with whom not one of what you call our “coterie of cherubs” save myself has ever been able to keep up an intimacy, a man whom we all have respected, but whose hard, steel-like nature has ever prevented his more than impinging upon our little clique. Of this one man’s support, generosity and stick-fastness in any hour, under any contingencies, I am more certain than I am that the sun shines this moment over yonder lawn! Ay, upon W—— I could hang all my faith, no matter if mountains were crumbling about me. (*With a sudden thrill of enthusiasm*.) See, see, Emily, how I surrender at the thought of him, — surrender to the truth of your whole proposition! The coincidence overpowers my defense.

MISS M. Bravo, bravo! Ah, truly one example is worth a million precepts; especially when it contrives to thrill these sluggish mortal hearts of ours, Norman. (And how much of a heart you have, after all!) Nevertheless do not fancy that I would build upon your coincidence a theory that the majority of disagreeable people in this world — the man with the nasty temper, the woman with the peevish spirit — are sure to be generous and self-sacrificing in a stated emergency. I wish I could. But I do maintain that the proportion of disinterestedness in such as a class

(largely through an overplus in particular individuals) aggregates more than in the smiling-eyed, smooth-browed fraternity — and sorosis, if you prefer to particularize.

MR. R. Yes, I was going to say that I hoped you used the word “men” inclusively. It has been said that women as a species are more amiable, —

MISS M. And, as a species, men more selfish: so I believe. You see how admirably I make the faults homogeneous. (*She pauses: then adds slowly*.) I have heard of women marrying drunkards, hoping, expecting, to reform them after marriage. I have heard of women who, knowing that their lovers might some day throw down upon the gaming-table the wedding-rings they had just bought, yet walked with such men up to the altar and were married to them, reliant on the exorcism of wifely love and domestic calm. Ah, I deem her not less a fool, a fool of the first water, who, knowing the man whom she loves to be thoroughly and irremediably selfish, gives her hand to him and links her life to his, expecting happiness!

MR. R. (*deliberately*). It strikes me you — exaggerate — you are misled most oddly by your imagination, Emily.

MISS M. I? (*Smiling bitterly, and looking directly at Mr. R.*) Not so, Norman. And all the worse, the more heinous her sin, if she knows that she herself is an amiable and a selfish woman.

(*Mr. R. leans his head between his palms and looks at the rug. Evidently he is growing a wiser man than he was an hour earlier. He scarcely knows how to break the silence, yet he would do so. Miss M. also is studying the carpet in momentary abstraction.*)

MR. R. (*hesitatingly*). It strikes me, Emily — that you speak — as if a case of this peculiar character — (*He looks up with a frown.*)

MISS M. (*meeting his eyes courageously*). I have known such. I once

knew a woman who cared for a man, and whose conviction of the truth of this very argument of mine was so strong that it stood between herself and him forever. As I think of her now, I can see that she must have been a strange girl; but then she could not help that, and she luckily never appeared so odd to others as to her secret self. A little morbid? Yes, and doubtless increasingly so as she grew older. He attracted her. He had many good traits; but she had grown up with him, and she knew him to be a (*with a forced laugh*) — well, a kind of charming sublimation of selfishness. He always fancied her; and she — she fought him, quietly, determinedly, year by year, from her. She knew that she would have hard work to answer him point-blank; she feared her own strength to do so. So she battled unceasingly, and the point never came bluntly to issue. And all the time she had her doubts; her spirit was weary and longing, and cried out against her unwomanly course. But she held to her philosophy, and in the desperate and cruel struggle of her theory and her reason against the passion of her youth she won (*here Miss Mayberry's voice, which has been low and yet unfaltering during the whole of this confession, sinks still lower as she adds*) — won, perhaps at the price of her happiness, for which she believed it must be maintained.

(*Here a complete pause naturally ensues. Finally, with an effort at sarcastic railery, Mr. Rutgers raises his head and says.*) It is unfortunate that any girl should be cursed with a mind of so morbid and generally obnoxious a sort. (Ah, I see this morning what I never have understood before, — never. She has held the mirror up to nature with a vengeance! Confound it all! What an ass I have been!)

Miss M. (*recovering her self-control and speaking flippantly*). Yes, a shocking unfortunate thing. But come;

how hideously solemn we have both grown! One might really suppose we had known two such people. I dare say that you are horrified to hear me lecture so unequivocally. It's a talent. Why, Norman, you're not angry at anything I've said, are you? (*Miss M. realizes just here that she had best be cautious, since she herself is in a rather dangerously hysterical condition.*)

Mr. R. Angry? No, of course I'm not. (Yes, yes, I understand. She has managed it wonderfully well, too. It would have been a blunt thing to hear, and I should have bored her to death with fighting such a point; at least, I would have, two years ago. But now — well, now it's different, I suppose.) You argue as well as ever, Emily. In fact (*looking gravely at her*), — in fact you've afforded me such considerable food for meditation that I believe I'll go off and think about it. (*He shoves his chair back, rises, and goes for the hat and stick which are reposing on the sofa.*)

Miss M. (Think about it! — as I have all these years. But I see he understands. Ah, why could I not have said less! This unlucky morning! No — no — it's much better so. It had better have been this way than the other.) Well, good-by, then, Norman. I won't keep you, for Andrew will be chafing already at my not getting down to the green-house. (*She puts out her hand with charming frankness, and says, smiling, having by the time quite recovered herself.*) Good-by, — Norman, most amiable of my friends.

Mr. R. (*bitterly*). Thank you. The same to you. Good-morning.

[*Miss Mayberry turns away with a deep sigh, and dropping his hand passes out of the door. Mr. R. stops before making his exit by the open French-window, looks at her retreating back with a melancholy air, — and then gives a short, hard laugh and disappears on the piazza.*]

Edward Irenæus Stevenson.

HISTORIC NOTES OF LIFE AND LETTERS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE ancient manners were giving way. There grew a certain tenderness on the people, not before remarked. Children had been repressed and kept in the background; now they were considered, cosseted and pampered. I recall the remark of a witty physician who remembered the hardships of his own youth; he said, "It was a misfortune to have been born when children were nothing, and to live till men were nothing."

There are always two parties, the party of the Past and the party of the Future; the Establishment and the Movement. At times, the resistance is reanimated; the schism runs under the world, and appears in Literature, Philosophy, Church, State, and social customs. It is not easy to date these eras of activity with any precision, but in this region one made itself remarked, say, in 1820 and the twenty years following.

It seemed a war between intellect and affection; a crack in nature, which split every church in Christendom into Papal and Protestant, Calvinism into Old and New schools, Quakerism into Old and New; brought new divisions in politics, as the new conscience touching temperance and slavery. The key to the period appeared to be that the mind had become aware of itself. Men grew reflective and intellectual. There was a new consciousness. The former generations acted under the belief that a shining social prosperity was the beatitude of man, and sacrificed uniformly the citizen to the State. The modern mind believed that the nation existed for the individual, for the guardianship and education of every man. This idea, roughly written in revolutions and national movements, in the mind of the

philosopher had far more precision; the individual is the world.

This perception is a sword such as was never drawn before. It divides and detaches bone and marrow, soul and body; yea, almost the man from himself. It is the age of severance, of dissociation, of freedom, of analysis, of detachment. Every man for himself. The public speaker disclaims speaking for any other; he answers only for himself. The social sentiments are weak; the sentiment of patriotism is weak; veneration is low; the natural affections feebler than they were. People grow philosophical about native land and parents and relations. There is an universal resistance to ties and ligaments once supposed essential to civil society. The new race is stiff, heady and rebellious; they are fanatics in freedom; they hate tolls, taxes, turnpikes, banks, hierarchies, governors; almost the laws. They have a neck of unspeakable tenderness; it winces at a hair. They rebel against theological as against political dogmas; against mediation, or saints, or any nobility in the unseen.

The age tends to solitude. The association of the time is accidental and momentary and hypocritical, the detachment intrinsic and progressive. The association is for power, merely, — for means; the end being the enlargement and independency of the individual. Anciently, society was in the course of things. There was a Sacred Band, a Theban Phalanx. There can be none now. College classes, military corps, or trades-unions may fancy themselves indissoluble for a moment, over their wine; but it is a painted hoop, and has no girth. The age of arithmetic and of criticism has set in. The structures of old faith in every department of society

a few centuries have sufficed to destroy. Astrology, magic, palmistry, are long gone. The very last ghost is laid. Demonology is on its last legs. Prerogative, government, goes to pieces day by day. Europe is strewn with wrecks; a constitution once a week. In social manners and morals the revolution is just as evident. In the law courts, crimes of fraud have taken the place of crimes of force. The stockholder has stepped into the place of the warlike baron. The nobles shall not any longer, as feudal lords, have power of life and death over the churls, but now, in another shape, as capitalists, shall in all love and peace eat them up as before. Nay, government itself becomes the resort of those whom government was invented to restrain. "Are there any brigands on the road?" inquired the traveler in France. "Oh, no; set your heart at rest on that point," said the landlord; "what should these fellows keep the highway for, when they can rob just as effectually, and much more at their ease, in the bureaus of office?"

In literature the effect has appeared in the decided tendency of criticism. The most remarkable literary work of the age has for its hero and subject precisely this introversion: I mean the poem of Faust. In philosophy, Immanuel Kant has made the best catalogue of the human faculties and the best analysis of the mind. In science the French *savant*, exact, pitiless, with barometer, crucible, chemic test, and calculus in hand, travels into all nooks and islands, to weigh, to analyze, and report. And chemistry, which is the analysis of matter, has taught us that we eat gas, drink gas, tread on gas, and are gas. The same decomposition has changed the whole face of physics; the like in all arts, modes. Authority falls in Church, College, Courts of law, Faculties, Medicine. Experiment is credible; antiquity is grown ridiculous.

It marked itself by a certain predom-

inance of the intellect in the balance of powers. The warm swart Earth-spirit which made the strength of past ages, mightier than it knew, with instincts instead of science, like a mother yielding food from her own breast instead of preparing it through chemic and culinary skill,—warm negro ages of sentiment and vegetation,—all gone; another hour had struck and other forms arose. Instead of the social existence which all shared, was now separation. Every one for himself; driven to find all his resources, hopes, rewards, society and deity within himself.

The young men were born with knives in their brain; a tendency to introversion, self-dissection, anatomizing of motives. The popular religion of our fathers had received many severe shocks from the new times: from the Arminians, which was the current name of the backsliders from Calvinism, sixty years ago; then from the English philosophic theologians, Hartley and Priestley and Belsham, the followers of Locke; and then, I should say, much later, from the slow but extraordinary influence of Swedenborg,—a man of prodigious mind, though, as I think, tainted with a certain suspicion of insanity, and therefore generally disowned, but exerting a singular power over an important intellectual class; then the powerful influence of the genius and character of Dr. Channing.

Germany had created criticism in vain for us until 1820, when Edward Everett returned from his five years in Europe, and brought to Cambridge his rich results, which no one was so fitted by natural grace and the splendor of his rhetoric to introduce and recommend. He made us for the first time acquainted with Wolff's theory of the Homeric writings, with the criticism of Heyne. The novelty of the learning lost nothing in the skill and genius of his relation, and the rudest undergraduate found a new morning opened to

him in the lecture-room of Harvard Hall.

There was an influence on the young people from the genius of Everett which was almost comparable to that of Pericles in Athens. He had an inspiration which did not go beyond his head, but which made him the master of elegance. If any of my readers were at that period in Boston or Cambridge, they will easily remember his radiant beauty of person of a classic style: his heavy large eye, marble lids, which gave the impression of mass which the slightness of his form needed; sculptured lips; a voice of such rich tones, such precise and perfect utterance, that, although slightly nasal, it was the most mellow and beautiful and correct of all the instruments of the time. The word that he spoke, in the manner in which he spoke it, became current and classical in New England. He had a great talent for collecting facts, and for bringing those he had to bear with ingenious felicity on the topic of the moment. Let him rise to speak on what occasion soever, a fact had always just transpired which composed, with some other fact well known to the audience, the most pregnant and happy coincidence. It was remarked that for a man who threw out so many facts he was seldom convicted of a blunder. He had a good deal of special learning, and all was available for purposes of the hour. It was all new learning, that wonderfully took and stimulated the young men. It was so coldly and weightily communicated from so commanding a platform, — as if in the consciousness and consideration of all history and all learning, — adorned with so many simple and austere beauties of expression, and enriched with so many excellent digressions and significant quotations that, though nothing could be conceived beforehand less attractive or indeed less fit for green boys from Connecticut, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, with their unripe

Latin and Greek reading, than exegetical discourses in the style of Voss and Wolff and Ruhnken, on the Orphic and ante-Homeric remains, yet this learning instantly took the highest place to our imagination in our unoccupied American Parnassus. All his auditors felt the extreme beauty and dignity of the manner, and even the coarsest were contented to go punctually to listen for the manner, when they had found out that the subject matter was not for them. In the lecture-room he abstained from all ornament, and pleased himself with the play of detailing erudition in a style of perfect simplicity. In the pulpit (for he was then a clergyman) he made amends to himself and his auditor for the self-denial of the professor's chair, and, still with an infantine simplicity of manner, he gave the reins to his florid, quaint and affluent fancy.

Then was exhibited all the richness of a rhetoric which we have never seen rivaled in this country. Wonderful how memorable were words made which were only pleasing pictures, and covered no new or valid thoughts! He abounded in sentences, in wit, in satire, in splendid allusion, in quotation impossible to forget, in daring imagery, in parable, and even in a sort of defying experiment of his own wit and skill in giving an oracular weight to Hebrew or Rabbinical words, — feats which no man could better accomplish, such was his self-command and the security of his manner. All his speech was music, and with such variety and invention that the ear was never tired. Especially beautiful were his poetic quotations. He delighted in quoting Milton, and with such sweet modulation that he seemed to give as much beauty as he borrowed; and whatever he has quoted will be remembered by any who heard him with inseparable association with his voice and genius. He had nothing in common with vulgarity and

infirmity, but, speaking, walking, sitting, was as much aloof and uncommon as a star. The smallest anecdote of his behavior or conversation was eagerly caught and repeated, and every young scholar could recite brilliant sentences from his sermons, with mimicry, good or bad, of his voice. This influence went much farther, for he who was heard with such throbbing hearts and sparkling eyes in the lighted and crowded churches did not let go his hearers when the church was dismissed, but the bright image of that eloquent form followed the boy home to his bed-chamber; and not a sentence was written in academic exercises, not a declamation attempted in the college chapel, but showed the omnipresence of his genius to youthful heads. This made every youth his defender, and boys filled their mouths with arguments to prove that the orator had a heart. This was a triumph of rhetoric. It was not the intellectual or the moral principles which he had to teach. It was not thoughts. When Massachusetts was full of his fame it was not contended that he had thrown any truths into circulation. But his power lay in the magic of form; it was in the graces of manner, in a new perception of Grecian beauty, to which he had opened our eyes. There was that finish about this person which is about women, and which distinguishes every piece of genius from the works of talent: these last are more or less matured in every degree of completeness according to the time bestowed on them, but works of genius in their first and slightest form are still wholes. In every public discourse there was nothing left for the indulgence of his hearer, no marks of late hours and anxious, unfinished study; but the goddess of grace had breathed on the work a last fragrantcy and glitter.

By a series of lectures, largely and fashionably attended for two winters in Boston, he made a beginning of popular

literary and miscellaneous lectures, which in that region, at least, had important results. These are acquiring greater importance every day, and becoming a national institution. I am quite certain that this purely literary influence was of the first importance to the American mind.

In the pulpit, Dr. Frothingham, an excellent classical and German scholar, had already made us acquainted, if prudently, with the genius of Eichhorn's theological criticism. And Professor Norton, a little later, gave form and method to the like studies in the then infant Divinity School. But I think the paramount source of the religious revolution was Modern Science; beginning with Copernicus, who destroyed the pagan fictions of the Church by showing mankind that the earth on which we live was not the centre of the universe, around which the sun and stars revolved every day, and thus fitted to be the platform on which the Drama of the Divine Judgment was played before the assembled angels of Heaven, — "the scaffold of the divine vengeance," Saurin called it, — but a little scrap of a planet, rushing round the sun in our system, which in turn was too minute to be seen at the distance of many stars which we behold. Astronomy taught us our insignificance in Nature; showed that our sacred as our profane history had been written in gross ignorance of the laws, which were far grander than we knew; and compelled a certain extension and uplifting of our views of the Deity and his Providence. This correction of our superstitions was confirmed by the new science of geology, and the whole train of discoveries in every department. But we presently saw also that the religious nature in man was not affected by these errors in his understanding. The religious sentiment made nothing of bulk or size, or far or near; triumphed over time as well as space; and every lesson of humility, or justice, or charity, which

the old ignorant saints had taught him was still forever true.

Whether from these influences, or whether by a reaction of the general mind against the too formal science, religion, and social life of the earlier period, there was, in the first quarter of our nineteenth century, a certain sharpness of criticism, an eagerness for reform, which showed itself in every quarter. It appeared in the popularity of Lavater's Physiognomy, now almost forgotten. Gall and Spurzheim's phrenology laid a rough hand on the mysteries of animal and spiritual nature, dragging down every sacred secret to a street show. The attempt was coarse and odious to scientific men, but had a certain truth in it; it felt connection where the professors denied it, and was a leaning to a truth which had not yet been announced. On the heels of this intruder came Mesmerism, which broke into the inmost shrines; attempted the explanation of miracle and prophecy as well as of creation. What could be more revolting to the contemplative philosopher! But a certain success attended it, against all expectation. It was human, it was genial, it affirmed unity and connection between remote points, and, as such, was excellent criticism on the narrow and dead classification of what passed for science; and the joy with which it was greeted was an instinct of the people which no true philosopher would fail to profit by. But while society remained in doubt between the indignation of the old school and the audacity of the new, a higher note sounded. Unexpected aid from high quarters came to iconoclasts. The German poet Goethe revolted against the science of the day, — against French and English science, — declared war against the great name of Newton; proposed his own new and simpler optics; in botany, his simple theory of metamorphosis, — the eye of a leaf is all; every part of the plant from root to fruit is only a

modified leaf; the branch of a tree is nothing but a leaf whose serratures have become twigs. He extended this into anatomy and animal life, and his views were accepted. The revolt became a revolution. Schelling and Oken introduced their ideal natural philosophy; Hegel, his metaphysics, and extended it to Civil History.

The result in literature and the general mind was a return to law, in science, in politics, in social life, as distinguished from the profligate manners and politics of earlier times. The age was moral. Every immorality is a departure from nature, and is punished by natural loss and deformity. The popularity of Combe's Constitution of Man, the humanity which was the aim of all the multitudinous works of Dickens, the tendency even of Punch's caricature, was all on the side of the people. There was a breath of new air, much vague expectation; a consciousness of power not yet finding its determinate aim.

I attribute much importance to two papers of Dr. Channing, one on Milton and one on Napoleon, which were the first specimens in this country of that large criticism which in England had given power and fame to the Edinburgh Review. They were widely read, and of course immediately fruitful in provoking emulation which lifted the style of journalism. Dr. Channing, whilst he lived, was the star of the American Church, and we then thought, if we do not still think, that he left no successor in the pulpit. He could never be reported, for his eye and voice could not be printed, and his discourses lose their best in losing them. He was made for the public; his cold temperament made him the most unprofitable private companion; but all America would have been impoverished in wanting him. We could not then spare a single word he uttered in public, not so much as the reading a lesson in Scripture, or a hymn; and it is curious that his printed writ-

ings are almost a history of the times, as there was no great public interest, political, literary, or even economical (for he wrote on the Tariff), on which he did not leave some printed record of his brave and thoughtful opinion. A poor little invalid all his life, he is yet one of those men who vindicate the power of the American race to produce greatness.

Dr. Channing took counsel in 1840 with George Ripley to the point whether it were possible to bring cultivated, thoughtful people together, and make society that deserved the name. He had earlier talked with Dr. John Collins Warren on the like purpose, who admitted the wisdom of the design, and undertook to aid him in making the experiment. Dr. Channing repaired to Dr. Warren's house on the appointed evening, with large thoughts which he wished to open. He found a well-chosen assembly of gentlemen variously distinguished; there was mutual greeting and introduction, and they were chatting agreeably on indifferent matters, and drawing gently towards their great expectation, when a side-door opened, the whole company streamed in to an oyster-supper, crowned by excellent wines: and so ended the first attempt to establish æsthetic society in Boston.

Some time afterwards Dr. Channing opened his mind to Mr. and Mrs. Ripley, and with some care they invited a limited party of ladies and gentlemen. I had the honor to be present. Though I recall the fact, I do not retain any instant consequence of this attempt, or any connection between it and the new zeal of the friends who at that time began to be drawn together by sympathy of studies and of aspiration. Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, Dr. Convers Francis, Theodore Parker, Dr. Hedge, Mr. Brownson, James Freeman Clarke, William H. Channing, and many others gradually drew together, and from time to time spent an afternoon at each oth-

er's houses in a serious conversation. With them was always one well-known form, a pure idealist; not at all a man of letters, nor of any practical talent, nor a writer of books; a man quite too cold and contemplative for the alliances of friendship, with rare simplicity and grandeur of perception, who read Plato as an equal, and inspired his companions only in proportion as they were intellectual, whilst the men of talent complained of the want of point and precision in this abstract and religious thinker. These fine conversations, of course, were incomprehensible to some in the company, and they had their revenge in their little joke. One declared that "it seemed to him like going to Heaven in a swing;" another reported that, at a knotty point in the discourse, a sympathizing Englishman with a squeaking voice interrupted with the question, "Mr. Alcott, a lady near me desires to inquire whether omnipotence abnegates attribute?"

I think there prevailed at that time a general belief in Boston that there was some concert of *doctrinaires* to establish certain opinions, and inaugurate some movement in literature, philosophy and religion, of which design the supposed conspirators were quite innocent; for there was no concert, and only here and there two or three men or women who read and wrote, each alone, with unusual vivacity. Perhaps they only agreed in having fallen upon Coleridge and Wordsworth and Goethe, then on Carlyle, with pleasure and sympathy. Otherwise, their education and reading were not marked, but had the American superficialness, and their studies were solitary. I suppose all of them were surprised at this rumor of a school or sect, and certainly at the name of Transcendentalism, given nobody knows by whom, or when it was first applied. As these persons became, in the common chances of society, acquainted with each other, there resulted certainly strong friend-

ships, which of course were exclusive in proportion to their heat; and perhaps those persons who were mutually the best friends were the most private, and had no ambition of publishing their letters, diaries, or conversation.

From that time meetings were held for conversation, with very little form, from house to house, of people engaged in studies, fond of books, and watchful of all the intellectual light, from whatever quarter it flowed. Nothing could be less formal, yet the intelligence and character and varied ability of the company gave it some notoriety, and perhaps wakened curiosity as to its aims and results.

Nothing more serious came of it than the modest quarterly journal called *The Dial*, which, under the editorship of Margaret Fuller, and later of some other, enjoyed its obscurity for four years. All its papers were unpaid contributions, and it was rather a work of friendship among the narrow circle of students than the organ of any party. Perhaps its writers were its chief readers; yet it contained some noble papers by Margaret Fuller, and some numbers had an instant exhausting sale, because of papers by Theodore Parker.

Theodore Parker was our Savonarola, an excellent scholar, in frank and affectionate communication with the best minds of his day, yet the tribune of the people, and the stout reformer to urge and defend every cause of humanity with and for the humblest of mankind. He was no artist. Highly refined persons might easily miss in him the element of beauty. What he said was mere fact, almost offended you, so bald and detached was it; little cared he. He stood altogether for practical truth; and so to the last. He used every day and hour of his short life, and his character appeared in the last moments with the same firm control as in the midday of strength. I habitually apply to him the words of a French philosopher who

speaks of "the man of nature, who abominates the steam-engine and the factory. His vast lungs breathe independence with the air of the mountains and the woods."

The vulgar politician disposed of this circle cheaply as "the sentimental class." State Street had an instinct that they invalidated contracts, and threatened the stability of stocks; and it did not fancy brusque manners. Society always values, even in its teachers, inoffensive people, susceptible of conventional polish. The clergyman who would live in the city *may* have piety, but *must* have taste, whilst there was often coming, among these, some John the Baptist, wild from the woods, rude, hairy, careless of dress, and quite scornful of the etiquette of cities. There was a pilgrim, in those days, walking in the country, who stopped at every door where he hoped to find hearing for his doctrine, which was, Never to give or receive money. He was a poor printer, and explained with simple warmth the belief of himself and five or six young men, with whom he agreed in opinion, of the vast mischief of our insidious coin. He thought every one should labor at some necessary product, and as soon as he had made more than enough for himself, were it corn, or paper, or cloth, or boot-jacks, he should give of the commodity to any applicant, and in turn go to his neighbor for any article which he had to spare. Of course we were curious to know how he sped in his experiments on the neighbor, and his anecdotes were interesting, and often highly creditable. But he had the courage which so stern a return to Arcadian manners required, and had learned to sleep, in cold nights, when the farmer at whose door he knocked declined to give him a bed, on a wagon covered with the buffalo-robe, under the shed, — or under the stars, when the farmer denied the shed and the buffalo-robe. I think he persisted for two years in his

brave practice, but did not enlarge his church of believers.

These reformers were a new class. Instead of the fiery souls of the Puritans, bent on hanging the Quaker, burning the witch, and banishing the Romanist, these were gentle souls, with peace and even with genial dispositions, casting sheep's-eyes even on Fourier and his houris. It was a time when the air was full of reform. Robert Owen, of Lanark, came hither from England in 1845, and read lectures or held conversations wherever he found listeners, — the most amiable, sanguine and candid of men. He had not the least doubt that he had hit on a right and perfect socialism, or that all mankind would adopt it. He was then seventy years old, and being asked, "Well, Mr. Owen, who is your disciple? How many men are there possessed of your views who will remain, after you are gone, to put them in practice?" "Not one," was his reply. Robert Owen knew Fourier in his old age. He said that Fourier learned of him all the truth he had; the rest of his system was imagination, and the imagination of a banker. Owen made the best impression by his rare benevolence. His love of men made us forget his Three Errors. His charitable construction of men and their actions was invariable. He was the better Christian in his controversy with Christians, and he interpreted with great generosity the acts of the Holy Alliance and Prince Metternich, with whom the persevering doctrinaire had obtained interviews. "Ah," he said, "you may depend on it, there are as tender hearts and as much good will to serve men in palaces as in colleges."

And truly, I honor the generous ideas of the socialists, the magnificence of their theories, and the enthusiasm with which they have been urged. They appeared the inspired men of their time. Mr. Owen preached his doctrine of labor and reward to the slow ears of his

generation, with the fidelity and devotion of a saint. Fourier, almost as wonderful an example of the mathematical mind of France as La Place or Napoleon, turned a truly vast arithmetic to the question of social misery, and has put men under the obligation, which a generous mind always confers, of conceiving magnificent hopes, and making great demands as the right of man. He took his measure of that which all should and might enjoy from no soup society or charity concert, but from the refinements of palaces, the wealth of universities, and the triumphs of artists. He thought nobly. A man is entitled to pure air and to the air of good conversation in his bringing up, and not, as we, or so many of us, to the poor-smell and musty chambers, cats and fools. Fourier carried a whole French revolution in his head, and much more. Here was arithmetic on a huge scale. His ciphering goes where ciphering never went before, namely, into stars, atmospheres and animals and men and women, and classes of every character. It was the most entertaining of French romances, and could not but suggest vast possibilities of reform to the coldest and least sanguine.

We had an opportunity of learning something of these socialists and their theory from the indefatigable apostle of the sect in New York, Albert Brisbane. Mr. Brisbane pushed his doctrine with all the force of memory, talent, honest faith and importunacy. As we listened to his exposition, it appeared to us the sublime of mechanical philosophy; for the system was the perfection of arrangement and contrivance. The force of arrangement could no farther go. The merit of the plan was that it was a system; that it had not the partiality and hint-and-fragment character of most popular schemes, but was coherent and comprehensive of facts to a wonderful degree. It was not daunted by distance, or magnitude, or remoteness of any sort,

but strode about nature with a giant's step, and skipped no fact, but wove its large Ptolemaic web of cycle and epicyle, of phalanx and phalanstery, with laudable assiduity. Mechanics were pushed so far as fairly to meet spiritualism. One could not but be struck with strange coincidences betwixt Fourier and Swendenborg. Genius hitherto has been shamefully misapplied, a mere trifle. It must now set itself to raise the social condition of man, and to redress the disorders of the planet he inhabits. The Desert of Sahara, the Campagna di Roma, the frozen polar circles, which by their pestilential or hot or cold airs poison the temperate regions, accuse man. Society, concert, coöperation, is the secret of the coming Paradise. By reason of the isolation of men at the present day, all work is drudgery. By concert and the allowing each laborer to choose his own work, it becomes pleasure. "Attractive Industry" would speedily subdue, by adventurous, scientific and persistent tillage, the pestilential tracts; would equalize temperature, give health to the globe, and cause the earth to yield "healthy, imponderable fluids" to the solar system, as now it yields noxious fluids. The hyena, the jackal, the gnat, the bug, the flea, were all beneficent parts of the system; the good Fourier knew what those creatures should have been, had not the mould slipped, through the bad state of the atmosphere; caused, no doubt, by the same vicious, imponderable fluids. All these shall be redressed by human culture, and the useful goat and dog and innocent poetical moth, or the wood-tick to consume decomposing wood, shall take their place. It takes sixteen hundred and eighty men to make one man, complete in all the faculties; that is, to be sure that you have got a good joiner, a good cook, a barber, a poet, a judge, an umbrella-maker, a mayor and alderman, and so on. Your community should consist of two thousand per-

sons to prevent accidents of omission; and each community should take up six thousand acres of land. Now fancy the earth planted with fifties and hundreds of these phalanxes side by side: what tillage, what architecture, what refectories, what dormitories, what reading-rooms, what concerts, what lectures, what gardens, what baths! What is not in one will be in another, and many will be within easy distance. Then know you and all that Constantinople is the natural capital of the globe. There, in the Golden Horn, will the Arch-Phalanx be established; there will the Omniarch reside. Aladdin and his magician, or the beautiful Scheherezade, can alone, in these prosaic times before the sight, describe the material splendors collected there. Poverty shall be abolished; deformity, stupidity and crime shall be no more. Genius, grace, art, shall abound, and it is not to be doubted but that in the reign of "Attractive Industry" all men will speak in blank verse.

Certainly we listened with great pleasure to such gay and magnificent pictures. The ability and earnestness of the advocate and his friends, the comprehensiveness of their theory, its apparent directness of proceeding to the end they would secure, the indignation they felt and uttered in the presence of so much social misery, commanded our attention and respect. It contained so much truth, and promised in the attempts that shall be made to realize it so much valuable instruction, that we are engaged to observe every step of its progress. Yet in spite of the assurances of its friends that it was new and widely discriminated from all other plans for the regeneration of society, we could not exempt it from the criticism which we apply to so many projects for reform with which the brain of the age teems. Our feeling was that Fourier had skipped no fact but one, namely, life. He treats man as a plastic thing, — something that

may be put up or down, ripened or retarded, moulded, polished, made into solid, or fluid, or gas, at the will of the leader; or perhaps as a vegetable, from which, though now a poor crab, a very good peach can, by manure and exposure, be in time produced, but skips the faculty of life, which spawns and scorns system and system-makers, which eludes all conditions, which makes or supplants a thousand phalanxes and new harmonies with each pulsation. There is an order in which in a sound mind the faculties always appear, and which, according to the strength of the individual, they seek to realize in the surrounding world. The value of Fourier's system is that it is a statement of such an order externized, or carried outward into its correspondence in facts. The mistake is that this particular order and series is to be imposed, by force or preaching and votes, on all men, and carried into rigid execution. But what is true and good must not only be begun by life, but must be conducted to its issues by life. Could not the conceiver of this design have also believed that a similar model lay in every mind, and that the method of each associate might be trusted, as well as that of his particular Committee and General Office, No. 200 Broadway? Nay, that it would be better to say, Let us be lovers and servants of that which is just, and straightway every man becomes a centre of a holy and beneficent republic, which he sees to include all men in its law, like that of Plato and of Christ? Before such a man the whole world becomes Fourierized, or Christized, or humanized, and in obedience to his most private being he finds himself, according to his presentiment, though against all sensuous probability, acting in strict concert with all others who followed their private light.

Yet in a day of small, sour and fierce schemes, one is admonished and cheered by a project of such friendly aims and

of such bold and generous proportion; there is an intellectual courage and strength in it, which is superior and commanding; it certifies the presence of so much truth in the theory, and in so far is destined to be fact.

It argued singular courage, the adoption of Fourier's system, to even a limited extent, with his books lying before the world only defended by the thin veil of the French language. The Stoic said, Forbear; Fourier said, Indulge. Fourier was of the opinion of St. Evremont; abstinence from pleasure appeared to him a great sin. Fourier was very French indeed. He labored under a misapprehension of the nature of women. The Fourier marriage was a calculation how to secure the greatest amount of kissing that the infirmity of human constitution admitted. It was false and prurient; full of absurd French superstitions about women; ignorant how serious and how moral their nature always is, how chaste is their organization, how lawful a class.

It is the worst of community that it must inevitably transform into charlatans the leaders, by the endeavor continually to meet the expectation and admiration of this eager crowd of men and women, seeking they know not what. Unless he have a Cossack roughness of clearing himself of what belongs not, charlatan he must be.

It was easy to foresee the fate of this fine system in any serious and comprehensive attempt to set it on foot in this country. As soon as our people got wind of the doctrine of marriage held by this master, it would fall at once into the hands of a lawless crew, who would flock in troops to so fair a game, and like the dreams of poetic people on the first outbreak of the old French Revolution, so theirs would disappear in a slime of mire and blood.

There is, of course, to every theory a tendency to run to an extreme, and forget the limitations. In our free in-

stitutions, where every man is at liberty to choose his home and his trade, and all possible modes of working and gaining are open to him, fortunes are easily made by thousands, as in no other country. Then property proves too much for the man, and the men of science, art, intellect, are pretty sure to degenerate into selfish housekeepers, dependent on wine, coffee, furnace heat, gas-light and fine furniture. Then instantly things swing the other way, and we suddenly find that civilization crowded too soon; that what we bragged as triumphs were treacheries; that we have opened the wrong door, and let the enemy into the castle; that civilization was a mistake; that nothing is so vulgar as a great warehouse of rooms full of furniture and trumpery; that, in the circumstances, the best wisdom were an auction or a fire. Since the foxes and the birds have the right of it with a warm hole to keep out the weather, and no more, a pent-house to fend the sun and rain is the house which lays no tax on the owner's time and thoughts, and which he can leave, when the sun is warm, and defy the robber. This was Thoreau's doctrine, who said that the Fourierists had a sense of duty which led them to devote themselves to their second-best. And Thoreau gave in flesh and blood and pertinacious Saxon belief the purest ethics. He was more real and practically believing in them than any of his company, and fortified you at all times with an affirmative experience which refused to be set aside. Thoreau was in his own person a practical answer, almost a refutation, to the theories of the socialists. He required no phalanx, no government, no society, almost no memory. He lived extempore from hour to hour, like the birds and the angels; brought every day a new proposition, as revolutionary as that of yesterday, but different: the only man of leisure in his town; and his independence made all others look like

slaves. He was a good Abbot Sampson, and carried a counsel in his breast. "Again and again I congratulate myself on my so-called poverty. I could not overstate this advantage." "What you call bareness and poverty is to me simplicity. God could not be unkind to me if he should try. I love best to have each thing in its season only, and enjoy doing without it at all other times. It is the greatest of all advantages to enjoy no advantage at all. I have never got over my surprise that I should have been born into the most estimable place in all the world, and in the very nick of time, too." There's an optimist for you!

I regard these philanthropists as themselves the effects of the age in which we live, and, in common with so many other good facts, the efflorescence of the period, and predicting a good fruit that ripens. They were not the creators they believed themselves, but they were unconscious prophets of a true state of society; one which the tendencies of nature lead unto,—one which always establishes itself for the same soul, though not in that manner in which they paint it; but they were describers of that which is really being done. The large cities are phalansteries; and the theorists drew all their argument from facts already taking place in our experience. The cheap way is to make every man do what he was born for. One merchant, to whom I described the Fourier project, thought it must not only succeed, but that agricultural association must presently fix the price of bread, and drive single farmers into association in self-defense, as the great commercial and manufacturing companies had done. Society in England and in America is trying the experiment again in small pieces, in coöperative associations, in cheap eating-houses, as well as in the economies of club-houses and in cheap reading-rooms.

It chanced that here in one family

were two brothers; one a brilliant and fertile inventor, and close by him his own brother, a man of business, who knew how to direct the inventor's faculty, and make it instantly and permanently lucrative. Why could not the like partnership be formed between the inventor and the man of executive talent everywhere? Each man of thought is surrounded by wiser men than he, if they cannot write as well. Cannot he and they combine? Talents supplement each other. Beaumont and Fletcher and many French novelists have known how to utilize such partnerships. Why not have a larger one, and with more various members?

"Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough;
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff."

Housekeepers say, "There are a thousand things to everything," and if one must study all the strokes to be laid, all the faults to be shunned in a building or work of art, of its keeping, its composition, its site, its color, there would be no end. But the architect, acting under a necessity to build the house for its purpose, finds himself helped, he knows not how, into all these merits of detail, and steering clear, though in the dark, of those dangers which might have shipwrecked him.

BROOK FARM.

The West Roxbury association was formed in 1841, by a society of members, men and women, who bought a farm in West Roxbury, of about two hundred acres, and took possession of the place in April. Mr. George Ripley was the president, and I think Mr. Charles Dana (afterwards well known as one of the editors of the New York Tribune) was the secretary. Many members took shares by paying money; others held shares by their labors. An old house on the place was enlarged, and three new houses built. William

Allen was at first and for some time the head farmer, and the work was distributed in orderly committees to men and women. There were many employments, more or less lucrative, found for, or brought hither by, these members, — shoemakers, joiners, sempstresses. They had good scholars among them, and so received pupils for their education. The parents of the children in some instances wished to live there, and were received as boarders. Many persons, attracted by the beauty of the place and the culture and ambition of the community, joined them as boarders, and lived there for years. I think the numbers of this mixed community soon reached eighty or ninety souls.

It was a noble and generous movement in the projectors to try an experiment of better living. They had the feeling that our ways of living were too conventional and expensive, not allowing each to do what he had a talent for, and not permitting men to combine cultivation of mind and heart with a reasonable amount of daily labor. At the same time, it was an attempt to lift others with themselves, and to share the advantages they should attain with others now deprived of them.

There was, no doubt, great variety of character and purpose in the members of the community. It consisted in the main of young people; few of middle age, and none old. Those who inspired and organized it were persons impatient of the routine, the uniformity, perhaps they would say the squalid contentment, of society around them, which was so timid and skeptical of any progress. One would say then that impulse was the rule in the society, without centripetal balance; perhaps it would not be severe to say, intellectual sans-culottism, an impatience of the formal, routinary character of our educational, religious, social and economical life in Massachusetts. Yet there was immense hope in these young people. There was noble

ness; there were sacrificing victims who compensated for the levity and rashness of their companions. The young people lived a great deal in a short time, and came forth, some of them, perfectly with shattered constitutions. And a few grave sanitary influences of character were happily there, which, I was assured, were always felt.

George W. Curtis, of New York, and his brother, of English Oxford, were members of the family from the first. Theodore Parker, the near neighbor of the farm and the most intimate friend of Mr. Ripley, was a frequent visitor. Mr. Ichabod Morton of Plymouth, a plain man, formerly engaged through many years in the fisheries with success, — eccentric, with a persevering interest in education, and of a very democratic religion, — came and built a house on the farm, and he, or members of his family, continued there to the end. Margaret Fuller, with her joyful conversation and large sympathy, was often a guest, and always in correspondence with her friends. Many ladies, whom to name were to praise, gave character and varied attraction to the place.

In and around Brook Farm, whether as members, boarders, or visitors, were many remarkable persons, for character, intellect, or accomplishments. I recall one youth of the subtlest mind, — I believe I must say the subtlest observer and diviner of character I ever met, living, reading, writing, talking, there, perhaps, as long as the colony held together; his mind fed and overfed by whatever is exalted in genius, whether in poetry or art, in drama or music, or in social accomplishment and elegance; a man of no employment or practical aims; a student and philosopher, who found his daily enjoyment not with the elders or his exact contemporaries so much as with the fine boys who were skating and playing ball or bird-hunting; forming the closest friendships with such, and finding his delight in the pet-

ulant heroism of the chosen counsel. The Romans would repair the fault of a fault that occurred, and a wise counsel, — a fine genius, puny in body and yet with an *aplomb* like a disconcerted. He lived at 1842, such worlds of life on the thought of being opposed to consciousness. He was the *abbé* of his time from his religious bias. His reading lay in *Æschylus*, *Plato*, *Dante*, *Calderon*, *Shakespeare*, and in modern novels and romances of merit. There too was Hawthorne, with his cold yet gentle genius, if he failed to do justice to this temporary home. There was the accomplished Doctor of Music, who has presided over its literature ever since in our metropolis. Rev. William Henry Channing, now of London, was from the first a student of Socialism in France and England, and in perfect sympathy with this experiment. An English baronet, Sir John Caldwell, was a frequent visitor, and more or less directly interested in the leaders and the success.

Hawthorne drew some sketches, not happily, as I think; I should rather say, quite unworthy of his genius. No friend who knew Margaret Fuller could recognize her rich and brilliant genius under the dismal mask which the public fancied was meant for her in that disagreeable story.

The founders of Brook Farm should have this praise: that they made what all people try to make, an agreeable place to live in. All comers, even the most fastidious, found it the pleasantest of residences. It is certain that freedom from household routine, variety of character and talent, variety of work, variety of means, of thought and instruction, art, music, poetry, reading, masquerade, did not permit sluggishness or despondency; broke up routine.

among the associates, the most important, the birth of valued first acquaintance with conversation, their training. The art of letter-writing, said, was immensely cultivated, were always flying not to house, but from room to room, a perpetual picnic, a small, an age of

In the social communities, the gossip found such vent and sway as to become despotic. The institutions were whispering-galleries, in which the adored Saxon privacy was lost. Married women, I believe, uniformly decided against the community. It was to them like the brassy and lacquered life in hotels. The common school was well enough, but to the common nursery they had grave objections. Eggs might be hatched in ovens, but the hen on her own account much preferred the old way. A hen without her chickens was but half a hen.

It was a curious experience of the patrons and leaders of this noted community, — in which the agreement with many parties was that they should give so many hours of instruction in mathematics, in music, in moral and intellectual philosophy, and so forth, — that in every instance the new-comers showed themselves keenly alive to the advantages of the society, and were sure to avail themselves of every means of instruction; their knowledge was increased, their manners refined, but they became in that proportion averse to labor, and were charged by the heads of the departments with a certain indolence and selfishness.

In practice it is always found that virtue is occasional, spotty, and not linear or cubic. Good people are as bad as rogues, if steady performance is claimed; the conscience of the conscien-

tious runs in some particular, most punctilious in some particular, more latitudinarian in others. It was very gently said that people on whom beforehand all persons would put the utmost reliance were not responsible. Saw the necessity that the work must be done, and did it not, and it of course fell to be done by the few religious workers. No doubt there was in many a certain strength drawn from the fury of dissent. Thus Mr. Ripley told Theodore Parker, "There is your accomplished friend: he would hoe corn all Sunday, if I would let him, but all Massachusetts could not make him do it on Monday."

Of course every visitor found that there was a comic side to this Paradise of shepherds and shepherdesses. There was a stove in every chamber, and every one might burn as much wood as he or she would saw. The ladies took cold on washing-day; so it was ordained that the gentlemen shepherds should wring and hang out clothes, which they punctually did. And it would sometimes occur that when they danced in the evening, clothes-pins dropped plentifully from their pockets. The country members naturally were surprised to observe that one man plowed all day, and one looked out of the window all day, and perhaps drew his picture, and both received at night the same wages. One would meet also some modest pride in their advanced condition, signified by a frequent phrase: "Before we came out of civilization." The question which occurs to you had occurred much earlier to Fourier: "How, in this charming Elysium, is the dirty work to be done?" And long ago Fourier had exclaimed, "Ah, I have it!" and jumped with joy. "Don't you see," he cried, "that nothing so delights the young Caucasian child as dirt? See the mud-pies that all children will make, if you will let them. See how much more joy they find in pouring their pudding on the

table-cloth than into their beautiful mouths. The children from six to eight, organized into companies, with flags and uniforms, shall do this last function of civilization."

In Brook Farm was this peculiarity, that there was no head. In every family is the father; in every factory, a foreman; in a shop, a master; in a boat, the skipper: but in this Farm, no authority; each was master or mistress of their own actions; happy, hapless anarchists. They expressed, after much perilous experience, the conviction that plain dealing was the best defense of manners and morals between the sexes. People cannot live together in any but necessary ways. The only candidates who will present themselves will be those who have tried the experiment of independence and ambition, and have failed; and none others will barter for the most comfortable equality the chance of superiority. Then all communities have quarreled. Few people can live together on their merits. There must be kindred, or mutual economy, or a common interest in their business, or other external tie.

The society at Brook Farm existed, I think, about six or seven years, and then broke up; the Farm was sold, and I believe all the partners came out with pecuniary loss. Some of them had spent on it the accumulations of years. I suppose they all, at the moment, regarded it as a failure. I do not think they can so regard it now, but probably as an important chapter in their experience which has been of lifelong value. What knowledge of themselves and of

each other, what various practical wisdom, what personal power, what studies of character, what accumulated culture, many of the members owed to it! What mutual measure they took of each other! It was a close union, like that in a ship's cabin, of clergymen, young collegians, merchants, mechanics, farmers' sons and daughters, with men and women of rare opportunities and delicate culture, yet assembled there by a sentiment which all shared, some of them hotly shared, of the honesty of a life of labor and of the beauty of a life of humanity. The yeoman saw refined manners in persons who were his friends; and the lady or the romantic scholar saw the continuous strength and faculty in people who would have disgusted them but that these powers were now spent in the direction of their own theory of life.

I recall these few selected facts, none of them of much independent interest, but symptomatic of the times and country. I please myself with the thought that our American mind is not now eccentric or rude in its strength, but is beginning to show a quiet power, drawn from wide and abundant sources, proper to a continent and to an educated people. If I have owed much to the special influences I have indicated, I am not less aware of that excellent and increasing circle of masters in arts and in song and in science, who cheer the intellect of our cities and this country to-day; whose genius is not a lucky accident, but normal, and with broad foundation of culture, and so inspires the hope of steady strength advancing on itself, and a day without night.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A-PLAYIN' OF OLD SLEDGE AT THE SETTLEMENT.

"I hev hearn tell ez how them thar boys rides thar horses over hyar ter the Settlement nigh on ter every night in the week ter play kyerds,— 'Old Sledge' they calls it; an' thar goin's-on air jes' scandalous,— jes' a-drinkin' of apple-jack, an' a-bettin' of thar money."

It was a lonely place: a sheer precipice on one side of the road that curved to its verge; on the other, an ascent so abrupt that the tall stems of the pines seemed laid upon the ground as they were marshaled in serried columns up the hillside. No broad landscape was to be seen from this great projecting ledge of the mountain; the valley was merely a little basin, walled in on every side by the meeting ranges that rose so high as to intercept all distant prospect, and narrow the world to the contracted area bounded by the sharp lines of their wooded summits, cut hard and clear against the blue sky. But for the road it would have seemed impossible that these wild steepes should be the chosen haunt of aught save deer, or bear, or fox; and certainly the instinct of the eagle built that eyrie called the Settlement, still higher, far above the towering pine forest. It might be accounted a tribute to the enterprise of Old Sledge that mountain barriers proved neither let nor hindrance, and here in the fastnesses was held that vivacious sway, potent alike to fascinate and to scandalize.

In the middle of the stony road stood a group of roughly clad mountaineers, each in an attitude of sluggish disinclination to the allotted task of mending the highway, leaning lazily upon a grubbing-hoe or sorry spade,— except, indeed, the overseer, who was upheld by the single crowbar furnished by the county, the only sound implement in use among the party. The provident

dispensation of the law, leaving the care of the road to the tender mercies of its able-bodied neighbors over eighteen and under forty-five years of age, was a god-send to the Settlement and to the inhabitants of the tributary region, in that even if it failed of the immediate design of securing a tolerable passway through the woods, it served the far more important purpose of drawing together the diversely scattered settlers, and affording them unwonted conversational facilities. These meetings were well attended, although their results were often sadly inadequate. To-day the usual complement of laborers was on hand, except the three boys whose scandalous susceptibility to the mingled charms of Old Sledge and apple-jack had occasioned comment.

"They 'll hev ter be fined, ef they don't take keer an' come an' work," remarked the overseer of the road, one Tobe Rains, who reveled in a little brief authority.

"From what I hev hearn tell 'bout thar goin's-on, none of 'em is a-goin' ter hev nothin' ter pay fines with, when they gits done with thar foolin' an' sech," said Abner Blake, a man of weight and importance, and the eldest of the party.

It did not seem to occur to any of the group that the losses among the three card-players served to enrich one of the number, and that the deplorable wholesale insolvency shadowed forth was not likely to ensue in substance. Perhaps their fatuity in this regard arose from the circumstance that fining the derelict was not an actuality, although sometimes of avail as a threat.

"An' we hev ter leave everythink whar it fell down, an' come hyar ter do thar work fur 'em,— a-fixin' up of this hyar road fur them ter travel," exclaimed Tobe Rains, in an attempt to chafe

himself into a rage. "It's got ter quit, — that's what I say; this hyar way of doin' hev got ter quit." By way of lending verisimilitude to the industrial figure of rhetoric, he lifted his hammer and dealt an ineffectual blow at a large boulder. Then he picked up his crow-bar, and, leaning heavily on the implement, resigned himself to the piquant interest of gossip. "An' thar's that Josiah Tait," he continued, "a settled married man, a-beavin' no better 'n them fool boys. He hain't struck a lick of work fur nigh on ter a month, — 'ceptin' a-goin' huntin' with the t'others, every wunst in a while. He hev jes' pulled through at the little eend of the horn. I never sot much store by him, nohow, though when he war married ter Melindy Price, nigh 'bout a year ago, the folks all 'lowed ez she war a-doin' mighty well ter git him, ez he war toler'ble well off through his folks all bein' dead but him, an' he hed what he hed his own self."

"I wouldn't let *my* darter marry no man ez plays kyerds," said a very young fellow, with great decision of manner, "no matter what he hed, nor how he hed it."

As the lady referred to was only two weeks old, and this solicitude concerning her matrimonial disposition was somewhat premature, there was a good-natured guffaw at the young fellow's expense.

"An' now," Tobe Rains resumed, "ef Josiah keeps on the way ez he hev started, he hain't a-goin' ter hev no more 'n the t'other boys round the mounting, — mebbe not ez much, — an' Melindy Price hed better hev a-taken somebody what owned less but hed a harder grip."

A long silence fell upon the party. Three of the twenty men assembled, in dearth of anything else to do, took heart of grace and fell to work; fifteen leaned upon their hoes in a variety of postures, all equally expressive of sloth, and with slow eyes followed the graceful sweep

of a hawk, drifting on the wind, without a motion of its wings, across the blue sky to the opposite range. Two, one of whom was the overseer, searched their pockets for a plug of tobacco, and when it was found its possessor gave to him that lacked. At length Abner Blake, who furnished all the items of news, and led the conversation, removed his eyes from the flight of the hawk, as the bird was absorbed in the variegated October foliage of the opposite mountain, and reopened the discussion. At the first word the three who were working paused in attentive quietude; the fifteen changed their position to one still more restful; the overseer sat down on a boulder by the roadside, and placed his contemplative elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands.

"I hev hearn tell," said Abner Blake, with the pleasing consciousness of absorbing the attention of the company, and being able to meet high expectations, "ez how Josiah hev los' that thar brindled heifer ter Budd Wray, an' the main heft of his crap of corn. But mebbe he'll take a turn now an' win 'em back agin."

"T ain't likely," remarked Tobe Rains.

"No, 't ain't," coincided the virtuous fifteen.

The industrious three, who might have done better in better company, went to work again for the space of a few minutes; but the next inarticulate gurgle; preliminary always to Blake's speech, — a sort of rising-bell to ring up somnolent attention, — brought them once more to a stand-still.

"An' cornsiderin' ez how Budd Wray, — he it war ez won 'em; I seen the heifer along o' the cow ter his house yestiddy evenin', ez I war a-comin' from a-huntin' yander ter the sulphur spring, — an' cornsiderin' ez he is nothin' but a single man, an' hain't got no wife, it do look mighty graspin' ter be a-takin' from a man ez hev got a wife an' a

houseful of his wife's kinsfolks ter look arter. Mighty graspin', it 'pears like ter me."

"I s'pose," said one of the three workers suggestively, — "I s'pose ez how Budd won it fair. 'T warn't no onderhand job, war it?"

There was a portentous silence. The flight of the hawk, again floating above the mountains, now in the shadow of the resting clouds, now in the still sunshine, was the only motion in the landscape. The sudden bark of a fox in the woods near at hand smote the air shrilly.

"That thar ain't fur me ter say," Blake replied at last, with significant emphasis.

The suspicion fell upon the party like a revelation, with an auxiliary sense of surprise that it had not been earlier presented, so patent was the possibility.

Still that instinct of justice latent in the human heart kept the pause unbroken for a while. Then Blake, whose information on most points at issue entitled him to special consideration, proceeded to give his opinion on the subject: "I'm a perfessin' member of the church, an' I dunno one o' them thar kyerds from the t'other; an' what is more, I ain't a-wantin' ter know. I hev seen 'em a-playin' wunst, an' I hearn 'em a-talkin' that thar foolishness 'bout 'n 'high' an' 'low,' an' sech, — they'll all be low enough 'fore long. But what I say is, I dunno how come Josiah Tait, what's always been a peart, smart boy, an' his father afore him always war a thrivin' man, an' Budd Wray war never nobody nor nothin', — he war always mighty no-count, him an' all his folks, — an' what I dunno is, how come he kin git the upper hand of Josiah Tait at these hyar kyerds, an' can't git it no other way. Ef he keeps on a-playin' of Old Sledge hyar at the Settlemint, he'll be wuth ez much ez anybody on the mounting what's done been a-workin' all thar days, an' hed a toler'ble start

ter begin with. It don't look fair an' sensible ter me."

"'Pears like ter me," said the very young fellow, father of the very young daughter, "ef a man is old enough ter git married, he is old enough ter take keer of hisself. I kin make out no good reason why Josiah Tait oughter be pertected agin Budd Wray. 'Pears ter me ef one of 'em kin larn ter play Old Sledge, the t'other kin. An' Josiah hev got toler'ble good sense."

"That's how come all ye young muskrats dunno nothin'," retorted Blake in some heat. "Jes' let one of yer git turned twenty year old, an' yer think ye air ez wise an' ez settled ez ef ye war sixty, an' ye can't larn nothin' more."

"All the same, I don't see ez Josiah Tait needs a dry-nuss ter keep off Wray an' sech critters," was the response. And here this controversy ended.

"Somehow," said Tobe Rains, reflectively, "it don't look likely ter me ez he an' Josiah Tait hev any call ter be sech frien'ly folks. I hev hearn ez how Budd Wray war a-follerin' round Melindy Price afore she war married, an' she liked him fustrate till Josiah tuk ter comin' 'bout'n the Scrub-Oak Ridge, whar she lived in them days. That thar ain't the stuff ter make frien's out'n. Thar is some sort'n cur'ous doin's a-goin' on 'bout'n these hyar frien'ly kyerds."

"I knowed that thar 'bout 'n his a-follerin' round Melindy afore she war married. I 'lowed one time ez Melindy hed a mind ter marry Wray stiddier Josiah," said the young father, shaken in his partisanship. "An' it always 'peared like ter me ez it war mighty comical ez he an' Josiah tuk ter playin' of Old Sledge an' sech tergither."

These questions were not easy of solution. Many speculations were preferred concerning the suspicious circumstance of Budd Wray's singular proficiency in the black art of playing Old Sledge; but beyond disparaging innuendo and covert insinuation conjecture

could not go. Everything was left doubtful, and so was the road.

It was hardly four o'clock, but the languid work had ceased and the little band was dispersing. Some had far to go through the deep woods to their homes, and those who lived closer at hand were not disposed to atone for their comrades' defection by prolonging their stay. The echoes for a long time vibrated amid the lonely heights with the metallic sound of their horses' hoofs, every moment becoming fainter, until at last all was hushed. Dusky shadows, which seemed to be exhaled from the ground, rose higher and higher up the mountain side from the reservoir of gloom that lay in the valley. The sky was a lustrous contrast to the darkling earth. The sun still lingered, large and red, above the western hills; the clouds about it were gorgeous in borrowed color; even those hovering in the east had caught the reflection of the sunset splendor, and among their gold and crimson flakes swung the silver globe of the hunter's moon. Now and then, at long intervals, the bark of the fox quivered on the air; once the laurel stirred with a faint rustle, and a deer stood in the midst of the ill-mended road, catching upon his spreading antlers the mingled light of sun and moon. For a moment he was motionless, his hoof uplifted; the next, with an elastic spring, as of a creature without weight, he was flying up the steep hillside and disappearing amid the slumberous shades of the dark pines. A sudden sound comes from far along the curves of the road, — a sound foreign to woods and stream and sky; again, and yet again, growing constantly more distinct, the striking of iron against stone, the quick, regular beat of a horse's tread, and an equestrian figure, facing the moon and with the sun at his back, rides between the steep ascent and the precipice, on his way to the Settlement and the enticements of Old Sledge.

He was not the conventional type of the roistering blade. There was an expression of settled melancholy on his face very usual with these mountaineers, reflected, perhaps, from the indefinable tinge of sadness that rests upon the Alleghany wilds, that hovers about the purpling mountain-tops, that broods over the silent woods, that sounds in the voice of the singing waters. Nor was he like the prosperous "perfessin' member" of the card-playing *culte*. His listless manner was that of stolidity, not of a studied calm; his brown jeans suit was old and worn and patched; his hat, which had seen many a drenching winter rain and scorching summer sun, had acquired sundry drooping curves undreamed of in its maker's philosophy. He rode a wiry gray mare without a saddle, and carried a heavy rifle. He was perhaps twenty-three years of age, a man of great strength and stature, and there were lines about his lips and chin which indicated a corresponding development of a firm will and tenacity of purpose. His slow brown eyes were fixed upon the horizon as he went around the ledge, and notwithstanding the languid monotony of the expression of his face he seemed absorbed in some definite train of thought, rather than lost in the vague, hazy reverie which is the habitual mental atmosphere of the quiescent mountaineer. The mare, left to herself, traveled along the rocky way in a debonair fashion implying a familiarity with worse roads, and soon was around the curve and beginning the sharp ascent which led to the Settlement. There was a rickety bridge to cross, that spanned a deep, narrow stream, which caught among its dark pools now a long, slender, polished lance of sunlight, and now a dart from the moon. As the rider went on upward the woods were dense as ever; no glimpse yet of the signet of civilization set upon the wilderness and called the Settlement. By the time he had reached the summit the

last red rays of the day were fading from the tops of the trees, but the moon, full and high in the eastern heavens, shed so refulgent a light that it might be questioned whether the sun rose on a brighter world than that which he had left. A short distance along level ground, a turn to the right, and here, on the highest elevation of the range, was perched the little town. There was a clearing of ten acres, a blacksmith's shop, four log huts facing indiscriminately in any direction, a small store of one story and one room, and a new frame court-house, whitewashed and inclosed by a plank fence. In the last session of the legislature, the Settlement had been made the county-seat of a new county; the additional honor of a name had been conferred upon it, but as yet it was known among the population of the mountain by its time-honored and accustomed title.

Wray dismounted in front of the store, hitched the mare to a laurel bush, and, entering, discovered his two boon companions drearily waiting, and shuffling the cards again and again to while away the time. An inverted split-basket served as table; a tallow dip, a great extravagance in these parts, blinked on the head of a barrel near by, and gave a most flickering and ineffectual light, but the steady radiance of the moon poured in a wide white flood through the open door, and kindly supplied all deficiencies. The two young mountaineers were of the usual sad-eyed type, and the impending festivities might have seemed to those of a wider range of experience than the Settlement could furnish to be clouded with a funereal aspect. Before the fire, burning low and sullenly in the deep chimney, were sitting two elderly men, who looked with disfavor upon Wray as he came in and placed his gun with a clatter in the corner.

"Ye war a long time a-gittin' hyar, Budd," said one of the card-shufflers in

a gentle voice, with curiously low-spirited cadences. He spoke slowly, too, and with a slight difficulty, as if he seldom had occasion to express himself in words and his organs were out of practice. He was the proprietor of the store, one Tom Scruggs, and this speech was by way of doing the honors. The other looked up with recognizing eyes, but said nothing.

"I war hendered some," replied Wray, seating himself in a rush-bottomed chair, and drawing close to the inverted basket. "Ez I war a-comin' along, 'bout haffen mile an' better from my house, — 't war nigh on ter three o'clock, I reckon, — I seen the biggest, fattest buck I hev seen this year a-bouncin' through the laurel, an' I shot him. An' I hed ter kerry him 'long home, 'kase suthin' mought hev got him ef I hed a-left him thar. An' it hendered me some."

"An' we hev ter sit hyar a-wastin' away an' a-waitin' while ye goes a-huntin' of deer," said Josiah Tait, angrily, and speaking for the first time. "I could hev gone an' shot twenty deer ef I would hev tuk the time. Yer said ez how yer war a-goin' ter be hyar an hour by sun, an' jes' look a-yander," pointing to the lustrous disc of the moon.

"That thar moon war high enough fore the sun war a-settin'," returned Wray. "Ef yer air in sech a hurry, why'n't yer cut them thar kyerds fur deal, an' stop that thar jowin' o' yourn. I hev hed ez much of that ez I am a-goin' ter swallow."

"I'll put it down yer with the ramrod o' that thar gun o' mine, ef ye don't take keer how ye talk," retorted the choleric Tait; "an' ef that don't set easy on yer stomach, I'll see how yer'll digest a bullet."

"I'm a-waitin' fur yer ramrod," said Wray, calmly. "Jes' try that fust, an' see how it works."

The melancholy-voiced store-keeper interrupted these amenities, not for the

sake of peace, — white-winged angel, — but in the interests of Old Sledge. "Ef I hed a-knowed ez how yer two boys war a-goin' ter take ter quarrelin' an' a-fightin' round hyar, a-stiddier playin' of kyerds sensible-like, I would n't hev shet up shop so quick. I hed a good many little turns of work ter do what I hev lef' ter play kyerds. An' yer two mought jow tergither some other day, it 'pears like ter me. Yer air a-wastin' more time a-jowin', Josiah, than Budd tuk up in comin' an' deer-huntin' tergither. Yer hev cut the lowest in the pack, so deal the kyerds, or give 'em ter them ez will."

The suggestion to resign the deal touched Josiah in a tender spot. He protested that he was only too willing to play, — that was all he wanted. "But ter be kep' a-waitin' hyar while Budd comes a-snakin' through the woods, an' a-stoppin' ter shoot wild varmints an' sech, an' then a-goin' home ter kerry 'em, an' then a-snakin' agin through the woods, an' a-gittin' hyar nigh on ter night-time, — that's what riles me."

"Waal, go 'long now!" exclaimed Wray, fairly roused out of his imperturbability. "Deal them kyerds, an' stop a-talkin'. That thar tongue o' yourn will git cut out some o' these hyar days. It jes' goes like a grist-mill, an' it's enough ter make a man deaf fur life."

Thus exhorted, Josiah dealt. In receiving their hands the players looked searchingly at every card, as if in doubtful recognition of an old acquaintance; but before the game was fairly begun another interruption occurred. One of the elderly men beside the fire rose and advanced upon the party.

"Thar is a word ez we hev laid off ter ax yer, Budd Wray, which will be axed twict, — wunst right hyar, an' wunst at the Judgmint Day. War it yer ez interjuiced this hyar coal o' fire from hell that ye call Old Sledge up hyar ter the Settlemint?"

The querist was a gaunt, forlorn-looking man, stoop-shouldered, and slow in his movements. There was, however, a distinct intimation of power in his lean, sinewy figure, and his face bore the scarlet scar of a wound torn by a furious fang, which, though healed long ago, was an ever-present reminder of a fierce encounter with a wild beast, in which he had come off victorious. The tones of his voice and the drift and rhetoric of his speech bespoke the loan of the circuit-rider.

The card-players looked up less in surprise than exasperation, and Josiah Tait, fretfully anticipating Wray, spoke in reply: "No, he never. I fotched this hyar coal o' fire myself, an' ef yer don't look out an' stand back out'n the way it 'll flare up an' singe yer. I larnt how ter play when I went down yander ter the Cross-Roads, an' I brung it ter the Settlemint myself."

There was a mingled glow of the pride of the innovator and the disdainful superiority of the iconoclast kindling within Josiah Tait as he claimed the patent for Old Sledge. The catechistic terrors of the Last Day had less reality for him than the present honor and glory appertaining to the traveled importer of a new game. The Judgmint Day seemed imminent over his dodging head only when beholding the masterly scene-painting of the circuit-rider, and the fire and brimstone out of sight were out of mind.

"But ef yer air a-thinkin' of callin' me ter 'count fur sech," said Wray, nodding at the cards, "I'll hev yer ter know ez I kin stand up ter anything I does. I have got no call ter be ashamed of myself, an' I ain't afeard o' nothin' an' nobody."

"Ye give me ter onderstand, then, ez Josiah larned yer ter play?" asked the self-constituted grand inquisitor. "How come, then, Budd Wray, ez yer wins all the truck from Josiah, ef ye air jes' a-larnin'?"

There was an angry exclamation from Josiah, and Wray laughed out triumphantly. The walls caught the infrequent mirthful sound, and reverberated with a hollow repetition. From the dark forest just beyond the moon-flooded clearing the echo rang out. There was a subtle, weird influence in those exultant tones, rising and falling by fitful starts in that tangled, wooded desert; now loud and close at hand, now the faintest whisper of a sound. The men all turned their slow eyes toward the sombre shadows, so black beneath the silver moon, and then looked at each other.

"It 's 'bout time fur me ter be a-startin'," said the bear-hunter. "Whenever I hear them critters a-laughin' that thar way in them woods I puts out fur home an' bars up the door, fur I hev hearn tell ez how the sperits air-a-prowlin' round then, an' some mischief is a-happenin'."

"T ain't nothin' but Budd Wray a-laughin'," said the store-keeper reassuringly. "I hev hearn them thar rocks an' things a-answerin' back every minute in the day, when anybody hollers right loud."

"They don't laugh, though, like they war a-laughin' jes' a while ago."

"No, they don't," admitted the store-keeper reluctantly; "but mebbe it air 'kase there is nobody round hyar ez hev got much call ter laugh."

He was unaware of the lurking melancholy in this speech, and it passed unnoticed by the others.

"It 's this hyar a-foolin' along of Old Sledge an' sech ez calls the sperits up," said the old man. "An' ef ye knows what air good fur ye, ye'll light out from hyar an' go home. They air a-laughin' yit" — He interrupted himself, and glanced out of the door.

The faintest staccato laugh thrilled from among the leaves. And then all was silent, — not even the bark of a dog nor a tremulous whisper of the night-wind.

The other elderly man, who had not

yet spoken, rose from his seat by the fire. "I 'm a-goin', too," he said. "I kem hyar ter the Settlemint," he added, turning upon the gamblers, "'kase I hev been called ter warn ye o' the wickedness o' yer ways, ez Jonah afore me war tole ter go up ter Nineveh ter warn the folks thar."

"Things turns out powerful cur'ous wunst in a while," retorted Wray. "He war swallowed by a whale arterward."

"'Kase he would n't do ez he wur tole; but even thar Providence pertected him. He come out'n the whale agin, what nobody kin do ez gits swallowed in the pit. They hev ter stay."

"It hain't me ez keeps up this hyar game," said Wray sullenly, but stung to a slight repentance by this allusion to the pit. "It air Josiah hyar ez is a-aimin' ter win back the truck he hev los'; an' so air Tom, hyar. I hev hed toler'ble luck along o' this Old Sledge, but they know, an' they hev got ter stand up ter it, ez I never axed none of 'em ter play. Ef they scorches themselves with this hyar coal o' fire from hell, ez yer calls it, Josiah brung it, an' it air Tom an' him a-blowin' on it ez hev kep' it a-light."

"I ain't a-goin' ter quit," said Josiah Tait angrily, the loser's desperate eagerness pulsing hot and quick through his veins, — "I ain't a-goin' ter quit till I gits back that thar brindled heifer an' that thar gray mare out yander, what Budd air a-ridin', an' them thar two wagon-loads o' corn."

"We hev said our say, an' we air a-goin'," remarked one of the unheeded counselors.

"An' play on of yer kyerds!" cried Josiah to the others, in a louder, shriller voice than was his wont, as the two old men stepped out of the door. The woods caught the sound and gave it back in a higher key.

"S'pose we stops fur ter-night," suggested the store-keeper; "them thar rocks do sound sort 'n cur'ous now."

"I ain't a-goin' ter stop fur nothin' an' nobody!" exclaimed Josiah, in a tremor of keen anxiety to be at the sport. "Dad-burn the sperits! Let 'em come in, an' I'll deal 'em a hand. Thar! that trick is mine. Play ter this hyar queen o' trumps."

The royal lady was recklessly thrown upon the basket, with all her foes in ambush. Somehow, they did not present themselves. Tom was destitute, and Budd followed with the seven. Josiah again pocketed the trick with unction. This trifling success went disproportionately far in calming his agitation, and for a time he played more heedfully. Tom Scruggs's caution made ample amends for his lack of experience. So slow was he, and so much time did he require for consideration, that more than once he roused his companions to wrath. The anxieties with which he was beset preponderated over the pleasure afforded by the sport, and the winning back of a half-bushel measure, which he had placed in jeopardy and lost, so satisfied this prudent soul that he announced at the end of the game that he would play no more for this evening. The others were welcome, though, to continue if they liked, and he would sit by and look on. He snuffed the blinking tallow dip, and resealed himself, an eager spectator of the play that followed.

Wray was a cool hand. Despite the awkward, unaccustomed clutch upon the cards and the doubtful recognition he bestowed on each as it fell upon the basket, he displayed an imperturbability and nerve that usually comes only of long practice, and a singular pertinacity in pursuing the line of tactics he had marked out, — lying in wait and pouncing unerringly upon his prey in the nick of time. The brindled heifer's mother followed her offspring into his ownership; a yoke of oxen, a clay-bank filly, ten hogs, — every moment he was growing richer. But his success did not for

an instant shake a stolid calm, quicken his blood, nor relax his vigilant attention; his exultation was held well in hand under the domination of a strong will and a settled purpose. Josiah Tait became almost maddened by these heavy losses; his hands trembled, his eager exclamations were incoherent, his dull eyes blazed at fever heat, and ever and anon the echo of his shrill, raised voice rang back from the untiring rocks.

The single spectator of the game now and then, in the intervals of shuffling and dealing the cards, glanced over his shoulder at the dark trees whence the hidden mimic of the woods, with some strong suggestion of sinister intent, repeated the agitated tones. There was a silver line all along the summit of the foliage, along the roofs of the houses and the topmost rails of the fences; a sense of freshness and dew pervaded the air, and the grass was all asparkle. The shadows of the laurel about the door were beginning to fall on the step, every leaf distinctly defined in the moon's magical tracery. He knew without looking up that she had passed the meridian, and was swinging down the western sky.

"Boys," he said, in a husky undertone, — he dared not speak aloud, for the mocker in the woods, — "boys, I reckon it's 'bout time we war a-quittin' o' this hyar a-playin' of Old Sledge; it's midnight an' past, an' Budd hev toler'ble fur ter go."

The tallow dip, that had long been flickering near its end, suddenly went out, and the party suffered a partial eclipse. Josiah Tait dragged the inverted basket closer to the door and into the full brilliance of the moon, declaring that neither Wray nor he should leave the house till he had retrieved his misfortunes or lost everything in the effort. The host, feeling that even hospitality has its limits, did not offer to light another expensive candle, but threw a quantity of pine-knots on the smoulder-

ing coals; presently a white blaze was streaming up the chimney, and in the mingled light of fire and moon the game went on.

"Ye oughter take keer, Josiah," remonstrated the sad-voiced store-keeper, as a deep groan and a deep curse emphasized the result of high, jack, and game for Wray, and low alone for Tait. "An' it's 'bout time ter quit."

"Dad burn the luck!" exclaimed Josiah, in a hard, strained voice, "I ain't a-goin' ter leave this hyar spot till I hev won back them thar critters o' mine what he hev tuk. An' I kin do it, — I kin do it in one more game. I'll bet — I'll bet" — He paused in bewildered excitement; he had already lost to Wray everything available as a stake. There was a sudden unaccountable gleam of malice on the lucky winner's face; the quick glance flashed in the moonlight into the distended hot eyes of his antagonist. Wray laughed silently, and began to push his chair away from the basket.

"Stop! stop!" cried Josiah, hoarsely. "I hev got a house, — a house an' fifty acres, nigh about. I'll bet the house an' land agin what ye hev won from me, — them two cows, an' the brindled heifer, an' the gray mare, an' the clay-bank filly, an' them ten hogs, an' the yoke o' steers, an' the wagon, an' the corn, — them two loads o' corn: that will 'bout make it even, won't it?" He leaned forward eagerly as he asked the question.

"Look a-hyar, Josiah," exclaimed the store-keeper, aghast, "this hyar is a-goin' too fur! Hain't ye los' enough a'ready but yer must be a-puttin' up the house what shelters yer? Look at me, now: I ain't done los' nothin' but the half-bushel measure, an' I hev got it back agin. An' it air a blessin' that I hev got it agin, for 't would hev been mighty ill convenient round hyar 'thout it."

"Will yer take it?" said Josiah, almost pleadingly, persistently addressing himself to Wray, regardless of the re-

monstrant host. "Will yer put up the critters agin the house an' land?"

Wray made a feint of hesitating. Then he signified his willingness by seating himself and beginning to deal the cards, saying before he looked at his hand, "That thar house an' land o' yourn agin the truck ez I hev won from yer?"

"Oh, Lord, boys, this *must* be sinful!" remonstrated the proprietor of the cherished half-bushel measure, appalled by the magnitude of the interests involved.

"Hold yer jaw! hold yer jaw!" said Josiah Tait. "I kin hardly make out one kyerd from another while ye're a-preachin' away, same ez the rider! I done tole yer, Budd," turning again to Wray, "I'll put up the house an' land agin the truck. I'll git a deed writ fur ye in the mornin', ef ye win it," he added, hastily, thinking he detected uncertainty still lurking in the expression of Wray's face. "The court air a-goin' ter sit hyar ter-morrer, an' the lawyers from yander ter Smyrny will be 'hyar toler'ble soon, I reckon. An' I'll git ye a deed writ fust thing in the mornin'."

"Yer hearn him say it?" said Wray, turning to Tom Scruggs.

"I hearn him," was the reply.

And the game went on.

"I beg," said Josiah, piteously, after carefully surveying his hand.

"I ain't a-goin' ter deal ye nare 'nother kyerd," said Wray. "Yer kin take a pint fust."

The point was scored by the faithful looker-on in Josiah's favor. High, low, and game were made by Wray, jack being in the pack. Thus the score was three to one. In the next deal, the trump, a spade, was allowed by Wray to stand. He led the king. "I'm low, anyhow," said Josiah, in momentary exultation, as he played the deuce to it. Wray next led the ace whisking for the jack, and caught it.

"Dad-burn the rotten luck!" quavered Josiah.

With the advantage of high and jack a foregone conclusion, Wray began to play warily for game. But despite his caution he lost the next trick. Josiah was in doubt how to follow up this advantage; after an anxious interval of cogitation he said, "I b'lieve I'll throw away fur a while," and laid that safe card, the five of diamonds, upon the basket. "Tom," he added, "put on some more o' them knots. I kin hardly tell what I'm a-doin' of. I hev got the shakes, an' somehow 'nother my eyes is cranky, and wobble so ez I can't see."

The white sheets of flame went whizzing merrily up the chimney, and the clear light fell full upon the basket as Wray laid upon the five the ten of diamonds.

"Lord! Josiah!" exclaimed Tom Scruggs, becoming wild, and even more ill judged than usual, beginning to feel as if he were assisting at his friend's obsequies, and to have a more decided conviction that this way of coming by house and land and cattle and goods was sinful. "Lord! Josiah! that thar kyerd he's done saved 'll count him ten fur game. Ye had better hev played that thar queen o' di'monds, an' dragged it out'n him."

"Good Lord in heaven!" shrieked Josiah, in a frenzy of rage at this unwarrantable disclosure.

"Lord in heaven!" rang loud from the depths of the dark woods. "Heaven!" softly vibrated the distant heights. The crags close at hand clanged back the sound, and the air was filled with repetitions of the word, growing fainter and fainter, till they might have seemed the echo of a whisper.

The men neither heard nor heeded. Tom Scruggs, although appreciating the depth of the infamy into which he had unwittingly plunged, was fully resolved to stand stoutly upon the defensive, — he even extended his hand to take down

his gun, which was laid across a couple of nails on the wall.

"Hold on, Josiah, — hold on!" cried Wray, as Tait drew his knife. "Tom never went fur ter tell, an' I'll give yer a ten ter make it fair. Thar's the ten o' hearts; an' a ten is the mos' ez that thar critter of a queen could hev made out ter hev tuk, anyhow."

Josiah hesitated.

"That thar is the mos' ez she could hev done," said the store-keeper, smoothing over the results of his carelessness. "The jacks don't count but fur one apiece, so that thar ten is the mos' ez she could hev made out ter git, even ef I hed n't a-forgot an' tole Budd she war in yer hand."

Josiah was mollified by this very equitable proposal, and resuming his chair he went on with the play. The ten of hearts which he had thus secured was, however, of no great avail in counting for game. Wray had already high and jack, and game was added to these. The score therefore stood six to two in his favor.

The perennial faith of the gambler in the next turn of the wheel was strong in Josiah Tait. Despite his long run of bad luck, he was still animated by the feverish delusion that the gracious moment was surely close at hand when success would smile upon him. Wray, it was true, needed to score only one point to turn him out of house and land, homeless and penniless. He was confident it would never be scored. If he could make the four chances he would be even with his antagonist, and then he could win back in a single point all that he had lost. His face wore a haggard, eager expectation, and the agitation of the moment thrilled through every nerve. He watched with fiery eyes the dealing of the cards, and after hastily scrutinizing his hand he glanced with keen interest to see the trump turned. It was a knave, counting one for the dealer. There was a moment

of intense silence; he seemed petrified as his eyes met the triumphant gaze of his opponent. The next instant he was at Wray's throat.

The shadows of the two swaying figures reeled across the floor, marring the exquisite arabesque of moonshine and laurel leaves, — quick, hard panting, a deep oath, spasmodic efforts on the part of each to draw a sharp knife, prevented by the strong intertwining arms of the other.

The store-keeper, at a safe distance, remonstrated with both, to no purpose, and as the struggle could end only in freeing a murderous hand he rushed into the clearing, shouting the magical word "Fight!" with all the strength of his lungs. There was no immediate response, save that the affrighted rocks rang with the frenzied cry, and the motionless woods and the white moonlight seemed pervaded with myriads of strange, uncanny voices. Then a cautious shutter of a glassless window was opened, and through the narrow chink there fell a bar of red light, on which was clearly defined an inquiring head, like an inquisitively expressive silhouette. "They air a-fightin' yander ter the store, whar they air a-playin' of Old Sledge," said the master of the shanty, for the enlightenment of the curious within. And then he closed the shutter, and like the law-abiding citizen that he was betook himself to his broken rest. This was the only expression of interest elicited.

A dreadful anxiety was astir in the store-keeper's thoughts. One of the men would certainly be killed; but he cared not so much for the shedding of blood in the abstract as that the deed should be committed on his premises at the dead of night; and there might be such a concatenation of circumstances, through the malefactor's willful perversion of the facts, that suspicion would fall upon him. The first circuit court ever held in the new county would be in session to-morrow; and the terrors

of the law, deadly to an unaccustomed mind, were close upon him. Finding no help from without, he rushed back into the store, determined to make one more appeal to the belligerents. "Budd," he cried, "I'll help yer ter hold Josiah, ef ye'll promise yer won't tech him ter hurt. He air crazed through a-losin' of his truck. Say ye won't tech him ter hurt, an' I'll help yer ter hold him."

Josiah succumbed to their united efforts, and presently made no further show of resistance, but sank, still panting, into one of the chairs beside the inverted basket, and gazed blankly, with the eyes of a despairing, hunted creature, out at the sheen of the moonlight.

"I ain't a-wantin' ter hurt nobody," said Wray, in a surly tone. "I never axed him ter play kyerds, nor ter bet, nor nothin'. He larned me hisself, an' ef I hed los' stiddier of him he would be a-thinkin' now ez it's all right."

"I'm a-goin' ter stand up ter what I done said, though," Josiah declared brokenly. "Yer need n't be afeard ez how I ain't a-goin' ter make my words true. Ef yer comes hyar at noon to-morrer, ye'll git that thar deed, an' ye kin take the house an' land ez I an' my folks hev hed nigh on ter a hundred year. I ain't a-goin' ter fail o' my word, though."

He rose suddenly, and stepped out of the door. His footfalls sounded with a sullen thud in the utter quietude of the place; a long shadow thrown by the sinking moon dogged him noiselessly as he went, until he plunged into the depths of the woods, and their gloom absorbed both him and his silent pursuer.

A dank, sunless morning dawned upon the house in which Josiah Tait and his fathers had lived for nearly a hundred years: it was an humble log cabin nestled in the dense forest, about four miles from the Settlement. Fifty cleared acres, in an irregular shape, lay behind it; the cornstalks, sole remnant of the crop lost at Old Sledge, were still standing, their

sickly yellow tint blanched by the contrast with the dark brown of the tall weeds in a neighboring field, that had grown up after the harvested wheat, and flourished in the summer sun, and died under the first fall of the frost. A heavy moisture lay upon them at noon, this dreary autumnal day; a wet cloud hung in the tree-tops; here and there, amid its gray vapors, a scarlet bough flamed with a sharply accented intensity. There was no far-reaching perspective in the long aisles of the woods; the all-pervading mist had enwrapped the world, and here, close at hand, were bronze-green trees, and there spectre-like outlines of boles and branches, dimly seen in the haze, and beyond an opaque, colorless curtain. From the chimney of the house the smoke rose slowly; the doors were closed, and not a creature was visible save ten hogs prowling about in front of the dwelling among the fallen acorns, pausing and looking up with that odd, porcine expression of mingled impudence and malignity as Budd Wray appeared suddenly in the mist and made his way to the cabin.

He knocked; there was a low-toned response. After hesitating a moment, he lifted the latch and went in. He was evidently unexpected; the two occupants of the room looked at him with startled eyes, in which, however, the momentary surprise was presently merged in an expression of bitter dislike. The elder, a faded, careworn woman of fifty, turned back without a word to her employment of washing clothes. The younger, a pretty girl of eighteen, looked hard at him with fast-filling blue eyes, and rising from her low chair beside the fire said, in a voice broken by grief and resentment, "Ef this hyar house air yourn, Budd Wray, I wants ter git out'n it."

"I hev come hyar ter tell ye a word," said Budd Wray, meeting her tearful glance with a stern stolidity. He flung himself into a chair, and fixing his moody eyes on the fire went on: "A word ez

I hev been a-aimin' an' a-contrivin' ter tell ye ever sence ye war married ter Josiah Tait, an' afore that, — ever sence ye tuk back the word ez yer hed gin me afore ye ever seen him, 'kase o' his hevin' a house, an' critters, an' sech like. He hain't got none now, — none of 'em. I hev been a-layin' off ter bring him ter this pass fur a long time, 'count of the scandalous way ye done treated me a year ago las' June. He hain't got no house, nor no critters, nor nothin'. I done it, an' I come hyar with the deed in my pocket ter tell ye what I done it fur."

Her tears flowed afresh, and she looked appealingly at him. He did not remove his angry, indignant eyes from the blaze, stealing timidly up the smoky chimney. "I never hed nothin' much," he continued, "an' I never said I hed nothin' much, like Josiah; but I thought ez how you an' me might make out toler'ble well, bein' ez we sot consider'ble store by each other in them days, afore he ever tuk ter comin' a-huntin' yander ter Scrub-Oak Ridge, whar ye war a-livin' then. I don't keer nothin' 'bout'n it now, 'ceptin' it riles me, an' I war bound ter spite yer fur it. I don't keer nothin' more 'bout yer now than fur one o' them thar dead leaves. I want ye ter know I jes' done it ter spite ye, — ye is the one. I hain't got no grudge agin Josiah ter talk about. He done like any other man would."

The color flared into the drooping face, and there was a flash in the weeping blue eyes.

"I s'pose I hed a right ter make a ch'ice," she said, angrily, stung by these taunts.

"Jes' so," responded Wray, coolly; "yer hed a right ter make a ch'ice atwixt two men, but no gal hev got a right ter put a man on one eend o' the beam, an' a lot o' senseless critters an' house an' land on the t'other. Ye never keered nothin' fur me nor Josiah nuther, ef the truth war knowed; ye war all tuk up with the house an' land an' crit-

ters. An' they hev done lef' ye, what nare one o' the men would hev done."

The girl burst into convulsive sobs, but the sight of her distress had no softening influence upon Wray. "I hev done it ter pay ye back fur what ye hev done ter me, an' I reckon ye'll 'low now ez we air toler'ble even. Ye tuk all I keered fur away from me, an' now I hev tuk all ye keer fur away from yer. An' I'm a-goin' now yander ter the Settlement ter hev this hyar deed recorded on the book ter the court-house, like Lawyer Green tole me ter do right straight. I laid off, though, ter come hyar fust, an' tell ye what I hev been aimin' ter be able ter tell ye fur a year an' better. An' now I am a-goin' ter git this hyar deed recorded."

He replaced the sheet of scrawled legal-cap in his pocket, and rose to go; then turned, and, leaning heavily on the back of his chair, looked at her with lowering eyes.

"Ye're a pore little cre'tur," he said, with scathing contempt. "I dunno what ails Josiah nor me nuther ter hev sot our hearts on sech a little stalk o' cheat."

He went out into the enveloping mountain mist with the sound of her weeping ringing in his ears. His eyes were hot, and his angry heart was heavy. He had schemed and waited for his revenge with persistent patience. Fortune had favored him, but now that it had fully come, strangely enough it fell short of satisfying him. The deed in his breast-pocket weighed like a stone, and as he rode on through the cloud that lay upon the mountain top the sense of its pressure became almost unendurable. And yet, with a perplexing contrariety of emotion, he felt more bitterly toward her than ever, and experienced a delight almost savage in holding the possessions for which she had been so willing to resign him. "Jes' kicked me out'n the way like I war nothin' more'n that thar branch o' pisen-oak fur a passel o' cattle an' sech like critters, an' a house an'

land,—'kase I don't count Josiah in. 'Twar the house an' land an' sech she war a-studyin' 'bout." And every moment the weight of the deed grew heavier. He took scant notice of external objects as he went, keeping mechanically along the path, closed in twenty yards ahead of him by the opaque curtain of mist. The trees at the greatest distance visible stood shadow-like and colorless in their curious, unreal atmosphere; but now and then the faintest flake of a pale rose tint would appear in the pearly haze, deepening and deepening, till at the vanishing point of the perspective a gorgeous scarlet-oak tree would rise, red enough to make a respectable appearance on the planet Mars. There was an audible stir breaking upon the silence of the solemn woods, the leaves were rustling together, and drops of moisture began to patter down upon the ground. The perspective grew gradually longer and longer, as the rising wind cleared the forest aisles; and when he reached the road that ran between the precipice and the steep hill above, the clouds were falling apart, the mist had broken into thousands of fleecy white wreaths, clinging to the fantastically tinted foliage, and the sunlight was striking deep into the valley. The woods about the Settlement were all aglow with color, and sparkling with the tremulous drops that shimmered in the sun.

There was an unwonted air of animation and activity pervading the place. To the court-house fence were hitched several lean, forlorn horses, with shabby old saddles, or sometimes merely blankets; two or three wagons were standing among the stumps in the clearing. The door of the store was occupied by a coterie of mountaineers, talking with unusual vivacity of the most startling event that had agitated the whole country-side for a score of years,—the winning of Josiah Tait's house and land at Old Sledge. The same subject was rife among the choice spirits congregated in

the court-house yard and about the portal of that temple of justice, and Wray's approach was watched with the keenest interest.

He dismounted, and walked slowly to the door, paused, and turning as with a sudden thought threw himself hastily upon his horse; he dashed across the clearing, galloped heedlessly down the long, steep hill, and the astounded loiterers heard the thunder of the hoofs as they beat at a break-neck speed upon the frail, rotten timbers of the bridge below.

Josiah Tait had put his troubles in to soak at the still-house, and this circumstance did not tend to improve the cheerfulness of his little home when he returned in the afternoon. The few necessities left to the victims of Old Sledge had been packed together, and were in readiness to be transported with him, his wife, and mother-in-law to Melinda's old home on Scrub-Oak Ridge, when her brother should drive his wagon over for them the next morning.

They never knew how to account for it. While the forlorn family were sitting before the smoking fire, as the day waned, the door was suddenly burst open, and Budd Wray strode in impetuously. A brilliant flame shot up the chimney, and the deed which Josiah Tait had that day executed was a cinder among the logs. He went as he came, and the mystery was never explained.

There was, however, "a sayin' goin' 'bout the mounting ez how Josiah an' Melindy jes' 'ticed him, somehow 'nother, ter thar house, an' held him, an' tuk the deed away from him tergither. An' they made him send back the critters an' the corn what he done won away from 'em." This version came to his ears, and was never denied. He was more ashamed of relenting in his vengeance than of the wild legend that he had been worsted in a tussle with Melinda and Josiah.

And since the night of Budd Wray's barren success the playing of Old Sledge has become a lost art at the Settlement.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE VOYAGE OF THE JEANNETTE.

WHEN Captain De Long was struggling through the morass of the Lena Delta, one of his men urged him to abandon or to bury the papers which the party were carrying and thus lighten their loads, but he refused; the records of the voyage should go with him to the end, and to the end they did go. It was the instinctive resolution of a brave man that the story of his endeavor should not be lost, even though it was a story of disaster and defeat. It is no doubt with a similar sentiment that Mrs. De Long has given to the world

a full narrative of the expedition which her husband commanded.¹ She has made it so full and complete that one feels, in reading it, here is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is the truth about the Jeannette which people want, and it is this truth which will give to the expedition and its commander a fame unmeasured by success or failure. The most imperishable monument to a brave man is that knowledge of his life and character which becomes the property of the world, and so passes into human thought and aspiration; wife, EMMA DE LONG. With steel portraits, maps, and many illustrations on wood and stone. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1883.

¹ *The Voyage of the Jeannette.* The Ship and Ice Journals of GEORGE W. DE LONG, Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N. and Commander of the Polar Expedition of 1879-1881. Edited by his

whatever may be the fortune of future expeditions, no results of research can dim the fame of this venture, because its fame rests not on what it accomplished, but upon the witness which it bore to the temper of men.

The bulk of the work before us is occupied with a transcript of Captain De Long's journals, and it was fit, therefore, that the first chapter should be a sketch of De Long's life before he took command of the expedition. The book is so far a memorial to him that his early life is not treated as an introduction, but as a constituent part of the narrative. It is curious to find that as a boy he was carefully defended by an over-anxious mother from all perils of the water, and that the bent of his nature was for a life the very opposite of that to which his training was addressed. There is just enough hint of his family circumstances given to suggest to the reader an irksome repression, but one easily believes that the direction which De Long's life took was not in a reaction from home influence, but in the growth of a will which was a significant inheritance from his mother. The manliness, the openness, and the obedience of the boy were qualities which do not accord with mere restlessness of temper, and the strength of his will is seen in his final persuasion of his parents, and not in insubordination.

The training which he received, however, in the vain effort of his parents to make a professional man of him, was of great value, for the journals bear testimony to the skill which he acquired as a writer. We doubt if it was his education at the Naval Academy, so much as his public school and his private exercises when a boy, which gave him an ease in expression; and we venture the opinion that if Annapolis and West Point gave more special attention to literary training, many an officer in the navy and in the army would chafe less under the limitations of his life, and our

literature would show a more admirable shelf of books written by such officers than it now does. Be this as it may, there was, no doubt, in De Long's case a predisposition to literature. "His spirit and energy," we are told, "hemmed in upon the adventurous side, found exercise in an intellectual ardor, and he was a fiery little orator and writer."

The manner in which he won over his parents to consent to his applying for admission to the Naval Academy, and then badgered everybody, including Mr. Benjamin Wood, the Representative to Congress from his district, and Secretary Welles, until he carried his point, is a boyish exhibition of an indomitable energy and winning faculty, which his after experience repeated in a variety of ways. Just as he had apparently got what he was after, and had gone to Newport, — for it was in the early days of the war, when the Academy was established there, — the officers at the Academy received a dispatch from the Secretary of the Navy, instructing them not to accept Mr. Wood's young man, for De Long had received the appointment in consequence of the unexpected failure in health of a cadet from Mr. Wood's district.

"Back to New York rushed De Long, and demanded of Mr. Wood the reason for the dispatch. Mr. Wood showed him a letter from the Secretary, by which it appeared that the nomination of De Long had been delayed, and that the cadet whose place he was to fill had recovered his health and been reinstated. 'So that ends the matter,' said Mr. Wood; but it did not at all end it in De Long's mind. He burst into a vigorous invective against the Department. It was all wrong. Mr. Wood had been imposed upon. It was because he was a Democrat that this injustice had been done, and the Republican Secretary was depriving the Congressman of his rights. He ought not to stand such treatment an hour. Mr. Wood was amused and

moved by the zeal of the young advocate, and finally said:—

“‘Do you sit down, Mr. De Long, and write what you want to the Secretary. I will sign the letter, and you can take it to Washington yourself, if you like.’

“The letter was written, and De Long set off at once to Washington. It was in the fall of 1861, when the trains were packed with soldiers, and the boy had to stand all the way from Philadelphia to Washington. He reached the city at six in the morning, and as soon as he could get something to eat presented himself at the door of the Secretary’s office, and was ready when the hour came for business. He entered and handed Mr. Wood’s letter to the Secretary. Mr. De Long often enjoyed telling of that interview; how he watched the various expressions of Mr. Gideon Welles’s face as he read the tempestuous letter which the boy had written. When the Secretary finished, he pushed his spectacles up and looked at his visitor.

“‘And you are Mr. De Long, are you? Well, well, this is a very strange state of affairs. Mr. Wood seems very much excited; but he is laboring under a delusion. We have no intention of slighting him in any way. You can return to the Academy. I will give the necessary orders for your reception there, and please say to Mr. Wood that he shall not be deprived even of his imaginary right.’”

De Long completed his term at the Naval Academy without further interruption, and entered active service. His high spirits, his curiosity, and his resolute will are sketched in a number of entertaining and suggestive incidents; but the event which most distinctly foretold his career was the boat-expedition which he made with a small party, when he was lieutenant on the *Juniata*, a steamer sent to the coast of Greenland to search for the missing *Polaris*. De

Long volunteered to take the steam-launch and explore Melville Bay, and the narrative of his daring adventure, told in his own words, gives one a keen sense of the courage and prudence which characterized him. He went to the full length of his powers, but there was an absence of mere recklessness, and that in such affairs counts for as much as courage.

The boat-journey gave him that taste of Arctic adventure which is sure to whet the appetite of a high-spirited man. To say that De Long caught the Arctic fever then, and was uneasy until he was again in high latitudes, would be true, but might give a false view of the controlling motive of his career. A craving for mere adventure, the love of excitement, the restless desire for peril, are after all rather physical than high mental or moral inspirations, and the natures which obey such impulses have not the stuff out of which real heroism is made. If there were no other evidence, the power of silent, cheerful endurance of disappointment which De Long and his party showed would intimate that they were sustained by some higher motive than a desire to achieve adventure. There is other evidence, for the whole tenor of De Long’s own words concerning the expedition and the comprehensiveness of his preparations indicate how completely he threw his whole life into the enterprise, and with what generous purpose he conceived the adventure.

The expedition was linked with the historical Arctic explorations of America in an interesting fashion.

“When the *Juniata* was ordered to the coast of Greenland, Lieutenant De Long called upon Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, to obtain from him any information which his long connection with Arctic explorations could afford. Mr. Grinnell offered the use of charts which had been employed on the several expeditions he had fitted out, and

upon the return of the Juniata Lieutenant De Long restored these charts to Mr. Grinnell, and acquainted him with his own experience. The two held a long talk upon Arctic subjects, and shortly after Lieutenant De Long dined at Mr. Grinnell's in company with Dr. Bessells and other Arctic voyagers. At this dinner Mr. De Long asked Mr. Grinnell :—

“Why do you not fit out an expedition to the North Pole? I should like much to take command of one and solve the problem. You have tried so often you ought to try again.”

“‘I am too old a man,’ replied Mr. Grinnell, ‘and I have done my share. Younger men must take the matter in hand. There is Mr. James Gordon Bennett. He is the man to undertake such an expedition. You should apply to him.’”

Mr. De Long did apply, and found Mr. Bennett already thinking of the scheme. Thus it was that the power which had essayed to solve the African problem and had achieved so much success was the one to attack the Polar problem. Nations and commerce have had their turn in discovery; it remains for the fourth estate to organize further victories, with this advantage that, its power of making known its discoveries is as great as its power to endow research, and, moreover, that the very reason of its being leads to the fullest, most detailed report.

It was nearly six years before the plans then conceived were so far consummated that the *Jeannette* sailed out of San Francisco harbor on her voyage of discovery; and though the time was not all expended in direct preparation, it may be said that De Long never lost sight of his great purpose. A naval officer in time of peace finds little in the service to call out his highest qualities, and De Long was not the man to be satisfied with a life of routine. He did good work meanwhile in connection with

the school-ship *St. Mary*, and he made acquisitions in science which qualified him for observation and speculation when he confronted the perplexing problems of the Arctic Ocean.

The actual preparation for the expedition was arduous, and De Long threw himself into the labor with all his impetuous and steady might. His oversight extended to the minutest particular, and backed as he was by a man who had great resources and a generous confidence in him, he spared no pains to make the best use of whatever was available. The combination of advantages was certainly very great. Mr. Bennett had money, influence, and a liberal zeal. Captain De Long had experience, enthusiasm, a cool head, and special training, while the United States lent the powerful aid of her naval organization and discipline. It seems pitiful that at the last moment, when every hour was precious, some inexplicable economy or churlishness upon the part of the government should have compelled Captain De Long to lose a fortnight at least, if not more, from the necessity of taking along to Alaska a schooner for consort, instead of a government steamer.

The whole story, indeed, is one of mournful might have beens. The delay at the start was lengthened by the errand in search of tidings of Norden-skjöld. That prosperous voyager was calmly making his way through summer seas, while De Long was anxiously exploring the coast about Behring Strait for tidings of him. Of course it was all right, and there was no help for it, and De Long only did a humane duty; but the pity of it! A month in the summer of 1879 spent in comparatively low latitudes contains all manner of possibilities in the way of progress northward. It is impossible to say what parallel he might have made if he had sighted Herald Island on August 4th instead of September 4th. He might sim-

ply have been a month longer in the ice, but the cruel truth is that he had scarcely weighed anchor for the great enterprise on which he was bound before he was closed in by the ice, which held him in a sullen grip for nearly two years.

Instead, therefore, of a voyage of interesting discovery and abundant incident, the *Jeannette* and her company were doomed to an Arctic prison, where the only change was that brought by the sun and moon in their rounds and the restless heaving of the ice. Land was seen from time to time, as the ship moved wherever the icy bed in which she lay was willed to go, drifting in currents, or impelled by winds. The aurora displayed its splendid colors, and the various phenomena of an Arctic sky passed before them by night and day. Bears, seals, walruses, foxes, and a few fowl visited the lonely ship, and once, near the end of their imprisonment, a party made a hazardous expedition to an island past which the ice was drifting, and took possession of it in the name of the United States.

Of what, then, does the record of these twenty-one months consist, and what interest has it for the reader? In the hands of many brave captains, the story would have been dry enough, but Captain De Long had resources rarely granted to Arctic explorers. He had a power of making the details of the daily life they led instinct with meaning and vividness. The bear hunts, the adventures of the different members of the party, the characteristics of the dogs, the routine of the ship, furnished him with material for his diary, which he wrought simply, naturally, and most effectively. He did not often indulge in rhapsodical descriptions of Arctic scenery, but his account of the most notable feature of their imprisonment, namely, the action of the ice in which they were held, is one of exceeding force. This movement of the ice made so large a part of their experience and gave rise

to such alternations of hope and discouragement that his record is frequent and detailed, but also singularly fresh and varied. Yet he despaired of giving any adequate conception of this pulsation of the Arctic Ocean, and seems to have laid aside his pen more than once with a sense of the futility of conveying through words a notion of the sights and sounds which impressed themselves so deeply on his own sensory.

"A day of great anxiety," is one of his entries. "At 6.10 A. M. I was awakened by the trembling and creaking of the ship, and almost immediately the man on watch came into my room to inform me that the ice was again in motion. Hastily tumbling out and dressing, I went out on the ice. The grinding and crushing flow of ice to the westward had again commenced, and the jamming of large pieces from time to time, splintering our floe, caused breaks and upheavals to within about seventy-five feet of the ship. The ship groaned and creaked at every pressure, until I thought the next would break her adrift. The pressure was tremendous, and the noise was not calculated to calm one's mind. I know of no sound on shore that can be compared to it. A rumble, a shriek, a groan, and a crash of a falling house all combined might serve to convey an idea of the noise with which this motion of ice-floes is accompanied. Great masses, from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height when up-ended, are sliding along at various angles of elevation and jam, and between and among them are large and confused masses of debris, like a marble yard adrift. Occasionally, a stoppage occurs; some piece has caught against or under our floe; then occurs a groaning and cracking; our floe bends and humps up in places like domes. Crash! the dome splits, another yard of floe edge breaks off, the pressure is relieved, and on goes again the flowing mass of rumbles, shrieks, groans, etc., for another spell."

The occupations of officers and crew during this enforced isolation were not especially different from those of other Arctic voyagers, but it gives one a strong impression of what Captain De Long and his associates would have done in the way of scientific observation, when one sees how indefatigably they worked within the narrow limits of their opportunity. Meteorological observations went on day after day, and, above all, experiments were made looking to the health and comfort of the crew which contain valuable results, positive as well as negative, which Captain De Long has recorded in his journal. His investigations into the presence of salt in potable water and his persistent attempts to secure conditions of dryness in the quarters plainly constitute valuable contributions to the practical science of Arctic exploration. The thoroughness with which the interior discipline of the ship was observed and the unfailing attention given to details of management bore fruit in the exceptional well-being of the party.

It is, however, as a record of human endurance and high courage that the ship journal has a special value. It is perhaps too much to expect that most readers will follow the narrative day by day through the dreary months of winter and the even more cheerless summer, and yet only by such faithful perusal can the whole force of the narrative be felt; for the imagination has to reconstruct a life which is not sharply to be conceived, but to be felt as a weight. That dull iteration of days, that appalling cold and darkness, that gloomy succession of monotonous incidents, come finally to lie upon the imagination and sink into the mind; and it is only when this has been done that the reader can rise to a conception of the undaunted faith and cheerful hope which pervade the book. It gives one a new intelligence of what man can do when nature plants herself with chin on hand to face him out of hope and belief.

Captain De Long was chary of his reflections, and yet, under the pressure of the life which he led, it is not strange that there escaped from him now and then a cry of pain and disappointment. The chapter headed *A Frozen Summer*, which records the experience of the summer of 1880, to which all had looked forward as the time of escape from the wintry fastness, has a number of passages which indicate how he was fretted and galled by his confinement; but scarcely has he given vent to his impatience before he rises to a new confidence in the coming of a brighter day. Entering the fact that they had reached the longest day of the year to some people, but not to them, he writes, "There can be no greater wear and tear on a man's mind and patience than this life in the pack. The absolute monotony; the unchanging rounds of hours; the awakening to the same things and the same conditions that one saw just before losing one's self in sleep; the same faces; the same dogs; the same ice; the same conviction that to-morrow will be exactly the same as to-day, if not more disagreeable; the absolute impotence to do anything, to go anywhere, or to change one's situation an iota; the realization that food is being consumed and fuel burned with no valuable result, beyond sustaining life; the knowledge that nothing has been accomplished thus far to save this expedition from being denominated an utter failure: all these things crowd in with irresistible force on my reasoning powers each night as I sit down to reflect upon the events of the day; and but for some still, small voice within me that tells me this can hardly be the ending of all my labor and zeal, I should be tempted to despair."

There was an end at length to this monotony. Early in the first winter the *Jeannette* had sprung a leak, and there is an interesting account from time to time of the efforts made to close the leak and to pump the ship without recourse to

wasting manual labor. The ingenious contrivances of the commander and of the engineer, Mr. Melville, to economize coal and utilize the steam power had culminated in the invention of a wind-mill apparatus; and by the way, we wish drawings of this appliance had been given. In June of the second year, however, the ship suffered a more serious accident from the pressure of the ice, and it was plain that she must be abandoned. So complete had been all the preparations for this emergency that when the event came there was no confusion or disorder, and no hasty loss of what was afterwards to be regretted. Captain De Long saw his ship sink, and had now before him the perilous transportation of men and stores across the frozen ocean to the nearest land.

At this point begins a narrative of extraordinary interest. Without flurry or discomposure the commander quietly perfected his plan of march, divided his company, distributed his stores, waited coolly till all was ready, and then set out with cautious, intelligent steps toward Siberia. The account of the six weeks occupied in the march till they made their first land, the hitherto unknown Bennett Island, is exceedingly spirited, and gives a hint of the manifold perils of the journey. Here, for instance, is one illustration of the difficulties which they encountered:—

“June 29th, Wednesday. At 1.30 turned to. Right at our feet we had some road-making to do, and then we came to some very old heavy ice, dirty and discolored with mud, with here and there a mussel shell, and with a piece of rock on it, which, as it was similar to that on Henrietta Island, I carried along. Going ahead with the dog sleds and Mr. Dunbar, we suddenly came to water, and peering into the fog it seemed as if we had some extensive lead before us. Going back hurriedly, I sent the dingy ahead for an exploration; but, alas! it was fruitless. The favorable

lead which we thought we had turned out to be another wretched opening seventy-five feet wide, which we had to bridge. By great good fortune a large piece was handy, and by hard hauling Dunbar, Sharvell, and I succeeded in getting it in place, and a fortunate closing of the lead a foot or two jammed it in as a solid bridge. Unfortunately openings were occurring in our rear, and we had more bridging to do there.

“Never was there such luck. No sooner do we get our advance across a lead than a new one opens behind it, and makes us hurry back lest our rear should be caught. By the time we have got a second sled ahead more openings have occurred, and we are in for a time. These openings are always east and west. By no means, seemingly, can we get one north and south, so that we might make something by them; and these east and west lanes meander away to narrow veins between piled up masses, over which there can no road be built, and between which no boat can be got. It is no uncommon thing for us to have four leads to bridge in half a mile, and when one remembers that Melville and his party have to make always six and sometimes seven trips, the amount of coming and going is fearful to contemplate. Add to this the flying trip of the dog-sleds, and the moving forward of the sick at a favorable moment, and it is not strange that we dread meeting an ice opening.”

In the midst of all this terrible experience Captain De Long found that the ice was moving more rapidly to the north than he was making to the south, and to his dismay they were getting farther and farther away from the continent. He kept his intelligence to himself, changed his course, and corrected the error. The result was the discovery of an island not before seen by Arctic explorers, and named by him Bennett Island. The landing upon the island from a surging mass of ice and

water is most graphically described, and one feels a sense of relief as these heroic travelers touch solid earth again, and at once go to work collecting specimens, making observations, and acting as if their journey had been for the express purpose of exploring Bennett Island.

It was after the island was left and they are able to make more use of the boats that the gloomiest portion of the journey was reached; for, with the hope of deliverance at hand, they were again doomed to imprisonment in the ice. Here was another of the fatal might have beens. A quarter of an hour's detention of one of the boats resulted in a ten days' confinement, and one's sympathy goes out to the captain as he records on what proved to be the last day of this detention: "I have concluded that there is very little use in calling all hands at five A. M. day after day, when we have no chance to move along, and God knows the hours of waiting pass drearily enough without unnecessarily lengthening the days. Accordingly, all hands this morning slept on until 6.30, and when up we found that the ice seemed more tightly closed than ever."

From this time onward the record is one of misfortune closing in, and unflinching will grappling with untoward events. In the cold, stormy September they made the New Siberian Islands and took a little breath; then pushed out for the Lena Delta, and, halting for a Sunday at Semanovski Island, made their last voyage to the coast. In a gale, September 12th, which struck them just after they had left shelter, the three boats in which the company was distributed were driven asunder. One, the second cutter, commanded by Lieutenant Chipp, was never again seen by mortal eye; another, the whale-boat, commanded by Mr. Melville, reached the east coast of the Delta where natives gave them needed assistance; and Captain De Long himself, with his party in

the first cutter, reached the northern shore.

A little less than two months later, Mr. Melville entered a hut where were two men, Nindemann and Noros. They were the sole survivors of the party under Captain De Long. That party, crippled by cold and hunger, had been making its way across the great morass, without guides, with imperfect maps, finding here and there a deserted hut, but no natives. The half-frozen streams could not be navigated by rafts, and the snow and swamp gave way beneath their weight, as they struggled on, bearing the dying Erickson through that fearful wilderness. A month after the landing Captain De Long, facing death, sent these two men forward to seek relief, then dragged his little party a few miles further on, and sat down, unable to move, to wait for help.

The journal which began with so much life and fullness in San Francisco Bay, and was carried forward through the months of isolation in the Arctic Ocean, retaining whatever could be found of incident and observation, which recorded the terrible experience as the unbroken company toiled under their brave commander toward land and salvation, becomes nervously brief as the end draws near, until at length the daily record is only the short memorandum which sets down the fatal facts. Even here De Long's self-possession and officer-like deliberation do not fail him.

"October 23d, Sunday. One hundred and thirty-third day. Everybody pretty weak. Slept or rested all day, and then managed to get enough wood in before dark. Read part of divine service. Suffering in our feet. No foot gear.

"October 24th, Monday. One hundred and thirty-fourth day. A hard night.

"October 25th, Tuesday. One hundred and thirty-fifth day.

"October 26th, Wednesday. One hundred and thirty-sixth day.

"October 27th, Thursday. One hundred and thirty-seventh day. Iversen broken down.

"October 28th, Friday. One hundred and thirty-eighth day. Iversen died during early morning.

"October 29th, Saturday. One hundred and thirty-ninth day. Dressler died during the night.

"October 30th, Sunday. One hundred and fortieth day. Boyd and Görtz died during night. Mr. Collins dying."

There the pencil falls from his hands, and the record is closed. The last tally was kept by no mortal hand. The snow fell and covered the dead. There they lay until uncovered by their comrades searching for them months afterward.

The Voyage of the Jeannette is thus far the record of Captain De Long, but the editor has completed the narrative from authentic sources, and given in detail the marvelous journey of Nindemann and Noros, the adventurers of the whale-boat party, the efforts to find De Long, and the experiences of the company until the return of the last member to the United States. The public had already learned much in a fragmentary and detached way from the reports of the Court of Inquiry called to examine the evidence relating to the loss of the Jeannette, but this narrative furnishes an ordered and connected story which one is glad to get. The maps, moreover, and spirited illustrations put the reader in clearer possession of the facts as they appeal to his imagination.

The book altogether is a most impressive work. If the records of the Franklin Expedition could have been found in anything like the completeness of these journals of Captain De Long, the world might have had an equally

momentous history. As it is, there has been no book in the great list of Arctic explorations which can be compared with this, as a memorial to human endeavor. The very meagreness of the results attained lifts the humanity of the work into higher and bolder relief. The sentence with which the book closes contains the verdict which the reader may justly pronounce. That it should be the deliberate conclusion of the editor will convey to many a sense of the self-control and devotion of which steadfast human nature is capable.

"It is the record of an expedition which set out in high hope, and returned broken and covered with disaster. It is also the record of lives of men subjected to severer pressure than their ship met from the forces of nature. The ship gave way; the men surmounted the obstacles and kept their courage and faith to the end. It is, above all, the record of a leader of men who entered the service in which he fell with an honorable purpose and a lofty aim; who endured the disappointment of a noble nature with a patience which was the conquest of bitterness; who bore the lives of his comrades as a trust reposed in him; and who died at his post with an unflinching faith in God whom he served and loved.

"The voyage of the Jeannette is ended. The scientific results obtained were far less than had been aimed at, but were not insignificant. Something was added to the stock of the world's knowledge; a slight gain was made in the solution of the Arctic problem. Is it said that too high a price in the lives of men was paid for this knowledge? Not by such cold calculation is human endeavor measured. Sacrifice is nobler than ease, unselfish life is consummated in lonely death, and the world is richer by this gift of suffering."

MR. WHITE ON SHAKESPEARE AND SHERIDAN.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE has lately finished two critical studies, which illustrate well two offices of the critic not often united in one person. He has reëdited Shakespeare,¹ with special reference to securing a sound text, and he has furnished an introduction to an edition of Sheridan,² in which he gathers into a comprehensive statement the judgments which are to be pronounced upon that author. Both works imply the notion of discrimination, which is at the basis of criticism: but in one case the discrimination is exercised upon words and is justified by minute learning; in the other it is applied to works and character, and is excellent according to the degree of insight and justice in the judge.

It should not be inferred that insight is of no account in an editor of the text of Shakespeare, or fine scholarship unnecessary in an estimate of Sheridan, but in the equipment of a critic it is rare to find the analytic and the generalizing powers equally well poised. The combination of the two adds to the strength of each. A life-time of devotion to a linguistic study of Shakespeare may qualify one to be a good judge of the evidence brought before him when he is to determine a disputed passage, but it will not necessarily give him that sudden clearness of vision by which the true reading flashes upon him with an invincible self-assertion. So a sympathetic power in the estimate of character and rank in literature is often made less conclusive by the lack of definite and accurate knowledge.

In undertaking a new Shakespeare Mr. White has shown the good sense

¹ *Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, and Poems.* The text newly edited, with glossarial, historical, and explanatory notes, by RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

which is an excellent substitute for genius, if indeed it may not be confounded with it, in divining the needs of the great body of readers of Shakespeare. If anybody should claim to know what these want, Mr. White might speak with just confidence, for he has been identified with Shakespearean criticism ever since he came before the public as a man of letters, even though the greater volume of his published work has been in other subjects. So when he announces in his preface the plan of his edition, our sense of its aptness is confirmed by our confidence in his experience.

"This edition," he says, "of the works of Shakespeare has been prepared with a single eye to the wants of his readers. Its purpose is not to furnish material for critical study either of the Elizabethan dramatists or of the English language. It seeks rather to enable the reader of general intelligence to understand, and therefore to enjoy, what Shakespeare wrote as nearly as possible in the very way in which he would have understood it and enjoyed it if he had lived in London in the reign of Elizabeth. That done, as well as the editor was able to do it under the limiting conditions of his work, he has regarded his task as ended."

With this intention, Mr. White has given scrupulous care to the accuracy and intelligibility of the text, and after that has appended at the foot of the page the briefest possible explanation of obscure words and phrases, not hesitating to repeat the explanation when the obscurity is repeated; for he considers, sensibly enough, that no one is going to read his Shakespeare through in course,

² *The Dramatic Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.* With an introduction by RICHARD GRANT WHITE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1883.

and remember, moreover, every note of explanation against future need. "What the reader of Shakespeare," he adds, "the reader of common sense, common intelligence, common information, and common capacity of poetical thought (and to all others Shakespeare or any other great poet is and must ever remain an oracle uttered in an unknown tongue), — what such a reader needs, and what, from observation, I am persuaded that he wishes, is to feel well assured that he has before him what Shakespeare wrote, as nearly as that may be ascertained, and to have the language and the construction of this text explained wherever the one is obsolete or the other obscure."

The interesting preface in which he lays down the several propositions of his work contains some suggestive illustrations of the special criticism which he has applied to the text, taken at hap-hazard. They might have been extended indefinitely, but they are enough to show the facility with which Mr. White handles his weapons of criticism. The truth is that Shakespearean criticism, at its best, is partly learning and partly worldly wisdom. It is not closet scholarship which is most effective, especially not that which has been confined to Shakespeare and cognate subjects, but a training in the schools which has been broadened by a more generous interest in affairs. Mr. White is all the better critic of Shakespeare for having written a Yankee's Letters to the London Spectator, and England Without and Within.

There is a contemptuous tone about his references to drier schools of criticism which is rather superfluous. The pedants awaken no enthusiasm, and readers of Shakespeare scarcely need to be set against them, while the painstaking if unimaginative commentators have other uses than to serve as butts for Mr. White's wit. His impatience carries him too far. It suits him to say that "com-

mentators at the best are rarely better than unnecessary nuisances," but an ingenious defense is requisite to excuse what follows: "They are so in this present case when they presume to do all the reader's thinking and appreciating for him, and thus deprive him of the highest pleasures and richest benefits that come of reading Shakespeare; and chiefly when in doing this they grope and fumble for a profound moral purpose in those plays, which is really to insist upon such a purpose in the Italian *novelli* and English chronicles which, always with the least possible trouble to himself, Shakespeare put into an actable shape." We are very ready to prefer Mr. White's edition, with its freedom from comment and its most reasonable presentation of the work of the great dramatist; but he must not ask us to believe in a Shakespeare who merely dramatized, with the least possible trouble to himself, for stage purposes, the material which he found at hand. If he means that Shakespeare did not write his plays in order to reform his countrymen and elevate the stage, we have no objection to agreeing with him; but if he means that the difference between the plays and the chronicles is only a matter of literary arrangement, he fails to account for the oblivion of the chronicles and novelli, and the immortality of the plays. It is precisely the moral content of the plays which constitutes the breath of life inspired by the poet. Otherwise they too would long ago have been carcasses.

Something of this reactionary regard of Shakespeare touches Mr. White's work elsewhere. He gives an admirably succinct and clear narrative of the facts of Shakespeare's life as they have come out from the crucible of historical criticism. He dismisses conjectures, and gives himself no trouble about internal evidences. There is no objection to that view. We are very glad to get so scientific a *résumé* of Shakespearean

biography. But Mr. White is less scientific when he proceeds to draw inferences affecting Shakespeare's character from this imperfect array of facts. Because, in the nature of things, more written evidence is found of his monetary transactions than of his relations with parents, wife, children, and friends, Mr. White wishes us to regard Shakespeare as a skinflint. We object to any verdict drawn from such insufficient testimony; and if we rule out his plays and poems when we are trying to construct a Shakespeare, the paucity of the material left forbids us to make anything better than a clay figure, which crumbles at the touch, without the aid of any such thrusts as Mr. White seems disposed to give. In our judgment Mr. White has been driven into a somewhat violent temper respecting Shakespeare's personality by the illogical and presumptuous attitude of other critics.

How reasonable and just he can be in a general survey of poor human nature appears in the portrait which he has drawn of Sheridan. The introduction which he prefixes to Sheridan's dramatic works is a model of its kind. Without waste of words, yet with an agreeable fluency, he tells in forty pages all that the reader needs to know about Sheridan and his literary career, and places the two dramas on which Sheridan's fame rests in their proper rank. There is a fine satisfaction in reading so complete a piece of literary workmanship. Mr. White's familiarity with his subject has not made him ambitious to find out something new, or say something before unsaid; but he has written out of a full mind, with a just sense of what an introduction should be, as distinct from a critical review or a biographical article in an encyclopædia.

Perhaps it was a reluctance to see great human nature accused of meanness which made us a little indignant at Mr. White's treatment of Shakespeare. Is it a cheerful alacrity to admit the

community of wit and wickedness which commends to us the easy grace with which Mr. White draws the lines in the portrait of the scampish Sheridan? He sketches the youthful follies of his hero with a quick sense of their prophetic value, and draws the last scene of his life with a power which is not marred by too much pity.

"From Harrow," he says of the young Sheridan, "he went to Bristol for a short time; and there his soul lusted for a pair of boots, articles of dress which in those days were expensive. He had neither money nor credit; but he resolved to get the boots. He therefore ordered from two boot-makers two pairs of the same pattern, which were to be delivered at different hours on the day of his departure. When the first pair was delivered he declared that the heel of one of them hurt him, and requested the boot-maker to stretch it and return it the next morning. The man departed, leaving the other boot with Sheridan. When the second pair appeared, the same fault was found with the boot for the opposite foot, and the same instructions were given and acquiesced in as a matter of course; and the ingenious young Jeremy Diddler, with a pair of boots thus obtained, mounted his horse and rode out of Bristol, leaving a pair of human victims to whistle for their money the next morning. This young scamp became the Right Honorable Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and in his maturer years he did not fail to fulfill the promise of his boyhood. Few men do disappoint reasonable expectation founded upon their youthful exhibition of morality." And here is the closing picture:—

"Sheridan's face had for a long time become an index of his mode of life and his character. Nature had given him a fine, mobile, expressive countenance, of which splendid dark eyes were a notable feature. These retained their light and their life; but the rest of his

face became gross, heavy, and discolored. In the contemporary caricatures of Gilray, Sheridan's is an oft-recurring figure; and there we see him with gaping, pendulous lips, and cheeks and nose bloated and pimpled. At last his stomach grew tired of performing its functions only in a waistcoat" (he had replied, when told that his excesses would destroy the coat of his stomach, "Well, then, my stomach must digest in its waistcoat"), "in fact, refused to perform them at all, and he lay stricken with disease and poverty. Friends helped him, although in a very moderate way; but he was past all help, and ere long he died. The consequences of his evil habits pursued him, even in his last extremity. A bailiff, by a trick worthy of his intended prisoner, obtained entrance into his sick-chamber, arrested him on his death-bed, and would have carried off the feeble, bloated body of the expiring wit and orator to a spunging-house, had not his physician declared that the removal would be immediately mortal, and threatened the officer with the consequences. To the boldness of his medical attendant Sheridan owed it that he died out of prison, and in a semblance of peace. But the sad melodrama was not to end even here, and his very funeral was distinguished by an incident of, let us hope, unique atrocity of retribution. As he lay in his coffin, at the house of a kinsman whither his remains had been removed, soon to be followed by a crowd of distinguished mourners, a stranger dressed in deep mourning entered the house, and requested to have a last look at his departed friend, to obtain which, he said, he had made a long journey. His respectable appearance, his mourning garments, and his apparent grief caused him to be led into the room where the closed coffin was lying. The lid was raised, and the stranger gazed for some moments upon the still, uncovered face; then fumbling in his pocket,

he produced a bailiff's wand, with which he touched the forehead, and announced that he arrested the corpse in the king's name for a debt of five hundred pounds. When this shocking event was announced to the elegant company assembled in another room, there was a hurried and horror-stricken consultation. Mr. Canning took Lord Sidmouth aside, and they, agreeing to discharge the debt, each gave to the officer a check for two hundred and fifty pounds, which he accepted and went off, leaving the bailiff-hunted corpse to be borne in pomp to Westminster Abbey; for in that grand, solemn mausoleum Sheridan at last found rest. Such an assembly of men of rank and mark as attended his funeral, and honored in death him whom they neither trusted nor respected living, is rarely seen."

In his estimate of Sheridan's literary genius, Mr. White notes the absence of sentiment and humor, and declares that the lack of these qualities condemns him to a secondary place. As a writer, no doubt he does fail of commanding the affection of readers; but we suspect that the genuine wit of his two plays — not the wit merely of dialogue, but the wit of situations — renders them more effective as stage performances than many which have a warmer current of human life and more pervasive humor. Yet the judgment which Mr. White pronounces, in an admirably comprehensive sentence, is just and final: —

"Sheridan's was a brilliant, shallow intellect, a shifty, selfish nature; his one great quality, his one great element of success as a dramatist, as an orator and as a man, was mastery of effect. His tact was exquisitely nice and fine. He knew how to say and how to do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way. This was the sum of him; there was no more. Without wisdom, without any real insight into the human heart, without imagination, with a flimsy semblance of fancy, entirely devoid of

true poetic feeling, even of the humblest order, incapable of philosophic reflection, never rising morally above the satirizing of the fashionable vices and follies of his day, to him the doors of the great theatre of human life were firmly closed. His mind flitted lightly over the surface of society, now casting a reflection of himself upon it, now making it sparkle and ripple with a touch of his flashing wing. He was a surface man, and the name of the two

chief agents in the plot of his principal comedy is so suitable to him as well as to their characters, that the choice of it would seem to have been instinctive and intuitive. He united the qualities of his Charles and Joseph Surface: having the wit, the charming manner, the careless good-nature of the one, with at least a capacity of the selfishness, the duplicity, and the crafty design, but without the mischief and the malice, of the other."

LODGE'S WEBSTER.¹

WHEN Mr. Lodge published his memoir of his great-grandfather, George Cabot, it was thought best by Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton) to write a great many columns in successive numbers of a New York newspaper, in order to point out that the book did not deserve a moment's attention. Many people, as she justly remarked, had already forgotten who George Cabot was. Miss Dodge undoubtedly knows her own circle better than we; and some of her friends may already have forgotten who Daniel Webster was. This is, however, an argument which works both ways. We once knew a young Irish damsel, who, on being urged to study arithmetic, declined the proposition, on the apparently irrelevant ground that arithmetic was a subject of which she knew nothing whatever. It is supposed to be one object of history to redeem eminent names from the risk of oblivion, and it is well worth while to do this in the case of Daniel Webster, although it cannot quite be said of the present work, as was said by Mr. George Bancroft in respect to the *Life of George Cabot*, that it is the most valuable contribution made to American history for many years.

The American Statesmen series considered as a whole might almost merit Mr. Bancroft's strong phrase of praise, if we include in historical art the quality of popularization as well as that of research. Taken together, they present the history of the United States in its clearest and simplest form, and are to Bancroft and Hildreth as Plutarch's *Lives* to Thucydides. They are fresh, lucid, accurate, judicial, condensed. Mr. Morse's John Quincy Adams still stands at the head of the series; it is the only one of which it can positively be said that it is difficult to lay it down; but the present volume is by no means the least good, and it is to be remembered that its theme offers greater difficulties, in some respects, than any other yet handled by Mr. Morse's authors. For one thing, it comes nearer to the present time and touches more living prejudices; and it is also a drawback that it has none of those episodes of foreign diplomatic life which impart some variety to the other volumes. Its value has to be secured by a more careful and continuous analysis of intellectual work; nevertheless the interest is sustained, and it is undoubtedly from this book that the rising generation will mainly

form its judgment of Webster. Mr. Curtis's more elaborate memoir, however painstaking and meritorious, is but one long course of adulation, without criticism, discrimination, or perspective.

Sharing the merits of the series to which it belongs, the present volume shares also their one chief defect, — the absence of what Mr. Lodge himself calls (page 241) "historical scenery." He attributes this want to the period treated, but we should charge it, in part, to a defect in the method of these books, or in their writers. Mr. Lodge truly says, "The political questions, the debates, the eloquence, of that day give us no idea of the city in which the history was made, or of the life led by the men who figured in that history" (page 241). These books, as it strikes us, do very little to remedy that defect. We are here introduced to a world where every man appears to spend his life either in talking law and politics, or in acting them out. But these same men existed in a private and domestic world likewise; they all had mothers; they generally had wives and children. The places where they lived had a social atmosphere, however crude: even Washington had a marked society of its own; it had dinner parties and levees; it had drinking-bouts, gambling, and duels; it was, like all spheres of social life, largely under the influence of women. But we seldom obtain a glimpse, in these books, of anything that is not grave, serious, and masculine. It is rarely that a woman's name appears in the index of subjects at the end of the volume; whereas a corresponding English book would be pretty sure to contain the names of twenty, and a French biography would probably offer more.

This may be partly due to the greater political seclusion of American women, but nobody can say that they are socially secluded, or that it is possible to depict society without the aid of their keen eyes. We know John Adams best

through his correspondence with two women, his wife and Mercy Warren. Mrs. Josiah Quincy paints the influences which surrounded her husband as the Federalist leader at Washington, and does it better than he could have done it for himself. When she describes to us the winning way in which she and Mr. Quincy were treated "in the enemy's camp," as she calls it, — Mrs. Madison's dinner-parties, where they were the only Federalists, — she opens to us what was a very potent influence in bringing on the era of good feeling. When she represents Mrs. Madison as saying to a party of ladies who had been covertly inspecting the White House, "Ladies, it is your house as much as it is mine," she illustrates, better than it was done by any speech in Congress, the democratic tendencies inaugurated by the policy of Jefferson; for neither Mrs. Washington nor Mrs. Adams would have been likely to say anything of the kind. Nor is the social bitterness between Federalist and Democrat to be as well discerned in any political debate as in Miss Sedgwick's description, in her *Reminiscence of Federalism*, of the old horse which used to wander peacefully up and down a certain village street in New England, his sides alternately plastered with handbills of opposite politics, according as he paced toward the upper or the lower end of the town. To write the biographies even of statesmen, and omit the world of women, is a serious fault; it is to leave out the part of Ophelia.

In Mr. Lodge's Webster,¹ there are more glimpses of historic scenery than in some of the other volumes of the series. He at least consents to give us a graphic picture of Mr. Webster's early life and love; and even hints, in one place, at his demeanor toward children. He perhaps analyzes too minutely the

¹ *Daniel Webster*. By HENRY CABOT LODGE. American Statesmen series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

successive speeches or arguments, yet he gives us effectively the gradual development of his hero's remarkable career, and presents a being far more alive and interesting than that portrayed by Mr. Curtis. We see first the tall and awkward country boy, with fiery eyes and hungry heart; we see him brought in contact with refinement and worldly experience as embodied in Christopher Gore; we follow his gradual march to the command of listening senates; we recognize his fall from his early apostleship of freedom; we trace his melancholy but still stately old age. Nothing is extenuated, nothing set down in malice; there is not even the commonest foible of the biographer, the crotchet of a new attitude or self-important discovery; the sad tale of a great, faulty, disappointed life is conscientiously and simply told.

Mr. Lodge's delineation of Mr. Webster's personal traits is not merely truthful; it is felicitous, and abounds in graphic and salient passages. It is possible that he sometimes lacks condensation, and that he sometimes repeats himself; but his own summings-up and *obiter dicta* are almost always admirable. When, for instance, he shows that Mr. Webster's triumph in the Dartmouth College case was not due, as has generally been supposed, to a great discovery in constitutional law, but to magnificent rhetoric based upon a brief which others had provided, he characterizes the great orator's method in a few admirable words, — "his indolent and royal temperament, which almost always relied on weight and force for victory" (page 98). And no one ever stated the extraordinary effect of Mr. Webster's personal presence better than when our author says (page 192), "There is no man in all history who came into the world so equipped physically for speech. In that direction nature could do no more." Nor has any man pointed out more clearly than Mr. Lodge the grad-

ual change in public opinion which transformed the Union from the recognized experiment of 1789 to the solid finality of 1833. "Whatever the people of the United States understood the constitution to mean in 1789, there can be no question that a majority in 1833 regarded it as a fundamental law, and not as a compact, — an opinion which has now become universal. But it was quite another thing to argue that what the constitution had come to mean was what it meant when it was adopted" (page 217; compare pages 176-7).

In a few cases, as it seems to us, Mr. Lodge has not quite made the most of his opportunities. There are important aspects of Mr. Webster's life on which his biographer does not dwell. Mr. Lodge analyzes admirably, for example, the bearing in certain directions of the famous Rockingham County (N. H.) Memorial against the war of 1812, as drawn up by Mr. Webster. But the point of that memorial which best illustrates the peculiar attitude both of the Federalists and of their spokesman is that there is not a word of remonstrance offered respecting the one great grievance of the war, — the insult to the American flag implied in the practice of search and impressment. The ignominious national disgrace of allowing any ship in our service to be overhauled and searched by any British midshipman, — he being, in the indignant phrase of Cobbett, at once accuser, witness, judge, and captor, — this is not even mentioned in the Federalist protest against the war. So long as the young republic submitted to this ignominy, — one which, as Lord Collingwood admitted, England would not have tolerated for an hour from any nation on earth, — so long American independence was a sham. While we endured it, we were merely, as the London Times insultingly called us at the time when Washington was captured, "an association." To have failed to perceive this was the

worst mistake of the Federalists; it was a far greater error than the Hartford Convention; as Mr. Morse well points out, in another volume of this very series, the bloodiest war was a smaller evil than the submission to such a wrong; yet Daniel Webster, in the Rockingham Memorial, never mentioned its existence. The defender of the Union, the great advocate of our navy, the vindicator of American nationality against Austria, he stooped in 1812 to treat that for which the nation fought as a mere squabble between Great Britain and her own deserters, while the shame to the American flag caused not a thrill of indignation in his heart. And yet, curiously enough, the Federalists were always convinced that they were utterly free from party spirit, and whenever their pulpit orators preached upon the evils of that sentiment they meant only the wicked Democrats.

The moral of Mr. Webster's life, denied us by Mr. Curtis, is candidly drawn by Mr. Lodge, who has never appeared to better advantage than when resisting the still lingering prejudice of his own circle of friends, and holding aloof from that sentimental reaction of forgiveness which is apt to confuse the whole story of a great man's errors. Mr. Webster's unexpected support of the Fugitive Slave Law, for instance, is a part of the history of the nation, and Mr. Lodge clearly and ably establishes that his change of attitude at that time hurt the national cause, which his general influence had so greatly helped. So far as it had weight, it strengthened the South and weakened the moral sentiment of the North; if emancipation ultimately succeeded, it was because Webster's final effort had failed. Had his 7th of March speech carried the nation with it, not even the exigencies of war would have brought on emancipation;

whatever the issue of battle, slavery would have remained untouched; and that result would have been lost which even the defeated party now admits to have been a blessing in disguise.

In his manly allusion to the private faults and the financial negligences which notoriously clouded the career of Mr. Webster, his present biographer is equally to be commended. The temptation was very great to pass them wholly by; and on the other hand, if Mr. Lodge had chosen, he might easily have gathered from the lively reminiscences of the French M. de Bacourt several passages much more mortifying than the very mild one which he has cited. It is impossible for one of Mr. Lodge's accurate historic sense to pursue the tactics of such Websterian defenders as Rev. W. C. Wilkinson, and others who simply shut their eyes and ears, and believe nothing. It is almost absurd to find clerical choruses now ready to absolve the great man from all personal misdeeds, merely because he, in the Girard case, "made his plea," as Judge Story said, "altogether an address to the prejudices of the clergy," while a lay biographer like Mr. Lodge, professing no especial squeamishness, is yet obliged to look the truth in the face. Not a professed moralist, he helps morality by briefly recognizing the historic fact. The vices of Paine and Burr have done nobody in this generation any harm. Personal, political, and theological hostility have done their utmost to proclaim them; they are known to the world at their worst, and possibly beyond their worst. What demoralizes young men is the discovery that the weaknesses which damn the memory of unpopular men become venial foibles in heroes, and gradually so diminish in the report of successive generations that they are at last piously forgotten.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE has recently sprung up a little custom which threatens shortly to become a large nuisance. I refer to those annual calls made on the householder by the letter-carrier, the policeman, and the fireman of the district or precinct in which the householder chances to have domicile. Each of these persons appears on your doorstep at the close of the year with a request that you contribute to his finances: either directly, by setting your name against a certain sum in a subscription book; or indirectly, by purchasing tickets for some ball, fair, or other entertainment which nobody in the world expects you to attend.

The letter-carrier you can deny — if you have the nerve to do it in the face of the tradition that his pay is light and his work heavy. If he is dissatisfied with either or with both, he should lay the matter before the post-office department, and not appeal to private charity. The letter-carrier, I say, can be disposed of; but the man whose vigilance keeps the thieves from your silver-plate, and the man who stands ready to pour water on your roof-tree in case of conflagration, — what are you to do about them? They are adequately paid by the respective departments under which they serve; indeed, you pay the men yourself in taxes that every year grow more onerous; yet when these gentlemen present themselves with their little subscription papers, you do not quite dare not to subscribe. What if the fireman should be lukewarm about putting out your fire some night, or the policeman should discreetly close his off-eye on buglarious operations in connection with your rear basement-window! With a vague, elusive sense of being softly blackmailed, you plank down your five-dollar bill, though you would rather

give it to the Home for Little Wanderers, or to the poor widow round the corner whose son was run over last week. As the fireman and the policeman walk away, you wonder why the Prometheus who lights the city lamps, and the ingenious Hercules who does n't clean the streets, and the smart Phaeton who drives the U. S. Mail cart, — you wonder, I repeat, why all these public functionaries do not drop in on you with their little December assessment. They have precisely the same lien on your pocket-book that the letter-carrier, the policeman, and the fireman have.

When these three first began their levy on the householder there was a certain modesty about it; they made their requests doubtfully, and received the gratuity, if any were bestowed, with courteous thanks. Now the letter-carrier unblushingly hands in his book as a matter of course, and the ball tickets are left at your door by the policeman or the fireman with the information that he will call for the money in the evening — when you are at dinner.

All this is delightful, but it would be more delightful if the heads of the various departments were to forbid their employes collecting funds in this humiliating fashion.

Every person in comfortable circumstances cheerfully recognizes many claims on his purse and sympathy. No one, even if he possess but a moderately soft heart, can live in a great city without being touched at every turn by the misery he sees around him. To relieve this misery so far as he may is a human instinct. There are few deeper pleasures than result from lending a helping hand to some deserving fellow-creature. But one likes to have the privilege of selecting the fellow-creature.

— After a series of drives in one of

the smaller New England cities, I feel inclined to deplore in public the choice of shade trees with which the unvarying citizens have adorned their pleasant streets. Surely, because maples and horse-chestnuts are fast growers, and soon make their sheltering presence felt, it is not worth while to disregard the claims of many other American trees which are easily persuaded to flourish and take kindly to town life. Indeed, many of the more delicate ones are thankful for the care and shelter. But by the time the maples are old and wise enough to put their heads together, they become harmful enemies of their would-be protectors, and keep the sunlight from the lower rooms of the houses, besides making the ground sodden and damp. I am not learned in forestry, but I have been imagining with great delight the beauty of long double lines of birches, with their white bark and glistening leaves; of silver-leaved poplars and mountain ashes gay with their brilliant fruit. There are many varieties of maples with most delightful characteristics, and it would possibly not offend the taste of many persons if, where a street is bordered with a row of Queen Anne houses, a prim procession of poplars was planted to match. Other trees than maples and horse-chestnuts may require more care as to protection and suitable soil, but we ought to be willing to take the trouble for the sake of the pleasure, and the great addition to the beauty of our fast-lengthening streets. Surely where a new highway is laid out the trees ought not to be thought of last, and provision should be made for their successful growth and well-being. We associate certain trees with town life, but that may be more from habit and custom than from any necessity. In foreign countries there are wayfarers' orchards along the great avenues and narrower by-paths of travel; but it is to be feared that if a fruit-tree proved itself commendable it would find itself

at the mercy of the predatory small boy, who impatiently risks life and happiness to eat his apple while it is yet green. Or we can think of some New England farmers, who, with an excess of thrift, would loop in the prize with their nearest unstable line of fence. It may be urged that town trees are depended upon more for shade than for decoration, but there are few that will overarch the streets, at any rate, and there is no reason why we should not try some experiments. Then the Willow Streets and Pine Streets and Chestnut Streets would deserve their names.

— The labor of reading — which, it is true, is of the kind that “physics pain” — might, I am sure, be made lighter by a little attention, on the part of writers, to some of the much-neglected notes and observations of that ancient worthy, Goold Brown, as found in his *Grammar of the English Language*. One of those notes, standing under the rule for adjectives, is on this wise: “When the definitive words, *the one*, *the other*, are used, the former [one] must refer to the second of the antecedent terms, and the latter [other] to the antecedent term which was used first.” (I quote from memory, — the not very recent memory of the school-room, — and I know that my recitation is not, as the children say, “in the words of the book.”) This is certainly a simple rule and a reasonable. When, having mentioned two things, we refer to them without repeating their names, we point with the mental index-finger to that thing lying nearest us, which is *the one* last named, and motion with a broader sweep of gesture to that which lies farther from us, the thing first mentioned, *the other*.

Is the following sentence, taken from an article on Music and Music Lovers, in an old number of the *Atlantic*, correct when judged by this rule? “The connoisseur and the boor enjoy it [wine] in very different ways. The one de-

lights in the wine itself, the other in its effect." If I can speak with authority of the tastes of connoisseur and boor, it is *the one* who delights in the effect of the wine, and *the other* who delights in the wine itself.

Again, this remark of Sterling's, quoted in Miss Fox's *Memories of Old Friends*, is certainly misleading in its use of the "definitive words:" "Wordsworth's calmness of spirit contrasted with Byron's passionate emotion: one, like moonlight on snow; the other, like torchlight in a cavern." I think any careful reader would have to go over that sentence a second time in order to fit the similes in their proper places.

As a crowning example of this faulty use let me give an extract from an early letter of Emerson's, lately published in one of the magazines: "The next books in order upon my table are Hume and

Gibbon's *Miscellanies*. . . . I cannot help admiring the genius and novelty of the one, and the greatness and profound learning of the other. . . . If you read Hume you have to think; and Gibbon wakes you up from slumber, to wish yourself a scholar, and resolve to be one." The closing sentence of the quotation, of course, sets right any misconception as to which author possesses the "genius and novelty," and which the "greatness and profound learning," if the reader should lack the knowledge of their characteristics necessary to settle the doubt without its help. But why, in the name of simplicity and comfort, could not all this doubtfulness of meaning have been avoided by adherence to a plain rule; and why, since that rule exists, should it not be made — to borrow a phrase from John Stuart Mill — "eternally binding"?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. The latest novels of the Franklin Square Library (Harpers), are *A Foolish Virgin* by Ella Weed, *Yolande* by William Black, *The Senior Songman* by the author of *St. Olaves*, and *Aut Caesar Aut Nihil* by the Countess M. Von Bothmer. The last two stories are not without interest in their special way; but, with all respect to the *London Saturday Review*, Mr. Black's *Yolande* is the very poorest thing he has done. Miss Weed's story makes us hesitate about endowing another college for young women. — *A Newport Aquarelle* (Roberts) is manufactured out of the make-belief high life which Newport enjoys. It is a novel which makes one wonder if communism may not offer the world a better chance, after all; but then Newport is not the world, and this very thin aquarelle is not art. — *A Washington Winter* by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren (Osgood), is a series of sketches of society there strung upon a thread of plot. It has thus the form of a novel, but the lay figures who move through it owe whatever vitality they may possess to the clothes of the real people which they wear. There is a curious mingling of historic names, so that one has a vision of real people and wax figures walking about arm in arm in a show. The book may be a travesty of Washington, but it is

not good fiction, nor has it good manners. — *Times of Battle and of Rest*, by Z. Topelius (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago), is one of the series of Surgeon's stories of the Swedish historical romancer. One needs to get rid of a good deal of contemporary literature before this reads familiarly. — *Vix*, by George E. Waring (Osgood), is a paper edition of a popular horse story.

Religion. *More Words about the Bible*, by James S. Bush (John W. Lovell Company, New York), is a little pamphlet containing five sermons which aim to place the Bible in its relation to theology and life, and to remove it from an isolated superiority. — *Gathered Lambs*, by Rev. Edward Payson Hammond (Funk & Wagnalls, New York), is a volume of talks to children about religion, which has a tendency, we regret to think, to make hypocrites, pharisees, and sentimentalists of them. The Ten Commandments are more needed.

Travel. *The Tourist's Guide-Book to the United States and Canada* (Putnams) appears to be an English book, of which an edition is published here. It is disfigured by advertisements between the leaves, and apparently written and printed by people to whom America is a foreign country. A guide-book to France would not contain more misspelled words and blunders to the square inch.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER

OCTOBER, 1883

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

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"The Voyage of the *Jeannette*" is a complete narrative of the Polar Expedition of 1879-81, undertaken by the United States Government at the instance of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the "New York Herald," and commanded by Lieutenant-Commander George W. De Long, of the United States Navy. The narrative is taken from authoritative and original sources by Mrs. De Long. It contains a Biographical Sketch of Captain De Long, an account of the preparations for the expedition, the Ship Journal and Ice Journal, and the record kept by Captain De Long until he could write no more. This is supplemented by the narratives of survivors, a report of the search parties and of the return of the survivors to America. The whole book is profoundly interesting.

This work is sold by subscription, but all booksellers are desired to act as agents for it. (September.)

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A New and Complete Edition of the Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. *Riverside Edition*. In eleven volumes, 12mo, printed from new electrotypes plates, and tastefully bound. Price, \$1.75 a volume.

This edition will include the prose and poetical writings of Mr. Emerson hitherto published in book form, and, in addition, two new volumes of essays, lectures, and speeches, prepared for publication, in accordance with the terms of Mr. Emerson's will, by his literary executor, Mr. J. Elliot Cabot.

The order of the volumes will be as follows:—

1. NATURE, ADDRESSES, and LECTURES. (*September.*)

[This book has heretofore borne the name "Miscellanies."]

2. ESSAYS. First Series. (*September.*)

3. ESSAYS. Second Series. (*September.*)

4. REPRESENTATIVE MEN. (*September.*)

5. ENGLISH TRAITS. (*October.*)

6. THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. (*October.*)

7. SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE. (*October.*)

8. LETTERS AND SOCIAL AIMS. (*October.*)

9. POEMS. (*November.*)

10. LECTURES AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES. A New Volume. (*November.*)

11. MISCELLANIES. A New Volume. (*November.*)

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This edition will be printed on paper of the best quality, making volumes as perfect in workmanship and as attractive to the eye as the best skill of the Riverside Press can produce. It will be in all important respects equal to the large paper edition of Hawthorne's Works recently published, which has won the hearty praise of connoisseurs in the art of book-making.

The edition will be, as far as care and skill can make it, a worthy presentation of writings which have exerted so potent an influence, and which seem secure of the immortality with which the noblest literature is endowed.

It will contain two new portraits of Mr. Emerson, — one an etching by Schoff, and the other an engraving by Wilcox.

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EMERSON CALENDAR. A New Edition, for '1884, of this Calendar, which has given so great satisfaction. The design will not be changed, but the selections from Mr. Emerson's writings for each day of the year will be varied and rearranged. Price, \$1.00.

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Mrs. James T. Fields.

HOW TO HELP THE POOR. By Mrs. JAMES T. FIELDS. 1 vol. 16mo.

A small book, embodying the results of many years' experience and observation in charitable work. It is not a sketch of theoretical philanthropy, but many examples are cited to illustrate the practical views which it is hoped this book may render more effective. (*September.*)

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Nathaniel Hawthorne.

SKETCHES AND STUDIES. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Containing the "Life of Franklin Pierce," "Alice Doane's Appeal," "Chiefly about War Matters," "The Ancestral Footstep," and an appendix, comprising a list of Hawthorne's writings and an index, forming a supplementary volume to the Little Classic edition of Hawthorne's works. \$1.00. (*October.*)

N. B. On and after the publication of this volume the price of the Little Classic edition of Hawthorne's works will be \$1.00 a volume.

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The two papers which form this small volume were read at the Concord School of Philosophy in the summer of 1882. Their object is to set forth in a striking manner the originating, controlling, determining power of the human mind. The arguments by which this is maintained and the facts by which it is illustrated give the book a positive interest for thoughtful readers. (*September.*)

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A TREATISE ON THE LAW OF PLEDGES AND COLLATERAL SECURITIES. By LEONARD A. JONES, Esq. In one volume, 8vo.

Mr. Jones is widely known by his treatises on Mortgages, Railroad Securities, and Chattel Mortgages, which are accepted as authority on these subjects by the Bench and the Bar. In his work on Pledges and Collateral Securities he cites the laws relating to these topics in the several States of the Union, and the numerous Cases and Decisions in which the Courts have passed upon nearly every possible question that can arise in connection with these subjects. His thorough research and clear, accurate statement lend special value to the work. (*September.*)

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and peculiar interest attaches to the book from the fact that the portrait and all the illustrations are from the hand of the poet's son. It will be in all respects a very tasteful gift-book. (*September.*)

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Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

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VOL. LII. — NOVEMBER, 1883. — No. CCCXIII.

A ROMAN SINGER.

IX.

AT nine o'clock on the morning of the baroness's death, as Nino was busy singing scales, there was a ring at the door, and presently Mariuccia came running in as fast as her poor old legs could carry her, and whiter than a pillow-case, to say that there was a man at the door with two gendarmes, asking for Nino; and before I could question her, the three men walked unbidden into the room, demanding which was Giovanni Cardegna, the singer. Nino started, and then said quietly that he was the man. I have had dealings with these people, and I know what is best to be done. They were inclined to be rough and very peremptory. I confess I was frightened; but I think I am more cunning when I am a little afraid.

"Mariuccia," I said, as she stood trembling in the doorway, waiting to see what would happen, "fetch a flask of that old wine, and serve these gentlemen, — and a few chestnuts, if you have some. Be seated, signori," I said to them, "and take one of these cigars. My boy is a singer, and you would not hurt his voice by taking him out so early on this raw morning. Sit down, Nino, and ask these gentlemen what they desire." They all sat down, somewhat sullenly, and the gendarmes' sabres clanked on the brick floor.

"What do you wish from me?" asked Nino, who was not much moved after the first surprise.

"We regret to say," answered the man in plain clothes, "that we are here to arrest you."

"May I inquire on what charge?" I asked. "But first let me fill your glasses. Dry throats make surly answers, as the proverb says." They drank. It chanced that the wine was good, being from my own vineyard, — my little vineyard that I bought outside of Porta Salara, — and the men were cold and wet, for it was raining.

"Well," said the man who had spoken before, — he was clean-shaved and fat, and he smacked his lips over the wine, — "it is not our way to answer questions. But since you are so civil, I will tell you that you are arrested on suspicion of having poisoned that Russian baroness, with the long name, at whose house you have been so intimate."

"Poisoned? The baroness poisoned? Is she very ill, then?" asked Nino in great alarm.

"She is dead," said the fat man, wiping his mouth, and twisting the empty glass in his hand.

"Dead!" cried Nino and I together.

"Dead — yes; as dead as St. Peter," he answered irreverently. "Your wine is good, Signor Professore. Yes, I will

take another glass — and my men, too. Yes, she was found dead this morning, lying in her bed. You were there yesterday, Signor Cardegna, and her servant says he saw you giving her something in a glass of water." He drank a long draught from his glass. "You would have done better to give her some of this wine, my friend. She would certainly be alive to-day." But Nino was dark and thoughtful. He must have been pained and terribly shocked at the sudden news, of course, but he did not admire her as I did.

"Of course this thing will soon be over," he said at last. "I am very much grieved to hear of the lady's death, but it is absurd to suppose that I was concerned in it, however it happened. She fainted suddenly in the morning when I was there, and I gave her some water to drink, but there was nothing in it." He clasped his hands on his knee, and looked much distressed.

"It is quite possible that you poisoned her," remarked the fat man, with annoying indifference. "The servant says he overheard high words between you" —

"He overheard?" cried Nino, springing to his feet. "Cursed beast, to listen at the door!" He began to walk about excitedly. "How long is this affair to keep me?" he asked suddenly; "I have to sing to-night — and that poor lady lying there dead — oh, I cannot!"

"Perhaps you will not be detained more than a couple of hours," said the fat man. "And perhaps you will be detained until the Day of Judgment," he added, with a sly wink at the gendarmes, who laughed obsequiously. "By this afternoon, the doctors will know of what she died; and if there was no poison, and she died a natural death, you can go to the theatre and sing, if you have the stomach. I would, I am sure. You see, she is a great lady, and the people of her embassy are causing everything to be done very quickly.

If you had poisoned that old lady who brought us this famous wine a minute ago, you might have had to wait till next year, innocent or guilty." It struck me that the wine was producing its effect.

"Very well," said Nino, resolutely; "let us go. You will see that I am perfectly ready, although the news has shaken me much; and so you will permit me to walk quietly with you, without attracting any attention?"

"Oh, we would not think of incommoding you," said the fat man. "The orders were expressly to give you every convenience, and we have a private carriage below. Signor Grandi, we thank you for your civility. Good-morning — a thousand excuses." He bowed, and the gendarmes rose to their feet, refreshed and ruddy with the good wine. Of course I knew I could not accompany them, and I was too much frightened to have been of any use. Poor Mariuccia was crying in the kitchen.

"Send word to Jacovacci, the manager, if you do not hear by twelve o'clock," Nino called back from the landing, and the door closed behind them all. I was left alone, sad and frightened, and I felt very old, — much older than I am.

It was tragic. Mechanically I sank into the old green arm-chair, where she had sat but yesterday evening, — she whom I had seen but twice, once in the theatre and once here, but of whom I had heard so much. And she was dead, so soon. If Nino could only have heard her last words and seen her last look, he would have been more hurt when he heard of her sudden death. But he is of stone, that man, save for his love and his art. He seems to have no room left for sympathy with human ills, nor even for fear on his own account. Fear! — how I hate the word! Nino did not seem frightened at all, when they took him away. But as for

me—well, it was not for myself this time, at least. That is some comfort. I think one may be afraid for other people.

Mariuccia was so much disturbed that I was obliged to go myself to get De Pretis, who gave up all his lessons that day and came to give me his advice. He looked grave and spoke very little, but he is a broad-shouldered, genial man, and very comforting. He insisted on going himself at once to see Nino, to give him all the help he could. He would not hear of my going, for he said I ought to be bled and have some tea of mallows to calm me. And when I offered him a cigar from the box of good ones Nino had given me, he took six or seven, and put them in his pocket without saying a word. But I did not grudge them to him; for though he is very ridiculous, with his skull-cap and his snuff-box, he is a leal man, as we say, who stands by his friends and snaps his fingers at the devil.

I cannot describe to you the anxiety I felt through all that day. I could not eat, nor drink, nor write. I could not smoke, and when I tried to go to sleep, that cat—an apoplexy on her!—climbed up on my shoulder and clawed my hair. Mariuccia sat moaning in the kitchen, and could not cook at all, so that I was half starved.

At three o'clock De Pretis came back.

"Courage, conte mio!" he cried; and I knew it was all right. "Courage! Nino is at liberty again, and says he will sing to-night to show them he is not a clay doll, to be broken by a little knocking about. Ah, what a glorious boy Nino is!"

"But where is he?" I asked, when I could find voice to speak, for I was all trembling.

"He is gone for a good walk, to freshen his nerves, poverino. I wonder he has any strength left. For Heaven's sake, give me a match that I may light

my cigar, and then I will tell you all about it. Thank you. And I will sit down, comfortably—so. Now you must know that the baroness—*requiescat!*—was not poisoned by Nino, or by any one else."

"Of course not! Go on."

"Piano,—slow and sure. They had a terrific scene, yesterday. You know? Yes. Then she went out and tired herself, poor soul, so that when she got home she had an attack of the nerves. Now these foreigners, who are a pack of silly people, do not have themselves bled and drink malva water as we do when we get a fit of anger. But they take opium; that is, a thing they call chloral. God knows what it is made of, but it puts them to sleep, like opium. When the doctors came to look at the poor lady, they saw at once what was the matter, and called the maid. The maid said her mistress certainly had some green stuff in a little bottle which she often used to take; and when they inquired further they heard that the baroness had poured out much more than usual the night before, while the maid was combing her hair, for she seemed terribly excited and restless. So they got the bottle and found it nearly empty. Then the doctors said, 'At what time was this young man who is now arrested seen to give her the glass of water?' The man-servant said it was about two in the afternoon. So the doctors knew that if Nino had given her the chloral she could not have gone out afterwards, and have been awake at eleven in the evening when her maid was with her, and yet have been hurt by what he gave her. And so, as Jacovacci was raising a thousand devils in every corner of Rome because they had arrested his principal singer on false pretenses, and was threatening to bring suits against everybody, including the Russian embassy, the doctors, and the government, if Nino did not appear in Faust to-night, according to his agree-

ment, the result was that, half an hour ago, Nino was conducted out of the police precincts with ten thousand apologies, and put into the arms of Jacovacci, who wept for joy, and carried him off to a late breakfast at Morteo's. And then I came here. But I made Nino promise to take a good walk for his digestion, since the weather has changed. For a breakfast at three in the afternoon may be called late, even in Rome. And that reminds me to ask you for a drop of wine; for I am still fasting, and this talking is worse for the throat than a dozen high masses."

Mariuccia had been listening at the door, as usual, and she immediately began crying for joy; for she is a weak-minded old thing, and dotes on Nino. I was very glad myself, I can tell you; but I could not understand how Nino could have the heart to sing, or should lack heart so much as to be fit for it. Before the evening he came home, silent and thoughtful. I asked him whether he were not glad to be free so easily.

"That is not a very intelligent question for a philosopher like you to ask," he answered. "Of course I am glad of my liberty; any man would be. But I feel that I am as much the cause of that poor lady's death as though I had killed her with my own hands. I shall never forgive myself."

"Diana!" I cried, "it is a horrible tragedy; but it seems to me that you could not help it if she chose to love you."

"Hush!" said he, so sternly that he frightened me. "She is dead. God give her soul rest. Let us not talk of what she did."

"But," I objected, "if you feel so strongly about it, how can you sing at the opera to-night?"

"There are plenty of reasons why I should sing. In the first place, I owe it to my engagement with Jacovacci. He has taken endless trouble to have

me cleared at once, and I will not disappoint him. Besides, I have not lost my voice, and might be half ruined by breaking contract so early. Then, the afternoon papers are full of the whole affair, some right and some wrong, and I am bound to show the Contessina di Lira that this unfortunate accident does not touch my heart, however sorry I may be. If I did not appear, all Rome would say it was because I was heart-broken. If she does not go to the theatre, she will at least hear of it. Therefore I will sing." It was very reasonable of him to think so.

"Have any of the papers got hold of the story of your giving lessons?"

"No, I think not; and there is no mention of the Lira family."

"So much the better."

Hedwig did not go to the opera. Of course she was quite right. However she might feel about the baroness, it would have been in the worst possible taste to go to the opera, the very day after her death. That is the way society puts it. It is bad taste; they never say it is heartless, or unkind, or brutal. It is simply bad taste. Nino sang, on the whole, better than if she had been there, for he put his whole soul in his art, and won fresh laurels. When it was over he was besieged by the agent of the London manager to come to some agreement.

"I cannot tell yet," he said. "I will tell you soon." He was not willing to leave Rome, — that was the truth of the matter. He thought of nothing, day or night, but of how he might see Hedwig, and his heart writhed in his breast when it seemed more and more impossible. He dared not risk compromising her by another serenade, as he felt sure that it had been some servant of the count who had betrayed him to the baroness. At last he hit upon a plan. The funeral of the baroness was to take place on the afternoon of the next day. He felt sure that the Graf von

Lira would go to it, and he was equally certain that Hedwig would not. It chanced to be the hour at which De Pretis went to the palazzo to give her the singing lesson.

"I suppose it is a barbarous thing for me to do," he said to himself, "but I cannot help it. Love first, and tragedy afterwards."

In the afternoon, therefore, he sallied out, and went boldly to the Palazzo Carmandola. He inquired of the porter whether the Signor Conte had gone out, and just as he had expected, so he found it. Old Lira had left the house ten minutes earlier, to go to the funeral. Nino ran up the stairs and rang the bell. The footman opened the door, and Nino quickly slipped a five-franc note into his hand, which he had no difficulty in finding. On asking if the signorina were at home, the footman nodded, and added that Professor De Pretis was with her, but she would doubtless see Professor Cardegna as well. And so it turned out. He was ushered into the great drawing-room, where the piano was. Hedwig came forward a few steps from where she had been standing beside De Pretis, and Nino bowed low before her. She had on a long dark dress, and no ornament whatever, save her beautiful bright hair, so that her face was like a jewel set in gold and velvet. But, when I think of it, such a combination would seem absurdly vulgar by the side of Hedwig von Lira. She was so pale and exquisite and sad that Nino could hardly look at her. He remembered that there were violets, rarest of flowers in Rome in January, in her belt.

To tell the truth, Nino had expected to find her stern and cold, whereas she was only very quiet and sorrowful.

"Will you forgive me, signorina, for this rashness?" he asked in a low voice.

"In that I receive you I forgive you, sir," she said. He glanced toward De

Pretis, who seemed absorbed in some music at the piano and was playing over bits of an accompaniment. She understood, and moved slowly to a window at the other end of the great room, standing among the curtains. He placed himself in the embrasure. She looked at him long and earnestly, as if finally reconciling the singer with the man she had known so long. She found him changed, as I had, in a short time. His face was sterner and thinner and whiter than before, and there were traces of thought in the deep shadows beneath his eyes. Quietly observing him, she saw how perfectly simple and exquisitely careful was his dress, and how his hands bespoke that attention which only a gentleman gives to the details of his person. She saw that, if he were not handsome, he was in the last degree striking to the eye, in spite of all his simplicity, and that he would not lose by being contrasted with all the dandies and courtiers in Rome. As she looked, she saw his lip quiver slightly, the only sign of emotion he ever gives, unless he loses his head altogether, and storms, as he sometimes does.

"Signorina," he began, "I have come to tell you a story; will you listen to it?"

"Tell it me," said she, still looking in his face.

"There was once a solitary castle in the mountains, with battlement and moat both high and broad. Far up in a lonely turret dwelt a rare maiden, of such surpassing beauty and fairness that the peasants thought she was not mortal, but an angel from heaven, resting in that tower from the doing of good deeds. She had flowers up there in her chamber, and the seeds of flowers; and as the seasons passed by, she took from her store the dry germs, and planted them one after another in a little earth on the window-sill. And the sun shone on them and they grew, and she breathed upon them and they were sweet. But

they withered and bore no offspring, and fell away, so that year by year her store became diminished. At last there was but one little paper bag of seed left, and upon the cover was written in a strange character, 'This is the Seed of the Thorn of the World.' But the beautiful maiden was sad when she saw this, for she said, 'All my flowers have been sweet, and now I have but this thing left, which is a thorn! And she opened the paper and looked inside, and saw one poor little seed, all black and shriveled. Through that day she pondered what to do with it, and was very unhappy. At night she said to herself, 'I will not plant this one; I will throw it away, rather than plant it.' And she went to the window, and tore the paper, and threw out the little seed into the darkness."

"Poor little thing!" said Hedwig. She was listening intently.

"She threw it out, and, as it fell, all the air was full of music, sad and sweet, so that she wondered greatly. The next day she looked out of the window, and saw, between the moat and the castle wall, a new plant growing. It looked black and uninviting, but it had come up so fast that it had already laid hold on the rough gray stones. At the falling of the night it reached far up towards the turret, a great sharp-pointed vine, with only here and there a miserable leaf on it. 'I am sorry I threw it out,' said the maiden. 'It is the Thorn of the World, and the people who pass will think it defaces my castle.' But when it was dark again the air was full of music. The maiden went to the window, for she could not sleep, and she called out, asking who it was that sang. Then a sweet, low voice came up to her from the moat. 'I am the Thorn,' it said, 'I sing in the dark, for I am growing.' 'Sing on, Thorn,' said she, 'and grow if you will.' But in the morning, when she awoke, her window was darkened, for the Thorn had grown to be a

mighty tree, and its topmost shoots were black against the sky. She wondered whether this uncouth plant would bear anything but music. So she spoke to it.

"'Thorn,' she said, 'why have you no flowers?'

"'I am the Thorn of the World,' it answered, 'and I can bear no flowers until the hand that planted me has tended me, and pruned me, and shaped me to be its own. If you had planted me like the rest, it would have been easy for you. But you planted me unwillingly, down below you by the moat, and I have had far to climb.'

"'But my hands are so delicate,' said the maiden. 'You will hurt me, I am sure.'

"'Yours is the only hand in the world that I will not hurt,' said the voice, so tenderly and softly and sadly that the gentle fingers went out to touch the plant and see if it were real. And touching it they clung there, for they had no harm of it. Would you know, my lady, what happened then?"

"Yes, yes — tell me!" cried Hedwig, whose imagination was fascinated by the tale.

"As her hands rested on the spiked branches, a gentle trembling went through the Thorn, and in a moment there burst out such a blooming and blossoming as the maiden had never seen. Every prick became a rose, and they were so many that the light of the day was tinged with them, and their sweetness was like the breath of paradise. But below her window the Thorn was as black and forbidding as ever, for only the maiden's presence could make its flowers bloom. But she smelled the flowers, and pressed many of them to her cheek.

"'I thought you were only a Thorn,' she said softly.

"'Nay, fairest maiden,' answered the glorious voice of the bursting blossom, 'I am the Rose of the World forever, since you have touched me.'

"That is my story, signorina. Have I wearied you?"

Hedwig had unconsciously moved nearer to him as he was speaking, for he never raised his voice, and she hung on his words. There was color in her face, and her breath came quickly through her parted lips. She had never looked so beautiful.

"Wearied me, signore? Ah no; it is a gentle tale of yours."

"It is a true tale—in part," said he.

"In part? I do not understand"—But the color was warmer in her cheek, and she turned her face half away, as though looking out.

"I will tell you," he replied, coming closer, on the side from which she turned. "Here is the window. You are the maiden. The thorn—it is my love for you;" he dropped his voice to a whisper. "You planted it carelessly, far below you in the dark. In the dark it has grown and sung to you, and grown again, until now it stands in your own castle window. Will you not touch it and make its flowers bloom for you?" He spoke fervently. She had turned her face quite from him now, and was resting her forehead against one hand that leaned upon the heavy frame of the casement. The other hand hung down by her side toward him, fair as a lily against her dark gown. Nino touched it, then took it. He could see the blush spread to her white throat, and fade again. Between the half-falling curtain and the great window he bent his knee and pressed her fingers to his lips. She made as though she would withdraw her hand, and then left it in his. Her glance stole to him as he kneeled there, and he felt it on him, so that he looked up. She seemed to raise him with her fingers, and her eyes held his and drew them; he stood up, and, still holding her hand, his face was near to hers. Closer and closer yet, as by a spell, each gazing searchingly into the other's glance, till their eyes could see

no more for closeness, and their lips met in life's first virgin kiss,—in the glory and strength of a twofold purity, each to each.

Far off at the other end of the room De Pretis struck a chord on the piano. They started at the sound.

"When?" whispered Nino, hurriedly.

"At midnight, under my window," she answered quickly, not thinking of anything better in her haste. "I will tell you then. You must go; my father will soon be here. No, not again," she protested. But he drew her to him, and said good-by in his own manner. She lingered an instant, and tore herself away. De Pretis was playing loudly. Nino had to pass near him to go out, and the maestro nodded carelessly as he went by.

"Excuse me, maestro," said Hedwig, as Nino bowed himself out; "it was a question of arranging certain lessons."

"Do not mention it," said he indifferently; "my time is yours, signorina. Shall we go through with this solfeggio once more?"

The good maestro did not seem greatly disturbed by the interruption. Hedwig wondered, dreamily, whether he had understood. It all seemed like a dream. The notes were upside down in her sight, and her voice sought strange minor keys unconsciously, as she vainly tried to concentrate her attention upon what she was doing.

"Signorina," said Ercole at last, "what you sing is very pretty, but it is not exactly what is written here. I fear you are tired."

"Perhaps so," said she. "Let us not sing any more to-day." Ercole shut up the music and rose. She gave him her hand, a thing she had never done before; and it was unconscious now, as everything she did seemed to be. There is a point when dreaming gets the mastery, and appears infinitely more real than the things we touch.

Nino, meanwhile, had descended the steps, expecting every moment to meet the count. As he went down the street, a closed carriage drove by with the Lira liveries. The old count was in it, but Nino stepped into the shadow of a doorway to let the equipage pass, and was not seen. The wooden face of the old nobleman almost betrayed something akin to emotion. He was returning from the funeral, and it had pained him; for he had liked the wild baroness, in a fatherly, reproving way. But the sight of him sent a home thrust to Nino's heart.

"Her death is on my soul forever," he muttered between his set teeth. Poor innocent boy, it was not his fault if she had loved him so much. Women have done things for great singers that they have not done for martyrs or heroes. It seems so certain that the voice that sings so tenderly is speaking to them individually. Music is such a fleeting, passionate thing that a woman takes it all to herself; how could he sing like that for any one else? And yet there is always some one for whom he does really pour out his heart, and all the rest are the dolls of life, to be looked at, and admired for their dress and complexion, and to laugh at when the fancy takes him to laugh; but not to love.

At midnight Nino was at his post, but he waited long and patiently for a sign. It was past two, and he was thinking it hopeless to wait longer, when his quick ear caught the sound of a window moving on its hinges, and a moment later something fell at his feet with a sharp, metallic click. The night was dark and cloudy, so that the waning moon gave little light. He picked up the thing, and found a small pocket handkerchief wrapped about a minute pair of scissors, apparently to give it weight. He expected a letter, and groped on the damp pavement with his hands. Then he struck a match, shaded it from the breeze with his hand, and saw that the

handkerchief was stained with ink and that the stains were letters, roughly printed to make them distinct. He hurried away to the light of a street lamp to read the strange missive.

X.

He went to the light and spread out the handkerchief. It was a small thing, of almost transparent stuff, with a plain "H. L." and a crown in the corner. The steel pen had torn the delicate fibres here and there.

"They know you have been here. I am watched. Keep away from the house till you hear."

That was all the message, but it told worlds. He knew from it that the count was informed of his visit, and he tortured himself by trying to imagine what the angry old man would do. His heart sank like a stone in his breast when he thought of Hedwig so imprisoned, guarded, made a martyr of, for his folly. He groaned aloud when he understood that it was in the power of her father to take her away suddenly and leave no trace of their destination, and he cursed his haste and impetuosity in having shown himself inside the house. But with all this weight of trouble upon him, he felt the strength and indomitable determination within him which come only to a man who loves, when he knows he is loved again. He kissed the little handkerchief, and even the scissors she had used to weight it with, and he put them in his breast. But he stood irresolute, leaning against the lamp-post, as a man will who is trying to force his thoughts to overtake events, trying to shape the future out of the present. Suddenly, he was aware of a tall figure in a fur coat standing near him on the sidewalk. He would have turned to go, but something about the stranger's appearance struck him so oddly that he stayed where he was and watched him.

The tall man searched for something in his pockets, and finally produced a cigarette, which he leisurely lighted with a wax match. As he did so his eyes fell upon Nino. The stranger was tall and very thin. He wore a pointed beard and a heavy mustache, which seemed almost dazzlingly white, as were the few locks that appeared, neatly brushed over his temples, beneath his opera hat. His sanguine complexion, however, had all the freshness of youth, and his eyes sparkled merrily, as though amused at the spectacle of his nose, which was immense, curved, and polished, like an eagle's beak. He wore perfectly fitting kid gloves, and the collar of his fur wrapper, falling a little open, showed that he was in evening dress.

It was so late — past two o'clock — that Nino had not expected anything more than a policeman or some homeless wanderer, when he raised his eyes to look on the stranger. He was fascinated by the strange presence of the aged dandy, for such he seemed to be, and returned his gaze boldly. He was still more astonished, however, when the old gentleman came close to him, and raised his hat, displaying, as he did so, a very high and narrow forehead, crowned with a mass of smooth white hair. There was both grace and authority in the courteous gesture, and Nino thought the old gentleman moved with an ease that matched his youthful complexion rather than his hoary locks.

"Signor Cardegna, the distinguished artist, if I mistake not?" said the stranger, with a peculiar foreign accent, the like of which Nino had never heard. He, also, raised his hat, extremely surprised that a chance passer-by should know him. He had not yet learned what it is to be famous. But he was far from pleased at being addressed in his present mood.

"The same, signore," he replied coldly. "How can I serve you?"

"You can serve the world you so well adorn better than by exposing your noble voice to the midnight damps and chills of this infernal — I would say, eternal — city," answered the other. "Forgive me. I am, not unnaturally, concerned at the prospect of losing even a small portion of the pleasure you know how to give to me and to many others."

"I thank you for your flattery," said Nino, drawing his cloak about him, "but it appears to me that my throat is my own, and whatever voice there may be in it. Are you a physician, signore? And pray why do you tell me that Rome is an infernal city?"

"I have had some experience of Rome, Signor Cardegna," returned the foreigner, with a peculiar smile, "and I hate no place so bitterly in all this world — save one. And as for my being a physician, I am an old man, a very singularly old man in fact, and I know something of the art of healing."

"When I need healing, as you call it," said Nino rather scornfully, "I will inquire for you. Do you desire to continue this interview amid the 'damps and chills' of our 'infernal city'? If not, I will wish you good-evening."

"By no means," said the other, not in the least repulsed by Nino's coldness. "I will accompany you a little way, if you will allow me." Nino stared hard at the stranger, wondering what could induce him to take so much interest in a singer. Then he nodded gravely, and turned toward his home, inwardly hoping that his aggressive acquaintance lived in the opposite direction. But he was mistaken. The tall man blew a quantity of smoke through his nose and walked by his side. He strode over the pavement with a long, elastic step.

"I live not far from here," he said, when they had gone a few steps, "and if the Signor Cardegna will accept of a glass of old wine and a good cigar I shall feel highly honored." Somehow an invitation of this kind was the last

thing Nino had expected or desired, least of all from a talkative stranger who seemed determined to make his acquaintance.

"I thank you, signore," he answered, "but I have supped, and I do not smoke."

"Ah — I forgot. You are a singer, and must of course be careful. That is perhaps the reason why you wander about the streets when the nights are dark and damp. But I can offer you something more attractive than liquor and tobacco. A great violinist lives with me, — a queer, nocturnal bird, — and if you will come he will be enchanted to play for you. I assure you he is a very good musician, the like of which you will hardly hear nowadays. He does not play in public any longer, from some odd fancy of his."

Nino hesitated. Of all instruments he loved the violin best, and in Rome he had had but little opportunity of hearing it well played. Concerts were the rarest of luxuries to him, and violinists in Rome are rarer still.

"What is his name, signore?" he asked, unbending a little.

"You must guess that when you hear him," said the old gentleman, with a short laugh. "But I give you my word of honor he is a great musician. Will you come, or must I offer you still further attractions?"

"What might they be?" asked Nino.

"Nay; will you come for what I offer you? If the music is not good, you may go away again." Still Nino hesitated. Sorrowful and fearful of the future as he was, his love gnawing cruelly at his heart, he would have given the whole world for a strain of rare music if only he were not forced to make it himself. Then it struck him that this might be some pitfall. I would not have gone.

"Sir," he said at last, "if you meditate any foul play, I would advise you to retract your invitation. I will come,

and I am well armed." He had my long knife about him somewhere. It is one of my precautions. But the stranger laughed long and loud at the suggestion, so that his voice woke queer echoes in the silent street. Nino did not understand why he should laugh so much, but he found his knife under his cloak, and made sure it was loose in its leathern sheath. Presently the stranger stopped before the large door of an old palazzo, — every house is a palazzo that has an entrance for carriages, — and let himself in with a key. There was a lantern on the stone pavement inside, and seeing a light, Nino followed him boldly. The old gentleman took the lantern and led the way up the stairs, apologizing for the distance and the darkness. At last they stopped, and, entering another door, found themselves in the stranger's apartment.

"A cardinal lives down-stairs," said he, as he turned up the light of a couple of large lamps that burned dimly in the room they had reached. "The secretary of a very holy order has his office on the other side of my landing, and altogether this is a very religious atmosphere. Pray take off your cloak; the room is warm."

Nino looked about him. He had expected to be ushered into some princely dwelling, for he had judged his interlocutor to be some rich and eccentric noble, unless he were an erratic scamp. He was somewhat taken aback by the spectacle that met his eyes. The furniture was scant, and all in the style of the last century. The dust lay half an inch thick on the old gilded ornaments and chandeliers. A great pier-glass was cracked from corner to corner, and the metallic backing seemed to be scaling off behind. There were two or three open valises on the marble floor, which latter, however, seemed to have been lately swept. A square table was in the centre, also free from dust, and a few high-backed leathern chairs, studded with

brass nails, were ranged about it. On the table stood one of the lamps, and the other was placed on a marble column in a corner, that once must have supported a bust, or something of the kind. Old curtains, moth-eaten and ragged with age, but of a rich material, covered the windows. Nino glanced at the open trunks on the floor, and saw that they contained a quantity of wearing apparel and the like. He guessed that his acquaintance had lately arrived.

"I do not often inhabit this den," said the old gentleman, who had divested himself of his furs, and now showed his thin figure arrayed in the extreme of full dress. A couple of decorations hung at his button-hole. "I seldom come here, and on my return, the other day, I found that the man I had left in charge was dead, with all his family, and the place has gone to ruin. That is always my luck," he added, with a little laugh.

"I should think he must have been dead some time," said Nino, looking about him. "There is a great deal of dust here."

"Yes, as you say, it is some years," returned his acquaintance, still laughing. He seemed a merry old soul, fifty years younger than his looks. He produced from a case a bottle of wine and two silver cups, and placed them on the table.

"But where is your friend, the violinist?" inquired Nino, who was beginning to be impatient; for except that the place was dusty and old, there was nothing about it sufficiently interesting to take his thoughts from the subject nearest his heart.

"I will introduce him to you," said the other, going to one of the valises and taking out a violin case, which he laid on the table and proceeded to open. The instrument was apparently of great age, small and well shaped. The stranger took it up and began to tune it.

"Do you mean to say that you are

yourself the violinist?" he asked, in astonishment. But the stranger vouchsafed no answer, as he steadied the fiddle with his bearded chin and turned the pegs with his left hand, adjusting the strings.

Then, suddenly and without any prelude, he began to make music, and from the first note Nino sat enthralled and fascinated, losing himself in the wild sport of the tones. The old man's face became ashy white as he played, and his white hair appeared to stand away from his head. The long, thin fingers of his left hand chased each other in pairs and singly along the delicate strings, while the bow glanced in the lamplight as it dashed like lightning across the instrument, or remained almost stationary, quivering in his magic hold as quickly as the wings of the humming-bird strike the summer air. Sometimes he seemed to be tearing the heart from the old violin; sometimes it seemed to murmur soft things in his old ear, as though the imprisoned spirit of the music were pleading to be free on the wings of sound: sweet as love that is strong as death; feverish and murderous as jealousy that is as cruel as the grave; sobbing great sobs of a terrible death-song, and screaming in the outrageous frenzy of a furious foe; wailing thin cries of misery, too exhausted for strong grief; dancing again in horrid madness, as the devils dance over some fresh sinner they have gotten themselves for torture; and then at last, as the strings bent to the commanding bow, finding the triumph of a glorious rest in great, broad chords, splendid in depth and royal harmony, grand, enormous, and massive as the united choirs of heaven.

Nino was beside himself, leaning far over the table, straining eyes and ears to understand the wonderful music that made him drunk with its strength. As the tones ceased he sank back in his chair, exhausted by the tremendous ef-

fort of his senses. Instantly the old man recovered his former appearance. With his hand he smoothed the thick white hair; the fresh color came back to his cheeks; and as he tenderly laid his violin on the table, he was again the exquisitely dressed and courtly gentleman who had spoken to Nino in the street. The musician disappeared, and the man of the world returned. He poured wine into the plain silver cups, and invited Nino to drink; but the boy pushed the goblet away, and his strange host drank alone.

"You asked me for the musician's name," he said, with a merry twinkle in his eye, from which every trace of artistic inspiration had faded; "can you guess it now?" Nino seemed tongue-tied still, but he made an effort.

"I have heard of Paganini," he said, "but he died years ago."

"Yes, he is dead, poor fellow! I am not Paganini."

"I am at a loss, then," said Nino, dreamily. "I do not know the names of many violinists, but you must be so famous that I ought to know yours."

"No; how should you? I will tell you. I am Benoni, the Jew." The tall man's eyes twinkled more brightly than ever. Nino stared at him, and saw that he was certainly of a pronounced Jewish type. His brown eyes were long and oriental in shape, and his nose was unmistakably Semitic.

"I am sorry to seem so ignorant," said Nino, blushing, "but I do not know the name. I perceive, however, that you are indeed a very great musician, — the greatest I ever heard." The compliment was perfectly sincere, and Benoni's face beamed with pleasure. He evidently liked praise.

"It is not extraordinary," he said, smiling. "In the course of a very long life it has been my only solace, and if I have some skill it is the result of constant study. I began life very humbly."

"So did I," said Nino thoughtfully, "and I am not far from the humbleness yet."

"Tell me," said Benoni, with a show of interest, "where you come from, and why you are a singer."

"I was a peasant's child, an orphan, and the good God gave me a voice. That is all I know about it. A kind-hearted gentleman, who once owned the estate where I was born, brought me up, and wanted to make a philosopher of me. But I wanted to sing, and so I did."

"Do you always do the things you want to do?" asked the other. "You look as though you might. You look like Napoleon, — that man always interested me. That is why I asked you to come and see me. I have heard you sing, and you are a great artist, — an additional reason. All artists should be brothers. Do you not think so?"

"Indeed, I know very few good ones," said Nino simply; "and even among them I would like to choose before claiming relationship — personally. But Art is a great mother, and we are all her children."

"More especially we who began life so poorly, and love Art because she loves us." Benoni seated himself on the arm of one of the old chairs, and looked down across the worm-eaten table at the young singer. "We," he continued, "who have been wretchedly poor know better than others that art is real, true, and enduring; medicine in sickness and food in famine; wings to the feet of youth and a staff for the steps of old age. Do you think I exaggerate, or do you feel as I do?" He paused for an answer, and poured more wine into his goblet.

"Oh, you know I feel as you do!" cried Nino, with rising enthusiasm.

"Very good; you are a genuine artist. What you have not felt yet, you will feel hereafter. You have not suffered yet."

"You do not know about me," said Nino in a low voice. "I am suffering now."

Benoni smiled. "Do you call that suffering? Well, it is perhaps very real to you, though I do not know what it is. But art will help you through it all, as it has helped me."

"What were you?" asked Nino. "You say you were poor."

"Yes. I was a shoemaker, and a poor one at that. I have worn out more shoes than I ever made. But I was brought up to it for many years."

"You did not study music from a child, then?"

"No. But I always loved it; and I used to play in the evenings, when I had been cobbling all day long."

"And one day you found out you were a great artist and became famous. I see! What a strange beginning!" cried Nino.

"Not exactly that. It took a long time. I was obliged to leave my home, for other reasons, and then I played from door to door, and from town to town, for whatever coppers were thrown to me. I had never heard any good music, and so I played the things that came into my head. By and by people would make me stay with them awhile, for my music's sake. But I never stayed long."

"Why not?"

"I cannot tell you now," said Benoni, looking grave and almost sad: "it is a very long story. I have traveled a great deal, preferring a life of adventure. But of late money has grown to be so important a thing that I have given a series of great concerts, and have become rich enough to play for my own pleasure. Besides, though I travel so much, I like society, and I know many people everywhere. To-night, for instance, though I have been in Rome only a week, I have been to a dinner party, to the theatre, to a reception, and to a ball. Everybody invites me as soon

as I arrive. I am very popular, — and yet I am a Jew," he added, laughing in an odd way.

"But you are a merry Jew," said Nino, laughing, too, "besides being a great genius. I do not wonder people invite you."

"It is better to be merry than sad," replied Benoni. "In the course of a long life I have found out that."

"You do not look so very old," said Nino. "How old are you?"

"That is a rude question," said his host, laughing. "But I will improvise a piece of music for you." He took his violin, and stood up before the broken pier-glass. Then he laid the bow over the strings and struck a chord. "What is that?" he asked, sustaining the sound.

"The common chord of A minor," answered Nino immediately.

"You have a good ear," said Benoni, still playing the same notes, so that the constant monotony of them buzzed like a vexatious insect in Nino's hearing. Still the old man sawed the bow over the same strings without change. On and on, the same everlasting chord, till Nino thought he must go mad.

"It is intolerable; for the love of Heaven, stop!" he cried, pushing back his chair and beginning to pace the room. Benoni only smiled, and went on as unchangingly as ever. Nino could bear it no longer, being very sensitive about sounds, and he made for the door.

"You cannot get out, — I have the key in my pocket," said Benoni, without stopping.

Then Nino became nearly frantic, and made at the Jew to wrest the instrument from his hands. But Benoni was agile, and eluded him, still playing vigorously the one chord, till Nino cried aloud, and sank in a chair, entirely overcome by the torture, that seemed boring its way into his brain like a corkscrew.

"This," said Benoni, the bow still

sawing the strings, "is life without laughter. Now let us laugh a little, and see the effect."

It was indeed wonderful. With his instrument he imitated the sound of a laughing voice, high up above the monotonous chord: softly at first, as though far in the distance; then louder and nearer, the sustaining notes of the minor falling away one after the other and losing themselves, as the merriment gained ground on the sadness; till finally, with a burst of life and vitality of which it would be impossible to convey any idea, the whole body of mirth broke into a wild tarantella movement, so vivid and elastic and noisy that it seemed to Nino that he saw the very feet of the dancers, and heard the jolly din of the tambourine and the clattering, clapping click of the castanets.

"That," said Benoni, suddenly stopping, "is life with laughter, be it ever so sad and monotonous before. Which do you prefer?"

"You are the greatest artist in the world!" cried Nino enthusiastically; "but I should have been a raving madman if you had played that chord any longer."

"Of course," said Benoni, "and I should have gone mad if I had not laughed. Poor Schumann, you know, died insane because he fancied he always heard one note droning in his ears."

"I can understand that," said Nino. "But it is late, and I must be going home. Forgive my rudeness and reluctance to come with you. I was moody and unhappy. You have given me more pleasure than I can tell you."

"It will seem little enough to-morrow, I dare say," replied Benoni. "That is the way with pleasures. But you should get them all the same, when you can, and grasp them as tightly as a drowning man grasps a straw. Pleasures and money, money and pleasures."

Nino did not understand the tone in

which his host made this last remark. He had learned different doctrines from me.

"Why do you speak so selfishly, after showing that you can give pleasure so freely, and telling me that we are all brothers?" he asked.

"If you are not in a hurry, I will explain to you that money is the only thing in this world worth having," said Benoni, drinking another cup of the wine, which appeared to have no effect whatever on his brain.

"Well?" said Nino, curious to hear what he had to say.

"In the first place, you will allow that from the noblest moral standpoint a man's highest aim should be to do good to his fellow creatures? Yes, you allow that. And to do the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number? Yes, you allow that, also. Then, I say, other things being alike, a good man will do the greatest possible amount of good in the world when he has the greatest possible amount of money. The more money, the more good; the less money, the less good. Of course money is only the means to the end, but nothing tangible in the world can ever be anything else. All art is only a means to the exciting of still more perfect images in the brain; all crime is a means to the satisfaction of passion, or avarice which is itself a king-passion; all good itself is a means to the attainment of heaven. Everything is bad or good in the world, except art, which is a thing separate, though having good and bad results. But the attainment of heaven is the best object to keep in view. To that end, do the most good; and to do it, get the most money. Therefore, as a means, money is the only thing in the world worth having, since you can most benefit humanity by it, and consequently be the most sure of going to heaven when you die. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," said Nino, "provided a man is himself good."

"It is very reprehensible to be bad," said Benoni, with a smile.

"What a ridiculous truism!" said Nino, laughing outright.

"Very likely," said the other. "But I never heard any preacher, in any country, tell his congregation anything else. And people always listen with attention. In countries where rain is entirely unknown, it is not a truism to say that 'when it rains it is damp.' On the contrary, in such countries that statement would be regarded as requiring demonstration, and once demonstrated, it would be treasured and taught as an interesting scientific fact. Now it is precisely the same with congregations of men. They were never bad, and never can be; in fact, they doubt, in their dear innocent hearts, whether they know what a real sin is. Consequently they listen with interest to the statement that sin is bad, and promise themselves that if ever that piece of information should be unexpectedly needed by any of their friends, they will remember it."

"You are a satirist, Signor Benoni," said Nino.

"Anything you like," returned the other. "I have been called worse names than that, in my time. So much for heaven, and the prospect of it. But a gentleman has arisen in a foreign country who says that there is no heaven, anywhere, and that no one does good except in the pursuit of pleasure here or hereafter. But as his hereafter is nowhere, disregard it in the argument, and say that man should only do, or actually does, everything solely for the sake of pleasure here; say that pleasure is good, so long as it does not interfere with the pleasures of others, and good is pleasure. Money may help a man to more of it, but pleasure is the thing. Well, then, my young brother artist, what did I say?—'money and

pleasure, pleasure and money.' The means are there; and as, of course, you are good, like everybody else, and desire pleasure, you will get to heaven hereafter, if there is such a place; and if not, you will get the next thing to it, which is a paradise on earth." Having reached the climax, Signor Benoni lit a cigarette, and laughed his own peculiar laugh.

Nino shuddered involuntarily at the hideous sophistry. For Nino is a good boy, and believes very much in heaven, as well as in a couple of other places. Benoni's quick brown eyes saw the movement, and understood it, for he laughed longer yet, and louder.

"Why do you laugh like that? I see nothing to laugh at. It is very bitter and bad to hear, all this that you say. I would rather hear your music. You are badly off, whether you believe in heaven or not. For if you do, you are not likely to get there; and if you do not believe in it, you are a heretic, and will be burned forever and ever."

"Not so badly answered, for an artist; and in a few words, too," said Benoni approvingly. "But, my dear boy, the trouble is that I shall not get to heaven either way, for it is my great misfortune to be already condemned to everlasting flames."

"No one is that," said Nino gravely.

"There are some exceptions, you know," said Benoni.

"Well," answered the young man thoughtfully, "of course there is the Wandering Jew, and such tales, but nobody believes in him."

"Good-night," said Benoni. "I am tired, and must go to bed."

Nino found his way out alone, but carefully noted the position of the palazzo before he went home through the deserted streets. It was four in the morning.

F. Marion Crawford.

EZRA RIPLEY, D. D.¹

EZRA RIPLEY was born May 1, 1751 (O. S.), at Woodstock, Connecticut. He was the fifth of the nineteen children of Noah and Lydia (Kent) Ripley. Seventeen of these nineteen children married, and it is stated that the mother died leaving nineteen children, one hundred and two grandchildren and ninety-six great-grandchildren. The father was born at Hingham, on the farm purchased by his ancestor, William Ripley, of England, at the first settlement of the town, which farm has been occupied by seven or eight generations. Ezra Ripley followed the business of farming till sixteen years of age, when his father wished him to be qualified to teach a grammar school, not thinking himself able to send one son to college without injury to his other children. With this view, the father agreed with the late Rev. Dr. Forbes, of Gloucester, then minister of North Brookfield, to fit Ezra for college by the time he should be twenty-one years of age, and to have him labor during the time sufficiently to pay for his instruction, clothing and books.

But when fitted for college, the son could not be contented with teaching, which he had tried the preceding winter. He had early manifested a desire for learning, and could not be satisfied without a public education. Always inclined to notice ministers, and frequently attempting, when only five or six years old, to imitate them by preaching, now that he had become a professor of religion he had an ardent desire to be a preacher of the gospel. He had to encounter great difficulties, but, through a

kind providence and the patronage of Dr. Forbes, he entered Harvard University, July, 1772. The commencement of the Revolutionary War greatly interrupted his education at college. In 1775, in his senior year, the college was removed from Cambridge to Concord. The studies were much broken up. Many of the students entered the army, and the class never returned to Cambridge. There were an unusually large number of distinguished men in this class of 1776: Christopher Gore, Governor of Massachusetts and Senator in Congress; Samuel Sewall, Chief Justice of Massachusetts; George Thacher, Judge of the Supreme Court; Royal Tyler, Chief Justice of Vermont; and the late learned Dr. Prince, of Salem.

Mr. Ripley was ordained minister of Concord, November 7, 1778. He married, November 16, 1780, Mrs. Phœbe (Bliss) Emerson, then a widow of thirty-nine, with five children. They had three children: Samuel, born May 11, 1783; Daniel Bliss, born August 1, 1784; Sarah, born April 8, 1789. He died September 21, 1841.

To these facts, gathered chiefly from his own diary, and stated nearly in his own words, I can only add a few traits from memory.

He was identified with the ideas and forms of the New England Church, which expired about the same time with him, so that he and his coevals seemed the rear-guard of the great camp and army of the Puritans, which, however in its last days declining into formalism, in the heyday of its strength had planted and liberated America. It was a pity

¹ This sketch was written for the Social Circle, a club in Concord now more than a century old, and said to be the lineal descendant of the Committee of Safety in the Revolution. Mr. Emerson was a member for many years, and greatly valued its weekly evening meetings, held, during the

winter, at the houses of the members. After the death of Dr. Ripley, an early member, and connected with him by marriage, Mr. Emerson was asked to prepare the customary memoir for the Club-Book.

that his old meeting-house should have been modernized in his time. I am sure all who remember both will associate his form with whatever was grave and droll in the old, cold, unpainted, uncarpeted, square-pewed meeting-house, with its four iron-gray deacons in their little box under the pulpit, — with Watts's hymns, with long prayers, rich with the diction of ages, and not less with the report like musketry from the movable seats. He and his contemporaries, the old New England clergy, were believers in what is called a particular providence, — certainly, as they held it, a very particular providence, — following the narrowness of King David and the Jews, who thought the universe existed only or mainly for their church and congregation. Perhaps I cannot better illustrate this tendency than by citing a record from the diary of the father of his predecessor,¹ the minister of Malden, written in the blank leaves of the almanac for the year 1735. The minister writes against January 31st, "Bought a shay for 27 pounds, 10 shillings. The Lord grant it may be a comfort and blessing to my family." In March following he notes, "Had a safe and comfortable journey to York." But, April 24th, we find, "Shay overturned, with my wife and I in it, yet neither of us much hurt. Blessed be our gracious Preserver. Part of the shay, as it lay upon one side, went over my wife, and yet she was scarcely anything hurt. How wonderful the preservation." Then again, May 5th: "Went to the beach with three of the children. The beast, being frightened when we were all out of the shay, overturned and broke it. I desire (I hope I desire it) that the Lord would teach me suitably to repent this providence, to make suitable remarks on it, and to be suitably affected with it. Have I done well to get me a shay? Have I not been proud or too fond of this convenience? Do I exer-

cise the faith in the Divine care and protection which I ought to do? Should I not be more in my study and less fond of diversion? Do I not withhold more than is meet from pious and charitable uses?" Well, on 15th May we have this: "Shay brought home; mending cost thirty shillings. Favored in this respect beyond expectation." 16th May: "My wife and I rode together to Rumney Marsh. The beast frightened several times." And at last we have this record, June 4th: "Disposed of my shay to Rev. Mr. White."

The same faith made what was strong and what was weak in Dr. Ripley and his associates. He was a perfectly sincere man, punctual, severe, but just and charitable; and if he made his forms a strait-jacket to others, he wore the same himself all his years. Trained in this church, and very well qualified by his natural talent to work in it, it was never out of his mind. He looked at every person and thing from the parochial point of view. I remember, when a boy, driving about Concord with him, and in passing each house he told the story of the family that lived in it, and especially he gave me anecdotes of the nine church members who had made a division in the church in the time of his predecessor, and showed me how every one of the nine had come to bad fortune or to a bad end. His prayers for rain and against the lightning, "that it may not lick up our spirits;" and for good weather; and against sickness and insanity, "that we have not been tossed to and fro until the dawning of the day, that we have not been a terror to ourselves and others," are well remembered; and his own entire faith that these petitions were not to be overlooked, and were entitled to a favorable answer. Some of those around me will remember one occasion of severe drought in this vicinity, when the late Rev. Mr. Goodwin offered to relieve the doctor of the duty of leading in prayer; but

¹ Rev. Joseph Emerson.

the doctor suddenly remembering the season, rejected his offer with some humor, as with an air that said to all the congregation, "This is no time for you young Cambridge men; the affair, sir, is getting serious. I will pray myself." One August afternoon, when I was in his hayfield helping him with his man to rake up his hay, I well remember his pleading, almost reproachful looks at the sky, when the thunder gust was coming up to spoil his hay. He raked very fast, then looked at the cloud, and said, "We are in the Lord's hand; mind your rake, George! We are in the Lord's hand;" and seemed to say, "You know me; this field is mine, — Dr. Ripley's, thine own servant!"

He used to tell the story of one of his old friends, the minister of Sudbury, who, being at the Thursday lecture in Boston, heard the officiating clergyman praying for rain. As soon as the service was over, he went to the petitioner, and said, "You Boston ministers, as soon as a tulip wilts under your windows, go to church and pray for rain, until all Concord and Sudbury are under water." I once rode with him to a house at Nine Acre Corner, to attend the funeral of the father of a family. He mentioned to me on the way his fears that the oldest son, who was now to succeed to the farm, was becoming intemperate. We presently arrived, and the doctor addressed each of the mourners separately: "Sir, I condole with you." "Madam, I condole with you." "Sir, I knew your great-grandfather. When I came to this town, your great-grandfather was a substantial farmer in this very place, a member of the church, and an excellent citizen. Your grandfather followed him, and was a virtuous man. Now your father is to be carried to his grave, full of labors and virtues. There is none of that large family left but you, and it rests with you to bear up the good name and usefulness of your ancestors. If you fail, Ichabod,

the glory is departed. Let us pray." Right manly he was, and the manly thing he could always say. I can remember a little speech he made to me, when the last tie of blood which held me and my brothers to his house was broken by the death of his daughter. He said on parting, "I wish you and your brothers to come to this house as you have always done. You will not like to be excluded; I shall not like to be neglected."

When "Put" Merriam, after his release from the state prison, had the effrontery to call on the doctor as an old acquaintance, in the midst of general conversation Mr. Frost came in, and the doctor presently said, "Mr. Merriam, my brother and colleague, Mr. Frost, has come to take tea with me. I regret very much the causes (which you know very well) which make it impossible for me to ask you to stay and break bread with us." With the doctor's views, it was a matter of religion to say thus much. He had a reverence and love of society, and the patient, continuing courtesy, carrying out every respectful attention to the end, which marks what is called the manners of the old school. His hospitality obeyed Charles Lamb's rule, and "ran fine to the last." His partiality for ladies was always strong, and was by no means abated by time. He claimed privilege of years, was much addicted to kissing, spared neither maid, wife, nor widow, and, as a lady thus favored remarked to me, "seemed as if he was going to make a meal of you."

He was very credulous, and as he was no reader of books or journals he knew nothing beyond the columns of his weekly religious newspaper, the tracts of his sect, and perhaps the Middlesex Yeoman. He was the easy dupe of any tonguey agent, whether colonizationist, or anti-papist, or charlatan of iron combs, or tractors, or phrenology, or magnetism, who went by. At the time

when Jack Downing's letters were in every paper, he repeated to me at table some of the particulars of that gentleman's intimacy with General Jackson, in a manner that betrayed to me at once that he took the whole for fact. To undeceive him, I hastened to recall some particulars to show the absurdity of the thing, as the major and the President going out skating on the Potomac, etc. "Why," said the doctor, with perfect faith, "it was a bright moonlight night;" and I am not sure that he did not die in the belief in the reality of Major Downing. Like other credulous men, he was opinionative, and, as I well remember, a great browbeater of the poor old fathers who still survived from the 19th of April, to the end that they should testify to his history as he had written it.

He was a man so kind and sympathetic, his character was so transparent and his merits so intelligible to all observers, that he was very justly appreciated in this community. He was a natural gentleman: no dandy, but courtly, hospitable, manly and public-spirited; his nature social, his house open to all men. We remember the remark made by the old farmer, who used to travel hither from Maine, that no horse from the Eastern country would go by the doctor's gate. Travelers from the West and North and South bear the like testimony. His brow was serene and open to his visitor, for he loved men, and he had no studies, no occupations, which company could interrupt. His friends were his study, and to see them loosened his talents and his tongue. In his house dwelt order and prudence and plenty. There was no waste and no stint. He was open-handed and just and generous. Ingratitude and meanness in his beneficiaries did not wear out his compassion; he bore the insult, and the next day his basket for the beggar, his horse and chaise for the cripple, were at their door. Though he knew the value of a

dollar as well as another man, yet he loved to buy dearer and sell cheaper than others. He subscribed to all charities, and it is no reflection on others to-day that he was the most public-spirited man in the town. The late Dr. Gardiner, in a funeral sermon on some parishioner whose virtues did not readily come to mind, honestly said, "He was good at fires." Dr. Ripley had many virtues, and yet all will remember that even in his old age, if the fire-bell was rung, he was instantly on horseback, with his buckets and bag.

He showed even in his fireside discourse traits of that pertinency and judgment, softening ever and anon into elegance, which make the distinction of the scholar, and which under better discipline might have ripened into a Bentley or a Porson. He had a foresight, when he opened his mouth, of all that he would say, and he marched straight to the conclusion. In debate in the vestry or the Lyceum, the structure of his sentences was admirable; so neat, so natural, so terse, his words fell like stones; and often, though quite unconscious of it, his speech was a satire on the loose, voluminous, draggle-tail periods of other speakers. He sat down when he had done. A man of anecdote, his talk in the parlor was chiefly narrative. We remember the remark of a gentleman who listened with much delight to his conversation at the time when the doctor was preparing to go to Baltimore and Washington, that "a man who could tell a story so well was company for kings and John Quincy Adams."

Sage and savage strove harder in him than in any of my acquaintances, each getting the mastery by turns, and pretty sudden turns: "Save us from the extremity of cold and these violent sudden changes:" "The society will meet after the Lyceum, as it is difficult to bring people together in the evening,—and no moon." "Mr. N. F. is dead,

and I expect to hear of the death of Mr. B. It is cruel to separate old people from their wives in this cold weather."

With a very limited acquaintance with books, his knowledge was an external experience, an Indian wisdom, the observation of such facts as country life for nearly a century could supply. He watched with interest the garden, the field, the orchard, the house and the barn, horse, cow, sheep and dog, and all the common objects that engage the thought of the farmer. He kept his eye on the horizon, and knew the weather like a sea-captain. The usual experiences of men, birth, marriage, sickness, death, burial; the common temptations; the common ambitions;—he studied them all, and sympathized so well in these that he was excellent company and counsel to all, even the most humble and ignorant. With extraordinary states of mind, with states of enthusiasm on enlarged speculation, he had no sympathy, and pretended to none. He was sincere, and kept to his point, and his mark was never remote. His conversation was strictly personal, and apt to the party and the occasion. An eminent skill he had in saying difficult and unspeakable things; in delivering to a man or a woman that which all their other friends had abstained from saying, in uncovering the bandage from a sore place, and applying the surgeon's knife with a truly surgical spirit. Was a man a sot, or a spendthrift, or too long time a bachelor, or suspected of some hidden crime, or had he quarreled with his wife, or collared his father, or was there any cloud or suspicious circumstances in his behavior, the good pastor knew his way straight to that point, believing himself entitled to a full explanation, and whatever relief to the conscience of both parties plain speech could effect was sure to be procured. In all such passages he justified himself to the conscience, and commonly to the

love, of the persons concerned. He was the more competent to these searching discourses from his knowledge of family history. He knew everybody's grandfather, and seemed to address each person rather as the representative of his house and name than as an individual. In him have perished more local and personal anecdotes of this village and vicinity than are possessed by any survivor. This intimate knowledge of families, and this skill of speech, and, still more, his sympathy, made him incomparable in his parochial visits, and in his exhortations and prayers. He gave himself up to his feelings, and said on the instant the best things in the world. Many and many a felicity he had in his prayer, now forever lost, which defied all the rules of all the rhetoricians. He did not know when he was good in prayer or sermon, for he had no literature and no art; but he believed, and therefore spoke. He was eminently loyal in his nature, and not fond of adventure or innovation. By education, and still more by temperament, he was engaged to the old forms of the New England church. Not speculative, but affectionate; devout, but with an extreme love of order, he adopted heartily, though in its mildest forms, the creed and catechism of the fathers, and appeared a modern Israelite in his attachment to the Hebrew history and faith. He was a man very easy to read, for his whole life and conversation were consistent. All his opinions and actions might be securely predicted by a good observer on short acquaintance. My classmate at Cambridge, Frederick King, told me from Governor Gore, who was the doctor's classmate, that in college he was called Holy Ripley.

And now, in his old age, when all the antique Hebraism and its customs are passing away, it is fit that he too should depart,—most fit that in the fall of laws a loyal man should die.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF THE HEBREW TRADITIONS.

THERE has been of late years a great increase of interest in the history and literature of ancient Israel. If the Old Testament is less studied than in former times as an authority in religious doctrine, as a book among books it is studied more than ever. In Holland, especially, this revival of interest has been most marked. A whole new school of Dutch scholars, with Dr. A. Kuenen at their head, have been subjecting the Hebrew books to almost microscopic examination and criticism. Their endeavor has been to discover the real date, character, and authority of those books, and so to make out the actual course of the history of Israel. To this task they have brought rich resources of learning, and minds at once acute and singularly free from theological prepossessions. The result has been that they have arrived with striking unanimity at a series of conclusions as to the age of the earlier portions of the Bible, which they believe must almost revolutionize the hitherto accepted ideas of the ancient Hebrew monotheism. It is the object of this article not to gainsay their critical conclusions, but to show that they do not involve any such revolution. There is another element in the problem, which seems to have been hardly noticed, — *tradition*. Let this have its due weight, and then whatever dates be assigned to the written records, yet the great names, events, and religious significance of that wonderful history will remain substantially unaffected.

In order to make the question at issue clear, note, first, wherein has been supposed to lie the value of the earlier Bible histories; and secondly, exactly how this is supposed to be affected by the new criticism.

The value of those earlier narratives, then, — I speak of it, of course, simply

in relation to historical studies, — lay in their giving the story of a very ancient and remarkable outgrowth of comparatively pure religion. According to them, the Jewish people had their very origin as a separate nationality in a literally "new departure" of monotheism under Abraham. It is not without clinging elements of the heathenism round, yet for that early age it stands out in marvelous elevation. That monotheism continues, though gradually weakening, through successive generations of his descendants: they almost lose it in Egypt, where they sink into a pariah class of forced laborers; it is revived, almost re-instituted, with a nobler purity and power than ever by Moses, their great leader, lawgiver, and prophet, who, if the later Jewish ideas of him were true, was the loftiest religious teacher of the ancient world. After him come dark and broken centuries, during which the Hebrews are constantly falling away from the religion of Abraham and Moses into all kinds of home and foreign idolatries: but still, from time to time, they are recalled to it; the old monotheism is lifted up again, and restored; and at last, in the course of ages, the disunited tribes become a nation, the worship of the one God a settled, fervent, national religion, and out of that religion come the noble utterances of the prophets, the long-accumulating treasures of the Psalms, and ultimately the perfect flower of Christ and Christianity. All this idea of the earlier Hebrews has rested not on any extreme theory of the Pentateuch and historical books being inspired, but simply on the belief in their being genuine old-world chronicles: in parts dating, as written records, from the very time of Moses; and through traditions, virtually indorsed by him, reaching back much earlier still. Thus

it was believed that we had, in fairly trustworthy history, at least the main personal and religious facts of that remarkable line of monotheistic development from Abraham downwards.

Now the new criticism of Kuenen and his collaborateurs shows that the Hebrew books containing the story of those earlier ages are not, in their present form, nearly so old as used to be supposed. Deuteronomy is referred to about 620 B. C.; the rest of the Pentateuch to the time of Ezra, B. C. 458. In place of the heretofore accepted idea of Scripture precedence: (1) the Pentateuch with the histories, (2) the Psalms, (3) the prophecies, it is maintained that the true order is: earliest, the prophecies; secondly, the Pentateuch; third, and latest, the Psalms. The earliest real records that we have are the earlier prophets — Amos, Hosea, Micah, and the first part of Isaiah — dating from the eighth century B. C. This prophetic era, therefore, they maintain, gives us our first contemporaneous evidence of Hebrew monotheism. It is, in itself, quite a respectable antiquity, but still it does not bring us within five centuries of Moses; while as for Abraham, if there can now be supposed ever to have been a man of that name, he lies away back in the nebulous distances of a thousand years. Here comes in the practical effect of the common idea that oral tradition must necessarily be hazy and unreliable. Having relegated everything prior to the prophetic era to the rank of tradition, Kuenen regards all that traditional period as being therefore virtually without history. A few of the greater names and events he admits as having probably survived in the national memory, for example, that the Israelites did come out of Egypt, and that Moses was the leader of that exodus; but as for any earlier personages, the patriarchs and Abraham, he regards them as wholly mythical. What is more important, however, is that the whole

religious character of those traditions prior to the prophetic era is to be ignored, or set aside as merely a later gloss. The eighth century B. C. was the stand-point from which the earlier history was written, and the ideas pervading that history can be only the ideas of the century which composed it. All that tone of monotheism, that pervading monotheistic meaning, giving the impetus to Abraham's migration and to Moses' leadership, is merely the retrospective coloring infused by the reforming prophets of King Josiah's time, or the priestly lawgivers around Ezra. That struggling monotheism of the past thus cleared away, Kuenen constructs his theory of the development of Israelitish religion so as to lead up, as he conceives, more naturally to the state of things disclosed by the prophetic writings. Those writings show a gross and general polytheism on the part of the people, with only the prophets earnestly contending against it; and his theory is that, in fact, Israel had never previously known anything but polytheism, and was only then for the first time emerging from it. So, the history of what we are accustomed to regard as the peculiar faith of Israel begins only with the prophets; and if we would look still further back, it must be by picturing to ourselves not a far earlier dayspring of comparatively pure religion, but simply rude sun-god and sky-god worships, and dark idolatries shading back into unbroken night.

With regard to the definite conclusions of this new criticism, so far as they relate to the age and order of the various Hebrew books I have nothing to object. I am doubtful, indeed, whether its expounders give quite sufficient weight to what is really part of their own argument, namely, that some of those historical books, though of late compilation as they stand, are actually made up of various and possibly much more ancient literary fragments; but, with this

possible exception, I can only bow before their marvelously minute scholarship and perfect honesty, and do not feel able — indeed, do not wish — to gain-say their critical decisions. Let it be that we have no written record provably earlier than the prophetic era, the eighth century B. C. But even if this be so, and if all the earlier story is only tradition, still the question remains, What is the value of those traditions, and what reliance can be placed upon them? It is here that I venture to think Professor Kuenen's method is open to some reconsideration.

In a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* I have drawn attention to the general subject of the part which tradition played in the ancient world.¹ It seems to have been curiously overlooked that oral tradition, prior to the invention, or common use, of writing, filled an entirely different place, and therefore was an entirely different thing from what it is now. In our modern days it is an accident, a mere uncertain remainder of things which have not been forgotten; but prior to writing, tradition was an instrument, a purposed and often carefully disciplined and guarded method of keeping in mind those things which a people wanted remembered, and wanted truly remembered. I do not maintain that any absolute canon can be established of the trustworthiness of all ancient tradition; but I showed that memory is perfectly capable of retaining and handing down narratives of almost any length and any minuteness of names and details; and so I think it must be recognized that, among peoples who seem to have regarded their traditions as sacred or precious, and to have taken some deliberate care in their transmission, especially where they have been transmitted in fixed and stereotyped forms, they approach the quality of actual records, and may be

trusted a long way back for the main-lines of history.

Now all this involves a kind of inquiry with regard to the Hebrew traditions into which Professor Kuenen does not appear to have at all entered. He has concentrated his study upon the question when the Hebrew historical records begin; and finding, as he believes, nothing earlier than the eighth-century prophets, he says, *There*, then, we must take our stand; that is the earliest point of knowledge. All prior to that is mere story, legend, hearsay. As to these he does not discriminate, or even attempt to do so. Tradition with him is *tradition*. He does not recognize any difference between that of the nineteenth century after Christ and that of the nineteenth century before Christ. He says distinctly that "a century was a hundred years then" — that is, in reference to the survival of national recollections — "as it is now;" and as if to prevent any possible mistake about his meaning, he adds an instance of its application, which I must again quote: "The oldest accounts of the Mosaic time were as far removed from Israel's lawgiver as we Dutchmen are from the beginning of the Hoek and Kabeljauw quarrels. Suppose that we knew of the latter only by tradition, which had never been committed to writing up to this time: should we have the boldness to trust ourselves to the historian who now wrote them for the first time, as a safe guide?"² So that, in fact, this whole field of inquiry into the special quality of the Hebrew traditions remains to be examined. It has not only to be asked at what point we pass beyond the bounds of history, — let us suppose that settled, but when we enter on the traditional region, — Of what kind are the traditions? Are there any marks of special value having been set upon particular elements in them? Are there any indications of

¹ The Trustworthiness of Early Tradition, in *The Atlantic* for July, page 158.

² *The Religion of Israel*, vol. i. p. 17.

a tendency to national self-glorification or the reverse? Especially, are there any signs of their having been handed down, and at last committed to writing, in set and stereotyped forms? If there are such marks, then the Hebrew traditions must not be brushed aside to make room for abstract evolutionary theories; they must be treated as worthy of a large and general credit; and while, of course, not to be followed in minor details, and needing careful sifting, they may be fairly trusted as having preserved the great national names, events, and changes, and especially the larger significance of these in the national development.

It is earnestly to be hoped that Dr. Kuenen and his collaborateurs will recognize the necessity for this further inquiry, and themselves take it up. No other critics are so competent to do so. For myself, I cannot pretend to any technical knowledge or ability in that direction. Simply from my deep interest in all old-world records I have been led to this idea of a possible value, heretofore curiously overlooked, even in traditions, and to some general examination of how this idea may apply in one of those directions along which critics and historians are so carefully exploring. But even in this general study of the Hebrew traditions, I cannot help being struck with the presence of various characteristics which should win for them a very high degree of respect, as faithfully preserving the main lines of national history from very early times.

The first of these indications appears in the part which genealogies played in Hebrew life and thought; not in the exact accuracy of those genealogies as they now exist,—that is a secondary consideration,—but in the evident store which the Hebrews set upon pedigree and the handing down of their lines of descent. We find this all through their

historical times; in fact, every one knows that it has always been one of the most marked characteristics of the Jews. Now such characteristics do not grow up to order, or suddenly. Certainly, they do not begin with the invention or use of writing. The genealogies which we find Jewish writers so carefully treasuring and comparing¹ as soon as they begin to write history tell, as clearly as the fossil remains of some early geologic period, of one of the main interests of their prehistoric time.

Nor is this general inference in any degree weakened by finding that the genealogies by no means always agree. Genealogies in historic times are constantly found to have most curious discrepancies and difficulties. There are probably not half a dozen pedigrees, even of the greatest English families, reaching back to the Norman Conquest, that do not present quite as irreconcilable perplexities as any of the Jewish lines preserved in the Bible. But there is no real uncertainty about the main names in those great English pedigrees; only as to where exactly they belong. So it is surely fair to believe that the Jews had from immemorial times handed down the main links in their great chains of descent, with something of the same singular and reverent care with which we find those chains regarded as soon as we come upon them in actual history.

But here we are met by a consideration on which great stress is laid by Kuenen and others as at once fatal to any idea of those earlier genealogies being genuine. The persons composing them are all “progenitors of tribes;”² therefore it is taken for granted, almost as of course, that they cannot have been real historical personages. But why does this follow? We are told that the Hebrews in the beginning were one of York, who has kindly gone over the general argument with me, and given me various confirmatory details to strengthen its force.

² The Religion of Israel, vol. i. p. 109.

¹ The Talmud says that the Jews did not leave Babylon till they had sifted the genealogies “to the finest ground flour.”—*Note* by my friend, Dr. Gustav Gottheil, the learned Rabbi of New

those nomadic tribes of, which we have the analogue, perhaps the actual representation, in some of the Arab races of the present day. I turn, then, to Palgrave's Arabia, — about the best authority on the subject, — and find him writing thus: "Arab nationality, thus far like that of the historical Jew or the Highlander, is, and always has been from the very earliest times, based on the divisions of families and clans." These clans are generally divided into two branches: one settled down as "townsmen or peasants;" the other still remaining pastoral and nomadic. And here is the significant thing: it is the nomadic portions of the tribes which, on the matter of "family demarkation," "continue to be the faithful depositories of primeval Arab tradition, and constitute a sort of standard rule for the whole nation. Hence, when genealogical doubts and questions of descent arise, as they often do, among the fixed inhabitants or 'dwellers in brick,' recourse is often had to the neighboring Bedouins for a decision unattainable in the complicated records of town life; whereas the living Gwilym of the desert can readily explain every quartering and surcharging of Arab nobility."¹ The names of the Arab tribes to this day retain the mark of this family origin. They are all like "the children of Israel." "Beni Taghlēb," "Beni 'Abs," "Benoo Kahtān," "Benoo Hajār," "Beni Tai," are a few of the names one comes across in a few pages. Why should it be any way incredible that these preserve the fossil record of real tribal progenitors from some far-back period when this or that son of the original family split off, and went apart with his own little clan of wives, children, and slaves? I do not for a moment argue that the generations of the patriarchal times, from Moses back to Abraham, are preserved with minute accuracy; but certainly all Arab

analogy confirms the general truthlikeness of such generations, such tribal origins, and such carefully preserved name-marks of ancestral separation; and therefore, if the Hebrew traditions are otherwise, in the main, natural, there is nothing in the fact of their chief men being "progenitors of tribes" to hinder their being accepted as fairly outlining a real national descent, and embalming its most memorable personalities.

While thus the extreme stress laid upon genealogical matters by the Hebrews, as among the Arabs of to-day, gives a fair presumption that they have correctly preserved at least the personal framework of their history, we have to look in another direction to gather the spirit in which that framework has been fitted up. It might well have been that the great names of their past should be preserved, and yet that the stories attaching to those names had been so exaggerated as to be historically worthless. But is this the case? The Hebrew traditions themselves supply the answer. One has only to compare them with, for example, the Greek traditions of the heroic age to become conscious of a certain modest, realistic, almost prosaic quality pervading them. One curious element of exaggeration comes in, as if it were impossible for even the most sober-minded people of antiquity to keep entirely free from it, — I mean the great ages of the primeval time. Yet even those five, or six, or eight hundred years are modest compared with the millenniums and æons by which Persian and Hindoo mythology lengthened out the retrospect towards the origin of all things. This is almost the sole element of glorifying exaggeration in the Hebrew traditions. Even in their furthest past, away beyond what can be called tradition, in the evidently mythical period, we do not find them conceiving of any twilight age of demigods. The one tiny fragment of that kind of mythology — that about the "sons of God"

¹ Abridged from *Central and Eastern Arabia*. By William Gifford Palgrave. Vol. i. p. 35.

taking wives "of the daughters of men" — comes in like a bowlder from an altogether different stratum, and by its very contrast only brings into clearer relief the simple humanness of the Hebrew thought of the beginnings of our race. But it is when we come to the traditions proper, from the time of Abraham down, that this quality appears most strikingly. That great figure of their ancestor, with his little clan (three hundred and eighteen men all told), living in his tent, moving away from his own land with his flocks and herds, — there is a marked absence of anything like heroic glorification in the earlier traditions about him. More recent Jewish legends magnify him, as do those of the Arabs; he becomes, in the later view, a great conquering chief with an army; but the primitive Hebrew tradition is entirely free from anything of the kind. So, again, coming downwards towards the historical period, there is a curious spirit of candor, as compared with the general tendency of ancient national tradition. Their annals, handed down orally for centuries, though with evident exaggerations of numbers and colored by their belief in providential aid, are yet on the whole wonderfully moderate and candid. Take the migration from Egypt, for instance: did ever a people, inventing or evolving legends about their past, place themselves in such a miserable light, or construct such a poor part for themselves? That whole story of the Exodus seems to have grown into a kind of national epic, through the sense of its being the crisis of their history, and through their reverence for their great leader. Yet how they tell of their own cowardice, their want of faith, their lapses into sin and idolatry, with a stolid simplicity curiously different from the usual tone of retrospective imagination, and unaccountable, except upon the supposition that the events of that terrible deliverance, in their general perspective at least, impressed themselves upon the national

memory, and were handed down with careful fidelity as sacred traditions which they dared not alter. Nor is this characteristic confined to those earlier times. It appears in their later histories, also, when they begin to touch upon those of the great nations round. Rawlinson, the historian of the Five Great Monarchies, shows how different was the tone in their records: "It has always been the practice in the East to commemorate only the glories of the monarch, and to ignore his defeats and reverses." Again: "In the entire range of the Assyrian annals there is no case where a monarch admits a disaster, or even a check, to have happened to himself or his generals; and the only way in which we become distinctly aware, from the annals themselves, that Assyrian history was not an unbroken series of victories and conquests is from an occasional reference to a defeat or loss as sustained by a former monarch." "The Jewish records," he says, "furnish a solitary exception to this practice." Surely no one can read them without feeling the truth of this. Defeats are narrated almost as carefully as successes. Their ideal king, David, is portrayed in his guilt and his blood-shedding as vividly as in his glory. The later work of the Chronicler appears indeed to be history written for a purpose; but the traditional materials, in the books of Kings, from which it was evidently worked up, show how different, how honest, the earlier spirit was. In fact, it is in the ages of written records that we perceive the most palpable traces of exaggeration; and the more we touch here and there the primitive tradition, the more evidence do we find of truth-like and almost stolid simplicity.

Thus far my suggestions touch the trustworthiness of the historical element alone in the Hebrew traditions. We come to a different and more complicated question in considering the great body of legislation which is interspersed

throughout the Pentateuch. Dr. Kuenen regards this as, in the main, dating only from the fifth century B. C. A few chapters, which he thinks may have constituted an original "book of the Covenant" (Exod. xxi.-xxiii. 19), he ascribes to the early prophetic era, the eighth century B. C., and Deuteronomy to the time of Josiah, B. C. 622; but the great body of what came afterwards to be called "the Law of Moses" he attributes to Ezra and the priestly party, the establishers of that hierarchical community which, after the return from exile, took the place of the nation. The various arguments upon which he bases this conclusion centre briefly in this: that we do not find any traces in the earlier times of such laws being observed, nor even of their being known to exist.

There is undoubtedly a great deal of truth and force in this. The earlier prophets do indeed allude to a "law," and "commandments," and "transgressions," which imply some ancient and traditional legislation, generally known, though little regarded. But no one, in reading those prophets or the historical books, would, from what is told of the people's life and doings, infer the existence of such a detailed system of enactments as we find in the Pentateuch. It is quite possible, in any case, that many of these may have originated with Ezra, or been modified by him; but still there are several considerations which render it more likely that his work was not the imposing of a substantially new law, but the collecting, transcribing, and revising the ancient legal traditions of his people, which had really been what they were called, "the Law of Moses."

It would require a treatise to discuss the whole subject at all adequately, but I may outline some of these considerations. The first is negative: that the mere fact that few traces of the most characteristic laws of the Pentateuch are found in the earlier history is no neces-

sary disproof of their having been really given by Moses. It was one thing to promulgate laws in the desert, and quite another to carry them out in the restless, unsettled life of the centuries which followed. But apart from any such explanation, this absence of any attempt to carry out the Mosaic law is almost exactly paralleled in the Vedic legislation. The very ancient system called "the laws of Manu"—in part, at least, made up from earlier codes—is of far greater extent than the Jewish ceremonial law, and deals with an even wider variety of subjects; yet Sir Henry Maine states, as the conclusion of the best scholars, that "it does not as a whole represent a set of rules ever actually administered in Hindustan, but is an ideal picture of what, in the view of the Brahmans, *ought* to be the law."¹

But while thus there is no reason why the Jewish law may not have been substantially a tradition really dating from Moses, there are some points in it which are strongly in favor of such an origin. Many of the provisions and regulations are of a kind that would have no appropriateness, except in a nomadic, desert life. The minute directions for the construction of a tabernacle capable of being taken to pieces and moved from place to place; all the sanitary ordinances, for the disposal of the offal from the sacrifices "outside the camp," and the unclean being excluded for specified seasons from "the camp;" such curious provisions as that every man must have a "paddle" (or little shovel) upon his weapon (Deut. xxiii. 13),—these and many other laws surely not only come from the desert wanderings, but show how minutely the traditions of that time were preserved. Because it will hardly be suggested that these were manufactured antiques, introduced by Josiah's or Ezra's scribes, to give color to the use of the name of Moses. Such ideas of historical appropriateness and realism

¹ Ancient Law, page 16.

are of a quite later, almost modern origin.

On the other hand, there are a number of the laws, and among them the most singular and characteristic, which, though applicable only after the occupation of Canaan, could hardly have originated after the circumstances of occupation and possession were actually realized. Take the law of the year of jubilee, for instance, with its elaborate provision for the reversion of all land to the original owners each fiftieth year. It is urged that no mention is found of this being carried out in the earlier times. But then Dr. Kuenen himself admits that it was never carried out at all. So of the law allotting forty-eight cities to the Levites, "which we know," he says, "they never possessed but on paper." Surely it is much more truth-like that such laws should have been conceived by Moses, in his ideal parceling out of a land not yet occupied, than that they should have been drawn up by Ezra, when he was going back to a country where the holding and transfer of land was already, for centuries, fixed and settled past all power of altering. In fact, a great deal of the Mosaic legislation is precisely of this character: breathing a noble purpose; fine, as an ideal; just what such a lofty, prophetic mind as that of Moses might well conceive when trying to provide for the future well-being of his people, but not really practicable, and not such as Ezra, in the circumstances of his far later day, would have been at all likely to attempt.

It must be considered, too, how integral a part of a people's life is its law, and how hard old laws and usages are to alter. The changes which Ezra and his party introduced in the actual life of their time were enough to strain their authority to the uttermost, even with all the prestige of acknowledged though long-neglected tradition to support them. If they were simply innovations of his

own devising, their success is almost incomprehensible. Here I cannot help paying my tribute of admiration to the fresh and most living interest with which Kuenen invests this whole crisis of Israelitish history. He brings out with marvelous clearness the conflict of parties: the fervent monotheists, with Ezra and Nehemiah at their head, zealous for the Jahveh worship, eager to realize their ideal of a great religious community of Israel, to replace that nation which had been hopelessly shattered by exile; the people, stirred by their zeal, yet hardly ready for so sweeping changes, liking some of the old customs, even if they were associated with idolatry, and not seeing why it was such a sin to marry wives from the peoples round. In fact, he depicts the conservative forces against which Ezra had to work so vividly that it is impossible to help asking: Could it be, then, that all this was a really *new* law he was imposing, and that its ascription to Moses was a mere pious ruse? I confess I cannot so weigh the forces of national life and feeling. By Dr. Kuenen's own reasoning I am led to a conclusion the reverse of his. It seems much more likely, much more adequate to such a crisis, that Ezra was really, as the history says (we are in the times of history now), reviving the ancient law of his people. What is there unlikely in the supposition that it had come down for centuries as the Law of Moses, regarded with a traditional reverence almost superstitious, though much of it had never been carried out at all (any more than the laws of Manu); and that Ezra now brought out for fulfillment provisions in it which had been overlooked as completely as the prohibition of Suttee in the Vedas had been overlooked by the Hindu priests, who for over two thousand years had been repeating those Vedas?

But if the acceptance of Ezra's law by his own people is a strong argument in the direction of its being substantially

an ancient tradition revived, a stronger argument still is its acceptance by the Samaritans. Indeed, Dr. Kuenen's own account of the alienation of the Samaritans carries within itself a complete refutation of his theory that "the law" was a virtually new thing in the time of Ezra. Mark the facts! In 536 B. C. the first party of exiles returned from Babylon to Jerusalem, and the rebuilding of the temple was begun. The now mixed population who had remained in Palestine asked to be allowed, as Jews, to join in the work. They were refused and disowned. The refusal drove them into separation and hostility, and gradually they became the bitterest enemies of the Jews. Now, it was not till this alienation had been going on for nearly eighty years that Ezra came to Jerusalem, "with the law of his God in his hand." It was a new law, according to Kuenen, "made known and imposed upon the Jewish nation *now for the first time*" (vol. ii. p. 231. The italics are his). Elsewhere he calls it the "founding of Judaism;" and again he says, "It is nothing less than a revolution" (ii. 218). Was it likely that the Samaritans would welcome such a new law? Even among the Jews, it aroused fierce opposition. Some of them, led by the son of the high priest, withdrew in disgust and resentment, and joined the Samaritans, their leader becoming the Samaritan high priest, and the temple on Mt. Gerizim being built for him. Yet, by and by, these Samaritans are found possessing and cherishing that very law, in the Pentateuch, and insisting that they alone rightly inherit and fulfill it! How comes this? How is it, in fact, that the only Hebrew scriptures they carry down in their separate and rival priesthood, are these (alleged) latest books, the greater part of which, we are told, were only composed among the Jews eighty years after the Samaritans had become a separate and hostile people? Kuenen's explanation of this

surely serious difficulty is simply this: that "the Jews being far in advance of them in religious and intellectual development, the Samaritans involuntarily became their disciples;" and "when the five books of Moses had undergone their final redaction . . . they were also adopted by the Samaritans. These books merely required an alteration here and there to serve them as holy records and a canon" (ii. 250).

Surely this explanation is wholly, almost ludicrously, inadequate. People do not adopt "holy records and a canon" in any such easy-going fashion; at any rate, not from neighbors to whom they have become bitterly hostile. The very facts so ably brought out all point to an original traditional law, already held in reverence for ages, and which the Samaritans carried with them into their separate existence; and if their Pentateuch is really identical with the Torah promulgated by Ezra, then it only shows how faithfully he must have kept to the ancient tradition for his transcription of it to be accepted and used even by his greatest enemies.

I cannot claim that any of these are entirely new points, although I think they have been very much overlooked in the more modern criticism; but the other argument that I have to adduce is one which, as far as I am aware, has not been in any way noticed heretofore.

Apart from all general questions as to the characteristics of the Hebrew traditions, there is a special interest in considering whether they were transmitted orally in their present form. Supposing that they were only written down and compiled, as we have them, during or after the prophetic age, how were they then found existing by the compilers? Were they merely outlines of story, floating loosely in the mind of older people, told by each one in his own words, and only fashioned into their present shape by those who wrote them down; or were they already existing in

set, stereotyped forms, in wordings handed down from earlier times? It is plain that if we should find reason to suppose that the latter was the case, that what the prophetic or priestly editors compiled were fixed oral traditions however fragmentary or imperfect, they would have much more value for us. But have we any traces that would lead to this conclusion? I believe we have.

It is well known that, in the endeavor to distinguish the different documents embodied in the Pentateuch, one of the indications upon which great stress has been laid is the name by which, in this part or that, the Almighty is spoken of. Thus the Elohist and the Jehovistic elements of the Pentateuch, including the book of Joshua, have come to be recognized landmarks of historical exploration. But the argument can be carried further. There is, really, a third indication of the same kind, the bearing of which has hardly been perceived, namely, the use of the expression, applied to God, "of hosts," as "Lord of hosts" (original, Jahveh or Jehovah of hosts) and less frequently "God of hosts." I do not mean that this epithet has not been noticed by the Dutch school; it has been, but with a curious inversion of its real bearing. In fact, it has been taken by them to help a theory with which it can hardly have anything to do, while its actual significance has been overlooked. This may seem a strong statement to make about critics so careful; but let us look at the facts. Kuenen, as is well known, regards Jehovah or Jahveh as having originally, and in the Mosaic period, been merely a tribal nature-god, only in the later, prophetic era developing into the higher spiritual conception, when the name came to be regarded as a derivative of the verb *to be*. Now he treats the epithet "of hosts" as a survival illustrative of that older idea of a God dwelling in the sky and ruling the stars. These views are in his own Religion

of Israel elaborated at too great length to quote, but one of the ablest expounders of the new criticism, Professor Toy, of Harvard University, has lately given this meaning of the epithet "of hosts" (as a side illustration of the old heathen idea of Jahveh as the sky-god) in language at once unmistakable and brief. He says, "From various expressions in the Old Testament we may infer that Yahwe was originally a god of the sky, especially of the thunderstorm. This suits the fine description in Psalm XVIII. [of God riding upon the storm] and many other passages, and the common Old Testament name '*the Lord of hosts*;' that is, Yahwe, the ruler of the hosts of stars." Now mark how he proceeds: "In process of time this origin of the deity [that is, as the sky-god] was forgotten; moral qualities were associated with him, his worship was purified, and he became the just and holy God, such as we see him in Amos and the other prophets; and finally he became the only God."¹ But both Professor Kuenen and Professor Toy entirely ignore the consideration of *when* this "common Old Testament name" first appears. In fact, it is never found *at all* until the times of the prophets, when the coarser ideas of Jehovah as a sky-god had passed away! Throughout the whole Pentateuch and the continuing traditions of Joshua and Judges the expression "God of hosts" or "Lord of hosts" never once occurs. It is only when we come to the writings of the higher period that it first appears. Of course this is no proof that when it did thus come into use it had a high spiritual meaning. It seems, in reality, doubtful what its meaning was. But since it does not appear at all until the higher spiritual idea of Jehovah had arisen, it seems rather gratuitous to take it then in its most materialistic meaning, and to

¹ The History of the Religion of Israel, an Old Testament Primer. By Crawford H. Toy. Boston.

throw that back upon the earlier ages as an illustration of how gross were their conceptions of God.

But there is more in this than the simple allocation of an epithet of doubtful meaning to its right and later period. This fact has to be noted: when the expression "of hosts" did spring up, it became the favorite national name for God. In almost every one of the prophets, and in the later historical books of the prophetic era, — Samuel, Kings, etc., — we find it frequently. From the eighth or ninth century onwards one may fairly call it, as Professor Toy does, "the common Old Testament name" for God. Now, is there nothing significant in the fact that, while it thus constantly appears in the original writings of those prophetic centuries, it is entirely absent from those books which are supposed to have been simultaneously edited from older traditions? Remember that Kuenen's central idea is that those other traditions were then "made over," if not absolutely reconstructed; that the later and higher religious ideas were read into them, written into them; that the whole monotheistic coloring of Abraham's and Moses' time was thus a mere retrospective infusion from the prophetic age. Yet, if so, how comes it that the favorite God-name of that prophetic age never appears in these reconstructed traditions? Surely it is significant of those traditions having really come down from a quite older time; not only so, but also of their having come down in a settled and accepted and known form; and, further, of that settled and known form *not* having been recast into the language and ideas of the prophetic compilers, but having been taken simply and unaltered as it had been handed down, — yes, taken with such reverent care that in all the processes of compiling and re-compiling, even at long intervals and probably by many hands, the favorite and habitual name for God during the

ages of compilation has not crept in, in one solitary instance.

It would be interesting to inquire whether, in the general language of the Pentateuch, there are to be found such archaisms as it seems natural to expect, if the wording of its traditions had really come down from much earlier times than the prophetic age when the present books are supposed to have been written. I have not, however, sufficient knowledge of Hebrew to enable me to pursue such an inquiry, and, as far as I can gather, the opinions of those who have are curiously divided. The great Hebraist Jahn maintained that there are such archaisms, well marked and numerous; Gesenius holds the contrary. I leave this question to those who are competent to discuss it, content to contribute to the argument this instance, palpable even to the mere English reader, not of a mere word-form present or absent, but of a well-marked expression, standing for a distinct stage of thought.

Only a few closing words are needed to gather these various suggestions to a point. I do not for a moment claim to have made any complete study of the Hebrew historical books, but I do think I have shown that even *as traditions* they are deserving of a kind of study which they have not been receiving. If further investigation shall confirm these indications which I have pointed out of their ancient and careful character, and of their having been transmitted and transcribed in the very phraseology of older times, this will not, indeed, justify the place once given to them, and for which some still contend, of infallible histories. But I think it will justify us — I think enough is already visible to do so — in regarding them as, in their main outlines, preserving the real story of the Hebrew development. It justifies us especially in regarding their peculiar *religious* coloring, their pictures of a patriarchal monotheism rising and falling and rising again, as being a part of

the ancient tradition, and not a gloss of the far-subsequent prophetic times. The ages back of the prophets are no longer a lost, unknown time, whose apparent names and shapes of "seekers after God" are mere myths, constructed backwards from the stand-point of the eighth century. We have not to clear them away, and construct in their place some evolutionary theory of a race slowly rising out of gross polytheism. Instead of this, great names, great religious movements, great historic events, stand out, far off and often dim, yet unmistakably real, against the morning sky of Hebrew antiquity. We may trust the large impression that David left upon the national heart; the portrayal of the tenderer and nobler side of his life as well as the strangely candid traditions of fierce and evil passions in him; and his historical place as the fosterer of an established worship, and at least the founder of its psalmody. We can believe the general account of Samuel and of Saul. We may trace the great outlines of the story of the Exodus, with the grand work of its prophet leader; and even if whole codes of later ages were added on to his, there is quite enough visible alike of his religion and of his laws and of his mighty leadership to leave him, as he has been regarded in the past, one of the loftiest teachers

of mankind. Even the stories of the patriarchs are not incredible, having been preserved as connecting links in those genealogical successions which they counted so important, and are invaluable to us for their marvelous photographs of the world's ancient life. And, back of all, we can see — and, for so early an age, in a curious life-likeness — that father of monotheism, of whom Max Müller says, "We want to know more of Abraham; but even with the little that we do know, he stands before us as a figure second only to one in the whole history of the world." These great personalities and their main religious characteristics abide secure. We have indeed to feel our way to the central facts of their history through traditions often fragmentary and imperfect, and through much that is local, exaggerated, sometimes mythical, and which it is often a relief to be able to put aside. But there is still enough clearly discernible, alike of divine leadings and human doings, to keep that oldest Hebrew literature in its ancient place, — not as any cast-iron authority either of history or of faith, but as the treasured stories of our faith's beginnings, and as the noblest testimonies from the world's ancient life to the eternal verities of religion and to the deep workings of God's spirit in man.

Brooke Herford.

CHARON'S FEE.

THIS gray sarcophagus is bare
 Of chiseled grace,
 And blank the walls of its recess;
 Beside it amphora and vase
 Kept tears and spices. Haste! displace
 The lid and night of ages! Day
 Looks coldly in on nothingness!
 Yet stay!
 Green-mouldered coins are lying there
 For Charon's fee.

The fee unpaid,
 Where wanders the unferried shade?
 By dread
 Perseis led in crossing ways?
 On oak-grown heights where Zeus' high praise
 Erst sounded? Where the fields proclaim
 The presence of Persephone,
 To flit and sigh
 Anigh
 And plead her queenly influence
 Returning hence?
 Haste hither, Shade of vanished name!
 These crusted coins await thy claim
 For Charon's fee.

NEWPORT.

X.

YOUNG THORBURN AND OLD THORBURN.

PERRY discovered that there were compensations for his accident on the polo-field which would almost have persuaded him to undergo another like it. He made a languid state progress from his father's enormous villa on the Cliffs to the Casino, the Club, the houses of his friends, carrying his arm in a sling, and accepting the solicitude, the admiration, and the fervent good wishes of many beautiful young ladies and sweetly judicious mammas. Not a bad fellow was this Perry, by nature; but he had of course been spoiled as a boy, and it was quite delightful to him to find that he could now indulge himself with a complete relapse into unreasonableness, on the excuse of an injured arm. He enjoyed the affectionate abasement of his mother and the uncouth tenderness of his father, both of whom suffered from a belief (and yet were pleased by it) that they did not come up to his standard. He also enjoyed being taken

out on the avenue by some of the best "whips" among the ladies, and resigning himself, like a wounded veteran, to their graceful management of the reins. Frequently he sailed over to Jamestown, to call on Josephine; and as the Thorburns had brought no yacht to Newport, Raish Porter quickly saw the advantage of placing his own boat at Perry's disposal. All this time, however, Perry tortured his household with the most capricious moods, and took especial pains to make Quisbrough the victim of his pseudo-invalidism.

Quisbrough still exercised a feeble tutorial function, although Perry had reached the age of twenty-four. The young man had never been to college. As Quisbrough once confidentially remarked, "At first, owing to Perry's want of appreciation for the requirements, Harvard would n't admit him; and afterwards, in retaliation, he refused to admit Harvard." He was understood to be pursuing advanced studies in private, and even entertained notions of astonishing the world, some day; but his instructor really had little to do, beyond certain duties as secretary to Thorburn

senior and the submitting himself to Perry's persecutions. He was obliged to go in the yacht to Jamestown, remaining fixed on board while the autocrat spent an hour or two with Josephine; and afterwards he had to listen to his charge's laudations of that young woman, his sentimental anxieties, and his peevish dissatisfaction because both his father and Mr. Hobart opposed a union with her: the former for the reason that he wanted his vast fortune to be joined, through his son's marriage, with some other immense accumulation; while Mr. Hobart strenuously demurred at the idea of losing his daughter's care and companionship, in his increasing age and ill-health.

Returning from one of these trips, Perry insisted upon stretching himself, propped by a pillow, on a sofa in his father's library, a long and wide, low-studded apartment, fitted up with much grandeur of dark-hued wood; rows of elegant, unread books in solid cases — which, viewing their dead and useless contents, one might have considered the catacombs of literature — and as many other appliances for display as the architect and furnisher had allowed. The windows were of plain glass, but were heavily leaded in a pattern somewhat resembling a spider-web. The proprietor of this lordly place was seated at an immense desk — the high altar of his religion — bestowed in a capacious alcove; one that could be shut off at will from the main apartment, and had a vaulted ceiling on which the web design reappeared. He was extracting benefit from his seaside leisure by reading some cipher dispatches which had just come from New York through his private wire. The click of the instrument, in charge of a private operator, could be heard through an open door leading from the library; and there was so much privacy altogether about the arrangement that to any one but Perry it would have been sacred. The only

tribute, however, that he paid to the established cult was the incense of a cigar which he proceeded to light.

"Why do you come in here, boy?" asked his father, turning his head for an instant towards Perry. Thorburn was so heavy a man, his head was so cumbrous, that he seemed hardly capable of looking *at* any one; but the aspect of shrewd and searching intelligence marked upon the bulky, almost brutish features was distinct, and became, by contrast with their dull weight, rather unpleasant — in fact, terrifying at times, like the sudden projection of a tree or a rock at night, which transiently takes on the appearance of a monster's head. "Have n't you got rooms enough of your own?" he continued. "I'm busy."

"That's the reason I came," said his son. "I like to see you doing business."

Old Thorburn settled himself into his former position, as a sign of his displeasure, and was soon absorbed again. Perry, having waited for this, resumed: "Besides, I've got something to speak about."

"Can't hear it," said his father, without moving.

"Well, it's just as you like," Perry answered, imperturbably. "I thought it would be fair to tell you, but I'll go ahead any way, without consulting you."

"What is it?" Mr. Thorburn asked, in a voice as heavy as his features, — as heavy as a sponge full of water. "Business?"

"No. More important than that. I'm going to marry Josephine Hobart."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Thorburn, dropping his papers and facing round. "After my stating expressly that I disapprove of it?" He rose, walked across the room, and closed the door of the private telegraph-office. "Have you spoken to her?"

"No," said Perry, in a very comfortable manner, speaking with his cigar in his mouth. "But I'm going to, soon."

At this point, Mr. Thorburn noticed that Quisbrough had remained in the room. "You may leave us," he said to the tutor-secretary. "This is private," and with a short, arbitrary gesture, he indicated the surroundings, himself, and Perry.

But Perry, seeing an opportunity to embarrass Quisbrough, said: "No, Quiz, I'd rather have you stay. He knows all about it," he added, to his father.

Quisbrough, without looking at either of them, continued the perusal of a small book which he had taken from his pocket, and did not move.

"Very well, sir," continued Thorburn, addressing Perry, "let us have an explanation. You must be crazy! Why, you have n't finished your education yet."

"No, I have n't," the young man returned; "but, for all that, I know a good deal more than you do about some things."

Quisbrough, leaning against the base of a book-case, glanced up with a little quirk in his thick beard, that apparently resulted from a smile. "Perry flatters me," he observed, "beyond my deserts."

"You know a lot more about infernal impudence," Thorburn proceeded, to his only child, "than I could afford at your age; and that's about all you have learned. It's pretty near time for me to give you a lesson or two myself, and I'm damned if I don't do it."

The heir of the estate smiled blandly, and leaned back on his pillow. "There," said he, "is where you're considerably off your chump, if you think you can teach me. I don't see the use of getting excited: I only thought it would make things pleasanter and smoother if I gave you fair notice that I'm going to marry Josephine; and that's all there is to it."

Old Thorburn glowered at him for a moment. The millionaire had a big face, with long and copious side-whiskers that inclosed a huge shaven area about the coarsely moulded lips and chin; and

the big eyes above his well-fed and well-wined cheeks disclosed, even in his genial moments, a semi-indignant expression, as if they were outraged by the unfortunate spectacle of the lower face over which they were compelled to take their observations. At present they were more indignant than usual. "Look here, Perry," he inquired finally, "do you suppose I'm going to submit to this? Do you really mean to tell me that without resources of your own — no business, no opportunities — nothing but the hundred thousand or so that I've given you, you're going to undertake a marriage against my will? You can't be such a fool!"

Perry exhaled a meditative wreath of smoke. "Well," he replied, gently, "I should relax my features; I should murmur ever so sweetly."

"What does the cub mean," Thorburn asked, turning helplessly to Quisbrough, "by those idiotic phrases? Does he mean yes or no?"

"On the whole," said Quisbrough gravely, "I should say he meant yes."

"Right you are," declared Perry, nodding his head.

"Then, all I've got to say," his father exclaimed, growing redder in the face and squaring his big body at the reclining athlete, "is this: I forbid it! I won't have it, I tell you! And I'll find ways to stop it, if I want; you may be sure of that. Why, old Hobart is opposed to it, too — he told me so; and I'll make it for his interest to be still more opposed. Or if that won't do, I'll buy the girl off, herself."

Perry leaped from the couch at one bound. "Stop that, sir!" he cried. "There's one thing you can't do, any way; and that is, insult the lady I mean to marry. By thunder, if it comes to that, I walk straight out of this house and stay out. Take your choice." In his excitement, he tore the lame arm free from its bandage.

The magnate was cowed, for an in-

stant. The owner of railroads and parts of railroads and masses of the national debt; the great operator in stocks; the man who had bought up a line of Newport steamers merely as a diversion, and was running them in sumptuous style, with bands of music to give a concert on every trip; the owner of sundry revered trotting-horses; the dealer in legislatures below par; — this individual, I say, was frightened by a few manly words from his useless and indolent son. Nevertheless, he growled, after a pause, though not without a strain of conciliation in the gruff, guttural speech: "It's strange that I can't have my own way in a matter like this — a matter right in my own family. I've bought things a deuced sight more important than the obedience of a boy or the refusal of a girl." Here a humorous contraction of the muscles rolled his lips back in a grim smile. "But filial affection, I suppose, is a luxury that I ought to appreciate, even if I get it for nothing." He was pleased with his sarcasm, but, growing angry again, he continued: "All the same, I won't have this thing. Mind now, I'm opposed to it, first and last; and if you persist, I'll disinherit you — at least for your mother's life — and cut you down to the lowest figure, any way you can fix it."

"Oh, I know you're a hard customer, when you've made your mouth up," said Perry, returning to slang. This indirect allusion to the unfortunate feature in his father's physiognomy was by no means soothing. "Still, I've got some capacity, too, for going ahead, when I want to. I'm not afraid."

"Will you allow me one word?" Quisbrough now interposed, seemingly fatigued to the point of somnolence. "It strikes me, Mr. Thorburn, that you're forgetting just for the moment our American principles of free action, and so forth. What you propose to do would be all very well in the old country, but it does n't suit the genius of

our institutions. You see, you have n't got any background for it."

"Background!" roared Thorburn. "What do you call this?" He waved his arm, and as it were swept the whole vista of the opulent room at his critic: the paneled wood ceiling, the luxurious chairs, the sham old armor, and the spider-web tracery of the leaded windows. "What do you call my business interests? If all that is n't background enough, I don't know where you'll find it."

"It's as good as possible, in its way," said the secretary, whose sedate manner of treating the question in a philosophic mood filled Perry with satirical joy; "but what I refer to is the social system of the country. We need two or three centuries of a well-defined money aristocracy, with entail and a fixed principle of parental authority, before a man can expect to control his son's matrimonial choice."

Thorburn did not fail to see that his adroit employee, although assuming the position of a futile theorizer, had really opened for him the best way out of the dispute. Besides, he was rapidly sketching, in the close-barred retirement of his own mind, where there was neither secretary nor private wire, a delectable scheme for impressing his unruly offspring, and getting him into a "tight place;" and, sharp though his irritation remained, the first move in that scheme must, he was aware, be to conciliate Perry.

He affected to ponder Quisbrough's words. "Perhaps you are right," he said, throwing into his reply a careful reluctance. "If I wanted any traditions badly enough, I guess I could make 'em for myself; still, you may be right, Quisbrough. It may be better to float with the current in this particular case. Well, Perry, my boy," — his demeanor softened into something like that of a trained bear, — "I don't like it, but I shall try to make the best of it,

if it's bound to happen. 'First catch your hare,' though: you've got to get the young lady's consent."

"I'll attend to that," replied the other, serenely.

"Then suppose we drop the subject. I shall have something to say to you by and by; some hints that may be useful. But not now: I'm busy." Saying which, Thorburn reseated himself at his desk.

"All right. Come along, Quiz," said Perry. "I want you to fix up this sling for me." He began chuckling, after they left the room. "By Jove, the old man was bowled over pretty easily, eh? Had n't any idea he'd give in. Now we've got to settle Hobart, and I don't see how to do it. Do you?"

His companion professed a total inability to assist, but at once began to cogitate upon methods of doing so. It was not long before circumstances placed in his hands a complete outline of the measures to be adopted. Raish Porter, having lent his yacht to Perry for the excursions to Jamestown, found opportunities to carry him off now and then, on brief cruises up the bay or along the outer shore; and in the course of these miniature voyages he allowed particulars to be drawn from him respecting the important enterprises of the Orbicular Manufacturing Company. With the diffidence of a man who is sure in the ownership of a property that must naturally excite the envy of others, he let fall significant items about the new patents for cotton-rovig machines which he controlled; he also alluded to valuable railroad appliances to be produced by the Orbicular Company, the monopoly of which alone would bring in a princely revenue. By and by he allowed him to learn that Mr. Hobart was a heavy investor in the concern; a fact which stimulated Perry's attention to a wonderful degree.

"I presume," said Raish heartily, — "since it's no secret, — that you know

of the attacks which have been made on the company and myself, during the last few weeks. They were started by one of those blackmailing commercial papers — no account — and have been taken up by a few others. But look at the great dailies. The Luminary, of course, is down on us — down on everything, if it thinks there's half a chance. The Trumpeter writes one way first, and then the other, so's to be 'independent.' But all the rest steer clear, and there has n't been a particle of evidence produced yet. The best answer to these slanders is the big factory we're putting up out in Jersey: it'll cost us a quarter of a million. You can't imagine, though, how annoying this irresponsible onslaught is. Some of the best men are stockholders, but we have really been slightly impeded by this thing; capital, you know, is so sensitive. Still, you remember, it has been said that 'half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping;' and I don't propose to pull mine in just now. Not by a long sight!" Raish laughed with great good cheer, in conclusion.

Quisbrough waited for Perry to broach the topic, when they were alone, and then he gradually admitted, with an apologetic air, that since Porter was evidently prepared to accept a new subscriber for Orbicular stock, and also had great influence with Hobart, his energies might be enlisted to break down the old gentleman's objection to the match with Josephine, if Perry should put money into the new company. Such a manœuvre strongly commended itself to the millionaire's son, who fancied that he saw in it the means of outwitting his father, and at the same time conducting a profitable business operation for himself. Within a day or two, accordingly, he arrived at an understanding with Porter, and agreed to take a large number of shares in the Orbicular.

Meanwhile, he crossed the bay again, to see Josephine. She was staying with her father at a barren old farm-house, which stood out in the green fields, surrounded by a few stunted trees; and as Perry approached, he found the small covered piazza in sole possession of the old gentleman, assisted by a brood of dauntless chickens who were wandering all over it. "What a frightful place for her to be in!" thought the gallant suitor, as he had often thought before.

Small Mr. Hobart, white-bearded, red-nosed, fussy, laid down his paper, and presented to the visitor a countenance barred by a pair of gold spectacles, which appeared to restrain and imprison the choleric wearer, compelling him to observe an artificial civility. He greeted Perry much more cordially than usual. "Glad to see you," he said. "It shows you have some sense, to get away occasionally from that ridiculous merry-go-round on the other side of the water, and come over here. I've heard some news about you, too: it seems you're beginning to make a business man of yourself."

Perry blushed, as well as he could with his sunburned complexion; in part from modesty, but still more from pride at the first sign of success attending his machination.

"Well, yes," he said, "I've been talking with Mr. Porter a little about your new company. It's a good thing, isn't it?"

"Splendid, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Hobart, in a cracked voice, taking a pull at the short brier pipe he was smoking. "You can't do better, as a beginning. Lucky chance for you: there ain't many men Porter would think of letting in; but I'm glad he's inclined to give you a block, I swear. You did n't come here to talk business, though," the retired merchant continued, giving a wretched imitation of hilarity in the form of a shattered laugh. "Josie is n't in the house; she's just walked up the road,

there. I guess you'll overtake her, though, if you follow."

And Perry did overtake her. Exactly what occurred need not be recited here in detail; but half an hour later, Quisbrough beheld his overgrown pupil striding down to the water's edge at an impatient pace. He came out in a boat to the yacht, and boarded her without uttering a syllable; he maintained a rigorous silence, in fact, all the way home. But it was not the silence of satisfaction; and at length scattered ejaculations, like the first drops of a storm, began to fall upon Quisbrough, making known to him the result of the interview. Josephine had not refused Perry; but she had put him off, had asked him to wait. Over and over there recurred to his mind with galling persistence the excuses, the delays, the remonstrances, she had made.

"I am almost sure of gaining your father over," he had said; "and, even without that, I should still ask you to marry me. I want to take you away from this broken-up, unhappy sort of life you lead with him, and to place you where you belong. Fortunately, I shall have all the means for giving you surroundings that would be worthy of you, Josephine. It will be pleasure enough for my whole life, only to do that. But if I were miserably poor, I should love you just the same, and have just the same ambition for you. Is that nothing to you?"

"Ah no, no; you do really love me, I am certain," she replied, regarding him calmly, dreamily, with her dark, restful eyes; "and to know it, I will tell you fairly, is a great deal to me, whether I will or not. But"—

"Oh, you mean you can't return my sentiments," he interrupted, hotly. "Is that it?"

"Don't force me to say so, Mr. Thorburn," she admonished him. Her bearing was as serene, as unaffected and yet queenly, standing there with one elbow

leaned on the roadside stone-wall, and with open, wind-swept fields stretching out on every side, as it would have been if they had met in the most formal drawing-room of Newport.

"I only want to know the hard fact," he declared, obstinately. "Whatever it may be, I warn you I shall try to overcome it: I can't help trying. But only let me know. Oh!" he suddenly exclaimed, clapping one hand to his temple with unmerciful sharpness. "Perhaps that's it, but I never thought of it. I might have known, though: you — you are thinking of some one else!"

Josephine desisted from her unfaltering gaze, and the long eyelashes swept downward as she answered, almost repeating her former appeal, "Don't ask me. I can't say that, either."

"Then, if it is n't so," he implored, "what is the reason? What can be the difficulty?"

She bent her glance, as it happened, towards the bay; she turned towards the spot where distant Newport lay in a confused mass of huddled gray roofs on the dim opposite shore. There was a strange expectancy in her mien, as if she awaited an impossible relief from that quarter. "Mr. Thorburn," she said, in honest distress, "I beg you won't go on. I can't explain; truly, I can't. I respect your devotion and your kindness, and I don't want to inflict any hurt upon you; but oh, indeed, you must n't ask me any more!"

Nothing had availed to wring from her any utterance more satisfactory than this; and so poor Perry, who had counted with such assurance upon his factitious advantages and his unqualified affection, was left to reconcile himself to the baffling situation as well or ill as he could. He promptly adopted the expedient of becoming reckless. As may well be guessed, nothing was revealed to his father concerning the set-back he had encountered; but the wily old manipulator noted in him signs of a despera-

tion which, however, was still temperate, if one may say so. Perry avoided the society of ladies, now, and hung about the clubs, drinking and smoking a good deal; he also dropped in at the secret and luxurious gambling-place, politely supposed not to exist, where Stillman Ware often sought diversion. One day old Thorburn summoned him, being ready to ignite the train he had laid.

"I see you are restless," he said, "and I think I can guess why. Of course it's natural you should feel the responsibilities of the line you are taking. You need more money than you've got, and you don't know how to make it."

"No, I suppose I don't know much about that," said Perry, amused to think what a surprise he would give the old gentleman with his manufacturing-stock, by and by.

"Well, this is what I referred to, the other day — hints I wanted to give. You have n't considered my feelings nor obeyed my wish about Miss Hobart; but I shall do you a good turn, notwithstanding. Do you know how Transcontinental Telegraph stands now?"

As this was one of the most uncertain among the great speculative stocks, Perry could not say precisely; and his father gave him the quotation. "My ticker," he said, "showed it at seventy-one and three quarters, about ten minutes ago. I advise you to buy in for a rise." Thorburn was exceedingly amiable, at this moment, but contrived also to make his advice as impressive as a command.

"Is there going to be a 'deal'?" his son inquired, eying him intelligently.

"If there were," said his father, "it would n't do for me to tell you anything about it. Now, I don't want you to ask questions: I only advise you to buy. After you have jumped in, you must rely on your own swimming. I sha'n't explain to you what you're to

do ; but I feel confident we shall see Transcontinental at ninety-five, or par, before many weeks are over. And by the way, my boy, don't mention this to any one, unless it be two or three of your intimate friends."

Perry was quite captivated by his father's conversion and kindness. He at once sent an order to Roger Deering, in New York, to make a considerable purchase of Transcontinental for his account. That proceeding was followed by a creditable impulse to show Raish some gratitude for his service with regard to Mr. Hobart ; for although matters did not yet advance any farther in Perry's wooing of Josephine, Raish's arguments had been effectual at all events in gaining her father's assent. He had represented to Mr. Hobart that the cash assets, of which just then their company stood most indigently in need, would be furnished by young Thorburn, provided Josephine were not trammelled by parental opposition. Nothing could have been more natural than that, by way of returning this favor, Perry should have bethought him of imparting to Raish the priceless suggestion which his father had thrown out. To disregard a hint from this source would have seemed to Porter a folly for which he would never be able to pardon himself : moreover, the prospect of a swift and colossal profit was one that, in the temporary embarrassment of his manufacturing project, was peculiarly acceptable. He, too, began buying ; and somehow many other people, in Newport, in New York, in other cities, or in simple, uncovetous country regions, were seized with a like inspiration at the same time. They winged their way to the brokers for Transcontinental, even as bees fare to the garden for honey. As a consequence, the stock went up several points in a few days. Meanwhile, old Thorburn, to whose industry this cheering circumstance was due, continued to officiate at his altar-like desk in the little

chancel or alcove off the library ; and the tangled mouldings above his head continued to figure the meshes of a web. The special wire ran out from the house like a thread prolonged from those meshes ; it tingled and grew alive with the quick, secret current of thought pulsating through it from the owner's brain ; and the owner himself remained physically inert within, as deceptively quiet as if he had actually been an enlarged and improved species of spider watchfully presiding over those complicated filaments.

XI.

OLIPHANT, OCTAVIA, AND JOSEPHINE.

At this time Oliphant felt all the romance of his youth returning to him. He was thoroughly and beyond recall in love with Octavia ; nothing that he could remember, nothing that he could fear or forecast, had any power to restrain him from his one great hope of making her his wife. When he recalled his first passion for Alice Davenant — which had thus far been the single mastering emotion of his life-time — it was only to wonder at the dim insubstantiality into which it now faded : he was completely puzzled, and remained unable to reconcile the two sentiments. Invariably he came back to the simple truth that it was Octavia to whom he looked for a realization of perfect happiness ; she it was for whom he wished to exist. Certainly, he was troubled by a lingering tradition of loyalty to Alice ; and the belief that Octavia also was haunted by a theory of dedicating herself forever to her lost husband constantly intervened to make him hesitate about bringing his hopes to another and a final test. But then, too, the consideration would come up that Alice, so far as the evidence went, had not found in him the adequate companion that, for some reason, we human beings believe

ourselves entitled to. Had she, by a sardonic coincidence, made a fatal error in refusing Gifford; while he, too late, had met this appointed counterpart in Octavia? The conflict between these doubts and the one certainty did not, as we should at first imagine, depress him. No; it stimulated him; the tide of vitality flowed stronger and more buoyant in him on account of them. At moments he suffered intensely, but he rejoiced in his suffering. At other times his spirits rose to a point of volatile gayety which they had not attained in years. He had rapidly gained standing in the most attractive and well-founded society of the town, as a favorite against whom no objection was heard; and to escape the anxieties he felt respecting his fate with Octavia, he insensibly gave himself up more and more to the intoxicating festivities which offered on every side. He had been in the deep places of sorrow long enough; surely it was permissible for him to float on the surface, now, as much as he liked. The object of Newport was pleasure, and pleasure suited him perfectly. And so he came into a better sympathy with the so-called frivolous world than he had ever experienced until then.

"Yes," he replied to one of Raish's burly strictures, "fashionable life here is hollow; but since all of us are more or less hollow, why object to that? Fashion is not the fruit, it's merely the passing flower, of human desires; and the special beauty of a flower is that it is *n't* solid."

Mary Deering asked him if he was not convinced that she had done wisely in counseling him to come thither, and he said vigorously, "Indeed you did! Do you know how it strikes me? I feel as if I were one of those figures on a drop-curtain. No matter what tragedies have happened, or are to come, on the stage, the drop-curtain population is always serene and soothing, and lives in a

softly colored landscape. It's so here, too."

It was while Perry was still laboring under depression that Oliphant strolled one day into the billiard-room of the old Club, and found him there. Perry was playing with De Peyster; and, although it was early in the afternoon, he had just ordered a second bottle of champagne when our friend entered. "Here, I'll pay up now," he said to the waiter. "How much is it?" And he pulled out from his trousers-pocket a handkerchief, which dragged with it gold and silver pieces that fell on the floor. Without noticing this mishap, he dived into his pocket again, and produced a handful of the precious metals, while the waiter was collecting the crumbs of wealth already fallen. In fact, everything he did betrayed a disdainful heat of temper. He stalked around the table as if it were something he had a contempt for; he spoke little with De Peyster; and he did not recognize the existence of Quisbrough, who sat in one of the cushioned chairs fixed in a row at the side of the room; except that now and then he sent him a glass of wine. The tutor always drank it in silence, and went on smoking cigarettes imperturbably, his face subdued to a self-contained, dryly sagacious expression. Oliphant took a place beside him. They had before now established a pleasant and easy-going acquaintance, and Quisbrough had shown a willingness to accept Oliphant on terms almost of intimacy, for he evidently trusted him.

"You are continuing your course of instruction, I see," Oliphant observed.

"Yes," said Quiz. "It's decidedly arduous. I have to cover so many branches. Just think of a man undertaking to be an Alma Mater, and all by himself! That's what I have to do. I'm a walking college, which has to go wherever Perry does; and, what's worse, I have to be professor at the same time. Just at present I'm occupying the chair

of billiards, you notice. Very arduous, very!"

After a while, Perry continuing his proud moroseness, the two onlookers strayed out together on the roofless platform at the side of the club-house. "Your undergraduate seems to be in a troubled state of mind," said Oliphant.

"Yes; he's luxuriating in a sentiment, I believe," Quiz returned.

"My friend Porter has told me something about it," Oliphant at once explained. "He's an extraordinary fellow for finding out things. I infer that Perry has confided a good deal to him, and I knew already of the attachment to Miss Hobart. What a curious thing all this love-making is, and the misery people create for themselves out of it!"

"Very odd," Quiz agreed, with sedate humor. "It's not a part of the prescribed course for Perry — only an elective; but as he has chosen it, I've been obliged to read the subject up, and I don't mind saying that I fail to master it. If it's a science, it's the science of unreason; but if it's an art, it's the art of helpless nature. Then, there are the different conceptions of love in various ages and countries: no one can say exactly what the essence is, common to all the ideas of it. Nowadays we're governed mainly by what Hegel calls the Romantic view. Would you like to hear how he states it?" Straightway, Quiz hauled forth a note-book and began reading: "'The highest phase of love is the devotion of the subject or person to an individual of the opposite sex,' — profound, is n't it? — 'the surrender of his independent consciousness, and of his individual, isolated being-for-himself, which feels itself to have become thoroughly penetrated with its own knowledge of itself, for the first time, in the consciousness of another.' Now, does that make it any clearer?" He went on mumbling out words like "abstract . . . concrete . . . individu-

alized . . . my entire subjectivity," until Oliphant laughingly stopped him.

"That'll do for the philosophy of it," he said.

"Oh, well, I'm crammed with the poetry of the thing, too," responded Quiz, ruffling the leaves of his little book. "The sum and substance of the poetical doctrine is that the less you can tell why you love, and the more you can glory in your ignorance, the better. Turn to index of authors, under L. John Lilly: 'Affection is a fire, which kindleth as well in the bramble as in the oak; and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, — not where it may best burn.' Under M., Milton, thusly: —

"It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit."

And, not to bore you, so it goes on; but they all agree that there's something very fine about love. It's a sort of superstition — like religion."

Oliphant became grave. "I've been a man of the world, Quisbrough," said he, "but I hold on to my religion, and it is n't superstitious; so I can't quite accept your remark. Love, like religion, appears to me to be a result of faith. Our belief in the good and noble traits of humanity is apt to be disappointed in most cases, and by the flaws and meannesses we discover in ourselves, too. But when a man falls in love, he concentrates his general belief in the fine qualities of mankind on one person; he has faith that she is mainly composed of those qualities; and that faith — as we see often enough — will carry him serenely through life, in face of the most glaring contradictions. Even when he detects the woman's faults, he is fond of them, he comes near being proud of them, because — well, simply because he loves her."

"Ah, you see," Quisbrough retorted, "you come back, as I do, to the 'because,' which does n't explain anything. And as to your faith — there's so much

selfishness, after all, in love! It's a mutual agreement to be kind and generous, and to believe, on the distinct ground that a full equivalent shall be given in return. You know how easily love turns to hate; well, that proves it to be selfish. But this is just the quality that makes it so delightful to people: the passion is merely selfishness in an etherealized form, which intoxicates the partaker, inverts his ideas, and makes him think—or her think—that this emotion which is dilating the bosom, and so on, is a magnanimous self-sur-render."

"But aren't there instances of persons who love long after they have ceased to receive any return?"

"Yes; you're right; but they're rare, I imagine. Any way, that belongs to the higher branches: Perry will need a post-graduate course to get so far."

At this moment Mr. Farley Blazer appeared on the balcony. He liked to worry himself by coming down to Newport sometimes and living in a separate apartment, whence he could watch his wife following her path of glory by means of his wealth. On this occasion he was very much under the influence of liquor, and was humming a song, —

"The last poor rat,
Without a cravat;
He had no coat,
And a hole in that," —

which perhaps symbolized to him his own mental condition. He invited the two talkers to drink, but they declined; and, after a few companionable remarks of a luridly humorous nature, he withdrew his wild beard and dull eyes from their sight.

"There's an example, now," Quiz resumed. "That man still loves his wife, though she does n't care a rap for him; and he's paying her the costly tribute of drinking himself to death, because there is n't any other way to show his regard."

Oliphant had a sudden thought of

Roger Deering; for ugly rumors about Mary and Atlee had been flying rather thick of late. And then, passing from these two instances of badly damaged conjugal affection, his mind reverted to the milk-and-water of Hawkstane's kindness, which was now rapidly turning its current towards Tilly Blazer. How could that feeble sentiment be classed with Craig's devouring passion for Vivian? And then, again, could the name of love be applied to the instinctive calculations of the various smiling, talkative little rosebuds and the statelier belles of society, who were able to gauge their heart-throbs by a bank account and prospects of "position;" or to the moth-flights of Dana Sweetser?

"There are about as many degrees in these matters," he said, "as there are individuals. According to your notion, though, I suppose the giving of devotion with absolutely nothing in exchange would be the perfect phase of love."

"I should call it the highest," was Quisbrough's reply. "What is heroism but a generalized, intense love of others, who, perhaps, don't know that we exist? Men lay down their lives for total strangers whom they see in peril."

"But that's a case of honor, or duty, or enthusiasm. There's no passion in it; is there?"

"It strikes me there's passion of the finest kind in such deeds," Quisbrough declared. "If they're not prompted by a sublimated, unselfish power of love, I can see no motive in them at all."

"I never looked at it in that way," Oliphant now said, yieldingly. "But I should n't wonder if you had hit the truth. Of course love must be an idea, as well as a passion; and probably most of us don't come within a thousand miles of comprehending the whole idea."

No doubt he meant what he said; but, as he walked away from the club, he told himself that a man like Quis-

brough could not really know anything about it. His own love for Octavia, he was firmly convinced, rose to the highest mark: he knew that he would do anything for her; he would sacrifice himself for her, if need were; and, should she be unwilling to share her life with him, he was still capable of making his own minister to hers wherever an opportunity offered. That night he walked out towards her house. In the high slope of the roof one window was still glowing, which he tried to suppose was hers, at the same time that he argued against its being so. He wandered up and down the neighboring roads in the rich, soft silence, feeling the moist sea-breeze on his face, and gazing now and then at a bank of white, inchoate cloud-shapes that throbbed with a dim uncertainty of silver light above the tardy moon. Remote, intangible, and fair as those were the hopes that shone down into his midnight reverie; but he resolved soon to attempt to realize them.

He was to see Octavia the next day; for they had made an appointment with Craig, who wanted them to hear him practice on the organ in the old church. Oliphant called for her at the hour agreed upon, and they drove to Trinity together. She was rather pale that morning; the reason of which was that she had in fact been sitting up when Oliphant made his nocturnal reconnaissance, and had been thinking a good deal about him. He was sensible of a new reserve in her manner, which, instead of warning him away, drew him — he could not tell how — nearer, and thrilled him with a vague exultation. On the way she talked of nothing but Craig and Vivian, who were still at odds; and it seemed that Vivian had been doing all sorts of vexatious things to increase Justin's discouragement: she was flirting desperately, and defying the conventionalities more than ever. She had even committed the indiscretion of sharing in a game of polo played entirely

by ladies, which had been conducted with great secrecy, but had nevertheless come to everybody's knowledge and been commented on severely.

"I have decided," said Oliphant, "to send Justin to Germany, and he will go before the season's out. We must get up a reconciliation by that time."

"Oh, yes; and sooner," Octavia rejoined. "I haven't yet told you how anxious Dana Sweetser is to have Justin give a concert for the Drainage Association. We'll persuade Vivian to get his consent. Won't that be nice? And do you know what else I've done? I'm afraid it shows dreadful duplicity in me, but I could n't help it: I — I told her we were all going to be at the church to-day!"

Octavia looked at him (they were in the carriage) with mingled mischief and contrition, and the effect of her glance was greatly heightened by the bonnet she wore, which was made entirely of pansies, and crowned her with a simple grace worthy of some mythical wood-nymph. Were I to tell what Oliphant thought of this piece of head-gear, and how he worshiped it, I should make him appear ridiculous to every one excepting such ladies as may have had a bonnet just like it; but the alluring light in her eyes, the trustful reliance that he would respond to her mood, and her sunshiny liveliness — faintly shadowed always by that reserve I have mentioned — were of far more importance to him. What could all these mean, unless that she resented nothing of what he had said at the Pirate's Cave, and that she might be induced to listen to him again? And so, blithely and sympathetically, they entered the empty church, took places in one of the pews where they could see Justin as well as hear his playing, and had great enjoyment of the music together. It was delightful to know that one identical strain of harmony was sweeping through them both at the same time; and they ex-

changed many swift looks of approval and pleasure at particular passages. And then, as they were preparing to go away, Octavia, fancying that she heard a light step in the vestibule below, hurried to a window in the gallery. Justin was putting in the organ-stops; she beckoned Oliphant to come to her side; and, standing there, he saw Vivian in the path leading out of the old graveyard. She had of course been listening, unseen, to the music. She happened to turn at the moment, glanced up, and saw them; and they hastily drew back, though not before Octavia had shaken her finger jestingly at her friend.

"You see, I knew what would be the effect of telling her," she whispered to Oliphant. "Shall we let Justin know?"

"Not yet. I will, afterward," he said.

"Very well: that shall be your part." Octavia was as full of repressed glee over the little secret as a child. She laid her shut fan against her lips and then touched it to his shoulder, in her haste to caution him that they should say no more, because Justin was about coming towards them. This, to be sure, was a trifle; but it would be singular if she did not perceive what influence such trifles must have upon Oliphant. At any rate, the effect was clear to others when Octavia invited Oliphant, Vivian, and Craig to dinner one evening. The younger couple made some approach to composing their quarrel, and did not stay very late; but Oliphant irresolutely hung back from going, and finally remained longer. He did not dare as yet to come to the climax of a full avowal, but they dropped into reflections more or less personal, which led very close to it.

When she was once more alone, Octavia began to wonder what was going to be the result of such trifles, upon her. She still felt an unreasoning resentment against Oliphant, yet her moments of relenting were becoming more

frequent. Just now, as she sat by her window, trying to read, a microscopic insect—a winged life no bigger than a pin-head—fluttered in, and began executing the craziest spirals around her lamp, always dropping upon the page, on what served it as a back; whereat it went instantly into a frantic spasm, closing with a general wriggle of legs and wings that brought it upright again. There was something so irrational about this tiny creature that it acquired a likeness to humanity, which amused Octavia. She stopped reading, to watch it; but her thoughts returned to Oliphant. "Why should I care what he feels?" she mused. "He asked if I forgave him, and I said, 'You could n't have done differently.' Well, I suppose *he* could n't: another man might have. If he is punished, will it be my fault?" At length, noticing the insect again, she brushed it away carelessly, and ended its existence.

Whether it were the insect or Oliphant that oppressed her conscience, she slept ill that night, and woke with an unappeased questioning at her heart, still. There is, in one sense, no untruth: what seems so is merely the shadow from some cloud of personal temperament, floating between our deeper selves and the sun of truth. The shadows could not be without the light; but light does not depend for its existence on shadow. This nullity of untruth is what makes it difficult for us, when groping through the gradations of shadow in our own minds, to know just the degree of error that obscures our sight. And so Octavia was unable to make out whether she was quite veracious or not.

The general talk, however, of those who kept the run of such matters was that the affair had arrived at a point where an engagement must soon follow. Mrs. Farley Blazer let it be known that she was delighted with the romantic conjunction. Mrs. Richards said to Mary Deering that the wedding ought to come off during the Newport season;

and that, as Octavia was a widow, she would probably have to be "married in a bonnet" (and, incidentally, in a church). Mrs. Deering, in reply, observed that there was the best sort of promise for happiness in the match: "Because, you know, Mrs. Gifford had such a devoted husband; and when widows have had one good husband they are generally kinder the second time — to make up for past faults and get even with their consciences. Eugene will appreciate this in Octavia, because he *did n't* have much happiness from *his* marriage."

Views of this sort having been circulated, Josephine came to Octavia and asked her, "Do you know what everybody is saying?"

"I decline to be interviewed," said Octavia, parting her lips in a perverse little laugh.

"Seriously, my dear," insisted her friend, "you ought to think about it — you ought to think what you are doing."

"Well; and perhaps I have thought," Octavia retorted.

"Oh, you are in earnest, then?"

"Did I say I was?"

"No," answered Josephine. "But surely" — She finished by a fixed gaze of melancholy intentness, which made Octavia nervous. I may add that this quietude verging on sadness, characteristic of Josephine, had been growing upon her of late. Even Oliphant had made observation of it in the fleeting glimpses he had had of her when she came over to a ball, or a strolling play at the Casino Theatre; and it had resulted that she rose upon his reveries, now and then, mildly radiant and serious like the evening star. "I'll tell you how it seems to me," she slowly recommenced, to Octavia. "Of course I did n't need other people to show me that you have been drawing him on: I've seen that for some time. But I don't think you mean to marry him."

"What right have you to say that?" exclaimed Octavia, growing fiery.

"Why, it would be inconsistent with all your principles — everything you've ever said to me about marrying again." This was Josephine's response, and she too gave signs of a rising temperature.

"Ah, Josephine," Octavia was swift in retorting, "how can you let yourself criticise me so? Suppose I had reconsidered my principle?"

Josephine did not glide into easy acquiescence. "This is too bad," she said forlornly. "I can't believe you've changed your mind. And yet, and yet — oh, *is* it true, Octavia? You're deceiving that man!"

"I deceiving?" echoed the other woman. "What do we all do, at times? If I was sure I was very fond of him, and kept back the truth, that would n't be deceit, I suppose. And if I dislike him for any reason, and yet treat him well, that is n't any more deceitful. But did you ever hear what De Musset makes a character say in one of his plays? — 'Are you sure that everything in a woman lies, when her tongue does?' Why should I tell you this: can't you guess how hard it is to know one's own mind?"

"Yes, I understand it well!" cried Josephine, starting up. The evening star had lost her pensive repose: her face was tumultuous, now, with feeling, which she tried hard to suppress. "But you have gone too far to be uncertain. It is not right: I cannot stand by and see this, much as I have loved you, Octavia. Mr. Oliphant does n't deserve to be jilted. I came to you, hoping to persuade you; but, if that won't do, I shall look for some other way to save him. He *must* be told what you're preparing for him!"

Octavia's face lighted with a singular sort of triumph. "Then, *you* love him!" she said, significantly. "Poor child, you have been so hasty that you have betrayed yourself!" Josephine

turned away, blushing in mortification. "Have you told Perry Thorburn so? If you are going to warn Mr. Oliphant of anything, how will it do for me to warn Perry? Tell me, Josephine."

There was an instant of struggle, of effort on the part of Josephine to assume a silent pride; but the attempt failed, and she clutched at Octavia's

hand with her own, which missed its grasp and fastened only upon a fold of the widow's dress. "Oh, you don't know," she said, in a detached, uncertain way. "You must n't think that about me. And I — won't think anything about you, except that I hope you'll be good to him. And don't — don't speak to Perry!"

George Parsons Lathrop.

A NOBLE LADY.

IN the year 1660 Cardinal Mazarin, everywhere victorious, had just added the treaty of the Pyrenees to the treaty of Westphalia. A Spanish gentleman, Don Luis de Haro, felicitating the cardinal on the repose which he was about to enjoy, now that the season of storms was over, received the reply that in France one could never promise one's self repose. "You Spaniards," said Mazarin "may talk of it, for your women busy themselves with love only; but in France it is not so. There are three here now capable of governing or of overturning three great kingdoms, — the Duchess of Longueville, the Princess Palatine, and the Duchess of Chevreuse."

The cardinal's words were but a large statement of the truth that in France, in the seventeenth century, whoever engaged in the great game of politics found it necessary to take women into the account either as friends or foes. Among these women, famous in love, in politics, and even in war, are some whose names are better known than that of Marie de Hautefort. The careers of Madame de Longueville and of Madame de Chevreuse read like highly colored romances, full of stirring incident and perilous adventure. The story of Madame de Hautefort, if it contains less of the exciting element, on the other hand pos-

sesses a charm the others lack. She interests as much by the dissimilarity as by the resemblance of her character to the characters of her celebrated contemporaries. In tracing her history we are brought into the same period and into the midst of the same events wherein Madame de Chevreuse figures so brilliantly, but Marie de Hautefort does not belong in an equal degree to the political history of the time. She was Richelieu's enemy, but never his rival; she did not dispute with the two great cardinals their power or the government of France; she simply refused to yield to them her liberty of mind, or to betray to them her friends, and the cause which to her was that of religion and virtue. It is this elevation of soul which distinguishes her from other more dazzling figures of the courts of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. Beloved as she was by all for her amiability, her gentle and compassionate kindness to her inferiors, to the poor and miserable, yet her most marked trait was her dignity and noble pride of character.

She was born in 1616, in an old feudal castle of Perigord, the youngest child of the Marquis Charles de Hautefort, marshal of the king's army, and gentleman-in-ordinary of his chamber. Her father and her mother both dying soon after Marie's birth, she was left,

with very little for her maintenance, to the care of her grandmother, Madame de La Flotte Hauterive. Her earliest years were passed in the obscurity and monotony of provincial life, of which the beautiful and intelligent girl did not fail to become wearied. Certain affairs calling Madame de La Flotte Hauterive to Paris, she took with her the child, whose budding graces made everywhere the happiest impression, and her grandmother found no difficulty in procuring a place for Marie among the maids of honor of the queen-mother, Marie de Médicis. She was fourteen years of age when in 1630 she accompanied her mistress to Lyons, at which place the king had been taken seriously ill, while Richelieu was at the head of the army in Italy. It was here that for the first time Louis saw Marie, or Aurora, as she was commonly called in recognition of the brilliancy of her youthful beauty.

Louis XIII., of all men in the world, least resembled his father, Henri IV., and the facile beauties of the court of his mother and his wife hardly attracted his notice. The modesty as well as beauty of Marie de Hautefort touched the heart of the melancholy Louis. He became unable to dispense with the pleasure of seeing and conversing with her, and on his return from Lyons, when his fidelity to Richelieu drove him to banish his mother from the court, he took from her her maid of honor, whom he placed with Queen Anne, begging that for his sake Mademoiselle de Hautefort might be treated with affection. Anne of Austria received with sufficient grace the present thus made her. Belonging to the party of the queen-mother and of Spain, she looked on her new attendant not only as a rival in the king's regard, but also as an enemy and a spy. But she was not long in recognizing her mistake. The foundation of Marie's character was a generous pride, half chivalric, half Christian, which always urged her to take the side of the

feeble and the oppressed; and the sight of her mistress, persecuted and unhappy, was enough to engage her honor to the faithful service of the queen. Her loyalty and candor, as well as the graces of her mind, gradually won upon Anne, until the king's favorite was equally the favorite of his queen. La Grande Mademoiselle in her Memoirs alludes to this platonic love of Louis: "The court was very agreeable at this time. The king's affection for Mademoiselle de Hautefort, whom he sought to entertain in every way, contributed much to this. The chase was one of his greatest pleasures, and we often accompanied him. We all dressed in velvet, and rode beautiful horses, richly caparisoned. To protect us from the sun each wore a hat adorned with a multitude of plumes. The chase was always directed to the neighborhood of some fine country house, where a grand collation was prepared, and on the return the king took a seat in the carriage with Mademoiselle de Hautefort and me. When he was in a pleasant humor, he conversed agreeably on a variety of subjects." Even had Mademoiselle de Hautefort been less discreet, the king's regard would have brought with it no alarms. In the evenings he talked with her in the queen's salon, but his topics were chiefly his dogs, his birds, and the chase. Nevertheless, their intercourse was agitated by frequent jealousies, for Louis would have liked to possess himself of the exclusive attention of Marie. This assiduity of devotion wearied the young girl, and with her characteristic independence she allowed the king to perceive it, — whence misunderstandings and reconciliations that did not endure long. Madame de Motteville declares that while Mademoiselle de Hautefort was sensible of the honor of the king's friendship, she had no personal liking for him, and treated him as badly as it is possible to treat a king. The whole court was aware of it when one of their fallings-out occurred;

the diversions ceased, and if the king came in the evening to the queen's salon he sat in a corner, without speaking a word. The subject of their quarrels was most commonly the queen. Louis' grounds of complaint against Anne were two: one political, in that she had allied herself with the party opposed to Richelieu and himself; and the other personal, in that he suspected her of an understanding with the Duke of Orléans, and a wish to share the throne with him after his own decease. But the more the king endeavored to detach the maid of honor from her mistress the less did he succeed. To the cardinal the king's sombre and fantastic humor was a constant source of disquietude, and he looked favorably upon the friendship of Louis for this young girl, who belonged to no particular party, hoping that her influence might prove a wholesome and soothing one. He was prodigal, therefore, of compliments and attentions to her, even putting himself to the pains of trying to accommodate their disputes, fancying, in return, to gain Marie to his cause. However, with the young and ardent girl it was not a question of state interests, but of personal loyalty; and regarding him as the persecutor of her mistress, Marie rejected the cardinal's advances and disdained his friendship, at a time when there was hardly a woman at the court who would not have offered up thanks for a glance from him. Not being able to win her over, Richelieu set himself to displace Mademoiselle de Hautefort from the king's regard. He now mixed in their disputes to aggravate them, and when Louis was at odds with Marie he threatened her with the cardinal. She mocked at the menace, with the levity of youth and the independence of her character. Richelieu found means to detach Louis by bringing him exaggerated reports of jesting remarks upon the king made by Mademoiselle de Hautefort in the queen's apartments, and also by magnifying the

doubts of the king's scrupulous conscience as to the possibly immoderate measure of his affection for Marie. The rupture having been brought about, Richelieu managed to maintain it for two entire years. In place of Marie he substituted Mademoiselle de La Fayette, who was a Mademoiselle de la Vallière without the frailty. As the new favorite, however, failed likewise to fall in with the cardinal's designs, he had recourse to his former tactics, and ended by driving her into a convent.

Meanwhile the king had not continued insensible to the persuasions of these two noble young girls, and his feelings toward Anne had become softened. The year 1637 was the most perilous and distressing that Anne had yet passed through. With but a small number of friends and domestics she kept her secluded court, into which, however, the cardinal's vigilant eye did not fail to penetrate. Anne was meditating some desperate enterprise. She intrigued with Madame de Chevreuse, then in Touraine, and kept up a correspondence, which was at least of an equivocal kind, with her brothers Philip IV. and the Cardinal Infanta while France was at war with Spain. A certain La Porte, one of the domestics employed in this correspondence, and who was possessed of all her secrets, was arrested, thrown into the Bastille, and subjected to the severest question. The queen, after denying with assurance all that was charged against her, was driven to a partial confession; but it was necessary that her declarations should tally with those of La Porte, and, in despair of communicating with him, she felt that her safety hung on a thread. In this grave conjunction Marie de Hautefort undertook to aid her mistress. The proud girl, who had never allowed herself so much as to receive the slightest *billet* from a gentleman of the court, set out to do what might cost her her reputation. She persuaded a relative, M. de Montalais, to

go to Tours and warn Madame de Chevreuse of the situation of affairs. Then disguising herself as a *grisette*, she issued from the Louvre before any one was awake, entered a *fiacre*, and was driven to the Bastille. She requested permission to see the Chevalier de Jars, a devoted servant of the queen, who had already risked his neck in her cause, and having just escaped the scaffold was enjoying a respite from danger and the liberty of occasional intercourse with a few friends. Marie gave herself out as a sister of the chevalier's valet, come to inform his master of the mortal illness of the former. The chevalier, knowing his servant to be in good health, hesitated to disturb himself for this visitor, so that Marie was compelled to wait for a time in the guard-room, exposed to the jokes and the free regards of the men present. Being at last admitted, she made known her errand, which was to induce the chevalier to attempt communication with La Porte, in order to convey to him the proper statements to be made to the interrogatories of his judges. Naturally enough there was a disposition on the chevalier's part to decline this entanglement in new perils, but he yielded to the representations of Marie de Hautefort and the force of her brave example. She was so fortunate as to make her reëntrance into the Louvre unrecognized. The chevalier accomplished his mission, contriving to pierce the floor of his chamber and to let down a letter attached to a cord, with an entreaty to the prisoner in the room below to drop the inclosed billet in like manner to the third floor, and thence to the fourth, wherein La Porte was confined.

In 1638, after the advent of an heir to the throne was announced, greater peace and harmony in the court succeeded to the discord of the previous years. Marie de Hautefort had now attained her twenty-second year. Brought once more into closer contact with her

in her increased beauty and charm, the king's flame was rekindled, and their former intimate but irreproachable relations were in a measure renewed. At this time Marie was appointed mistress of the robes, with the title of Madame in place of Mademoiselle. In spite of appearances, Richelieu, however, was aware that the queen had not ceased to encourage the malcontents. He gained to his interests one of her maids, the young Mademoiselle de Chemerault, who became the clever spy of her mistress' secrets. Not having another Mademoiselle de La Fayette under his hand at this time to balance Mademoiselle de Hautefort, but aware of the necessity to Louis of some sort of sentimental distraction, Richelieu looked about him and selected Cinq-Mar, son of his own devoted friend, the Marshal d'Effiat. The youth pleased the weak-minded monarch, who found it the easier to love him since to do so did not involve the cardinal's displeasure. Having provided a substitute, the cardinal now openly accused Madame de Hautefort of treasonable intrigues, demanded her exile from the court, and gave Louis to choose between her and his minister. Louis yielded so far as to consent to a temporary banishment. On receiving the king's command, Madame de Hautefort went to the royal apartment, and begged to know the cause of her disgrace. Louis protested that the exile was to be but brief and for reasons of state alone. She replied that the fortnight assigned as the term of her banishment she knew well would last forever, and that she would therefore take her final farewell of his majesty. She retired to an estate at Mans belonging to her grandmother, taking with her her young sister and brother, and also the spy, Mademoiselle de Chemerault, whom Richelieu thus disgraced to cover his manœuvres and to keep watch upon the exiled favorite. So far was Marie from suspecting her companion that she wrote

from Mans to the queen in behalf of Mademoiselle de Chemerault, toward whom the queen's bounty, she thought, had been but scanty. The queen's resignation to Richelieu's triumph and to the outrage upon her mistress of the robes had not failed to wound Marie's affection, but more than for these she grieved to see the queen fallen below the idea of generosity and nobility she had formed for her royal mistress. Her letter to Anne is an admirable revelation of her character. For three years she lived thus in seclusion, seeing only a few friends, among others La Porte, who in vain endeavored to warn her against Mademoiselle de Chemerault, of whose feigned friendship he was no dupe. The pure-hearted Marie refused to listen to him. During this time she heard of Scarron, of his infirmities and the courage with which he endured them, and she became, in untold ways, his good angel: and hence the numerous verses addressed by Scarron to Madame de Hautefort and her sister. From her retreat she looked forth upon the spectacle of the disturbed world outside. Once she received the present of the portrait of the dauphin, sent by Anne as a presage of better days to come. She saw the fall of the rash-brained youth who had replaced her in the affection of the king. She saw the terrible cardinal, conqueror of all his enemies, while still meditating his bold designs, succumb under the weight of his infirmities and thousand cares, and Louis XIII. ready to follow his minister to the tomb. On the king's death in 1643, Anne the regent recalled her friend and former attendant, sending her private carriage to Mans for her, in which Madame de Hautefort and La Porte reëntered Paris in triumph.

In Marie de Hautefort, now twenty-seven years of age, the young woman had replaced the young girl. In this prime of her beauty and intelligence she became one of the ornaments of the

Hôtel Rambouillet, the most perfect of *précieuses*. She went among them by the name of Hermione. It was to be expected that this charming woman should not fail of many and noble adorers. Of La Rochefoucauld it is told that he did not dare to breathe openly the respectful passion she inspired, but of which he made confession to her brother on the field of battle; praying the marquis to convey the avowal of his love in a letter to his sister should La Rochefoucauld perish in the ensuing combat. Another lover, the Duc de Lorraine, declared himself in the romantic fashion of the Middle Ages by sending from the battle-field of Nordlingen a captive of his hand, that he might kiss the robe of Madame de Hautefort on the part of her worshiper, who received this act as ransom for the prisoner. A formidable rival of these gentlemen was the young, handsome, and gallant Marquis de Gèvres, whose appearance as a suitor for the honor of Madame de Hautefort's hand during Louis's life-time threw the king into a passion of jealousy so great that he sent a message to the father of the marquis such as compelled the withdrawal of the son's suit. In the list of adorers also appears the old Duc d'Angoulême, governor of Provence, who put his name and fortune at her feet. Another admirer was the Duc de Liancourt, who at a time when his wife's death was hourly expected allowed himself to express a hope of future consolation. Madame de Hautefort received the words in silence, and with a manner of silence which recalled the duke to himself, and her exquisite tact afterward enabled her to convert his passion into a firm and tender friendship.

We would fain form to ourselves some idea of the beauty which acted as one of the many fascinations of this noble dame. No trustworthy and satisfactory portrait of her exists. The best, which remains in the possession of one of the collateral branches of her family

at the present day, has small merit as a work of art, but its traits correspond sufficiently well with contemporary pen portraits. It represents her as a superb blonde, with large and brilliant blue eyes, a nose slightly aquiline, richly colored lips and cheeks, and a little chin dimple. She wears pearl ornaments in her ears, a collar of pearls, and an agrafe of the same upon her breast. The total impression of the portrait is more one of nobility and force than of lightness and grace. Her beauty, like her character, was altogether in the grand style.

Every detail of the story of Madame de Hautefort is full of interest, but to relate it in full would require a volume. Only a few months had passed since her recall to the court when Marie de Hautefort realized that the charm of her ancient friendship with the queen was forever broken, and indeed but a single year elapsed before she received a second dismissal. The reason for this lay in the fact that Anne of Austria, now become regent, had changed her politics, while Madame de Hautefort continued constant to her former opinions and to her friends of old. It is said that the supple Mazarin, in bringing about Anne's political conversion, made his appeal to the woman's heart as well as the woman's reason. Without attempting to enter into historical questions of this sort, it is enough to say that the relations of the queen and her minister were such as the reinstated mistress of the robes strongly disapproved. To Anne's change of political view she might have resigned herself, but not to the abandonment of the friendships they had hitherto cherished in common. However Madame de Hautefort may be thought to have failed in political insight, we can but think the better of her heart when we find her opposing herself anew to a powerful minister of state, and risking the favor of the sovereign, from motives which seemed to her those of duty and honor. The beautiful and

brilliant woman loved the life of the magnificent court, yet not for a moment did she hesitate to range herself on the side of those ancient friends, some of whom Anne allowed to retreat into obscurity, while others were proscribed and forced to follow the path leading to prison and to exile. An ordinary mistress of the robes would have accommodated herself to the new order of things at the court, but both honor and piety forbade Marie de Hautefort from so doing. She was unable to rest easy in sight of the conduct of her mistress and friend: she blushed at the idea of a breath of suspicion attaching to it, and with her characteristic frankness and courage she braved the danger of warning the queen, and set herself to dispute the influence of the handsome and fortunate cardinal. The latter at first endeavored to gain her over, as Richelieu had done, but like him in vain; then, since he could bring no accusation against her on the ground of political ambition or self-interest, he attacked her only vulnerable part, and complained of her haughtiness, the license of her language toward the queen, and brought exaggerated reports of casual remarks and comments. Her former adorer and present friend, the Duc de Liancourt, now high in court favor, defended Madame de Hautefort with zeal, endeavoring at the same time to modify her opposition to the cardinal. She was not without other partisans and defenders, for there was not a person at the court by whom she was not beloved, no matter of what political party. At this time the Duc de Schomberg, marshal of France, was a declared suitor for Madame de Hautefort's hand. At forty-two years of age he was still handsome, and remarkable for his noble and distinguished mien. By birth, fortune, position, and character he had claims upon the consideration of the fastidious mistress of the robes. He belonged to no party and mingled in no intrigues;

he had served the queen and Mazarin as he had served Richelieu and Louis XIII., maintaining always an attitude of respectful independence. The only obstacle between these two, apparently so suited to each other, was the Duc de Schomberg's loyalty to Mazarin and his small liking for the Importants, as they were called, that is, the remaining members of the party of the opposition. Madame de Hautefort, while not insensible to his homage, hesitated, and allowed her noble suitor to sigh for a while longer. Mazarin's triumph over his opponent was but a question of time. Her pleadings in behalf of the imprisoned Duc de Beaufort were treated as a capital offense, and in April, 1664, she received her order of dismissal from the court. It was impossible not to recall the words of Louis, who had warned her: "You are making a mistake: you serve an ingrate." She retired to the convent of Les Filles de Sainte Marie, in the Rue St. Antoine, with an idea of taking the veil. Mazarin, to do him justice, satisfied with his success, had no thought of persecuting his enemy. More than one of Madame de Hautefort's adorers generously sought to draw her from her retirement, among them the Duc de Ventadour and the Maréchal de Gassion, but in vain. At length the Duc de Schomberg appeared at her convent grating to renew his pleadings, and this time he was not repulsed. Madame de Hautefort issued from the convent into the world again, though without appearing at court. A strange episode occurred, however, before the marriage took place. Previous to leaving the convent she received a visit from the sister of the Duc de Schomberg and wife of the Duc de Liancourt. This lady, having suspected something of her husband's former passion for Madame de Hautefort, was alarmed lest, in the closer intimacy which the intended marriage would bring about, her husband's flame might

rekindle. She therefore made representations to Madame de Hautefort of the injury it would be to her brother, whose fortune, she said, was considerably diminished from various causes, should he marry one who was not able to re-establish his affairs upon a better footing. It was asking of Madame de Hautefort the sacrifice of her last hope to require the breaking off of this intended marriage. There was a battle in her heart, but finally generosity carried the day; she promised the sister that she would not be the ruin of the brother. But happily Madame de Liancourt was unable to support the falsehood she had succeeded in imposing. She made speedy confession of her fault, begging her injured friend to become her sister. Madame de Hautefort became Duchesse de Schomberg at thirty years of age, and with this event terminated the more romantic portion of her career. Thenceforth her life was as peaceful as its earlier years had been agitated. She loved her husband with all the fervor of her disposition, and when in 1656, ten years after their marriage, the marshal died, his widow consecrated herself to his faithful memory. It is said that she preserved for many years her wonderful beauty. In the portraits of Mademoiselle she appears under the name of Olympe. Without becoming a Jansenist, she had leanings towards Port Royal. At Metz, during M. de Schomberg's governorship of that city, she encountered Bossuet, and became one of his earliest friends and patrons. Anne of Austria she seldom saw, but when, in 1666, she learned that her royal friend was about to die, Madame de Schomberg sought permission to attend once more at the queen's bedside; and it is said that the dying Anne recommended the faithful friend to the protection of her son. Louis XIV. in vain endeavored to draw Madame de Schomberg to his court: with respectful firmness she declined his favors, and remained in her

quiet seclusion. Works of charity became the occupation, we may say the passion, of her life. Without children of her own, she earned the beautiful name of Mother of the Poor. Her house in the Faubourg St. Antoine became an asylum for the unfortunate and oppressed. From this gentle and pious existence she passed away in her seventy-fifth year, August, 1691, and was buried beside her beloved husband in the chapel of the Château de Nanteuil.

Bossuet, who always cherished her memory tenderly, never was at Meaux without passing by Nanteuil, that he might pray beside her tomb.

I seem to have been describing here a paragon. Assuredly Marie de Haute-fort must have had her defects, but the record of them has not come down to us, and whatever they may have been we are permitted to believe that her virtues cast her faults into the shade.

Maria Louise Henry.

EN PROVINCE.

IV.

FROM NARBONNE TO NÎMES.

I.

AT Narbonne I took up my abode at the house of a *serrurier mécanicien*, and was very thankful for the accommodation. It was my misfortune to arrive at this ancient city late at night, on the eve of market-day; and market-day at Narbonne is a very serious affair. The inns, on this occasion, are stuffed with wine-dealers, for the country roundabout, dedicated almost exclusively to Bacchus, has hitherto escaped the phylloxera. This deadly enemy of the grape is encamped over the Midi in a hundred places; blighted vineyards and ruined proprietors being quite the order of the day. The signs of distress are more frequent as you advance into Provence, many of the vines being laid under water, in the hope of washing the plague away. There are healthy regions still, however, and the vintners find plenty to do at Narbonne. The traffic in wine appeared to be the sole thought of the Narbonnais; every one I spoke to had something to say about the harvest of gold that bloomed under its influence.

"C'est inoui, monsieur, l'argent qu'il y a dans ce pays. Des gens à qui la vente de leur vin rapporte jusqu'à 500,000 francs par an." That little speech, addressed to me by a gentleman at the inn, gives the note of these revelations. It must be said that there was little in the appearance either of the town or of its population to suggest the possession of such treasures. Narbonne is a *sale petite ville* in all the force of the term, and my first impression on arriving there was an extreme regret that I had not remained for the night at the lovely Carcassonne. My journey from that delectable spot lasted a couple of hours, and was performed in darkness—a darkness not so dense, however, but that I was able to make out, as we passed it, the great figure of Béziers, whose ancient roofs and towers, clustered on a goodly hill-top, looked as fantastic as you please. I know not what appearance Béziers may present by day; but by night it has quite the grand air. On issuing from the station at Narbonne, I found that the only vehicle in waiting was a kind of bastard tramcar, a thing shaped as if it had been meant to go upon rails; that is, equipped with small wheels, placed beneath it, and with a

platform at either end, but destined to rattle over the stones like the most vulgar of omnibuses. To complete the oddity of this conveyance, it was under the supervision not of a conductor, but of a conductress. A fair young woman, with a pouch suspended from her girdle, had command of the platform, and as soon as the car was full she jolted us into the town through clouds of the thickest dust I ever have swallowed. I have had occasion to speak of the activity of women in France — of the way they are always in the ascendent; and here was a signal example of their general utility. The young lady I have mentioned conveyed her whole company to the wretched little Hôtel de France, where it is to be hoped that some of them found a lodging. For myself, I was informed that the place was crowded from cellar to attic, and that its inmates were sleeping three or four in a room. At Carcassonne I should have had a bad bed, but at Narbonne, apparently, I was to have no bed at all. I passed an hour or two of flat suspense, while fate settled the question of whether I should go on to Perpignan, return to Béziers, or still discover a modest couch at Narbonne. I shall not have suffered in vain, however, if my example serves to deter other travelers from alighting unannounced at that city on a Wednesday evening. The retreat to Béziers, not attempted in time, proved impossible, and I was assured that at Perpignan, which I should not reach till midnight, the affluence of wine-dealers was not less than at Narbonne. I interviewed every hostess in the town, and got no satisfaction but distracted shrugs. Finally, at an advanced hour, one of the servants of the Hôtel de France, where I had attempted to dine, came to me in triumph to proclaim that he had secured for me a charming apartment in a *maison bourgeoise*. I took possession of it gratefully, in spite of its having an entrance like a stable, and being pervaded by an odor

compared with which that of a stable would have been delicious. As I have mentioned, my landlord was a locksmith, and he had strange machines which rumbled and whirled in the rooms below my own. Nevertheless, I slept, and I dreamed of Carcassonne. It was better to do that than to dream of the Hôtel de France. I was obliged to cultivate relations with the cuisine of this establishment. Nothing could have been more *méridional*; indeed, both the dirty little inn and Narbonne at large seemed to me to have the infirmities of the south without its usual graces. Narrow, noisy, shabby, belittered and encumbered, filled with clatter and chatter, the Hôtel de France would have been described in perfection by Alphonse Daudet. For what struck me above all in it was the note of the Midi, as he has represented it — the sound of universal talk. The landlord sat at supper with sundry friends, in a kind of glass cage, with a genial indifference to arriving guests; the waiters tumbled over the loose luggage in the hall; the travelers who had been turned away leaned gloomily against doorposts; and the landlady, surrounded by confusion, unconscious of responsibility, and animated only by the spirit of conversation, bandied high-voiced compliments with the *voyageurs de commerce*. At ten o'clock in the morning there was a *table d'hôte* for breakfast — a wonderful repast, which overflowed into every room and pervaded the whole establishment. I sat down with a hundred hungry marketers, fat, brown, greasy men, with a good deal of the rich soil of Languedoc adhering to their hands and their boots. I mention the latter articles because they almost put them on the table. It was very hot, and there were swarms of flies; the viands had the strongest odor; there was in particular a horrible mixture known as *gras-double*, a light gray, glutinous, nauseating mess, which my companions devoured in large quantities.

A man opposite to me had the dirtiest fingers I ever saw; a collection of fingers which in England would have excluded him from a farmers' ordinary. The conversation was mainly bucolic; though a part of it, I remember, at the table at which I sat, consisted of a discussion as to whether or no the maid-servant were *sage* — a discussion which went on under the nose of this young lady, as she carried about the dreadful gras-double, and to which she contributed the most convincing blushes. It was thoroughly méridional.

II.

In going to Narbonne I had of course counted upon Roman remains; but when I went forth in search of them I perceived that I had hoped too fondly. There is really nothing in the place to speak of; that is, on the day of my visit there was nothing but the market, which was in complete possession. "This intricate, curious, but lifeless town," Murray calls it; yet to me it appeared overflowing with life. Its streets are mere crooked, dirty lanes, bordered with perfectly insignificant houses; but they were filled with the same clatter and chatter that I had found at the hotel. The market was held partly in the little square of the hôtel de ville, a structure which a flattering wood-cut in the Guide-Joanne had given me a desire to behold. The reality was not impressive, the old color of the front having been completely restored away. Such interest as it superficially possesses it derives from a fine mediæval tower which rises beside it, with turrets at the angles — always a picturesque thing. The rest of the market was held in another *place*, still shabbier than the first, which lies beyond the canal. The Canal du Midi runs through the town, and, spanned at this point by a small suspension-bridge, presented a certain sketchability. On the further side were the venders and chafferers — old women under awnings and big umbrellas, rickety tables piled

high with fruit, white caps and brown faces, blouses, sabots, donkeys. Beneath this picture was another — a long row of washerwomen, on their knees on the edge of the canal, pounding and wringing the dirty linen of Narbonne — no great quantity, to judge by the costume of the people. Innumerable rusty men, scattered all over the place, were buying and selling wine, straddling about in pairs, in groups, with their hands in their pockets, and packed together at the doors of the cafés. They were mostly fat and brown and unshaven; they ground their teeth as they talked; they were very méridional.

The only two lions at Narbonne are the cathedral and the museum, the latter of which is quartered in the hôtel de ville. The cathedral, closely shut in by houses, and with the west front undergoing repairs, is singular in two respects. It consists exclusively of a choir, which is of the end of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the next, and of great magnificence. There is absolutely nothing else. This choir, of extraordinary elevation, forms the whole church. I sat there a good while; there was no other visitor. I had taken a great dislike to poor little Narbonne, which struck me as sordid and overheated, and this place seemed to extend to me, as in the Middle Ages, the privilege of sanctuary. It is a very solemn corner. The other peculiarity of the cathedral is that, externally, it bristles with battlements, having anciently formed part of the defenses of the *archevêché*, which is beside it and which connects it with the hôtel de ville. This combination of the church and the fortress is very curious, and during the Middle Ages was not without its value. The palace of the former archbishops of Narbonne (the hôtel de ville of to-day forms part of it) was both an asylum and an arsenal during the hideous wars by which the Languedoc was ravaged in the thirteenth century. The whole mass of buildings is jammed

together in a manner that from certain points of view makes it far from apparent which feature is which. The museum occupies several chambers at the top of the *hôtel de ville*, and is not an imposing collection. It was closed, but I induced the portress to let me in — a silent, cadaverous person, in a black coif, like a *beguine*, who sat knitting in one of the windows while I went the rounds. The number of Roman fragments is small, and their quality is not the finest; I must add that this impression was hastily gathered. There is indeed a work of art in one of the rooms which creates a presumption in favor of the place — the portrait (rather a good one) of a citizen of Narbonne, whose name I forget, who is described as having devoted all his time and his intelligence to collecting the objects by which the visitor is surrounded. This excellent man was a connoisseur, and the visitor is doubtless often an ignoramus.

III.

“Cette, with its glistening houses white,
Curves with the curving beach away
To where the lighthouse beacons bright,
Far in the bay.”

That stanza of Matthew Arnold's, which I happened to remember, gave a certain importance to the half hour I spent in the buffet of the station at Cette while I waited for the train to Montpellier. I had left Narbonne in the afternoon, and by the time I reached Cette the darkness had descended. I therefore missed the sight of the glistening houses, and had to console myself with that of the beacon in the bay, as well as with a *bouillon* of which I partook at the buffet aforesaid; for, since the morning, I had not ventured to return to the table d'hôte at Narbonne. The *Hôtel Nevet*, at Montpellier, which I reached an hour later, has an ancient renown all over the south of France — advertises itself, I believe, as *le plus vaste du midi*. It seemed to me the model of a good pro-

vincial inn: a big, rambling, creaking establishment, with brown, labyrinthine corridors, a queer old open-air vestibule, into which the diligence, in the *bon temps*, used to penetrate, and a hospitality more expressive than that of the new caravansaries. It dates from the days when Montpellier was still accounted a fine winter residence for people with weak lungs; and this rather melancholy tradition, together with the former celebrity of the school of medicine still existing there, but from which the glory has departed, helps to account for its combination of high antiquity and vast proportions. The old hotels were usually more concentrated; but the school of medicine passed for one of the attractions of Montpellier. Long before Mentone was discovered or Colorado invented, British invalids traveled down through France in the post-chaise or the public coach, to spend their winters in the wonderful place which boasted both a climate and a faculty. The air is mild, no doubt, but there are refinements of mildness which were not then suspected, and which in a more analytic age have carried the annual wave far beyond Montpellier. The place is charming, all the same, and it served the purpose of John Locke, who made a long stay there, between 1675 and 1679, and became acquainted with a noble fellow-visitor, Lord Pembroke, to whom he dedicated the famous *Essay*. There are places that please, without your being able to say wherefore, and Montpellier is one of the number. It has some charming views, from the great promenade of the Peyrou; but its position is not strikingly fair. Beyond this, it contains a good museum and the long façades of its school, but these are its only definite treasures. Its cathedral struck me as quite the weakest I had seen, and I remember no other monument that made up for it. The place has neither the gayety of a modern nor the solemnity of an ancient town, and it

is agreeable as certain women are agreeable who are neither beautiful nor clever. An Italian would remark that it is sympathetic; a German would admit that it is *gemüthlich*. I spent two days there, mostly in the rain, and even under these circumstances I carried away a kindly impression. I think the Hôtel Nevet had something to do with it and the sentiment of relief with which, in a quiet, even a luxurious room that looked out on a garden, I reflected that I had washed my hands of Narbonne. The phylloxera has destroyed the vines in the country that surrounds Montpellier, and at that moment I was capable of rejoicing in the thought that I should not breakfast with vintners.

The gem of the place is the Musée Fabre, one of the best collections of paintings in a provincial city. François Fabre, a native of Montpellier, died there in 1837, after having spent a considerable part of his life in Italy, where he had collected a good many valuable pictures and some very poor ones, the latter class including several from his own hand. He was the hero of a remarkable episode, having succeeded no less a person than Vittorio Alfieri in the affections of no less a person than Louise de Stolberg, Countess of Albany, widow of no less a person than Charles Edward Stewart, the second pretender to the British crown. Surely no woman ever was associated sentimentally with three figures more diverse: a disqualified sovereign, an Italian dramatist, and a bad French painter. The productions of M. Fabre, who followed in the steps of David, bear the stamp of a cold mediocrity; there is not much to be said even for the portrait of the genial countess (her life has been written by M. Saint-Réné-Taillandier, who depicts her as delightful), which hangs in Florence, in the gallery of the Uffizzi, and makes a pendant to a likeness of Alfieri by the same author. Stendhal, in his *Mémoires d'un Touriste*, says that this work of art rep-

resents her as a cook who has pretty hands. I am delighted to have an opportunity of quoting Stendhal, whose two volumes of the *Mémoires d'un Touriste* every traveler in France should carry in his portmanteau. I have had this opportunity more than once, for I have met him at Tours, at Nantes, at Bourges, and everywhere he is suggestive. But he has the defect that he is never pictorial, that he never by any chance makes an image, and that his style is perversely colorless, for a man so fond of contemplation. His taste is often singularly false; it is the taste of the early years of the present century, the period that produced clocks surmounted with sentimental "subjects." Stendhal does not admire these clocks, but he almost does. He admires Domenichino and Guercino, and prizes the Bolognese school of painters because they "spoke to the soul." He is a votary of the new classic, is fond of tall, square, regular buildings, and thinks Nantes, for instance, full of the "air noble." It was a pleasure to me to reflect that five and forty years ago he had alighted in that city, at the very inn in which I spent a night, and which looks down on the Place Graslin and the theatre. The hotel that was the best in 1837 appears to be the best to-day. On the subject of Touraine, Stendhal is extremely refreshing; he finds the scenery meagre and much overrated, and proclaims his opinion with perfect frankness. He does, however, scant justice to the banks of the Loire; his want of appreciation of the picturesque — want of the sketcher's sense — causes him to miss half the charm of a landscape which is nothing if not "quiet," as a painter would say, and of which the felicities reveal themselves only to waiting eyes. He even despises the Indre, the river of Madame Sand. The *Mémoires d'un Touriste* are written in the character of a commercial traveler, and the author has nothing to say about Chenonceaux or

Chambord, or indeed about any of the châteaux of that part of France; his system being to talk only of the large towns, where he may be supposed to find a market for his goods. It was his ambition to pass for an ironmonger. But in the large towns he is usually excellent company, though as discursive as Sterne, and strangely indifferent, for a man of imagination, to those superficial aspects of things which the poor pages now before the reader are mainly an attempt to render. It is his conviction that Alfieri, at Florence, bored the Countess of Albany terribly, and he adds that the famous Gallophobe died of jealousy of the little painter from Montpellier. The Countess of Albany left her property to Fabre; and I suppose some of the pieces in the museum of his native town used to hang in the sunny saloons of that fine old palace on the Arno which is still pointed out to the stranger in Florence as the residence of Alfieri.

The institution has had other benefactors, notably a certain M. Bruyas, who has enriched it with an extraordinary number of portraits of himself. As these, however, are by different hands, some of them distinguished, we may suppose that it was less the model than the artists that M. Bruyas wished to exhibit. Easily first are two large specimens of David Teniers, which are incomparable for brilliancy and a glowing perfection of execution. I have a weakness for this singular genius, who combined the delicate with the groveling, and I have rarely seen richer examples. Scarcely less valuable is a Gerard Dow which hangs near them, though it must rank lower as having kept less of its freshness. This Gerard Dow did me good, for a master is a master, whatever he may paint. It represents a woman paring carrots, while a boy before her exhibits a mouse-trap in which he has caught a frightened victim. The goodwife has spread a cloth on the

top of a big barrel which serves her as a table, and on this brown, greasy napkin, of which the texture is wonderfully rendered, lie the raw vegetables she is preparing for domestic consumption. Beside the barrel is a large cauldron lined with copper, with a rim of brass. The way these things are painted brings tears to the eyes; but they give the measure of the Musée Fabre, where two specimens of Teniers and a Gerard Dow are the jewels. The Italian pictures are of small value, but there is a work by Sir Joshua Reynolds, said to be the only one in France — an infant Samuel in prayer, apparently a repetition of the picture in England which inspired the little plaster image, disseminated in Protestant lands, that we used to admire in our childhood. Sir Joshua, somehow, was an eminently Protestant painter; no one can forget that who, in the National Gallery in London, has looked at the picture in which he represents several young ladies as nymphs, voluminously draped, hanging garlands over a statue, a picture suffused indefinitely with the Anglican spirit and exasperating to a member of one of the Latin races. It is an odd chance, therefore, that has led him into that part of France where Protestants have been least *bien vus*. This is the country of the dragonnades of Louis XIV. and of the pastors of the desert. From the garden of the Peyrou, at Montpellier, you may see the hills of the Cévennes, to which they of the religion fled for safety, and out of which they were hunted and harried.

I have only to add, in regard to the Musée Fabre, that it contains the portrait of its founder, a little, pursy, fat-faced, elderly man, whose countenance contains few indications of the power that makes distinguished victims. He is, however, just such a personage as the mind's eye sees walking on the terrace of the Peyrou of an October afternoon in the early years of the century: a plump figure in a chocolate-colored

coat and a *culotte* that exhibits a good leg—a *culotte* provided with a watch-fob from which a heavy seal is suspended. This Peyrou (to come to it at last) is a wonderful place, especially to be found in a little provincial city. France is certainly the country of towns that aim at completeness; more than in other lands, they contain stately features as a matter of course. We should never have ceased to hear about the Peyrou, if fortune had placed it in a Shrewsbury or a Hartford. It is true that the place enjoys a certain celebrity at home, which it amply deserves, moreover, for nothing could be more impressive and monumental. It consists of an “elevated platform,” as Murray says, an immense terrace, laid out, in the highest part of the town, as a garden, and commanding in all directions a view which in clear weather must be of the finest. I strolled there in the intervals of showers, and saw only the nearer beauties: a great pompous arch of triumph, in honor of Louis XIV. (which is not, properly speaking, in the garden, but faces it, straddling across the *place* by which you approach it from the town), an equestrian statue of that monarch set aloft in the middle of the terrace, and a very exalted and complicated fountain, which forms a background to the picture. This fountain gushes from a kind of hydraulic temple, to which you ascend by broad flights of steps, and which is fed by a splendid aqueduct, stretched in the most ornamental and unexpected manner across the neighboring valley. All this work dates from the middle of the last century. The combination of features—the triumphal arch, or gate; the wide, fair terrace, with its beautiful view; the statue of the grand monarch; the big architectural fountain, which would not surprise one at Rome, but does surprise one at Montpellier; and to complete the effect, the extraordinary aqueduct, charmingly foreshortened—all this is worthy of a capital, of a little

court city. The whole place, with its repeated steps, its balustrades, its massive and plentiful stone-work, is full of the air of the last century—*sent bien son dix-huitième siècle*; none the less so, I am afraid, that, as I read in my faithful Murray, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the block, the stake, the wheel, had been erected here for the benefit of the hunted and tracked Camisards.

IV.

It was a pleasure to feel one's self in Provence again—the land where the silver-gray earth is impregnated with the light of the sky. To celebrate the event, as soon as I arrived at Nîmes I engaged a *calèche* to convey me to the Pont du Gard. The day was yet young, and it was perfectly fair; it appeared well, for a longish drive, to take advantage, without delay, of such security. After I had left the town I became more intimate with that Provençal charm which I had already enjoyed from the window of the train, and which glowed in the sweet sunshine and the white rocks, and lurked in the smoke-puffs of the little olives. The olive-trees in Provence are half the landscape. They are neither so tall, so stout, nor so richly contorted as I have seen them beyond the Alps; but this mild, colorless bloom seems the very texture of the country. The road from Nîmes, for a distance of fifteen miles, is superb; broad enough for an army, and as white and firm as a dinner-table. It stretches away over undulations which suggest a kind of harmony, and in the curves it makes through the wide, free country, where there is never a hedge or a wall, and the detail is, always exquisite, there is something majestic, almost processional. Some twenty minutes before I reached the little inn that marks the termination of the drive, my vehicle met with an accident which just missed being serious, and which engaged the attention of a gentleman who, followed by his groom

and mounted on a strikingly handsome horse, happened to ride up at the moment. This young man, who, with his good looks and charming manner, might have stepped out of a novel of Octave Feuillet, gave me some very intelligent advice in reference to one of my horses, who had been injured, and was so good as to accompany me to the inn, with the resources of which he was acquainted, to see that his recommendations were carried out. The result of our interview was that he invited me to come and look at a small but ancient château in the neighborhood, which he had the happiness — not the greatest in the world, he intimated — to inhabit, and at which I engaged to present myself after I should have spent an hour at the Pont du Gard. For the moment, when we separated, I gave all my attention to that great structure. You are very near it before you see it; the ravine it spans suddenly opens and exhibits the picture. The scene at this point grows extremely beautiful. The ravine is the valley of the Gardon, which the road from Nîmes has followed some time without taking account of it, but which, exactly at the right distance from the aqueduct, deepens and expands, and puts on those characteristics which are best suited to give it effect. The gorge becomes romantic, still and solitary, and with its white rocks and wild shrubbery hangs over the clear-colored river, in whose slow course there is here and there a deeper pool. Over the valley, from side to side, and ever so high in the air, stretch the three tiers of the tremendous bridge. They are unspeakably imposing, and nothing could well be more Roman. The hugeness, the solidity, the unexpectedness, the monumental rectitude, of the whole thing leave you nothing to say — at the time — and make you stand gazing. You simply feel that it is noble and perfect, that it has the quality of greatness. A road, branching from the highway, descends to the

level of the river and passes under one of the arches. This road has a wide margin of grass and loose stones, which slopes upward into the bank of the ravine. You may sit here as long as you please, staring up at the light, strong piers; the spot is extremely natural, though two or three stone benches have been erected on it. I remained there an hour, and got a complete impression; the place was perfectly soundless, and for the time, at least, lonely; the splendid afternoon had begun to fade, and there was a fascination in the object I had come to see. It came to pass that at the same time I discovered in it a certain stupidity, a vague brutality. That element is rarely absent from great Roman work, which is wanting in the nice adaptation of the means to the end. The means are always exaggerated, the end is so much more than attained. The Roman rigidity was apt to overshoot the mark, and I suppose a race which could do nothing small is as defective as a race which can do nothing great. Of this Roman rigidity the Pont du Gard is an admirable example. It would be a great injustice, however, not to insist upon its beauty — a kind of manly beauty, that of an object constructed not to please but to serve, and impressive simply from the scale on which it carries out this intention. The number of arches in each tier is different; they are smaller and more numerous as they ascend. The preservation of the thing is extraordinary; nothing has crumbled or collapsed; every feature remains; and the huge blocks of stone, of a brownish-yellow (as if they had been baked by the Provençal sun for eighteen centuries), pile themselves, without mortar or cement, as evenly as the day they were laid together. All this to carry the water of a couple of springs to a little provincial city! The conduit on the top has retained its shape and traces of the cement with which it was lined. When the vague twilight began to gather, the

lonely valley seemed to fill itself with the shadow of the Roman name, as if the mighty empire were still as erect as the supports of the aqueduct; and it was open to a solitary tourist, sitting there sentimental, to believe that no people has ever been, or will ever be, as great as that, measured as we measure the greatness of an individual, by the push they gave to what they undertook. The Pont du Gard is one of the three or four deepest impressions they have left; it speaks of them in a manner with which they might have been satisfied.

I feel as if it were scarcely discreet to indicate the whereabouts of the châteaueau of the obliging young man I had met on the way from Nîmes; I must content myself with saying that it nestled in an enchanting valley — *dans le fond*, as they say in France — and that I took my course thither on foot, after leaving the Pont du Gard. I find it noted in my journal as “an adorable little corner.” The principal feature of the place is a couple of very ancient towers, brownish-yellow in hue, and mantled in scarlet Virginia-creeper. One of these towers is isolated, and is only the more effective; the other is incorporated in the house, which is delightfully fragmentary and irregular. It had got to be late by this time, and the lonely *castel* looked crepuscular and mysterious. An old housekeeper was sent for, who showed me the rambling interior; and then the young man took me into a dim old drawing-room, which had no less than four chimney-pieces, all unlighted, and gave me a repfection of fruit and sweet wine. When I praised the wine, and asked him what it was, he said simply, “*C’est du vin de ma mère!*” Throughout my little journey I had never yet felt myself so far from Paris; and this was a sensation I enjoyed more than my host, who was an involuntary exile, consoling himself with laying out a *manège*, which he showed me as I

walked away. His civility was great, and I was greatly touched by it. On my way back to the little inn where I had left my vehicle, I passed the Pont du Gard, and took another look at it. Its great arches made windows for the evening sky, and the rocky ravine, with its dusky cedars and shining river, was lonelier than before. At the inn I swallowed, or tried to swallow, a glass of horrible wine with my coachman; after which, with my reconstructed team, I drove back to Nîmes in the moonlight. It only added a more solitary whiteness to the constant sheen of the Provençal landscape.

V.

The weather the next day was equally fair, so that it seemed an imprudence not to make sure of Aigues-Mortes. Nîmes itself could wait; at a pinch, I could attend to Nîmes in the rain. It was my belief that Aigues-Mortes was a little gem, and it is natural to desire that gems should have an opportunity to sparkle. This is an excursion of but a few hours, and there is a little friendly, familiar, dawdling train that will convey you, in time for a noonday breakfast, to the small dead town where the blessed Saint Louis twice embarked for the crusades. You may get back to Nîmes for dinner; the run — or rather the walk, for the train does n’t run — is of about an hour. I found the little journey charming, and looked out of the carriage window, on my right, at the distant Cévennes, covered with tones of amber and blue, and, all around, at vineyards red with the touch of October. The grapes were gone, but the plants had a color of their own. Within a certain distance of Aigues-Mortes they give place to wide salt-marshes, traversed by two canals; and over this expanse the train rumbles slowly upon a narrow causeway, failing for some time, though you know you are near the object of your curiosity, to bring

you to sight of anything but the horizon. Suddenly it appears, the towered and embattled mass, lying so low that the crest of its defenses seems to rise straight out of the ground; and it is not till the train stops, close before them, that you are able to take the full measure of its walls.

Aigues-Mortes stands on the edge of a wide *étang*, or shallow inlet of the sea, the further side of which is divided by a narrow band of coast from the Gulf of Lyons. Next after Carcassonne, to which it forms an admirable *pendant*, it is the most perfect thing of the kind in France. It has a rival in the person of Avignon, but the ramparts of Avignon are much less effective. Like Carcassonne, it is completely surrounded with its old fortifications, and if they are far simpler in character (there is but one circle) they are quite as well preserved. The moat has been filled up, and the site of the town might be figured by a billiard-table without pockets. On this absolute level, covered with coarse grass, Aigues-Mortes presents quite the appearance of the walled town that a school-boy draws upon his slate, or that we see in the background of early Flemish pictures — a simple parallelogram, of a contour almost absurdly bare, broken at intervals by angular towers and square holes. Such, literally speaking, is this delightful little city, which needs to be seen to tell its full story. It is extraordinarily pictorial, and if it is a very small sister of Carcassonne it has at least the essential features of the family. Indeed, it is even more like an image and less like a reality than Carcassonne; for by position and prospect it seems even more detached from the life of the present day. It is true that Aigues-Mortes does a little business; it sees certain bags of salt piled into barges which stand in a canal beside it, and which carry their cargo into regions comparatively modern. But nothing could well be more

drowsy and desultory than this industry as I saw it practiced, with the aid of two or three brown peasants and under the eye of a solitary douanier, who strolled on the little quay beneath the western wall. "C'est bien plaisant, c'est bien paisible," said this worthy man, with whom I had some conversation; and pleasant and peaceful is the place indeed, though the former of these epithets may suggest an element of gayety in which Aigues-Mortes is deficient. The sand, the salt, the dull sea-view, surround it with a bright, quiet melancholy. There are fifteen towers and nine gates, five of which are on the southern side, overlooking the water. I walked all round the place three times (it does n't take long), but lingered most under the southern wall, where the afternoon light slept in the dreamiest, sweetest way. I sat down on an old stone, and looked away to the desolate salt-marshes and the still, shining surface of the *étang*; and, as I did so, reflected that this was a queer little out-of-the-world corner to have been chosen, in the great dominions of either monarch, for that pompous interview which took place, in 1538, between Francis I. and Charles V. It was also not easy to perceive how Louis IX., when in 1248 and 1270 he started for the Holy Land, set his army afloat in such very undeveloped channels. An hour later I purchased in the town a little pamphlet by M. Marius Topin, who undertakes to explain this latter anomaly, and to show that there is water enough in the port, as we may call it by courtesy, to have sustained a fleet of crusaders. I was unable to trace the channel that he points out, but was glad to believe that, as he contends, the sea has not retreated from the town since the thirteenth century. It was comfortable to think that things are not so changed as that. M. Topin indicates that the other French ports of the Mediterranean were not then *disponibles*, and

that Aigues-Mortes was the most eligible spot for an embarkation.

Behind the straight walls and the quiet gates the little town has not crumbled, like the Cité of Carcassonne. It can hardly be said to be alive, but if it is dead it has been very neatly embalmed. The hand of the restorer rests on it constantly; but this artist has not, as at Carcassonne, had miracles to accomplish. The interior is very still and empty, with small, stony, whitewashed streets, tenanted by a stray dog, a stray cat, a stray old woman. In the middle is a little *place*, with two or three cafés decorated by wide awnings, — a little *place* of which the principal feature is a very bad bronze statue of Saint Louis by Pradier. It is almost as bad as the breakfast I had at the inn that bears the name of that pious monarch. You may walk round the enceinte of Aigues-Mortes both outside and in, but you may not, as at Carcassonne, make a portion of this circuit on the *chemin de ronde*, the little projecting footway attached to the inner face of the battlements. This footway, wide enough only for a single pedestrian, is in the best order, and near each of the gates a flight of steps leads up to it; but a locked gate, at the top of the steps, makes access impossible, or at least unlawful. Aigues-Mortes, however, has its citadel, an immense tower, larger than any of the others, a little detached, and standing at the northwest angle of the town. I called upon the *casernier* — the custodian of the walls — and in his absence I was conducted through this big Tour de Constance by his wife, a very mild, meek woman, yellow with the traces of fever and ague, a scourge which, as might be expected in a town whose name denotes “dead waters,” enters freely at the nine gates. The Tour de Constance is of extraordinary girth and solidity, divided into three superposed circular chambers, with very fine vaults, that are lighted by embrasures of prodigious depth, converging

to windows little larger than loopholes. The place served for years as a prison to many of the Protestants of the south whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had exposed to atrocious penalties, and the annals of these dreadful chambers during the first half of the last century were written in tears and blood. Some of the recorded cases of long confinement there make one marvel afresh at what man has inflicted and endured. In a country in which a policy of extermination was to be put into practice this horrible tower was an obvious resource. From the battlements at the top, which is surmounted by an old disused light-house, you see the little compact rectangular town, which looks hardly bigger than a garden-patch, mapped out beneath you, and follow the plain configuration of its defenses. You take possession of it, and you feel that you will remember it always.

VI.

After this I was free to look about me at Nîmes, and I did so with such attention as the place appeared to require. At the risk of seeming too easily and too frequently disappointed, I will say that it required rather less than I had been prepared to give. It is a town of three or four fine features, rather than a town with, as I may say, a general figure. In general Nîmes is poor; its only treasures are its Roman remains, which are of the first order. The new French fashions prevail in many of its streets; the old houses are paltry and the good houses are new; while beside my hotel rose a big spick-and-span church, which had the oddest air of having been intended for Brooklyn or Buffalo. It is true that this church looked out on a square completely French — a square of a fine modern disposition, flanked on one side by a classical palais de justice, embellished with trees and parapets, and occupied in the centre with a group of allegorical statues, such as one encoun-

ters only in the cities of France, the chief of these being a colossal figure by Pradier, representing Nîmes. An English, an American town which should have such a monument, such a square as this, would be a place of great pretensions; but like so many little *villes de province* in the country of which I write, Nîmes is easily ornamental. What nobler ornament can there be than the old Roman baths at the foot of Mont Cavalier, and the delightful old garden that surrounds them? All that quarter of Nîmes has every reason to be proud of itself; it has been revealed to the world at large by copious photography. A clear, abundant stream gushes from the foot of a high hill (covered with trees and laid out in paths), and is distributed into basins which sufficiently refer themselves to the period that gave them birth — the period that has left its stamp on that pompous Peyrou which we admired at Montpellier. Here are the same terraces and steps and balustrades, and a system of water-works less impressive, perhaps, but very ingenious and charming. The whole place is a mixture of old Rome and of the French eighteenth century; for the remains of the antique baths are in a measure incorporated in the modern fountains. In a corner of this umbrageous precinct stands a small Roman ruin which is known as a temple of Diana, but was more apparently a *nymphæum*, and appears to have had a graceful connection with the adjacent baths. I learn from Murray that this little temple, of the period of Augustus, "was reduced to its present state of ruin in 1577;" the moment at which the townspeople, threatened with a siege by the troops of the crown, partly demolished it, lest it should serve as a cover to the enemy. The remains are very fragmentary, but they serve to show that the place was lovely. I spent half an hour in it on a lovely Sunday morning (it is inclosed by a high *grille*, carefully tended, and

has a warden of its own), and with the help of my imagination tried to reconstruct a little the aspect of things in the Gallo-Roman days. I do wrong, perhaps, to say that I *tried*; from a flight so deliberate I should have shrunk. But there was a certain contagion of antiquity in the air, and among the ruins of baths and temples, in the very spot where the aqueduct that crosses the Gardon in the wondrous manner I had seen discharged itself, the picture of a splendid paganism seemed vaguely to glow. Roman baths — Roman baths; those words alone were a scene. Everything was changed: I was strolling in a *jardin français*; the bosky slope of the Mont Cavalier (a very modest mountain), hanging over the place, is crowned with a shapeless tower, which is as likely to be of mediæval as of antique origin; and yet, as I leaned on the parapet of one of the fountains, where a flight of curved steps (a hemicycle, as the French say) descended into a basin full of dark, cool recesses, where the slabs of the Roman foundations gleam through the clear green water — as in this attitude I surrendered myself to contemplation and reverie, it seemed to me that I touched for a moment the ancient world. Such moments are illuminating, and the light of this one mingles, in my memory, with the dusky greenness of the Jardin de la Fontaine.

The fountain proper — the source of all these distributed waters — is the prettiest thing in the world, a reduced copy of Vaucluse. It gushes up at the foot of the Mont Cavalier, at a point where that eminence rises with a certain cliff-like effect, and like other springs in the same circumstances appears to issue from the rock with a sort of quivering stillness. I trudged up the Mont Cavalier — it is a matter of five minutes — and having committed this cockneyism enhanced it presently by another. I ascended the stupid Tour Magne, the mysterious structure I men-

tioned a moment ago. The only feature of this massive, empty cylinder, except the inevitable collection of photographs to which you are introduced by the door-keeper, is the view you enjoy from its summit. This view is of course remarkably fine, but I am ashamed to say I have not the smallest recollection of it; for while I looked into the brilliant spaces of the air I seemed still to see only what I saw in the depths of the Roman baths — the image, disastrously confused and vague, of a vanished world. This world, however, has left at Nîmes a far more considerable memento than a few old stones covered with water-moss. The Roman arena is the rival of those of Verona and of Arles; at a respectful distance it emulates the Colosseum. It is a small Colosseum, if I may be allowed the expression, and is in a much better preservation than the great circus at Rome. This is especially true of the external walls, with their arches, pillars, cornices. I must add that one should not speak of preservation, in regard to the arena at Nîmes, without speaking also of repair. After the great ruin ceased to be despoiled, it began to be protected, and most of its wounds have been dressed with new material. These matters concern the archæologist, and I felt here, as I felt afterwards at Arles, that one of the profane, in the presence of such a monument, can only admire and hold his tongue. The great impression, on the whole, is an impression of wonder that so much should have survived. What remains at Nîmes, after all dilapidation is estimated, is astounding. I spent an hour in the Arènes on that same sweet Sunday morning, as I came back from the Roman baths, and saw that the corridors, the vaults, the staircases, the external casing, are still virtually there. Many of these parts are wanting in the Colosseum, whose sublimity of size, however, can afford to dispense with detail. The seats at Nîmes, like those at

Verona, have been largely renewed; not that this mattered much, as I lounged on the cool surface of one of them, and admired the mighty concavity of the place and the elliptical sky-line, broken by uneven blocks and forming the rim of the monstrous cup — a cup that had been filled with horrors. And yet I made my reflections; I said to myself that though a Roman arena is one of the most impressive of the works of man, it has a touch of that same stupidity which I ventured to discover in the Pont du Gard. It is brutal, it is monotonous, it is not at all exquisite. The Arènes at Nîmes were arranged for a bull-fight — a form of recreation that, as I was informed, is much *dans les habitudes Nîmoises* and very common throughout Provence, where (still according to my information) it is the usual pastime of a Sunday afternoon. At Arles and Nîmes it has a characteristic setting, but in the villages the patrons of the game make a circle of carts and barrels, on which the spectators perch themselves. I was surprised at the prevalence, in mild Provence, of this Iberian vice, and hardly know whether it makes the custom more respectable that at Nîmes and Arles the thing is shabbily and imperfectly done. The bulls are rarely killed, and indeed often are bulls only in the Irish sense of the term — being domestic and motherly cows. Such an entertainment of course does not supply to the arena that element of the exquisite which I spoke of as wanting. The exquisite at Nîmes is mainly represented by the famous *Maison Carrée*. The first impression you receive from this delicate little building, as you stand before it, is that you have already seen it many times. Photographs, engravings, models, medals, have placed it definitely in your eye, so that from the sentiment with which you regard it curiosity and surprise are almost completely, and perhaps deplorably, absent. Admiration re-

mains, however — admiration of a familiar and even slightly patronizing kind. The *Maison Carrée* does not overwhelm you; you can conceive it. It is not one of the great sensations of antique art, but it is perfectly felicitous, and, in spite of having been put to all sorts of incongruous uses, marvelously preserved. Its slender columns, its delicate proportions, its charming compactness, seem to bring one nearer to the century that built it than the great superpositions of arenas and bridges, and give it the interest that vibrates from one age to another when the note of taste is struck. If anything were needed to make this little toy-temple a happy production, the service would be rendered by the second-rate boulevard that conducts to it, adorned with inferior cafés and tobacco-shops. Here, in a respectable recess, surround-

ed by vulgar habitations, and with the theatre, of a classic pretension, opposite, stands the small “square house,” so called because it is much longer than it is broad. I saw it first in the evening, in the vague moonlight, which made it look as if it were cast in bronze. Stendhal says, justly, that it has the shape of a playing-card, and he expresses his admiration for it by the singular wish that an “exact copy” of it should be erected in Paris. He even goes so far as to say that in the year 1880 this tribute will have been rendered to its charms; nothing would be more simple, to his mind than to “have” in that city “le Panthéon de Rome, quelques temples de Grèce.” Stendhal found it amusing to write in the character of a *commis-voyageur*, and sometimes it occurs to his reader that he really was one.

Henry James.

OMENS.

I.

As, ere the storm, a silence fills the world,
 No blade is stirred, no banner is unfurled,
 In conscious field or wood;
 So, all the morning, hushed and tranced with fear,
 I seemed to see a messenger draw near,
 Whose errand was not good.
 I turned, and lo! within the open door,
 The one I deemed beset with perils sore
 Close by me, smiling, stood.

II.

I know not why (I said that summer night)
 The heart in me should be so wondrous light,
 So sweet each moment's breath:
 Assurance kind greets me from every star;
 The all-gathering breeze, that hastens from afar, —
 How glad a thing it saith!
 That was the night my friend beyond the seas,
 Within a tent beneath the olive-trees,
 Turned his blue eyes on death.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE BIRD OF THE MORNING.

If every bird has his vocation, as a poetical French writer suggests, that of the American robin must be to inspire cheerfulness and contentment in men. His joyous "Cheer up! cheer up! Cheery! Be cheery! Be cheery!" poured out in the early morning from the top branch of the highest tree in the neighborhood, is one of the most stimulating sounds of spring. He must be unfeeling indeed who can help deserting his bed and peering through blinds till he discovers the charming philosopher, with head erect and breast glowing in the dawning light, forgetting the cares of life in the ecstasy of song.

Besides admonishing others to cheerfulness, the robin sets the example. Not only is his cheering voice the first in the morning and the last at night, — of the day birds, — but no rain is wet enough to dampen his spirits. In a drizzly, uncomfortable day, when all other birds go about their necessary tasks of food-hunting in dismal silence, the robin is not a whit less happy than when the sun shines; and his cheery voice rings out to comfort not only the inmates of the damp little home in the maple, but the owners of waterproofs and umbrellas who mope in the house.

The most delightful study of one summer, not long ago, was the daily life, the joys and sorrows, of a family of robins, whose pretty castle in the air rested on a stout fork of a maple-tree branch near my window. Day by day I watched their ways till I learned to know them well.

The seat chosen for observations was under a tree on the lawn, which happened to be the robin's hunting-ground; and here I sat for hours at a time, quietly looking on at his work, and listening to the robin talk around me: the low, confidential chat in the tree

where the little wife was busy, the lively gossip across the street with neighbors in another tree, the warning "Tut! tut!" when a stranger appeared, the war cry when an intruding bird was to be driven away, and the joyous "Pe-e-p! tut, tut, tut," when he alighted on the fence and surveyed the lawn before him, flapping his wings and jerking his tail with every note.

In truth, the sounds one hears in a robin neighborhood are almost as various as those that salute his ear among people: the laugh, the cry, the scold, the gentle word, the warning, the alarm, and many others.

When I first took my seat I felt like an intruder, which the robin plainly considered me to be. He eyed me with the greatest suspicion, alighting on the ground in a terrible flutter, resolved to brave the ogre, yet on the alert, and ready for instant flight should anything threaten. The moment he touched the ground, he would lower his head and run with breathless haste five or six feet; then stop, raise his head as pert as a daisy, and look at the monster to see if it had moved. After convincing himself that all was safe, he would turn his eyes downward, and in an instant thrust his bill into the soil where the sod was thin, throwing up a little shower of earth, and doing this again and again, so vehemently that sometimes he was taken off his feet by the jerk. Then he would drag out a worm, run a few feet farther in a panic-stricken way, as though "taking his life in his hands," again look on the ground, and again pull out a worm; all the time in an inconsequent manner, as though he had nothing particular on his mind, and merely collected worms by way of passing the time.

So he would go on, never eating a

morsel, but gathering worms till he had three or four of the wriggling creatures hanging from his firm little beak. Then he would fly to a low branch, run up a little way, take another short flight, and thus having, as he plainly intended by this zigzag course, completely deceived the observer as to his destination, he would slip quietly to the nest and quickly dispose of his load. In half a minute he was back again, running and watching, and digging as before. And this work he kept up nearly all day. In silence, too, for noisy and talkative as the bird is, he keeps his mouth shut when on the ground. In all my watching of robins for years in several places, I scarcely ever heard one make a sound when on the ground, near a human dwelling.

Once I was looking through blinds, and the bird did not see me. He had, after much labor, secured an unusually large worm, and it lay a few inches away where it fell as he gave it the final "yank." This was an extraordinary case; the robin was too full to hold in, and there bubbled out of his closed bill a soft "Cheery! cheery! be cheery!" hardly above a whisper and half frightened withal. Then snatching the trophy he flew away, doubtless to show his luck, and tell his tale at home.

The robin has been accused of being quarrelsome; and to be sure he does defend his home with vigor, driving away any bird which ventures to alight on his special maple-tree, sometimes with a loud cry of defiance, and again without a sound, but fairly flinging himself after the intruder so furiously that not even the king-bird — noted as a tyrant over much larger birds — can withstand him. But jealous as he is of his own, he is equally ready to assist a neighbor in trouble. One day while I was studying him a great uproar arose in the orchard. Robin voices were heard in loud cries, and instantly those near the house took wing for the scene of distress. With

my glass I could see many robins flying about one spot, and diving one after another into the grass, where there was a great commotion and cries of some other creature, — I thought a hen. The robins were furious, and the fight grew very warm, while every now and then a small object was tossed into the air.

Hurrying down to the scene of the warfare, I found that the creature in the grass was a hen-turkey with one chick. She was wild with rage, shaking and tossing up what looked like another young turkey, and the robins, evidently taking the side of the victim, were delivering sharp pecks and scolding vigorously. Securing with some difficulty the object of her fury, I found it to be a young robin, which had fallen from a nest, and which no doubt the usually meek turkey thought threatened danger to her own infant.

The poor little fellow was too badly hurt to live, and although the turkey was removed, some time passed before calmness was restored to the neighborhood. It seemed to me that the chatter in the trees that evening was kept up longer than usual, and I fancied that every little youngster still living in the nest heard the direful tale, and received a solemn warning.

I was surprised to discover, in my close attention to them, that although early to rise robins are by no means early to bed. Long after every feather was supposed to be at rest for the night, I would sit out and listen to the gossip, the last words, the scraps of song, — different in every individual robin, yet all variations on the theme "Be cheery," — and often the sharp "He he he he he!" so like a girl's laugh, out of the shadowy depths of the maple.

Once I saw a performance that looked as if the robin wanted to play a joke "with intent to deceive." Hearing a strange bird note, as usual I hastened to my post. From the depths of a thick chestnut-tree came every moment a

long-drawn-out, mournful "S-e-e-p!" as though some bird was calling its mate. It was not very loud, but it was urgent, and I looked the tree over very carefully with my opera-glass before I caught sight of the culprit, and was amazed to see the robin. The tone was so entirely unlike any I ever heard from him that I should not have suspected him even then, but I saw him in the very act. No sooner did he notice that he was observed than he gave a loud mocking "He he he!" and flew across the lawn to his own tree.

One morning he was not to be seen at his usual work, but a furious calling came from the other side of the lawn. It was anxious and urgent, and it was incessant. I resolved to see what was the trouble. Stealing quietly along, I came in sight of the bird, loudly calling, fluttering his wings, and in evident trouble, though I could not imagine the cause, until looking closely I saw perched on a branch of a cedar-tree a fat, stupid-looking bird, fully as big as the robin, and covered with feathers, but with a speckled breast, and no tail worth mentioning.

There he sat, like a lump of dough, head down in his shoulders and bill sticking almost straight up, and neither the tenderest coaxing nor the loudest scolding moved him in the least. In fact, I thought he was dead, till the opera-glass showed that he winked. But stupid and ugly as he looked, he was the darling of the heart in that little red breast, and the parent fluttered wildly about while I found a stick, and jarred the branch slightly as a gentle hint that he should obey his papa. That started the youngster, and away he flew, as well as anybody, to the other side of the walk.

Wondering why the mother did not take part in this training, I peeped into the nest, where I found her sitting, and I concluded she must be raising a second family. It was indeed time for that grown-up baby to learn to care for himself,

before there was another family to feed. While I was looking at the nest and its frightened yet brave little owner, the young robin came back and alighted on the ground, and so proud and happy yet so anxious a parent is rarely seen. It was soon evident that this was Master Robin's first lesson in the worm business; he was now to be taught the base of supplies, and I kept very quiet while the scene went on. The father would hop ahead a few feet and call persuasively, "Come on!" The awkward youngling answered loudly, "Wait! wait!" Then he would hop a few steps, and papa would dig up a worm to show him how, and tenderly offer it as a slight lunch after his exertion. So they went on, that clumsy and greedy youngster induced by his desire for worms, while the patient teacher encouraged, and worked for him. As for making an effort for himself, the notion never entered his head.

Not long after I saw one of the same brood seated on a twig and asking to be fed. I was quite near, and the robin papa hesitated to come. Master Robin called more and more sharply, drawing up his wings without opening them, exactly like a shrug of the shoulders, and jerking his body in such a way that it looked like stamping his foot. It was a funny exhibition of youthful imperiousness, and resembled what in a child we call "spunkiness."

One of the most interesting entertainments of the later days was to hear the young bird's music lesson. In the early morning the father would place himself in the thickest part of the tree, not as usual on the top, in plain sight, and with his pupil near him would begin, "Cheery! cheery! be cheery!" in a loud, clear voice; and then would follow a feeble, wavering, uncertain attempt to copy the song. Again papa would chant the first strain, and baby would pipe out his funny notes. This was kept up, till in a surprisingly short

time, after much daily practice both with the copy and without, I could hardly tell father from son.

When the maple leaves turned, in the fall, and the little home in the tree was left empty and desolate, I had it brought down to examine. It was a curious and remarkably well-made nest, being a perfect cup of clay, a little thicker around

the top, well moulded, and covered inside and out with dry grass. This snug cottage of clay has been the scene of some of the sweetest experiences of all lives, great as well as small. For the happiness it has held I will preserve it: and thus moralizing I placed it on a bracket in memory of a delightful study of the Bird of the Morning.

Olive Thorne Miller.

RANDOM SPANISH NOTES.

SPAIN is for all the world the land of romance. For the artist it is the land of Murillo, Velasquez, Fortuny, and Goya, of sunlight and color. For the student of history it holds the precious archives of the New World adventure and daring, of that subtle and sanguinary policy in religion and war which is typified in the names of Loyola and Philip II. For the lover of architecture it contains some marvels of Gothic boldness and fancy, and Saracenic beauty and grace. For the investigator of race and language it holds the problems of the Basque and the gypsy. The great races who have had their day there, the Roman, the Goth, the Norman, the Moor, have left visible traces and an historical atmosphere of romance.

And yet the real Spain is the least attractive country in Europe to the tourist. The traveler goes there to see certain unique objects. He sees them, enjoys them, is entranced by them, leaves them with regret and a tender memory, and is glad to get out of Spain. There are six things to see: the Alhambra, the Seville cathedral and Alcazar, the Mosque of Cordova, Toledo and its cathedral, the Gallery at Madrid, and Monserrat. The rest is mainly monotony and weariness. With the exception of the Alhambra, which has a spell that an idle man finds hard to break, and

where perhaps he could be content indefinitely, there is no place in Spain that one can imagine he would like to live in, for the pleasure of living. Taking out certain historical features and monuments, the towns repeat each other in their attractions and their disagreeables. Every town and city in Italy has its individual character and special charm. To go from one to another is always to change the scene and the delight. This is true of the old German towns also. Each has a character. The traveler sees many a place in each country where he thinks he could stay on from month to month, with a growing home-like feeling. I think there is nothing of this attraction in Spain. The want of it may be due to the country itself, or to the people. I fancy that with its vast arid plains, treeless and tiresome, its gullied hills and its bare escarped mountains, Spain resembles New Mexico. It is an unsoftened, unrelieved landscape, for the most part, sometimes grand in its vastness and sweep, but rugged and unadorned. The want of grass and gentle verdure is a serious drawback to the pleasure of the eye, not compensated by the magic tricks of the sunlight, and the variegated reds, browns, and yellows of the exposed soil and rocks, and the spring-time green of the nascent crops. I speak, of course,

of the general aspect, for the mountain regions are rich in wild-flowers, and the cultivation in the towns is everywhere a redeeming feature.

The traveler, of course, gets his impressions of a people from the outside. These are correct so far as they go, and it is in a sense safe to generalize on them, though not to particularize. He catches very soon the moral atmosphere of a strange land, and knows whether it is agreeable or otherwise, whether the people seem pleasant or the reverse. He learns to discriminate, for example, between the calculated *gemüthlichkeit* of Switzerland and the more spontaneous friendliness of Bavaria. He can pronounce at once upon the cordial good humor of the Viennese, the obligingness of the people of Edinburgh, the agreeableness of the Swedes, simply on street-knowledge, without ever entering a private house or receiving any personal hospitality. He knows the wily, poetical ways by which he is beguiled in Italy, but grows fond of the sunny race.

In Spain he is pretty certain to be rubbed the wrong way, most of the time. He is conscious of an atmosphere of suspicion, of distrust, of contempt often. He cannot understand, for instance, why attendants in churches and cathedrals are so curt and disobliging, keeping him away, on one pretense and another, from the sights he has come far to see, and for which he is willing to pay. Incidents occurred both at Granada and Toledo that could be accounted for only on the supposition that the custodians liked to discommode strangers. If we had been Frenchmen, whom the Spaniards hate as the despoilers of churches and galleries, we could have understood it. By reputation the Spaniard is at home hospitable, and on acquaintance gracious, and generally willing to oblige. But the national atmosphere is certainly not what the Germans call *gemüthlich*. In no other European country is the traveler likely to

encounter so much incivility and rudeness, so little attempt at pleasing him and making him like the country. At least, the attitude is that of indifference whether the country pleases him or not. Perhaps this springs from a noble pride and superiority. Perhaps it is from a provincial consciousness of being about two hundred years behind the age. But, elsewhere, the pleasantest people to travel among are those whose clocks stopped two centuries ago. Individually, I have no doubt, the Spaniards are charming. Collectively, they do not appear to welcome the stranger, or put themselves out to make his sojourn agreeable.

I should say all this with diffidence, or perhaps should not say it at all, if I had been longer in Spain. But surface impressions have a certain value as well as deep experiences. Some philosophers maintain that the first impression of a face is the true one as to the character of the person.

Spain, then, impresses one with a sense of barrenness, — a barren land with half a dozen rich "pockets." The present race, if we take out a few artists and writers, has produced nothing that the world much cares for. It destroyed and, sheerly from want of appreciation, let go to ruin the most exquisite creations of a people of refinement and genius. The world ought never to forgive the barbarity that constructed the hideous palace of Charles V., in the Alhambra, — tearing down priceless architectural beauty to make room for it, — or that smashed into the forest of twelve hundred columns in the mosque of Cordova, to erect a chapel in the centre. Since the era of the magnificent Gothic cathedrals, Spanish taste and character seem typified in that palace of Charles in the Alhambra, and in the ugly and forbidding pile — as utilitarian as a stone cotton-mill — the Escorial. Modern Spanish architecture is generally uninteresting, and would be wholly so

for the inheritance of the Moorish courts or *patios*, which give a charm to the interiors.

But for these and the few remains of a better age, nothing could be more commonplace than the appearance of the city of Seville, or uglier than its dusty and monotonous plazas. This character is that of the cities of Andalusia. Yet what undying romance there is in the very names of Andalusia and Sevilla! What visions of chivalry and beauty and luxury they evoke! What a stream of the imagination is the turbid Guadalquivir, running through a flat and sandy country! Seville itself is flat, and subject to the overflow of the river. Consequently it is damp and unwholesome a part of the year; in summer it is hot, in winter it has a fitful, chilly climate. In spite of the mantillas and faus and dark eyes, the pretty patios with flowers and perhaps a fountain, the iridescent splendors of the Alcazar and the decaying interiors of some old Moorish houses, like the Casa de Pilatos (said to be built in imitation of the House of Pilate—in Jerusalem), the magnificent cathedral, which is as capable as anything in this world, built of stone, to lift the soul up into an ecstasy of devotional feeling, the aspect of the town is essentially provincial and common. It is modernized without taste, and yet when the traveler comes away he hates to admit it, remembering the unique attractions of the cathedral and the Alcazar, and a narrow, winding street, still left here and there, with the overhanging balconies high in the air, the quaint portals, the glimpses of flowery courts, the towers white with whitewash, the sharp blue shadows, the rifts of cerulean sky overhead. He tries to forget the staring Plaza Nueva, with its stunted palms, and the Bull Ring, and the gigantic cigar factory, where are assembled, under one roof, three thousand coarse women, many of whom have learned to roll cigars and rock the cradles at

their side at the same time,—three thousand coarse women, with now and then a wild beauty; for it is difficult to keep beauty out of the female sex altogether, anywhere.

The traveler will fare very well in the larger towns of Spain, where the French art of cooking is practiced, with the addition of an abundance in the way of fruit. We were very well off at the Hotel Madrid in Seville, which has spacious rooms and a charming large interior court, overlooked by verandas, with a fountain and flowers and oleanders and other low-growing trees, and with garlands of vines stretched across it. The company was chiefly Spanish, and the long *table d'hôte* was not seldom amusing, in spite of all the piety of formality which in Europe belongs to the ceremony of dining. Of course none but the best people were there, and after the soup, and at any time during the courses, the gentlemen lit cigarettes, so that we could see the ladies' eyes flashing through a canopy of smoke. It was a noisy table; it was in fact a Babel. The Spaniard, in public, does not appear to converse; he orates, and gesticulates, and argues with the vehemence of a man on the rostrum. He is carried away by his own eloquence; he rises, pounds the table, shakes his fist at his adversary. But it is not a quarrel. His adversary is not excited; he sits perfectly calm, as the listeners do; and then in turn he works himself up into a paroxysm of communication. Occasionally they all talk together, and it looks like a row, and sounds like one. At the first occurrence of this phenomenon I expected trouble, and was surprised to see that nothing came of it, for the talkers subsided, and left the table together in a friendly manner. This exuberance gives a zest to dining.

Cordova is not quite the deadest city in Spain, but it rubs Toledo very hard. If there were to be a fair and a competition for civic deadness, it is difficult to

predict which city would win the prize. They would both deserve it, or at least honorable mention. Cordova, however, is not buried, and it is not, like Toledo, a mass of decay. It has simply stopped in a decent commonplaceness; it does not apparently do anything; it has a vacation. It is whitewashed, and clean enough. But the streets are vacant, and there is a suspicion of grass growing up between the stones. The fifty thousand people here ought to be lively enough to keep it down, but there seems to be nothing to be lively about. And yet if the tourist only had time to take in the fact, this is one of the most interesting cities in Spain. No other, not Seville, preserves so much in its houses the Moorish appearance, which is the charm of Spain wherever it exists. It is a great pleasure to stroll about the echoing streets and note the old-time beauty of the dwellings. Cordova — *Karta-tuba*, an "important city" — had a million of inhabitants from the ninth to the twelfth century, nine hundred baths, six hundred inns, and three hundred mosques. Seneca was born here, and Lucan, and Thomas Sanchez, the Jesuit author of *De Matrimonio*; and here Gonzalo de Cordova, the great captain, was baptized. It was once the capital of Moorish Spain, an independent Khalifate; in art and letters an Athens; in wealth, refinement, and luxury the Paris of the time, with an added oriental splendor; a place of pilgrimage for the occidental world only less sacred than Mecca.

Cordova has now to show the unique mosque, one of the most interesting buildings in the world, the monument of Moorish genius and magnificence, and a monumental statue, *El Triunfo*, — an incongruous pile surmounted by Rafael, the patron saint of the city, easily the worst statue in Europe, and a witness of Spanish taste. This monument stands down by the great stone bridge over the Guadalquivir, from which

the lounge has an admirable view of the picturesque old town.

The Great Mosque was begun in 786 by Abdu-r-rahma I., who determined to build the finest mosque in the world; but even his splendid edifice was greatly enlarged in the tenth century. There was an era of good feeling between the church and Islam in those days. Before this mosque was built, Christians and Moslems amicably occupied different parts of the same basilica, and when the Caliph wanted to enlarge he bought out the Christians. Leo, Emperor of Constantinople, sent one hundred and forty precious antique columns for the new building, and Greek artists to decorate it; and when Cordova was conquered by the Christians, I believe that for some time the two religions held worship in this edifice. It occupies the whole of a vast square. The exterior walls, six feet in thickness, and from thirty to sixty feet high, with buttressed towers and richly carved portals to the different entrances, is the finest specimen of this sort of work existing. Nearly a third of the great square is occupied by the open Court of Oranges, the abode, it will be remembered, of Irving's wise parrot, who knew more than the ordinary doctor of law; still a delightful grove of oranges, with great fountains, where the pious and the idle like to congregate. From this there were nineteen doors, — all now walled up except three, — opening directly into the sacred mosque. With all these openings, added to the entrances on the other three sides, to admit freely light and air, and to permit the light to play on its polished columns, what a cheerful and beautiful interior it must have been! And what a bewildering sight it is yet! The roof is low, not above thirty-five feet high, and originally it was all flat. The area is about 394 feet east and west, by 556 feet north and south, and it is literally a forest of columns. Of the original 1200, 1096 still stand; the others were

removed to make room for the elaborate choir erected in the centre, which destroys the great sweep of pillars and much of the forest effect. It is fit to make a body weep to see how the Christians have abused this noble interior. It would have been more excusable if it had been done by early Christians, to whom we pardon everything; but it was not: it was done by late and a poor kind of Christians. These columns, all monoliths, and all made to appear of uniform height by sinking the longer ones in the floor, were the spoils of heathen temples in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Many came from Nîmes and Narbonne, some from Seville and Tarragona, numbers from Constantinople, and a great quantity from Carthage and other ancient cities of Africa. They are all of choice and some of them of rare marbles, jasper, porphyry, verd-antique, and all were originally highly polished, and many still retain their lustre. They might, with a little labor, be made again to shine like gems. From the carved capitals of these columns spring round Moorish arches, painted in red and white, which, seen in any diagonal view, interlace like ribbons, and produce a surpassing and charming effect.

This mosque was called Zeca, the house of purification; it was equal in rank to Al Aksa in Jerusalem, and its shrine of pilgrimage was second only to the Kaaba at Mecca. If the traveler chooses to walk seven times around the lovely little chapel in the centre, once the holy of holies, he will tread in a well-worn path in the stone made by tens of thousands of Moslem pilgrim feet. This chapel and the Mihrab are brilliant with mosaics, and fine carving in stone, and stucco ornamentation. I have heard some critics contrast the lowness of this edifice with the springing aspiration of the Gothic cathedrals, and say that it oppressed them; but it is one of the wonders of the world.

Toledo, so often figured and described,

I am sure needs no description from me. Everybody knows that it stands, with its crumbling walls and towers and decaying palaces, on a high hill of rock perpendicular on three sides, and that the muddy Tagus flows around it in a deep ravine, making it almost an island. I walked and scrambled entirely around it one day, — not on the city side, for that is impossible, but on the high over-looking hills circling it on the opposite side of the river, — and marked well its ramparts and towers. I could n't throw an orange into it from the encircling hills, but from this vantage ground artillery could quickly reduce it to a stone heap. But I do not know as that would much change the exterior appearance of the city. Nothing in the world looks so old, scarred, and battered.

Within it is the city of silence. Not in Karnak is this silence, if one may say so, more audible to the listening ear. There are no carriages, except the omnibus that took us up from the station, over the bridge Alcantara — the high arch beneath which flows the rapid Tagus — and through the Moorish Gate of the Sun, and this can make its way only in a few of the streets; the others are too steep, too narrow, too rough. There is no traffic, and the footfalls have little echo in the deserted streets. But what a museum of the picturesque it is, this stately widow, as somebody calls it, of two dynasties, with the remains of noble façades and the loveliest carved portals and recesses and windows! Everywhere Moorish suggestion and Moorish fancy, a perpetual charm. The tourist goes hunting everywhere for the remains of Saracen genius, and prizes every broken tile, stuccoed room, ornamented wall and ceiling, and quaintly carved door-way.

Ah, well, this is not a guide-book. We stayed, while we were in Toledo, with the sisters Figueroa, descendants, I believe, of a noble house, who dwell in a rambling, high, and gaunt tenement

that has seen better days, but not cleaner; for its entrance steps are scrubbed, its bare floors are scrubbed, and I think its hard beds are scrubbed. It is, after all, a comfortable sort of place, though I did not find out exactly in what the comfort consisted. There is only one other place of entertainment in the whole city, the inn, and we were zealously warned against that by all the travelers we saw who had preceded us. On coming away, we warned people against the Figueroa. It was the least we could do. And yet we did it with humorous regret; for the ancient maiden sisters were neat. Ah, if they had only given us anything we could eat; if they had not served our morning coffee and bread on an old salver rusty with age, and not too clean, and the rusty old coffee-pot had had a handle, and the bread had been sweet, how different it would have been! We took a liking to these venerable virgins, although they were churlish and unaccommodating, and treated our humble requests for certain conveniences with lofty scorn. But pride and hotel-keeping must go together in Spain. They must have had good hearts, these women, although they were not liberal, for they kept the house full of pets, — quail that were always whistling, and doves that were always loudly cooing, especially when we wished to sleep in the morning. We took our frugal repasts in their neat and stuffy little sitting-room. There was not a book or a newspaper in the house (in sight), but the walls were covered with trumpery pictures of saints and madonnas. In the little sitting-room, where the sisters sat by the deep-cushioned window and sewed, there were five saints and eleven madonnas. But most pathetic of all was an *étagère*, on which these dear old ladies (it was probably our traveled rudeness, and their keen perception of our ignorance of what was good enough food for anybody, that made them so angular to us) kept the playthings of

their far-away youth, — their dolls, their baby-houses, the little trifles dear to girlhood. No, indeed, I would n't have had these excellent women different in any respect, — not in Toledo. For what has Toledo itself except the toys of its youth? It is rather surprising that Toledo is as clean as it is, as it has no water, except what is brought up the steep hill from the river in jars on the patient donkeys. It is in no danger of modern improvements and drainage. I suppose the rains of heaven wash it; and the snow, perhaps, helps, for it is a frightfully cold place in winter. But it makes up for that by a hot summer, when the sun, reflected from the bare rocks about it, blazes away at it without hindrance. Its sole specialty is the beautiful niello work, the inlaying of gold and silver in steel, which is carried on at a couple of shops, and at the ancient factory across the river, ever famous for its high-tempered, inlaid Toledo blades. We made a journey thither, but it was not remunerative, except for its historical associations. A few inferior arms are manufactured there; but as fine blades are probably now made in America and England as Toledo ever tempered; and the inlaying of brooches and fancy scarf pins and other ornamental things is not equal to the ancient work. Still Toledo keeps something of its craft in this exquisite art.

One hesitates to speak of the glory of the place, the cathedral, because no justice can be done it in a paragraph; nor can any justice be done the surly custodians who refused to let us see some of its locked-up treasures, after appointing time after time for us to come. It was a mine of hoarded wealth and art before it was plundered by the French in 1808. The corner-stone was laid by St. Ferdinand in 1226, and it was completed in the year America was discovered; but its enrichment went on, and the names of one hundred and forty-nine artists are given who for centuries worked at its

adornment. I do not know anywhere else a finer example of the pure, vigorous Gothic, scarcely another so nobly and simply impressive, nor any other richer in artistic designs. It satisfies the mind by its noble solidity, purity, and picturesqueness. When you are in it, you are quite inclined to accept its supernatural inception. The Virgin is said to have come down from heaven during its erection, and the marble slab is shown on which she stood when she appeared to St. Ildefonso. But I do not see how that could have been, for the cathedral was not projected till 1226, and St. Ildefonso died in 617. His body, carried off during the Moorish invasion, was recovered about the year 1270, and is supposed to be buried here. But I believe the legend is that the Virgin made several appearances here, and was present a good deal of the time during the building of the cathedral. At any rate, the stone is here, encased in red marble in the rear of the shrine of the saint, and quite worn with the kisses of the believers, who come still to put their lips on the exact spot touched by the Virgin's feet. The cathedral has also a famous image of the Virgin in black wood, about which are told the same legends that enhance the other black images in Spain. I confess that I looked with more interest at the banner which hung from the galley of Don John of Austria at the battle of Lepanto. In this cathedral also is the Muzarabic chapel, where the ancient Muzarabic ritual is daily performed. I suppose the litany has some affinity with that of the Eastern church before the great division. The Muzarabes were Christian worshipers under the Moorish rulers, and were tolerated by them. I saw in the street women wearing yellow flannel petticoats, which are said to be the distinguishing female dress of this sect. I believe there are several Muzarabic parishes in Toledo, but their ritual is performed only in this hospitable

cathedral. It is a service of more simplicity than that at the other altars, and probably would be regarded as "low" in ecclesiastical terminology. It is said that the peculiar ritual of this chapel was established here in 1512 by Cardinal Ximenez, as a note of Spanish independence of the Pope.

Madrid, notwithstanding its size and large population — about half a million — and its many stately buildings, a few brilliant streets and beautiful public gardens, is still provincial in aspect. When I saw the ox-carts in the principal streets I was reminded of Washington before the war. It has put on a veneer of French civilization, which contrasts sharply with the lingering Spanish rusticity and provincialism. It has the air of a capital in many ways. Its bull-fights are first-rate; as Paris attracts the best singers, Madrid draws to it the most skillful matadores. The Ring is, I believe, the largest in the kingdom, and capable of seating fourteen thousand spectators. The fight is the great Sunday *fête*, at which the king and the royal family are always present. As the performances are in the afternoon, they do not interfere with the morning church-going. And if they did, an excuse for it might be urged that Madrid has not a single fine church, and, not being a city, it has no cathedral. The town has several fine libraries, besides the Biblioteca Nacional, a splendid collection of armor, and archæological and other museums that properly claim attention. Of course the distinction of the capital is its Royal Picture Gallery, which compels and repays a pilgrimage from any distance. One must go there to see Murillo, Velasquez and Ribera, and he is almost equally compelled to go there for the study of the great Italian and Flemish masters. The collection is so vast and varied that after days of wandering through its galleries the tourist feels that his acquaintance with it has only just begun.

Almost no one speaks well of the climate and situation of Madrid. Its forced location was the whim of Charles V. The situation offers no advantages for a great city. It is built on a lofty plateau formed by several hills at an elevation of 2450 feet above the sea; but it is not picturesque, for its environs are sterile plains, swept by the winds. It is the only large capital that does not lie on a respectable river; the Manzanares is commonly a waterless, stony bed. And yet, having heard all this about the detestable climate and the unhealthy location, the traveler, if he happens there at a favorable time of the year, will probably be surprised at the cheerful aspect of the town under the deep blue sky. Within a few years very much has been done to beautify it by planting trees, laying out fine parks, and building handsome villas. It is amazing what money can do in the way of transforming a sterile and intractable place into beauty. Madrid is on the way to be a city of brilliant appearance in the modern fashion, though it is not yet very interesting as a whole. But, for details, in Spain, the traveler is inclined to resent Paris shop windows and Paris costumes. Perhaps the climate is maligned. From what I could hear I should judge it far better than that of Paris, except, perhaps, for a part of the summer. Our minister, Mr. Hamlin, told me that the winter he spent there — which may have been an exception — he found agreeable, with very little frost, almost constant sun, and that it compared favorably with a winter in Washington.

The Spanish people, though reckoned taciturn and reserved with strangers, have a Southern demonstrativeness with each other which does not shrink from public avowal. We had a pleasing illustration of this when we took the afternoon train from Madrid for Zaragoza. A bridal party were on the platform in the act of leave-taking with the happy couple, who entered our car. The ten-

der partings at the house seemed to have been reserved for this public occasion. The couple, as it turned out, were not going very far, but if they had been embarking for China the demonstrations of affection, anxiety, grief, and other excitement could not have been more moving and varied. There were those who wept, and those who put on an air of forced gayety; and there was the usual facetious young man, whose mild buffooneries have their use on such occasions. The babble of talk was so voluminous that we did not hear the signal to start, and as long as we kept the group in sight their raised outstretched hands were clutching the air with that peculiar movement of the fingers which means both greeting and farewell in this land. The pretty bride, it soon appeared, was willing to take all the world into confidence in her happiness and affection. The car was well filled, and, as it happened, it would have been more convenient for her to sit opposite her husband of an hour. But this was not to be endured. She squeezed herself into the narrow place beside him, and began to pet and fondle him in a dozen decent ways, in the most barefaced and unconscious manner. The rest of us were as if we did not exist, and it was in vain that we looked out of the window in token of our wish to efface ourselves in the presence of so much private happiness. She could not keep either hands or eyes off him. And why should she? He was hers, and for life, and we were mere accidents of the hour. The assertion of her possession embarrassed us, but the square-faced and somewhat phlegmatic young gentleman took it as of right and in a serene consciousness of merit. Opposite this delightful couple, who were entering Paradise by such a public door, sat the beau-ideal of a Spanish gentleman and grandee — tall, slender, grave, kindly, high-bred almost to the point of intellectual abdication — and his handsome

young son, a most graceful and aristocratically marked lad, with the signs of possibly one step farther in the way of unvigorous refinement; resembling very much in air and feature the young Prince Imperial who was killed in Africa: charming people, with a delicate courtesy and true, unselfish politeness, as we discovered afterwards. I watched to see what effect this demonstration of national manners had upon them; and I am glad to say that their faces were as impassive as if they had been marble images. We all, I trust, looked unconscious, and perhaps we should ultimately have become so if the doting pair — God bless their union, so auspiciously begun! — had not descended from the car in a couple of hours at a little way station. I hope she did not eat him up.

Somehow this little episode put us all in good humor, and made us think better of the world as we journeyed on in the night through a country for the most part dreary, and came at midnight to Zaragoza, and even brought us into the right sentimental mood to enjoy the moonlight on the twelve tiled domes of the Cathedral El Pilar, as we rattled in an omnibus over the noble stone bridge across the swift, broad, and muddy Ebro, — the most considerable and business-like river we had seen in Spain. Zaragoza pleased us in a moment by its quaint picturesqueness and somnolent gravity. My room, in the rear of the hotel, looked upon a narrow street inclosed by high buildings, and was exactly opposite a still narrower street, into which the high moon threw heavy shadows from the tall houses. The situation was full of romantic suggestions, and I was familiar with just such scenes in the opera. As I looked from my window, before going to bed, a brigand in a long cloak and sombrero, carrying a staff in one hand and a lantern in the other, came slowly through this street, set his lantern down at the junction of the two streets, looked carefully up and

down, and then in a musical tenor sang the song of the watchman, — “Half past one o’clock, and fine weather.” Then he took up his lantern and glided away to awake other parts of the town with his good news.

We found Zaragoza exceedingly attractive in its picturesque decay. Nowhere else did we see finer mediæval palaces, now turned into rookeries of many tenements and shops. We were always coming upon some unexpected architectural beauty, as we wandered about the narrow streets of high houses. Of the two cathedrals, the old one, La Seo, is the most interesting. It has a curious, lofty octagonal tower, with Corinthian columns, drawn out like a jointed telescope, and on one side some remarkable brick-work of the fourteenth century, inlaid with Moorish tiles, variegated in color. But El Pilar, modern and ugly within, attracts most worshippers, for there is the alabaster pillar upon which the Virgin stood. A costly chapel is erected over it, and upon it stands the black-wood image of the Virgin, blazing with jewels. The pillar cannot be seen from the front, but a little of it is visible in the rear, and this spot is kissed by a constant stream of worshipers all day long. This pillar and figure is the great fact in Zaragoza; it is its most sacred and consoling possession. Many shops are devoted to the manufacture and sale of representations of it, so that this seemed to be the chief industry of the city.

The Maid of Zaragoza is not much attended to, and it was difficult to get any traces of her, or to make her very real. We could not even determine the exact place of her heroic fight during the siege by the French in 1809. It was somewhere near the southwest gate of the city. Here, says the guide-book, which calls this heroine “an Amazon, and a mere itinerant seller of cooling drinks,” — “here, Agustina, the Maid of Zaragoza, fought by the side of her

lover, — an artilleryman, — and when he fell, mortally wounded, snatched the match from his hand and worked the gun herself." For all that, this plebeian maid, who has an immortal niche in poetry, may outlast Zaragoza itself, or suffice to preserve its memory.

Traveling towards Tarragona, we found dull scenery and a waste country. The land is worn in ragged gullies, and at intervals are mounds of earth, as if left by the action of water, that looked artificial, square-topped, with a button-like knob, — a singular formation. Now and then we had a glimpse of an old castle perched on a hill. At Lareda a genuine surprise awaited us, — the best breakfast we had in Spain. It seems voracious to say it, but it is in human nature to be pleased with something really appetizing after two months of privation. The character of the costume changed here. The peasants wore sandals, often without stockings. The men sported the dull red, or purple, Phrygian cap, hanging well in front. The women wore no distinguishing costume, unless plainness of face is a distinction among the sex, and were more hard-featured than their soft southern sisters. Here is a different and a more virile race, for we are in Catalonia. As we approach Tarragona the country is very much broken into narrow valleys and hills, but all highly cultivated. Everything is dry and dusty. There is no grazing ground or grass, but vineyards, mulberry-trees, and pomegranates.

Tarragona is set on a hill, and from the noble terraces, opening out from the Rambla, one of the chief streets, six hundred feet above the shore, there is a magnificent view of the coast and the sea. The city has a small harbor, protected by a long mole. The commanding position, the dry air, the lovely winter climate, and the historic interest of the place cause Tarragona to be recommended for a winter residence. But I should think it would be dull. There

is too much of a decayed and melancholy, deserted air about it. We had another surprise here, not so much in the excellence of the hotel in which we stayed as in the civility of the landlord. But our hopes were dashed of making the *amende* to Spain in this respect, when we found that he was an Italian.

If not for a whole winter, Tarragona might detain the traveler interested for many days, for it is exceedingly picturesque, inside and out. I made the circuit of its high but somewhat dilapidated walls, and marked the enormous stones laid in it. Within, the houses are built close to the wall, and occasionally windows are cut through it, — a very good use for these mediæval defenses. There are ruins of old fortifications on the hill back of the town, and I believe that the town is, in show at least, very well fortified; but we did not inquire into it, having no intention of taking it. The cathedral, high up, and approached by a majestic flight of steps, sustains its reputation, on acquaintance, as one of the noblest Gothic edifices in Spain. We were especially detained by the wonderful archaic carving all over the interior. Attached is a pretty garden with fine cloisters, Moorish windows and arches, and the quaintest, most conceit-full, and amusing carving in the world. We wanted to bring away with us the gigantic iron knocker on the cathedral door, — a hammer striking the back of a nondescript animal. On an unfortunate afternoon, we were roughly jolted in a rattling omnibus — the only vehicle we could procure — three miles along the shore over a wretched road, enveloped in clouds of dust, to a grove of small pines, to see what is called Scipio's Tower. I wished we had never had anything more to do with it than Scipio had. And yet the view from there of the rock-built city, with its walls sloping to the ever-fascinating sea, and the line of purple coast will long endure in the memory.

To come to Barcelona is to return to Europe. Signs of industry multiply as we approach the town. The land is more highly and carefully cultivated than elsewhere in Spain, but the absence of grass and the exposure of the red earth give the country a scarred, ragged, and raw appearance, which the vines and the few olive-trees do not hide. There is nothing to compensate the Northern-bred eye for the lack of grass and the scarcity of foliage.

Barcelona is the only town in Spain where the inhabitants do not appear self-conscious, the only one that has at all the cosmopolitan air. The stranger is neither stared at nor regarded with suspicion. The people are too busy to mind anything but their own affairs, yet not too busy to be courteous and civil, after the manner of people who know something of the world, and there is a bright vivacity in the place which is very taking. We saw here, however, the first time on this abstemious peninsula, a man drunk on the street. Only once before had we seen any persons intoxicated, and they were a party of young gentlemen accompanying ladies through the Escorial, who had taken so much wine at dinner that even the gloom of that creation of a gloomy mind had no sobering effect on them. The traveler who has been told that Barcelona is too modern and commercial to interest him will be agreeably disappointed. If he likes movement and animation he will find it in the chief street of the place, the *Rambla*, a broad thoroughfare which runs from the port entirely through the city, planted with trees, and having in the centre a wide *trottoir*, which is thronged day and night with promenaders. On Sunday and Wednesday mornings it offers a floral show which is unequalled. On one side are displayed broad banks of flowers, solid masses of color, extending for something like a quarter of a mile, — roses, carnations, violets, and so on, each

massed by its kind in brilliant patches; and the buyers walk along from bank to bank and make up their bouquets with the widest range for selection. If the traveler cares for shopping he will find dazzling shops on the *San Fernando*, and he may amuse himself a long time in front of the fan and lace windows. As a rule, the windows of Spanish shops do not make a very attractive display, and the hunter after bricabrac and curios seems to be gleaning in a field that has been pretty well ransacked. But everywhere in Seville, Madrid, and Barcelona the most handsome windows are those filled with painted fans. Their prominence is a sign of the universal passion for these implements of coquetry. Barcelona is the centre of the lace manufactory, especially the machine-made. The traveler is also told that he can buy there better than elsewhere the exquisite blonde, which is made by hand. But it is like going to the seaside for fish. The finest blonde, of which very little is produced in comparison with the black, is sent to foreign markets, and in the three largest *dépôts* of hand-made blonde lace we found only one sample in each, of the best.

The old part of the town will, however, most attract the Northern wanderer, and if he has heard as little as we had of the cathedral he has a surprise in store for him. Its wide and lofty nave is exceedingly impressive, and the slender columns supporting the roof give it a pleasing air of lightness and grace. There is also much rich ornamentation, and the stained glass is superb. The lover of old iron-work will find it difficult to tear himself away from the cloisters, where he will find an infinite variety of designs and exquisite execution. The cloisters and garden, with flowers and fountain and orange-trees, are altogether delightful. On one side is the court of the tailors, where the knights of the shears lie buried under the pavement, with the crossed shears

cut in the stones, as honorable a symbol of industry as crossed swords elsewhere. The shoemakers also come to honor in this democratic resting-place, — God rest their souls! — and the emblem of the boot speaks of a time when honest work was not ashamed to vaunt itself.

It was the eve of Corpus Christi, and the quaint old court was beautifully decorated and garlanded with flowers. An egg was dancing on the fountain jet, and all the children of the town seemed to be there, watching the marvel with sparkling eyes, while a dozen artists were sketching the lively scene. The procession next day, which moved after a solemn service in the cathedral, showed remnants of the mingling of mediæval facetiousness with the religious pageantry. The principal figures were the King and Queen of Aragon, gigantic in size, and gaudy in mock-heroic apparel. The movers of these figures were men who were concealed under the royal skirts and carried the vast frame-work on their shoulders. The tetering motion of the queen, so incongruous with her size and royal state, called forth shouts of laughter. A very pretty sight was the troop of handsome boys on

horseback, who followed their majesties, beating drums. Two of them wore white wigs and gowns of scarlet velvet trimmed with gilt, and rode white horses with similar caparison. Four other boys were more elaborately appareled. They were clad in red caps with blue tops and white feathers, a blue satin blouse, a belt of yellow, yellow breeches, scarlet hose, shoes laced with blue, and on the breast a shield of gold with the cross. The admiration of the crowd seemed to nurse the spiritual pride of these boys, who bore themselves with a haughty air. We fancied that the Catalonians, who are politically turbulent and independent, rather delighted in the exhibition of mock royalty made by the King and Queen of Aragon.

We left the cheerful town in the enjoyment of this curious pageant. Almost immediately the railway train took us into a new region. The character of the landscape wholly changed. Grass appeared, the blessed green turf, and trees. The earth was clothed again. And with whatever sentimental regrets we left the land of romance, the verdure so delighted the eye that it was like entering Paradise to get out of Spain.

Charles Dudley Warner.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME DURING THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

II.

A THOUGHTFUL Italian writer has traced the developments of ecclesiastical policy which culminated in the Council of the Vatican to the state of Italian politics in the winter of 1859-60. He might have been even more precise. He might have named the 22d of December, 1859, and have claimed that the Council was the ultimate consequent of the influences which were set in mo-

tion and of the combinations brought about by the French pamphlet, *Le Pape et le Congrès*, published on that day.

There was a calm in Italian politics during that fall and early winter. The Lombard war was over and Garibaldi had not yet sailed for Sicily. The interests of the revolution, of Italy and of the Papacy, were therefore, for the time being, wholly in the hands of the diplomats. The Treaty of Zurich had been signed in October; and the Euro-

pean congress therein provided for, and to which was referred the future of the Romagna and of the Roman question, was to meet early in January of the coming year.

Of this calm interval the political event was the sudden appearance of the above remarkable pamphlet. It was unsigned, but it was none the less everywhere attributed to M. de la Guerrière, and regarded as the virtual utterance of the French emperor; and, with whatever reserve in phraseology, was always discussed as such. It is curious reading now, in the light cast upon it by the events of these intervening years, — a light very different from that in which it was written to be read; and it would furnish the text for a monograph which would be interesting to the student of philosophic history. A glance at its argument is quite worth a page or two of these reminiscences.

To a certain point this pamphlet was an echo of About's *La Question Romaine*, already cited in the former article. M. About had called the attention of Europe to the practical character of the Papal government, and had compelled a public recognition of the social, financial, moral, and political results which were inevitably involved in it. So doing, he proposed that these evils should be at least minimized, by releasing the trans-Appennine states from subjection to ecclesiastical rule, and indeed by restricting the temporal power to the smallest territory possible. And he added, by the way, a broad hint that it would also be better for France if her ecclesiastical affairs were ordered from Paris rather than from a foreign see.

Upon a basis somewhat like this the writer of *Le Pape et le Congrès* now sought to discuss the Papal question, or rather that of the legations, as it must come before the approaching congress; and to foreshadow such a solution, or, perhaps, to test the preparedness of public opinion to accept it.

The pamphlet tacitly assumed as conceded, or rather as not in question, the permanence of the *spiritual* Papacy.

It was then argued that the *temporal* power was, not only from a religious but from a political point of view as well, absolutely essential to that spiritual supremacy. "It is necessary that the chief of two hundred millions of Catholics should be subject to no one; that he should be subordinate to no other authority; and that the august hand that governs souls, being relieved of all dependence, should be able to rise above all human passions. If the Pope were not an independent sovereign, he would be French, Austrian, Spanish, or Italian, and the title of his nationality would take from him the character of his universal pontificate;" for it would thus, in the interest of that one nationality, make the ecclesiastical and religious power reposing in his hands a source of possible disquiet, or even danger, to the peace of all other governments.

The conclusion was that the maintenance of the temporal power was, therefore, for Europe, a *political necessity*. "It concerns England, Russia, and Prussia, as well as France and Austria, that the august representative of the unity of Catholicism should be neither constrained, humiliated, nor subordinated."

But, on the other hand, the writer urged that the social, civil, and political complications in which such a temporal sovereignty had ever and would ever involve the Pope must keep up a permanent conflict between the secular interests of his people and the true and consistent exercise of that spiritual sovereignty. "The Pontiff is bound," he argues, "by the principles of *divine* order, which he has no right to abandon; the Prince is solicited by the demands of *social* order, which he cannot put away. How, then, shall the Pontiff find in the independence of the Prince a guarantee of his authority, without at the same

time finding there an embarrassment for his conscience?"

In fine, it is inevitable that, in such a state, the rights of the people and the correlative duties of the Prince *must* yield to those of the Pope. Such a state would indeed wish — especially if it were an important factor in a possible nationality — "to live politically, to perfect its institutions, to participate in the general movement of ideas, to benefit by the changes in the times, by the advance of science, by the progress of the human spirit." But of course this is out of the question. The laws of such a state "will be enchained to dogmas. Its activity will be paralyzed by tradition. Its patriotism will be condemned by its faith. It will be compelled to resign itself to immobility, or to go on to revolution. The world will move, and will leave it behind." There will result one of two things: either all real life will die out among that people; or "the noble aspirations of nationality will break out," and it will be necessary to repress it by foreign intervention, and the temporal power will again be dependent, as it has been heretofore, upon French or Austrian military occupation.

"So, then," continues the brochure, "the temporal power of the Pope is necessary and legitimate; but it is incompatible with a state of any considerable extent." In other words, while the temporal sovereignty *must* be maintained, it is also essential to reduce the territory over which it is exercised to the smallest possible proportions.

Now, whatever may have been the syllogistic force of such an argument (concerning which there certainly was room for question), its practical conclusions were that the true course for the approaching congress was to recognize the separation of the Romagna from the Papal government, if not also to relieve the Pope of Umbria and the Marches of Ancona, — of all, indeed,

save the city and immediate neighborhood of Rome; and that the true policy of the Pope was frankly to consent to this dismemberment of his inheritance, and to ask of Europe in return a guarantee of the territory which would then still remain to him.

On the other hand, the people of Rome were to be asked, in the interests of Catholicity, to acquiesce in a future which was sketched for them in these attractive colors: "There will be in Europe a people who will have at their head less a king than a father, and whose rights will be guaranteed rather by the heart of their sovereign than by the authority of laws and institutions. This people will have no national representation, no army, no press, no magistracy. All their public life will be concentrated in their municipal organization. Beyond that restricted horizon there will be no other occupation for them than contemplation, the arts, the worship of great memories, and prayers. They will be forever debarred that noble participation in public life which is in all countries the stimulant of patriotism, and the legitimate exercise of the higher faculties and of the nobler traits of character. Under the government of the sovereign Pontiff none can aspire to the fame either of the soldier, or of the orator, or of the statesman. This will be a realm of repose and meditation; a kind of oasis where the passions and the interests of politics will not intrude, — one which will have only the sweet and calm perspectives of the spiritual world."

To most logical and wholly unbiased readers, it would seem that this pamphlet must have had the effect of a *reductio ad absurdum*, suggesting more than a doubt of the assumed major premise from which such embarrassing conclusions had been drawn. It is difficult, indeed, not to take it for a piece of exquisite satire. It requires an effort to regard it as a sober political doc-

ument, put forth in all simplicity and good faith, in a period of patient but resolute expectancy following one of great excitement in the midst of a national revolution. If such an argument meant anything at all, it surely placed the spiritual supremacy itself in a position of irreconcilable antagonism to all that was truest, noblest, and most ardently sought and longed for in social and political life and progress. It certainly was accepted by both the Papal and the patriot party as the expression of a purpose far more radical than that which it professed.

This pamphlet, of which Cardinal Antonelli was no doubt even more promptly informed, was clandestinely brought into Rome during Christmas week. The effect of its appearance can, at the present day, scarcely be appreciated. Its importance was certainly due far less to the intrinsic value of its analysis or to the force of its reasoning—less even to its conclusions themselves—than to the circumstances under which those conclusions were put forth, the source to which the pamphlet was attributed, and above all to the ulterior purposes which were on either side, to say the least, suspected.

The English press regarded the propositions of this brochure, so far as they referred to the maintenance of the temporal power, in anything but a serious spirit. The *Times* especially characterized the prospect therein held out to the Romans in a vein of humorous irony that was much more appropriate than any sober counter-argument.

It was at once answered, however, by Mgr. Dupanloup of Orleans, under date of December 25th; the doughty bishop sharply denouncing alike its professed principles, its proposed means, and the ends in view, declaring these latter “worthy of the absurdity” of the first and “the iniquity” of the second.

The *Giornale di Roma*, of December 30th, protested in the most formal man-

ner against the pamphlet, and its very presence in Rome was interdicted. On Sunday, January 1st, when General Count de Goyon waited upon the Pope to pay his New Year respects, the Pope made it the text of his reply. He denounced it as “a monster monument of hypocrisy and a despicable jumble of contradictions;” and affecting to believe that its principles and purposes would of course be repudiated and condemned by Napoleon, in that conviction he bestowed his hypothetical blessing upon the emperor and upon France.

Matters were not made much better, therefore, by the arrival, immediately thereafter, of a letter from Napoleon to the Pope, dated December 31st, which, in language not materially variant from that of the pamphlet itself, reached virtually the same conclusions: that the solution of the difficulties and dangers with which the problem was beset, “most conformable to the true interests of the Holy See,” would be “to surrender the revolted provinces.”

Whatever language the Pope might think it best to hold on state occasions, neither he nor Cardinal Antonelli had, from the first, misunderstood this sufficiently significant brochure; and there seem to have been grounds for an entry in the writer's journal, on the evening of that very New Year's day, to the effect that “the Pope had determined to withdraw from the congress,” and that, “in consequence, Austria, Spain, and Naples had also withdrawn, and the meeting, of course, been given up.” At all events, the fact that the French emperor did not disavow the principles of the pamphlet; the great favor with which it was received in England, and even more throughout Italy; the coincident announcement that Sardinia would, with the consent of the powers, be represented at the congress by Count Cavour, together with the intimation from the Papal nuncio at Paris that the policy thus foreshadowed was one that might

compel the Pontiff to resort to the last defense of Rome and to appeal to spiritual arms, — all made a harmonious issue of such a congress hopeless. The diplomats therefore abandoned the Italian question, and turned it over again to the “men of action” and to the self-solution of coming events.

From this time forward, for the next two or three months, Rome was in a state of continual excitement and expectation. The vigilance of the Papal police was so excessive that it sometimes involved Cardinal Antonelli in awkward predicaments. Even a sealed packet of “dispatches” for the American minister — a harmless congressional report, in fact — was seized at Civita Vecchia, taken from the possession of an American gentleman coming to Rome with a courier’s passport, under the suspicion that it might contain copies of the obnoxious pamphlet. The packet was demanded in the middle of the night, and at once produced with “explanations.” The custom-house authorities, according to Cardinal Antonelli, had not observed the two large, red official seals with which the character of the packet was certified, and to which Mr. Stockton pointedly called the cardinal’s attention!

But even such vigilance was in vain. The pamphlet, or at all events a knowledge of its contents, was soon all over the city. Both French and Italian copies made their appearance. Strips from newspapers containing it were received in letters; and, finally, it was actually reprinted in Rome itself, secretly and by private hands, and circulated everywhere. An Italian reply, said to have been written by the learned Jesuit Father Curci, — of late widely known for the stand he has so nobly and so firmly taken *against* all effort to recover the temporal power, — was published in the hope of counteracting its influence.

Though Rome was still quiet enough, every one realized, nevertheless, that a

deep undercurrent of feeling was setting in and steadily gaining strength. It would from time to time break out in some seemingly futile, even trifling, but yet very characteristic “demonstration.” Illustrations of this state of popular feeling and of the *on dits* of the day are found in such incidents as these, gathered from a diary of the time.

It was said “in well-informed circles,” on January 14th, that Marshal Canrobert had been appointed to replace Count de Goyon in command of the French troops at Rome; that these latter would remain only till the 22d of February; that the Pope would leave Rome before that day, in which case the marshal would take possession of the city and put it under French martial law. These rumors were, however, on the 19th somewhat discountenanced by the appearance of Cardinals Antonelli and D’Andrea, in at least conventionally friendly intercourse with the Duc de Grammont and Count de Goyon, at a reception given by the American minister.

The next subject of comment was an address of the Roman nobility to the Pope, no doubt initiated by Antonelli, and intended to impress public opinion with the devotion of the Romans to the pontifical government and to the person of the Pope. This had, however, an ambiguous effect, for it was as notable for the names which were absent as for those which were appended.

As an offset to this, on the evening of January 22d, “about a thousand Italians of the middle classes gathered under the Palazzo Ruspoli, where General de Goyon lives; and when a body of Chasseurs de Vincennes came by, shouted, ‘Viva la Francia,’ ‘Viva l’Italia,’ ‘Viva Napoleone Terzo,’ ‘Viva Vittorio Emanuele,’ and so on, after which they quietly dispersed without waiting for the attentions of the police.” The following day, some twenty of these, who had been identified, were arrested, and sent

to the Castle of St. Angelo. None the less the Duc de Grammont received intelligence on the 26th that a body of some two thousand more were coming to make a similar demonstration in the *cortile* of the Palazzo Colonna, at that time the French embassy. General de Goyon sent for the leaders of these patriot irrepressibles, and told them firmly that the demonstration must not take place, and that if it were attempted he should himself put it down. This, therefore, was given up.

But the spirit which was thus expressed in the piazzas broke out in the theatres, if nowhere else. Cost what it might, the actors in the popular pantomimes and the favorite ballet dancers must needs indulge in treasonable witticisms, or in little demonstrations of their own. For instance, at the Argentina, on the evening of that very 26th, PUNCHINELLO, in a stage dilemma which of two pigs to kill, one white and the other black, blindfolded himself, and seizing at hazard upon the black pig, plunged his knife into him, and snatching away his handkerchief roused the enthusiasm of the audience to frenzy by crying out, "Providence wills the death of the blacks!" — the *neri*, that is, the priests and Papal party. A well-known dancer, about the same time, having been rebuked for appearing in tricolor costume, and warned not to wear more than a single color, appeared in red; but receiving from among the spectators a large green wreath, in twining it around herself, skillfully caught up her skirt and displayed her white under-dress, so combining the three national colors of Italy. Of course both of these reckless exponents of popular feeling were arrested: the one was imprisoned, and the other sent out of Rome.

Still another and a far more unmanageable "demonstration" was inaugurated on the 4th of March. "The popular party resolved to abstain from cigars and from the purchase of lottery

tickets," on the very principle of the Boston tea-drinkers of old. Tobacco being in every form a government monopoly, and the lottery being the source of no inconsiderable portion of the local revenue, such abstentions had great meaning; while they also implied no ordinary understanding among themselves, and no small amount of feeling and resolution on the part of a populace so deeply addicted to both smoking and this form of gambling. For a given period this continued almost universally; since even a Papal police could not force a man to smoke when he said politely that it did not agree with him; nor even a Roman priest constrain one to buy a lottery ticket when he ingenuously replied that he really could not afford it at just that time.

So passed the weeks and early months of 1860 to the Romans and foreign sojourners in the Papal capital. From time to time there was ever a new report that the French troops were about to be withdrawn; that Rome was to be given up to her own citizens or to a *guardia civile*; and that Pius IX., launching an interdict alike against the French, the Italians, and his own rebellious provinces, and against Rome itself, would withdraw to Benevento. One day it would be a sensational telegram from Paris; another, a paragraph in the usually well-informed Belgian paper, *Le Nord*; now it would be a whispered report of a conference at the Vatican; and again, the opinion of an officer of the French army of occupation.

There was naturally some anxiety about the local consequences of such a revolution in Rome as ever seemed impending. American priests asked of Mr. Stockton the promise of protection in case of popular tumult, and that he would hoist the American flag over the so-called American College, as Mr. Cass had done in 1849; and, indeed, very many priests of all nationalities made their arrangements for safety in case of

an emergency. American residents and travelers generally had an understanding with their minister as to what they should do if a revolution should suddenly burst upon them.

Meanwhile, during all this commotion and expectation in Rome, the question of the future of Central Italy was, on the 10th and 11th of March, submitted to the decision of those immediately concerned, the people of Tuscany, the duchies, and the legations. In consequence of an overwhelming popular vote to that effect, the union of these provinces to the throne of Piedmont was formally proclaimed, constituting the Kingdom of Italy, and Victor Emmanuel II. its king.

Most of the Americans then in Rome speculated with eager interest upon the probability that they would now have the opportunity of witnessing a great mediæval ceremony of the major excom-

munication "in awful form," with bell, book, and candle; and it was with a certain sense of personal disappointment that they saw the terrible blow fall in the form of an ordinary modern printed poster, dated March 26th, and affixed on the 28th to the gates of the Vatican basilica, and realized that their disappointment of the expected dramatic pageantry was probably the chief practical effect produced by it.

Italian politics passed now once more into the hands of soldiers. Umbria and the Marches had but a few months more to wait; the Romans, indeed, more than ten years yet; while the ecclesiastical politicians of the Holy See devoted themselves to the preparation and evolution of a policy which, if it did not arrest the progress of Italian nationality, would restore to the Papacy, in another form, the power which thus seemed slipping from its grasp.

William Chauncy Langdon.

AN ONLY SON.

It was growing more and more uncomfortable in the room where Deacon Price had spent the greater part of a hot July morning. The sun did not shine in, for it was now directly overhead, but the glare of its reflection from the dusty village street and the white house opposite was blinding to the eyes. At least one of the three selectmen of Dalton, who were assembled in solemn conclave, looked up several times at the tops of the windows, and thought they had better see about getting some curtains.

There was more business than usual, but most of it belonged to the familiar detail of the office; there were bills to pay for the support of the town's-poor and the district schools, and afterward some discussion arose about a new piece of

road which had been projected by a few citizens, who were as violently opposed by others. The selectmen were agreed upon this question, but they proposed to speak in private with the county commissioners, who were expected to view the region of the new highway the next week. This, however, had been well canvassed at their last meeting, and they had reached no new conclusions since; so presently the conversation flagged a little, and Deacon Price drummed upon the ink-spattered table with his long, brown fingers, and John Kendall the miller rose impatiently and went to the small window, where he stood with blinking eyes looking down into the street. His well-rounded figure made a pleasant shadow in that part of the room, but it seemed to grow hotter

every moment. Captain Abel Stone left his chair impatiently, and taking his hat went down the short flight of stairs that led to the street, knocking his thick shuffling boots clumsily by the way. He reached the sidewalk, and looked up and down the street, but nobody was coming; so he turned to Asa Ball the shoemaker, who was standing in his shop-door.

"Business is n't brisk, I take it?" inquired the captain; and Mr. Ball replied that he did n't do much more than tend shop, nowadays. Folks would keep on buying cheap shoes, and thinking they saved more money on two pair a year for five dollars than when he used to make 'em one pair for four. "But I make better pay than I used to working at my trade, and so I ain't going to fret," said Asa shrewdly, with a significant glance at a modest pile of empty cloth-boot boxes; and the captain laughed a little, and took a nibble at a piece of tobacco which he had found with much difficulty in one of his deep coat pockets. He had followed the sea in his early life, but had returned to the small, stony farm which had been the home of his childhood, perhaps fifteen years before this story begins. He had taken as kindly to inland life as if he had never been even spattered with sea water, and had been instantly given the position in town affairs which his wealth and character merited. He still retained a good deal of his nautical way of looking at things. One would say that to judge by his appearance he had been well rubbed with tar and salt, and it was supposed by his neighbors that his old sea-chests were guardians of much money; he was overrated by some of them as being worth fifteen thousand dollars with the farm thrown in. He was considered very peculiar, because he liked to live in the somewhat dilapidated little farmhouse, and some of his attempts at cultivating the sterile soil were the occasion of much amusement.

He had made a large scrap-book, during his long sea-voyages, of all sorts of hints and suggestions for the tillage of the ground, gleaned from books and newspapers and almanacs, and nobody knows where else. He had pasted these in, or copied them in his stiff, careful handwriting, and had pleased himself by watching his collection grow while he was looking forward through the long, storm-tossed years to his quiet anchorage among the Dalton hills. He was a single man, and though a braver never had trod the quarter-deck, from motives of wisest policy he seldom opposed his will to that of Widow Martha Hawkes, who had consented to do him the great favor of keeping his house.

"Havin' a long session to-day, seems to me," observed the shoemaker, with little appearance of the curiosity which he really felt.

"There was a good many p'int's to be looked over," answered Captain Stone, becoming aware that he had secrets to guard, and looking impenetrable and unconcerned. "It's working into a long drought, just as I said — I never took note of a drier sky; don't seem now as if we ever should get a sprinkle out of it, but I suppose we shall;" and he turned with a sigh to the door, and disappeared again up the narrow stairway. The three horses which were tied to adjacent posts in the full blaze of the sun all hung their ancient heads wearily, and solaced their disappointment as best they might. They had felt certain, when the captain appeared, that the selectmen's meeting was over. If they had been better acquainted with politics they might have wished that there could be a rising of the opposition, so that their masters would go out of office for as many years as they had come in.

The captain's companions looked up at him eagerly, as if they were sure that he was the herald of the expected tax collector, who was to pay a large

sum of money to them, of which the town treasury was in need. It was close upon twelve o'clock, and only a very great emergency would detain them beyond that time. They were growing very hungry, and when the captain, after a grave shake of his head, had settled into his chair again, they all felt more or less revengeful, though Deacon Price showed it by looking sad. One would have thought that he was waiting with reluctance to see some punishment descend upon the head of the delaying official.

"Well, Mis' Hawkes will be waiting for me, and she never likes that," said Captain Stone at last; and just at that minute was heard the sound of wheels.

"Perhaps it's my mare stepping about, — she's dreadful restive in fly-time," suggested Mr. Kendall, and at once put his head out of the window; but when he took it in again, it was to tell his fellow-officers that Jackson was coming, and then they all sat solemnly in their chairs, with as much dignity as the situation of things allowed. Their judicial and governmental authority was plainly depicted in their expression. On ordinary occasions they were not remarkable, except as excellent old-fashioned country men; but when they represented to the world the personality and character of the town of Dalton, they would not have looked out of place seated in that stately company which Carpaccio has painted in the Reception of the English Ambassadors. It was Dalton that was to give audience that summer day, in the dusty, bare room, as Venice listens soberly in the picture.

They heard a man speak to his horse and leap to the ground heavily, and then listened eagerly to the clicks and fumbling which represented the tying of the halter, and then there were sounds of steps upon the stairway. The voice of Mr. Ball was heard, but it did not seem to have attracted much attention, and presently the long-awaited-for messenger

was in the room. He was dusty and sunburnt, and looked good-naturedly at his hosts. They greeted him amiably enough, and after he had put his worn red handkerchief away he took a leather wallet from his pocket, and looking at a little roll of bills almost reluctantly, turned them over with lingering fingers and passed them to Mr. Kendall, who sat nearest him, saying that he believed it was just right.

There was little else said, and after the money had again been counted the meeting was over. There had indeed been a hurried arrangement as to who should guard the treasury, but when Deacon Price had acknowledged that he meant to go to South Dalton next morning, he was at once deputed to carry the remittance to the bank there, where the town's spare cash and many of its papers already reposed. The deacon said slowly that he did n't know as he cared about keeping so much money in the house, but he was not relieved by either of his colleagues, and so these honest men separated and returned to private life again. Their homes were at some distance from each other; but for a half mile or so Deacon Price followed Captain Stone, and a cloud of dust followed them both. Then the captain turned to the left, up toward the hills; but Deacon Price kept on for some distance through the level lands, and at last went down a long lane, unshaded except here and there where some ambitious fence stakes had succeeded in changing themselves into slender willow-trees. In the spring the sides of the lane had been wet, and were full of green things, growing as fast as they could; but now these had been for some time dried up. The lane was bordered with dusty may-weed, and three deep furrows were worn through the turf, where the wagon wheels and the horse's patient feet had traveled back and forward so many years. The house stood at the end, looking toward the main road as if it

wished it were there; it was a low-storied white house, with faded green blinds.

The deacon had tried to hurry his slow horse still more after he caught sight of another horse and wagon standing in the wide dooryard. He had entirely forgotten until that moment that his niece and housekeeper, Eliza Storrow, had made a final announcement in the morning that she was going to start early that afternoon for the next town to help celebrate a golden wedding. Poor Eliza had been somewhat irate because even this uncommon season of high festival failed to excite her uncle's love for society. She had made him run the gauntlet, as usual on such occasions, by telling him successively that he took no interest in nobody and nothing, and that she was sure she should n't know what to say when people asked where he was; that it looked real unfeeling and cold-hearted, and he could n't expect folks to show any interest in him. These arguments, with many others, had been brought forward on previous occasions until the deacon knew them all by heart, and he had listened to them impassively that morning, only observing cautiously to his son that Eliza must go through with just so much. But he had promised to come back early from the village, since Eliza and the cousin who was to call for her meant to start soon after twelve. It was a long drive, and they wished to be in good season for the gathering of the clans.

He left the horse standing in the yard and went into the house, feeling carefully at his inner coat pocket as he did so. Eliza had been watching for him, but the minute he came in sight she had left the window and begun to scurry about in the pantry. The deacon did not stop to speak to her, but went directly to his bedroom, and after a moment's thought placed the precious wallet deep under the pillows. This act was followed by another moment's reflection, and as the old man

turned, his son stood before him in the doorway. Neither spoke; there was a feeling of embarrassment which was not uncommon between them; but presently the young man said, "Eliza's been waiting for you to have your dinner; she's in a great hurry to get off. I'll be in just as quick as I take care of the horse."

"You let her be; I'll put her up myself," said the deacon, a little ungraciously. "I guess Eliza'll be there soon enough. I should n't think she'd want to start to ride way over there right in the middle of the day." At another time he would have been pleased with Warren's offer of aid, for that young man's bent was not in what we are pleased to call a practical direction. As he left the kitchen he noticed for the first time Mrs. Starbird, who sat by the farther window dressed in her best, and evidently brimming over with reproachful impatience. Deacon Price was a hospitable man, and stopped to shake hands with her kindly, and to explain that he had been delayed by some business that had come before the selectmen. He was politely assured that the delay was not of the least consequence, for Mrs. Starbird was going to drive the colt, and could make up the lost time on the road. As they stood talking, Eliza's footsteps were heard behind them, and without turning or deigning to enter into any conversation with his niece the deacon went out into the bright sunlight again.

Warren had preceded him after all, and was unfastening one of the traces, and his father unbuckled the other without a word. "You go in and have your dinner, — why won't you, father?" the young man said, looking up appealingly. "You need n't be afraid but I'll do this all right."

"I declare, I was grieved when I saw, as I came up the lane, that you had n't mended up the fence there where I told you this forenoon. I had to be off, and

there's the two calves right into the garden piece, and I don't know what works they've been and done. It does seem too bad, Warren."

The son had worn a pleased and almost triumphant look, as if he had good news to tell, but now his face fell, and he turned crimson with shame and anger. "I would n't have forgot that for anything!" he stammered. "I've been hurrying as fast as I could with something I've been doing—I'm going off"—but his father had already stepped inside the barn door with the hungry horse, and it was no use to say any more. Presently the deacon went into the house and ate his dinner, and after the few dishes had been washed, and Eliza had told him about the bread and a piece of cold boiled beef and a row of blueberry pies and the sheet of gingerbread which she had provided for the family's sustenance in her absence, she added that she might not be back until early Wednesday morning, and then she drove away in triumph with cousin Starbird. It was the first outing the good woman had had for more than a year, except for half a day or so, and the deacon wished her good day with real affection and sympathy, having already asked if she had everything she wanted to carry over, and finally he desired his respects to be given to the folks. He stood at the corner of the house and watched her all the way down the lane until she turned into the main road, and Eliza herself was much pleased as she caught sight of him. She waved her hand gallantly, to which he responded by an almost imperceptible inclination of the head and at once turned away. "There ain't a better man alive," said cousin Starbird, whipping the elderly colt; "he's as set as anybody I ever see, in his own ways, but he's real good hearted. I don't know anybody I'd look to quicker than him if I got into misfortune. He's aged a good deal this last year, don't you think he has, 'Liza?

Sometimes I feel sure that Warren's odd notions wears on him more than we think."

"Course they do," said Eliza, throwing back the shawl which she had felt obliged to put on at first, out of respect to the occasion. "His father's mindful of Warren every hour in the day. He is getting more and more helpless and forgetful, and uncle's growing feeble, and he ain't able either to hire help or to do the farm work himself. Sometimes Warren takes holt real good, but it ain't often; and there he sets, up in that room he's fixed over the wood-house, and tinkers all day long. Last winter he used to be there till late at night; he took out one o' the window panes and set a funnel out through, and used to keep a fire going and a bright light up there till one or two o'clock in the morning. His father never slept a wink, I don't believe. He looks like a man of hard on to eighty, and he wa'n't but sixty-seven his last birthday. I guess Warren's teased him out of about all the bank money he had long ago. There! I used to get interested myself in Warren's notions about his machines, but now I can't bear to hear him begin, and I go right into the pantry and rattle round as if I was drove to pieces."

"I suppose his father has indulged him more, seeing that he was so much younger than all the rest of his children, and they being dead anyway. I declare, I never see such a beautiful creatur' as Warren's mother was. I always thought she was kind of homesick here; 't was a lonesome place to me, always, and I never counted on its being healthy. The deacon's begun to look kind o' mossy, and I don't think it's all worry o' mind. It's kind of low land, and it's always been called fevery." Cousin Starbird was apt to look on the dark side of things. "You can't always see the marks o' trouble," she went on. "There was old John Stacy, that lost three children in one day with scarlet fever, the

fall after his wife died; then his house got afire, and the bank failed where his property was. Job himself could n't be no worse off; and he took on dreadful, as one thing after another come upon him, but there wa'n't a younger appearing man of his age anywhere at the time he died. He seemed to spring right up again, like a bent withe. I always thought it was a kind of a pity that the deacon did n't push Warren right off while he was young. He kept him to home trying to make a farmer of him till he was a grown man."

"Warren used to beseech him dreadfully to let him go off, when I first come over to live," said Eliza Storrow. "He had a great notion of working in some kind of a machine shop, and they said that there wa'n't so smart a workman there as he was; but he got a notion that he could improve on one of the machines, and he lost his interest in workin' his trade, and the end of it was that he spent a sight o' money to get a patent, and found somebody had stepped in with another just the week before. 'T was an awful mean thing, too, for some thought it was his notion that had been stole from him. There was a fellow that boarded where he did, to Lowell, that left all of a sudden, and they thought he took the plan,—Warren being always free and pleasant with him,—and then let somebody else have part of it to get the patent through; anyway it was n't called for in any name they knew; Warren was dreadful discouraged about it, and was set against folks knowing, so don't you never say nothing that I said about it. I think he's kind of crazed about machinery, and I don't believe he knows what he's about more than half the time. He never give me a misbeholden word, I'll say that for him, but it's getting to be a melancholy habitation if ever I see one," said Eliza, mournfully; and after this the conversation turned to more hopeful themes relating to the golden wedding.

The deacon had sighed as he turned away. He had wondered if they would make the twelve-mile journey in safety, and smiled in spite of himself as he remembered an old story. He wished he had reminded them of those two old women who were traveling from Dalton to Somerset, and forgot where they came from, and what their names were, and where they were going. After this hidden spring of humor had bubbled to the surface a little too late for anybody's enjoyment but his own, he relapsed into his usual plaintive gravity, and, bringing a hammer and nails and some stakes from the wood-house, he went out to mend the broken fence. It had been patched and propped before, and now seemed hardly to be repaired. The boards and posts had rotted away, and the gamesome calves had forced a wide breach in so weak a wall. It was a half afternoon's work, and the day was hot, but the tired old man set about it unflinchingly, and took no rest until he had given the topmost rail a shake and assured himself that it would last through his day. He had brought more tools and pieces of board, and he put these together to be replaced. Just as he had begun his work he had caught sight of his son walking quickly away, far beyond the house, across the pastures. The deacon had given a heavy sigh, and as he had hammered and sawed and built his fence again, there had been more than one sigh to follow it, for had not this only son grown more helpless and useless than ever? There seemed little to look forward to in life.

The garden was being sadly treated and hindered by the drought; the beets and onions were only half grown, and the reliable old herb bed seemed to have given up the fight altogether. In one place there had once been a flower-bed which belonged to Warren's mother, but it was almost wholly covered with grass. Eliza had no fondness for flow-

ers, and the two men usually were unconscious that there were such things in the world. But this afternoon the deacon was glad to see a solitary sprig of London pride, which stood out in bold relief against the gray post by the little garden gate. It sent a ray of encouragement into the shadow of his thoughts, and he went on his way cheerfully. He told himself that now he would attend to the wagon wheels, because he should need to start early in the morning, in order to get home before the heat of the day; it was a hot piece of road from here to the south village. He wondered idly where Warren had gone; he was glad he had not asked for money that day, but he had done questioning his son about his plans, or even the reason of his occasional absences.

The side door, which led into the kitchen, was shaded now, and a slight breeze seemed to be coming across the level fields, so the deacon sat down on the doorstep to rest. The old cat came out as if she wished for company, and rubbed against his arm and mewed without making any noticeable sound. She put her fore-feet on the old man's knee and looked eagerly in his face and mewed again inaudibly, and her master laughed and wondered what she wanted. "I suppose the cellar door is locked and bolted, and you want to go down," said the deacon, "that's it, ain't it? I should ha' thought 'Liza would have rec'lected about them kittens, should n't you?" and pleasing himself with the creature's companionship, he rose and entered the house. The cat trotted alongside and disappeared quickly down the stairway, and moved by some strange impulse, Deacon Price went into his bedroom to make sure that the wallet was safe under the pillow. He did not reach it at first, and he groped again, thinking that he had forgotten he pushed it so far under. But although he eagerly threw off the clothes and the pillows, and shook them twice over, and got down on his

hands and knees and crept under the bed, and felt an odd singing noise grow louder and louder in his head, and at last became dizzy and dropped into the nearest chair, there was no wallet to be found.

At last he crept out into the empty kitchen, where the only sound was made by a fly that buzzed dismally in a spider's web. The air was close and hot in the house, and as the old man stood in the doorway it seemed as if there had some change come over his whole familiar world. He felt puzzled and weak, and at first started to go out to the wagon with the vain hope of finding the lost purse; it might be that he—but there was no use in imagining that he had done anything but put it carefully under the pillow, that his son had stood in the doorway as he lifted his head, and that the money was gone. It was no use to deceive himself, or to hunt through the house; he had always before his eyes the picture of the pasture slope with the well-known figure of his son following across it the path that led to the nearest railroad station, a mile or two away.

The daylight waned slowly, and the heat of the sun lingered late into the night. Poor John Price went through with his usual duties mechanically, but with perfect care, and he made the doing of his work last as long as he could. The pig and the chickens and the horse were fed; then there were the cows to bring in from pasture and to be milked; and at last the poor man even remembered the cat, and gave her a saucer of milk for her supper; but still it would not grow dark, and still the shame and sorrow weighed him down. In his restlessness he went through the lower rooms of the house, and opened the front door and shut it again, and looked into the stiff little best room, and felt as if he were following the country custom so familiar to him of watching with the dead.

He did not get much sleep either, in the uncomfortable bed which he had tried to put into some sort of order before he lay down. Once he prayed aloud that the Lord would vouchsafe him a miracle, and that he might find his trust again, and what was still more precious, his confidence in his only son. For some reason he could not bear the sound of his own voice; and the thought of his time-honored office in the church pained him, for was it not disgraced and made a reproach?

Little by little the first sharpness of the shock wore away, and he tried to think what was to be done. The thought seized him that his son might have left some explanation of his going away, and he rose and took a candle and went to the little workshop. There was less than the usual litter of cogwheels and springs and screws, but somehow in the hot little room a feeling of reassurance and almost of hope took possession of him. It might be that Warren's hopes would not be disappointed, that he might be able to repay the stolen sum, that he had only secreted it, and would return later and give it back; for the poor deacon assured himself over and over that he would talk about the boy's affairs with him, and try again to aid him and to put him into a likely way at last, even if he had to mortgage the farm.

But in the morning, if there was still no sign of the lad, what could be done? The money which Jerry Jackson had owed the town as tax-collector, and paid at last that very day, — that seven hundred dollars; the five hundred dollar bill and the two that stood for a hundred each, and some smaller bills which were to pay the interest, — how should they be replaced? He had no ready money of any amount, nor would have until the pay came for some hay, or unless he could persuade a neighbor, whose payments were honest but slow, to take up a note given for a piece of outlying woodland sold the winter before.

All through that long summer night he worried and waited for the morning, and sometimes told himself that his only son had robbed him, and sometimes said that Warren would never serve him like that, and when he came home it would be all made right. The whip-poorwills were singing about the house, and one even came to perch on the kitchen doorstep and make its accusing cry. The waning moon rose late, and made a solemn red light in the east, and shone straight in at the little bedroom window as if it were a distant bale-fire on the hills. A little dog kept up a fierce barking by the next farmhouse, far away across the fields, and at last the tired man was ready to think his miserable wakefulness was the fault of the cur. . . . Yes, he had given Warren all the money he could, he had meant well by the boy, and surely now, unless the poor fellow had gone mad, there would be some way out of all this trouble; at any rate he would not let other people have a chance to call his son a thief until there was no help for it.

The next morning, after a short, uneasy sleep, from which the deacon had a sad awaking, he hungrily ate some breakfast at the pantry shelves, and harnessed the old horse, and set out on a day's journey of which he hardly knew the end. He shut the door of the house, and locked it, and gave a look of lingering affection at the old place, even stopping the horse for a minute in the lane that he might turn to survey it again most carefully. He felt as if he were going to do it wrong, and as if it were a conscious thing, the old weather-beaten dwelling that had sheltered him all his life, and those who had been dearest to him. It had no great attractions to a stranger. It was a representative house for that somewhat primitive farming region, though it had fallen out of repair, and wore a damaged and resourceless aspect. The appearance

of a man's home is exactly characteristic of himself. Human nature is more powerful than its surroundings, and shapes them inevitably to itself.

It was still very early in the morning, and few persons were stirring. In fact, Deacon Price met nobody on the road except a sleepy boy following his cows to pasture, and he did not feel like looking even him in the face, but gave a pull at the reins to hurry the horse and pass by the quicker. He took a cross road that was cool and shady at that hour, and while he journeyed slowly up the rough by-way he let the horse choose its own course without guidance. Some birds were crying and calling in the woods close by, as if it were altogether a day of ill omen and disaster. John Price felt more and more as if his world was coming to an end, and everything was going to pieces. He never had understood his son very well; there are some people who are like the moon, always with one side hidden and turned away, and Warren was only half familiar to his father. The old man had been at first inclined to treat his bright boy with a sort of respect and reverence, but in later years this had changed little by little to impatience and suspicion. It had been a great mortification that he had been obliged to maintain him, and once when somebody, perhaps Eliza Storrow, had been commenting upon a certain crop of wild oats which a neighboring lad had arranged for his harvesting, the deacon was heard to mutter, "Better them than no crop at all!" Yet he had never suffered his acquaintances to comment upon his son's behavior; his own treatment of him in public had insisted upon the rendering of respect from other people, but he had not acknowledged to himself, until this last sad night, that there was no practical result to be hoped for from Warren's gifts and graces. This might have been borne, and they might have struggled on together, some-

how or other, but for the terrible blow of the theft of the town's money, which had left a debt and sorrow on the old man's shoulders almost too heavy to be borne.

In a short time the woods were passed and the road led out to a pleasant country of quite a different character from the lowland neighborhood left behind. There were gently sloping hills and long lines of elms, and the farms looked more prosperous. One farm only on this road was unproductive, and it was partly the fault of art, and partly of nature, for this was the homestead of Captain Stone, a better sailor than farmer. Its pastures were gathering-places for the ledges, and its fields had been made swampy by many springs. It seemed to be the waste corner of that region for all unused and undeveloped materials of farming land; but while there was every requisite, there was a chaotic and primitive arrangement or no-arrangement. Yet the captain had settled down here in blissful content as a tiller of the soil; and while he might have bought the best farm in the county, he congratulated himself upon his rare privileges here, and would have found more level and kindly acres as uninteresting as being becalmed in tropic seas. He worked his farm as he had sailed his ships, by using tact and discretion and with true seaman's philosophy he never fretted. He waited for the wind to change, or the tide of spring to flow, or of winter to ebb, for he had long ago learned there was no hurrying nature; and to hear him talk of one of his small plots of thin hay or slow-growing potatoes, you would have thought it an intelligent creature which existed mainly on his benevolent encouragement and tolerance. By some persons the captain was laughed at, and by others he was condemned. The trouble was that he had a shrewd insight into human nature, and was so impossible to deceive or to persuade against his will that

he had made many enemies, who had hoped to grow rich by emptying the good old man's pockets.

It was to this life-long friend that Deacon Price had turned in his extremity; but as he drew nearer that morning to the red house on the hilltop, his heart began to fail him, for what if he should be refused! There seemed no other resource, in such a case, but to make the sad occurrence known, or to go away in search of Warren himself. He could put the deeds of his farm, those worn deeds that had come down from father to son generation after generation, into the hands of the other selectmen, who would be sure to stand his friends and keep the secret for a time. Warren had looked discouraged, and pale, and desperate in the last month, and his father suddenly remembered this, and groaned aloud as he wished that the boy had come to him, and that he had made it possible, instead of coldly ignoring and disapproving him day after day; such a mixture of wrath and shame and compassion has seldom been in a father's heart.

The captain was abroad early, and the deacon saw him first, sauntering about at the foot of the slope on which his house and buildings stood. He seemed to be examining the soil, and greeted his guest with a hearty satisfaction. The deacon slowly alighted, and leaving his trusty steed to gnaw the fence or browse among the bushes as she chose, went into the field. He walked feebly, and when he met the captain he could hardly find words to tell his errand. Men of his kind are apt to be made silent by any great occurrence; they have rarely anything but a limited power of expression, and their language only serves them for common use. Those who have lived close to nature understand each other without speech, as dogs or horses do, and the elder generations of New Englanders

knew less of society and human companionship and association than we can comprehend.

The captain had watched his visitor as he came toward him, and when they met he gave one quick, final look, and then proceeded to make use of his usual forms of greeting, as if he had no idea that anything was the matter.

"I've taken a notion to set out some cramb'ries hereabouts, another year," he announced. "I never made a voyage to sea without cramb'ries aboard, if I could help myself. They last well, and taste sprightly when other things is begun to lose savor. I don't cut any hay to speak of, in this piece. I've been meaning to tackle it somehow,—see here,"—pushing it with his great foot,—“it's all coming up brakes and sedge. I do' know's you want to be standing about—it *is* master spongy for good grass land, and 't would be a great expense to drain it off. I s'pose I'm gettin' too old to try any of these new notions, but they sort of divert me. We're having a bad spell o' drought, ain't we? 'Tis all tops of rocks about here, and we're singed pretty brown.” The captain chattered more briskly than was his wont; it would have been impossible to mistake that he was a sailor, for indeed that business stamps its followers with an unmistakable brand.

They had ventured upon a wetter spot than usual, and when the deacon pulled up his foot from the mire underneath with a resounding plop, his host proposed that they should seek the higher ground.

"Pretty smart at home?" asked the captain presently, to end a season of strange silence, and the deacon replied, at first somewhat sorrowfully, that they were middling, but explained directly that Eliza was away for a couple o' nights, and Warren too; it cost a great effort to speak the young man's name.

"Oh yes, I rec'lect," growled the

captain amiably. "You spoke about the golden weddin' yisterday; I should thought you'd ha' gone too, along with 'Liza; such junkets ain't to be had every day. I must say I wish something or other would happen to take Mis' Hawkes's attention off of me," dropping his voice cautiously, as they came nearer to the house. "She's had a dreadful grumpy time of it, this week past, and looked homely enough to stop a clock. I used to be concerned along in the first of it, when I come off the sea, but I found it did n't do no hurt, and so I let her work, and first thing you know the wind is veered round again handsome, and off we go."

The deacon tried to laugh at this; they had seated themselves on the off-side of the woodpile, under the shade of a great choke-pear tree. They had mounted the chopping-block, which was a stout elm log, standing on six legs, so that it looked like some stupid blunder-headed creature of not altogether harmless disposition. The two old men were quite at its mercy if it should canter away suddenly; but they talked for some minutes on ordinary subjects, and even left their position to go to inspect the pigs, and returned again, before the deacon arrived at an explanation of his errand.

It was a hard thing to do, and the captain turned and looked at him narrowly.

"I've got to use the money right away as soon as I can have it. I want to see to some business this forenoon; you know I've been calc'latin' to go to the South village to-day anyway. I did n't know for certain I should have to see about this, or I would n't have given you such short notice" — and here the deacon stopped again; it had come very near an untruth, this last sentence, and he would not cheat the man of whom he was asking so great a favor.

"I did n't fetch the papers along because I did n't know how 't would be

with you," he explained; "they'll make you safe. Austin's folks was talking round, this spring, to see if I wanted to part with our north field; his youngest son's a smart fellow, and wants to set up for himself and have a truck farm. But I'm only asking the loan for a time, ye know, neighbor," and the deacon looked anxiously at the old captain, and then leaned over, poking the chips about with the butt of his whip, which he had brought with him from the wagon.

"You shall have it," said the captain at last. "'T ain't everybody I'd do such a thing to oblege, and I am only going to have my say about one thing, John: I never had no family of my own, and I suppose the feelin's of a father are somethin' I don't know nothing about, for or against; but I must say I hate to see ye an old man before your time, runnin' all out and looking discouraged on account o' favorin' Warren. You'll come in astern o' the lighter, and he too; and if he's been beseechin' ye to get this money together to further his notions, I'm doing ye both a wrong to let ye have it. But I can't deny ye, and I've got more than what ye say ye want, right here in the house as it happens. I was going to buy into that new three-masted schooner the Otises have got on the stocks now; I don't know but I am getting along in years to take hold of anything new in navigation."

"I ain't intending to let Warren have none o' this," said the deacon humbly, and he longed to say more, and felt as if he never could hold up his head again among his fellows; and the time seemed very long and dreary before the captain came back from his house with the note ready to sign, and the eight hundred dollars ready to place in the deacon's gray and shaking hand. His benefactor pondered long over this strange visit, longing to know what had happened, but he assured himself over and over that he could n't help letting him have it, and if never a cent of it came back there was

nobody he was gladder to oblige. And John Price took his weary way to the South village of Dalton and paid a sum of seven hundred and thirty-five dollars to the credit of the town. It was not until early in the afternoon that old Abel Stone suddenly bethought himself that something might have happened about that payment of Jerry Jackson's. If he was not growing old and a fool at last! Why had n't he asked the deacon if he had lost the money he had taken home from the selectmen's office! And when Mis' Hawkes afterward ventured to ask him a harmless question he had grown red in the face and poured forth a torrent of nautical language which had nearly taken her breath away, without apparent reason or excuse. The captain, it must be confessed, was an uncommon swearer; he was one of the people who seem to serve as volcanoes or outlets for the concealed anger of poor human nature. It is difficult to explain why profanity seems so much more unlawful and shocking in some persons than in others, but there was something fairly amusing in the flurry and sputter of irreverent words which betokened excitement of any kind in the mind of Captain Stone. He even forgot himself so far as to swear a little occasionally in the course of earnest exhortations in the evening prayer-meetings. There was not a better man or a sincerer Christian in the town of Dalton, though he had become a church member late in life; and knowing this, there was never anything but a compassionate smile when he grew red in the face with zeal, and recommended those poor wretched *damned dogs* of heathen to mercy.

Nothing seemed to have changed outwardly at the South village. John Price did his errands and finished his business as quickly as possible, and avoided meeting his acquaintances, for he could not help fearing that he should be ques-

tioned about this miserable trouble. As he left the bank he could not help giving a sigh of relief, for that emergency was bridged over; and for a few minutes he kept himself by main force from looking at the future or asking himself "What next?"

But as he turned into his dust-powdered lane again at noon, the curious little faces of the mayweed blossoms seemed to stare up at him, and there was nobody to speak to him, and the house was like a tomb where all the years of his past were lying dead, and all the pleasantness of life existed only in remembrance.

He began to wish for Warren in a way he never had before, and as he looked about the house he saw everywhere some evidence of his mechanical skill. Had not Eliza Storrow left home without a fear because, as she always said, Warren was as handy as a woman? The remembrance of his patient diligence at his own chosen work, his quietness under reproach, his evident discomfort at having to be dependent upon his father linked to a perfect faith in the ultimate success of his plans,—the thought of all these things flashed through the old man's mind. "I wish I had waited 'till he told me what he had to say, yisterday," said Deacon Price to himself. "'T was strange about that fence too. He's al'ays been willing to take holt and help whenever I spoke to him." He even came to believe that the boy had grown desperate, and in some emergency had gone in search of new materials for his machine. "He's so forgetful," said the father, "he may have forgot to speak about the money, and 't was but a small-looking roll of bills. He'll be back to-night, like 's not, as concerned as can be when he finds out what 't was he took." It was the way we only remember the good qualities of our friends who have died, and let the bad ones fade out of sight, and so know the angels that were growing

in them all the while, and out of our sight at last have thrown off the disguise and hindrance of the human shape.

Towards evening Jacob Austin, a neighbor, came into the yard on an errand, and was astonished to see how tired and old the deacon looked. He had left the oxen and their great load of coarse meadow hay standing at the end of the lane in the road, and he meant at first to shoulder the borrowed pitchfork and quickly rejoin them, but it was impossible. He asked if anything were the matter, and was answered that there was something trying about such a long spell of drought, which did not in the least satisfy his curiosity.

"No," said the deacon, "I'm getting to be an old man, but I keep my health fairly. Eliza and Warren, they're both off 'tending to their own concerns, but I make sure one or both of 'em'll be back toward sundown." And Jacob, after casting about in his mind for anything further to say, mentioned again that 't was inconvenient to break a pitchfork right in the middle of loading a rack, and went away.

"Looked to me as if he had had a stroke," he told his family that night at supper time; and the conduct of Warren and Eliza Storrow, in going off and leaving the old deacon to shift for himself, was more severely commented upon.

But all this time, the latter half of that Tuesday afternoon, Eliza and her cousin Starbird were jogging toward home over the Dalton and Somerset hills. The colt was in good trim, and glad to be nearing his own familiar stall again, and struck out at an uncommonly good pace, though none of the swiftest at that. It was hardly six o'clock when the two tired-out and severely sunburnt women came into the yard. The deacon heard the high-pitched voice which he knew so well before he heard the sound of the wheels on the soft, dry

turf, and went out to greet the new comers, half glad and half afraid. Eliza took it for granted that Warren was either in the workshop as usual, or, as she scornfully expressed it, roaming the hills, and did not ask for him. Cousin Starbird had accepted an invitation to tea, as her home was three miles farther on. They were both heavy women, and stiff from sitting still so long in the old wagon, and they grumbled a little as they walked toward the house.

"Yes, 't was a splendid occasion," Eliza answered the deacon, as he stood near, hitching the colt to a much gnawed post. "It all went off beautifully. Everybody wanted to know where you was, an' Warren. There, we talked till we was all about dead, and eat ourselves sick; you never saw a handsomer table in your life. The old folks stood it well, but I see they'd begun to kind o' give out at dinner-time to-day, — last night was the celebration, you know, because lots could come in the evenin' that was occupied by day. They wanted us to stop longer, but I see 't was best to break it up, and I'd rather go over again by and by, and spend the day in peace an' quietness, and have a good visit. We've been saying, as we rode along, that we shouldn't be surprised if the old folks kind o' faded out after this, they've been lookin' forward to it so long. Well, it's all over, like a hoss-race;" and Eliza heaved a great sigh and went into the front room to open the blinds and make it less stuffy; then she removed her best bonnet in her own room, and presently came out to get tea, dressed in her familiar every-day calico gown.

The deacon was sitting by the open window, drumming on the sill; he had a trick of beating a slow tattoo with the ends of his queerly shaped fingers. They were long and dry, and somehow did not look as if they were useful, though John Price had been a hard-working man. Cousin Starbird had

come down-stairs first, and had gone out to get a piece of the golden wedding cake that had been left in the wagon. Eliza was busy in the pantry, scolding a good deal at the state she found it in.

"Whatever is this great thing in my pocket!" she exclaimed, as something had struck the table-leg as she came by it to bring the last brace of blueberry pies; and quickly fumbling in the pocket's depths she brought up in triumph the deacon's great brown wallet, and presented it to its owner.

"Good King Agrippy!" said the amazed man, snatching it, and then holding it and looking at it as if he were afraid it would bite.

"I ain't give it a thought, from that minute to this," said Eliza, who was not a little frightened. "I s'pose you've been thinking you lost it. I thought you looked dreadful wamblecropped when I first saw you. Why, you see, I didn't undertake to wash yesterday mornin', because I did n't want the clothes a-layin' and mildewin', and I kind of thought perhaps I'd put it off till next week, anyway, though it ain't my principle to do fortnight's washes. An' I had so much to do, gettin' ready to start, that I'd gone in early and made up your bed and not put a clean sheet on; but you was busy takin' out the hoss after you come home at noon, and had your dinner to eat, and I had the time to spare, so I just slipped in and stripped off the bedclothes then, and this come out from under the pillow. I meant to hand it to you when you come in from the barn, but I forgot it the next minute; you know we was belated about starting, and I was scatter-witted. I hope it ain't caused you no great inconvenience; you ain't wanted it for anything very special, have you? I s'pose 't was foolish to go fussin' about the bed, but I thought if you should be sick or anything" —

"Well, I've got it now," said the deacon, drawing a long breath. "I owe

I felt some uneasy about it," and he went out to the yard, and beyond it to the garden, and beyond the garden to the family burying-lot in the field. He would have gone to his parish church to pray if he had been a devout Catholic; as it was, this was the nearest approach he could make to a solemn thanksgiving.

Some of the oldest stones lay flat on the ground, and a network of blackberry vines covered them in part. The leaves were burnt by the sun, and the crickets scrambled among them as the deacon's footfall startled them. His first wife and his second wife both were buried there, their resting-places marked by a slate headstone and a marble one, and it was to this last that the old man went. His first wife had been a plain, hard-worked woman of sterling worth, and his fortunes had declined from the day she left him to guard them alone; but her successor had been a pale and delicate schoolteacher, who had roused some unsuspected longing for beauty and romance in John Price's otherwise prosaic nature. She had seemed like a wind-flower growing beside a ledge; and her husband had been forced to confess that she was not fit for a farmer's wife. If he could have had a combination of his two partners, he had once ventured to think, he would have been exactly suited. But it seemed to him, as he stood before the grave with his head bowed, the only way of making some sign of his sorrow, he had wrongfully accused an innocent man, his son and hers; and there he stayed, doing penance as best he could, until Eliza's voice called him to the house, and to some sort of comfortable existence and lack of self-reproof.

Before they had finished supper Warren came in, looking flushed and tired; but he took his seat at the table after a pleasant greeting, and the deacon passed him every plate within reach, treating him with uncommon politeness. The

father could not help noticing that his son kept stealing glances at him, and that he looked pleased and satisfied. It seemed to him as if Warren must have known of his suspicions and of their happy ending, but it was discovered presently that the long-toiled-over machine had been proved a success. Warren had taken it to his former employer at Lowell, who had promised, so great was his delight with it, to pay the expenses of getting the patent in exchange for a portion of the right. "He said there would be no end to the sale of it," said the young man, looking eagerly at his father's face. "I would n't have run off so yesterday, but I was so full of it I could n't bear to think of losing the cars, and I did n't want to say one word about this thing till I was sure.

"I expect I have been slack," he continued with evident effort, while they leaned over the garden fence, and he looked at his father appealingly. "But the fact is, I could n't seem to think of other things; it took all there was of me to keep right after that. But now I'm going to take right hold and be some help about the place. I don't seem to want to touch a tool again for a year." He looked pale and restless; the reaction from his long excitement had set in.

The deacon gave a shaky laugh, and struck his son's shoulder by way of a clumsy caress. "Don't you go to frettin' yourself now," he said. "I ain't felt so pleased as I do to-day since the day you come into the world. I sort of, felt certain then that you was goin' to be somebody, I do' know why 't was,"—and he turned away suddenly toward the house. "If you are as rich as you say you be, I should n't wonder if between us we had n't better get them

blinds painted, and smart up a little, another year. I declare, the old place has begun to look considerable gone to seed."

That night a great thunder shower broke the spell of the long drought, and afterward, until morning, the rain fell fast upon the thirsty ground. It was a good night to sleep, Eliza had said, as she wearily climbed the crooked backstairs at nine o'clock, for there was already a coolness in the air. She never was told the whole of the story about the wallet, for when she heard part of it she only said it was just like a man,—they were generally the most helpless creaturs alive. He might have known she had put it away somewhere. Why did n't he come and ask her? He never seemed to mistrust that it was a direct p'inting out of his duty to ride over to Somerset to the gathering, and just speak to the folks.

In the early morning, while it was cool and wet, the deacon drove up to the captain's farm, and the two selectmen perched on the chopping log again, and the confession was made and listened to with great gravity. The captain swore roundly in his satisfaction, and said he was going to have a square talk with Warren, and advise with him a little, for fear that those landsharks down in Lowell should undertake to cheat him. He stowed away the repayment of the loan in one of his big pockets, as if it were of little consequence to him, but he announced with considerable satisfaction at the next selectmen's meeting, that he owned a few planks of that three-masted schooner which the Otises were about ready to launch. And he winked at Deacon Price in a way that their brother Kendall was not able to understand.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

VENICE.

WHILE the skies of this northern November
Scowl down with a darkening menace,
I wonder if you still remember
That marvelous summer in Venice, —

When the mornings by clouds unencumbered
Smiled on in unchanging persistence
On the broad, bright Lagura that slumbered
Afar in the magical distance ;

And the mirror of waters reflected
The sails in their gay plumage, grouping
Like tropical birds that erected
Their wings, or sat drowsily drooping ;

How by moonlight our gondola, gliding
Through gleams and through shadows of wonder,
With its sharp, flashing beak flew dividing
The waves slipping silently under.

Then almost too full seemed the chalice
Of new-brimming life and of beauty,
As we floated by Riva and palace,
Dogana and stately Salute,

Through deep-mouthed canals, overshadowed
By balconies gray, quaint, and olden,
Where ruins of centuries faded
Stood stripped of their azure and golden.

Do you call back the days when before us
The masters of art shone, revealing
Their marvels of color, and o'er us
Glowed grand on the rich, massy ceiling

In the halls of the doges, where trembled
The state in its turbulent fever,
And purple-robed senates assembled
In days that are shadows forever ?

You remember the yellow light tipping
The domes when the sunset was dying ;
The crowds on the quays, and the shipping,
The pennons and flags that were flying ;

Saint Mark's, with its mellow-toned glory,
The splendor and gloom of its riches ;

The columns Byzantine and hoary,
The arches, the gold-crustèd niches ;

And the days when the sunshine invited
The painters abroad, until, mooring
Their bark in the shadow, delighted
They wrought at their labors alluring ;

The pictures receding in stretches
Of amber and opal around us,
The joy of our mornings of sketches,
The spell of achievement that bound us.

Ah, never I busy my brushes
With scenes of that radiant weather,
But through me the memory rushes
When we were in Venice together.

Fair Venice, the pearl-shell of cities !
Though poor the oblations we bring her, —
The pictures, the songs, and the ditties, —
Ah, still we must paint her and sing her !

A vision of beauty long vanished,
A dream that is joy to remember,
A solace that cannot be banished
By all the chill blasts of November !

Christopher P. Cranch.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN NEGRO LIFE.

It is, I believe, universally admitted that the spirited pictures of negro life now current represent the past rather than the present. The picturesque old-time customs that have hitherto formed the main element in the conception of negro life have passed or are passing away. Doubtless the sense of their decadence adds to their interest. For, generally speaking, the perspective of time is no less essentially an adjunct of the picturesque than the perspective of space.

Where these characteristic festivities still linger their decadence is manifest ; they are but phantoms of their former

selves. Even the most casual observer cannot fail to be struck with the perfunctory, half-hearted manner in which they are gone through with. The immemorial corn shuckings, preëminently the most characteristic of all such "gatherings," once the rendezvous of whole neighborhoods and the nocturnal scenes of mirth explosions perhaps unequaled since the days of the Bacchanal, are now very tame affairs indeed. Time was when November evenings were fitfully resonant with corn-shucking songs ; when night after night stunning volumes of weirdest melody shrilled through the humid, helpful air, till met and buffeted

by kindred strains; and when for many successive nights one would seek in vain to pass beyond their sway. Now vainly is the "oration put out;" no crowd assembles, and as a rule the planters are driven to husk corn in the daytime and with hired labor. Even when, in accordance with ancient usage, the negroes meet for that purpose, it is without zest or spirit, less carnival than conventicle.

Not that the freedman is one whit less sociable than formerly, for he is a gregarious creature. His faculties are as yet of too low an order to generate spontaneously sufficient mental pabulum. Reflection is out of his line. He seeks as eagerly as ever that stimulus indispensable to illiterate minds, which is found only in the crowd. Nor are the assemblies of the new cult anywise less noisy, demonstrative, and inflammable than those of the old. His ardor has simply taken a different turn. It is the same impetuous current of emotion, now swollen to a torrent, that has burst its former bounds, and worked itself a wholly different channel, — a channel doubtless more conformable to the instincts and genius of the race.

In short, an unmistakable change in negro character, the natural outcome of his altered conditions in life, is now at hand, and in an advanced stage of progress. He is putting away childish things, and striving in his own crude, grotesque way to grasp matters of higher import. The bulk of the black race have learned to read after a fashion. His primer, his *vade mecum*, is the Bible. And Bible reading, Bible poring, has produced its inevitable results on a race at once ignorant, imaginative, and supersusceptible. That wondrous volume is suddenly unsealed to hearts too impressible to ignore; to minds too unphilosophical to nullify. Sudden light discovers and magnifies to an unthinking, godless people the awful peril of their position. A material heaven looms above; a still more material hell yawns beneath. They

recoil in horror and dismay from their previous course. Everything appertaining to it is rigidly, indiscriminately tabooed. Presto! his lightness turns to gravity, his mirth to austerity, and his freedom to asceticism. Agreeableness is the touchstone to which he brings every thought, action, and word. Pleasure and happiness become synonyms for vice and ungodliness.

Never before, perhaps, in the history of the world have two decades brought about such a manifest change in a race. It is as impossible for the jocund customs of the past to subsist in this atmosphere as for the carnivals and merry-meetings of the sixteenth century to survive the austere spirit of the Reformation and inceptive Puritanism. The corn shuckings and "shindigs" have fallen as irrecoverably as fell the saturnalia of the "Boy Bishop," the "Abbot of Unreason," or the "Pope of Fools." To the morbidly intense and brooding imagination of the impassioned religionist, impending damnation is too vivid, too real, to admit of levity or even of cheerfulness. Every trivial daily action, lopped, stretched, and distorted, is subjected to the Procrustean test of Biblical models, or pseudo-models. Religion, religionism, has permeated and steeped every fibre of his being. It forms the staple of his speech by day, and the stuff that his dreams are made of by night. This is intensified as he grows in Biblical knowledge. The metaphors and illustrations with which he never tires of garnishing his talk have but one source. Nothing warms his blood so quickly or so thoroughly as religious controversy, into which he enters with the volubility of a Kettle-drummer and the pertinacity of a Mause Headrigg. He dogmatizes with equal glibness on the abstruse and the simple. He expounds the unfathomable mysteries of the Apocalypse with the same offhand ease and patronizing self-sufficiency that he proves immersion to be

the primitive and only authentic and efficacious mode of baptism. His active imagination literalizes the entire Scriptures, and he has an inbred contempt for commentaries. Barring the unspellable names, the Bible is to him a volume of glass, clear, plain, unmistakable, seen through at a glance, from Genesis to Revelation. Nor are his interpretations always inept or ever unoriginal. He has the insight, one-sided and defective though it may be, which the fanatic seldom lacks.

The preference he shows for particular parts of the sacred volume is also highly characteristic. He prefers the technically religious to the practically righteous, the old Bible to the new. It has to do more with the concrete, and is therefore more congenial and more tangible to men of low mental and spiritual cast. Its thoroughly human tone is more in accord with the coarseness and crudeness of his moral fibre. It depicts an intensely religious life in which religion and ethics were widely sundered. And when I predicate these features of the negro cult, I assert no more than could be broadly maintained of every religion save Christianity alone, and what was in great measure true of that prior to the comparatively modern divorce between the secular and the spiritual.

However, the New Testament is by no means unread. Perhaps it is read as much as the Old, though its contents are not so readily assimilated. But even there the reader's preferences are no less characteristic. The parables and the vision of St. John seem to be his favorites. Especially if the plot of the parable — if I may use the term — bears an analogy to some incident with which he is familiar, or is founded on some phase of nature which has come under his own observation, it strikes him at once. He revolves it in his mind again and again, and is as much delighted at his cleverness as was the primitive Indian when he first found himself able to manipulate

a fire-lock or a jack-knife. I have never heard a negro quote any part of the Sermon on the Mount, saving perhaps the parable of the candle and the bushel. Perhaps it is too direct and practical. He seeks canons of faith rather than rules of action. It is simply maintaining a truism to assert that poetry is more insinuating than philosophy or ethical codes; that the imaginative faculty preludes the reasoning.

Almost the last spark of the negro's hilarity and joyousness is quenched by this chilling religionism. Saving the indispensable vocations of life, there is little or no discrimination between the secular and the sinful. To be happy is to be wicked. Dancing and the singing of secular songs are relegated to the category of unpardonable sins. It is safer to impeach his honesty than his orthodoxy. Better call him a bad man than a lax Christian. For from his point of view the terms are by no means synonymous. With him, as with all similarly conditioned people, religious fervor and practical uprightness go not always hand in hand.

A case highly illustrative of this point came recently under my own observation. In the neighborhood lived a cheery, light-hearted negro fiddler called "Sol." Sol, though the rendering of divers of his pieces might have grated somewhat on an over refined ear, saw fit to dub himself "er born musicianer;" and as his music sufficed to dance by, no one challenged his right to bear the title. His position was both popular and lucrative. In fact, the earnings of his fiddle were about double the gross product of his little farm, on which he and his family — particularly the latter — delved year in and year out. For many years did this rustic Ole Bull withstand the aggressive religious ferment that encompassed him. His wife succumbed and "got religion," as did his children down to an age far below what is commonly deemed the limit of moral

responsibility. Finally there opened a revival, exceptionally long, fervid, and uproarious. Sol "come through," and his first act of atonement was to immolate with all due solemnity his fiddle, as both fellow and instrument in his old ways of unutterable turpitude; leaving its shreds as an accursed thing by the stump over which it was shivered. Thenceforward his face wore an altered look. Not only the expression changed, but the very cast of the features was different. He at once became as much noted for silence and ruefulness as he had been for loquacity and merry-making. But sad to tell, scarce three months had worn away when a neighboring mill was feloniously entered, and several sacks of flour taken therefrom. By a fortuitous chain of circumstances the flour was traced direct to Sol's house and found under his bed, in bags bearing the mill-owner's name. He confessed the theft, which was indeed undeniable, and got a twelvemonth in the penitentiary. But being popular, and hitherto irreproachable in character, a numerous signed petition effected his release somewhat short of that term.

He has lately returned home, and though laboring under the stigma of confessed theft, no measure of reward or punishment could drive him to touch a fiddle or engage in any form of worldly diversion. Nor is he, viewed from his standpoint, a hypocrite or mere simulator of piety. He does not profess to be *sans tache*, but what candid man does? His grotesque, illogical mind totally reverses the scale of culpable actions. To him ungodliness is a crime, theft a peccadillo. It is blameworthy to steal, but atrocious to enjoy one's self. In fine, he seems to think that the rigidity with which he observes the first half of the decalogue atones for his frequent infringement of the remainder. In his zeal to perform his duty towards God, he overlooks his duty towards his neighbor.

The vast majority of the blacks are Baptist. Next in point of numbers come the Methodists. Lastly, though vastly in the minority, stand the Presbyterians and Episcopalians. In fact, the latter admit and deplore their inability to carry out an adequate system of missionary work among the negroes. In only a few of the large towns do we find African Episcopal churches. True, all the white Episcopal churches have galleries set apart for the negroes, but they are unused, or at most sparsely occupied. It is not uncommon to see a white Episcopal church with one or more colored members; but the chances are that one will turn out to be the well-paid sexton, and the rest a couple of superannuated carriage drivers, who, having in former days "'sociated wid the quality," scorn to "take up wid poor folks and niggers."

As a rule the doctrine and ritual of this church seem utterly incomprehensible, and therefore repellant, to the negro. He harbors an undisguised distrust of it. He does not consider it religion at all. He has not the faintest idea that it can save anybody. There is too little heat and too much form; and the negro is the truceless enemy of form in religion or out of religion. He is a creature of emotion, impulse, noise. Restraint is odious, insupportable. An apt text, a familiar allusion, or simply the shout of a fellow listener, plunges him into ecstasies, and thenceforward he is alive only to the sound of his own voice.

As an illustration of what the mass of the negroes think of Episcopacy, I will give a colloquy I once overheard between an old Baptist negro and his former master's son. It had been nearly a score of years since they parted, and the affectionate old man had made a long and weary journey on foot to see as a man the one he had doted on as a child. Before separating he gave the talk a religious turn, expressing much

anxiety lest the young man should be lost.

"Why, Uncle Ned," responded the youth, "I attend church regularly, and endeavor in all things to do what is right. What more can I do?"

"Ah, Mars Tom, Mars Tom," said the old man fervently, "when did yer get 'ligion? Whar was it yer went down under de water? 'Member, child, de good book says 'pent and be baptized, else yer ca' enter de kingdom of heaben."

"True, Uncle Ned," was the rejoinder; "but you must remember that we Episcopalians, while as devout and earnest as you are, have different notions of what repentance and baptism mean. We are less demonstrative though more deliberate than you are."

"Child," said the old man solemnly, "yer talk is too highfalutin fer me. But de Bible is plain as A, B, C, whar it says yer is got ter 'pent and be baptized, er yer 'll be damned. Ise erfeard, fact I knows, yer's not done nuther. It's dat Pisterpalium church what's der matter long yer. Fer what wid yer gittin's up and yer sittin' down, and yer 'sponsin', and yer prayin' prayers dat er man up Norf made and put 'em in er book, and yer mellydorioms er playin' all ther time, yer's so tuck up ther Sperit ca' come nigh yer. Why, honey, dese same old eyes" (touching them thoughtfully) "is seed yer preacher lookin' on at folks dancin' and breakin' der commandments. And dat ai' all. My Polly says she seed him fingerin' un er fiddle hisself, and moughter nigh 'bout ter play. 'Member, honey, ther Scripture says keep yer lamp trum an' er burnin', an' yer ile-can full ter pour in it."

"Now, Uncle Ned," was the evasive reply, "I hope you don't think my lamp is without oil, do you?"

"Child, tai' even got no wick in it. Fac' is, Ise erfeard yer ai' even got no lamp," muttered the decrepit old negro, as he mournfully shambled off.

As before stated, the bulk of the negroes are Baptists, staunch and immovable. Nor is the reason for their preference hard to find. The glowing, tumultuous, uncontrolled fervor of the revival, where hundreds writhing in inward agony literally cast themselves in the dust; the weird, preternatural solemnity of the night on which each new convert rises in turn in the hushed, dimly lit church, and with hands stretched towards heaven pours out with characteristic volubility his minute, realistic account of his desperate struggle with the devil, his hairbreadth escape from hell, his brief sojourn in heaven; the haunting scene of the baptizing, where thousands assemble around the leaf-ensconced, unrippled pond, gazing, swaying, singing, shouting, awakening echoes that have slumbered since the departure of the red man, — these, these only, are the sermons that speak irresistibly to him. Without them religion is dull, insipid, unalluring.

The negro preachers may be sharply divided into two classes, the educated and the uneducated; or as they phrase it, the "larnt" and the "unlarnt." The former are young men who have grown up amid the new order of things, and who by dint of their own industry and frugality have managed to defray part of the cost of their limited education, some assistance having been afforded by their respective churches. They read with tolerable fluency, are slight smatterers in theology, and write after a fashion which, although almost wholly unintelligible to educated people, is, I believe, decipherable by their own race. These young divines, though they have higher ideals for their race, and are gradually acquiring a wholesome influence over them, do not as yet possess the sway of the older uneducated preachers. It would seem that they have learned just enough to make them obscure; enough to lift them out of sympathy with their simple-minded hearers, but not enough

to give them true breadth and insight; and while sticklers for polysyllables, they fret in grammatical traces, inso-much that the soul-glow, the ebullient spontaneity of the race, is entangled and smothered. Book lore is as yet clogs, not pinions.

It is among the older set, if anywhere, that we must look for the traditional black orator. His originality would more than satisfy the wildest apostle of the unconventional. Neither in point of rite or doctrine is he fettered, scarce even guided, by rule or precedent. He manufactures theology with the nonchalance of a Jesuit, and coins words with the facility of a Carlyle. He may just be able to flounder through a chapter of Scripture, uncouth in gesture, barbarous in diction, yet earnestness lends dignity to his manner, and passion fuses his jargon into eloquence. He may habitually outrage logic and occasionally contravene Scripture, but the salient points of his discourse are sound, and his words go straight home to the hearts of his hearers.

His power out of the pulpit is also great, almost boundless. Within his own parish he is practically priest and pope. Excommunication itself is his most trenchant weapon. Never was papal anathema a more potent bugbear than his threat to "cut off." His censorship of the morals and deportment of his flock, though to our minds insupportably annoying and humiliating, is undoubtedly wholesome and necessary. Though his discipline can by no means escape the charge of inconsistency, his influence is always exerted to make them honest and faithful men and women, and to restrain the besetting sins of the race. In many instances he resorts to their employers for information touching their honesty and industry. Then

monthly, on a stated Saturday, they are rigidly required to assemble and give an account of themselves. As the negroes possess almost a morbid local attachment, they are exceeding loath to transfer their membership, when in quest of employment they move to a distance, and in many instances this monthly attendance involves a tramp of forty miles or more. But no excuse is taken, and upon failure to attend for three consecutive months they are unhesitatingly cut off. It is at these meetings that all rumors touching the morals and deportment of each member are rigidly investigated, and the culprits summarily, though from our standpoint indiscriminately, punished; the same penalty — six months' suspension — being inflicted for dancing and for theft, for worldliness and for unchastity.

It is manifest to all acquainted with the facts that the social and moral elevation of the negro is not coextensive with his religious inflation. His perverted conception of religious truth, the wide chasm between his belief and his practice, might mislead many to suppose that he is actually retrograding; that he is really worse than when he professed nothing. But a stream should be judged by its current, not by its eddies; and on a wide and prolonged survey of the race it is plain that it moves. The motion is slow, almost imperceptible, but it is in the right direction. It is true that religion has as yet wrought little change in the negro's conduct. His indiscriminating mind sees small inconsistency in sanctity and dishonesty, piety and untruthfulness, devoutness and unchastity. He cannot always understand that probity should be the handmaid of religion, that works should accompany faith, and that one must needs be moral before he can truly be religious.

O. W. Blacknall.

WHAT INSTRUCTION SHOULD BE GIVEN IN OUR COLLEGES?

At the time of founding the earlier American colleges, mental discipline was the chief end of the four years' course of study. But if college professors were asked to-day what is the chief end of the course, we fear that many of them could not give satisfactory answers. Certainly their answers would not be the same. If they should say mental discipline, the answer could not easily be reconciled with the long, incongruous list of studies, the primary aim for pursuing which is to store the mind with facts. If they should say, to acquire knowledge, the answer could not easily be reconciled with the presence of Latin, Greek, and mathematics in the course. If they should say, mental discipline and general culture, the answer would betray a very imperfect conception of what constitutes general culture, considering our enormously expanded circle of knowledge and our mental activity. If they should say, there is no longer a chief end, but that several ends are kept in sight, then it is very desirable to know what these ends are, and whether they are worth the cost of attaining them.

To acquire mental discipline, Latin, Greek, and mathematics were formerly regarded the best instruments. For many years this idea of college instruction was unchallenged, and even now is maintained by some persons with unlessened confidence. From most minds, however, the idea has been partly or wholly dislodged. Latin and Greek are prized as highly as they ever were for their beauty, strength, and finish, but have lost their magic charm as instruments for fashioning the mind. They

have been cast down from their peculiar niche in the educational structure, and perhaps will never be replaced.

So long as the chief aim of college instruction was mental discipline, and so long as Latin, Greek, and mathematics were regarded the best instruments for acquiring it, the course was consistent. But when the craving for more knowledge was developed, to satisfy which new studies were added, the consistency disappeared. Every additional study was a new disfigurement. When the sciences were added, one by one, — physics, geology, mineralogy, chemistry, botany, and so on, — the disfigurement was complete. A confused jumble of studies is now seen, creating the painful impression that the old curriculum has been shaken by an earthquake.

That the present course is a concretion, and not a systematic and fair growth, hardly any one will deny. It resembles an ancient building which originally was well proportioned and pleasing, and which served a highly useful purpose. It was indeed the goodliest structure of the time. All honor to the builders! But by making additions the proportion of parts has been destroyed, and the beauty of the original design wholly lost. We may call the structure a building, but it certainly does not serve the end for which it was designed as perfectly as it did in the beginning.¹

This is clearly enough seen by most of our college teachers. We may find fault with them for not rebuilding, but we should do them a far greater wrong by asserting that they have not seen more or less clearly the chaotic condition to which the structure has come. If they are moored to the same station by the strength of their cables and the weight of their anchors, they enable him to measure the rapidity of the current by which the rest of the world is borne along."

¹ In this connection Dugald Stewart's famous remark on the universities of his day is worth repeating: "The academical establishments of some parts of Europe are not without their use to the historian of the human mind. Immovably

tion into which the structure has fallen. The proof that they see is the permission given to students to decide to some extent what studies they shall pursue. College professors know how general is the dislike among students of many of the studies now pursued, especially Latin, Greek, and mathematics. To make college instruction more satisfactory to them, "the elective system," as it is called, has been introduced. This phrase finely illustrates the trick which can be played with language, for the elective system is no system; it is the abandonment of a system. The adoption of the elective system is simply a confession that the existing curriculum is inadequate, and that the student knows better than his teacher what to learn. We earnestly maintain that those who have spent their lives in educating boys and young men, and who are familiar with the experience of former educators, know best what the course should be. "Young America" is "smart," but we do not believe that he has advanced far enough to prescribe for himself.

If, then, the existing course be imperfect, how can it be improved? We maintain that college instruction should be prescribed with reference to the following aims: (1) to discipline the mind; (2) to teach the expression of thought in speech and writing in the best manner; (3) to develop the powers of the body and mind as well as an understanding of moral and social relations; (4) to impart knowledge; (5) to build up a solid foundation for those special studies and pursuits which are to be undertaken after the completion of the course.

(1.) There is no need to define what we mean by mental discipline. Nothing connected with higher education is better understood. Persons, when told in their youth that one aim of education is to discipline the mind, do not understand what is meant, but with fuller mental maturity they do. Now we would contend as strenuously as any devotee to

the study of ancient language that this end should never be obscured. To explore the vast domain of knowledge, to carry our conquests further, the mind must be perfected to the highest possible degree, and that this end may be better attained is a strong reason why the present college course should be revised. For the multiplicity of studies now pursued does not conduce to the highest mental discipline. The mind is distracted by them. Some change of study is desirable for healthy mental growth, but not too much. There must be fewer studies if we would have stronger minds. Mental power in every direction should be developed: the critical faculty should be sharpened; the reflective faculty be broadened and deepened; the constructive, exercised; the memory, strengthened. But to effect this mental enlargement and strengthening, a course of study very different from the present must be prescribed.

How can mental discipline be best acquired? Here we come to the parting of the ways. One class of educators maintain that this can be done best by the study of Latin and Greek; another class, by the study of science. A third class contend that mental discipline is the result of a method of studying rather than of the particular study pursued.

Does the most careful analysis of the ancient languages disclose any peculiar elements by the mastery of which the mind is better trained than by the mastery of other studies? If, for example, the training of the memory be desired, cannot this be effected as perfectly by learning a modern language as by learning the long-honored Latin and Greek? If the desired training be that of the judgment or power to discriminate, cannot this be had as well by comparing the definitions of words in modern languages, their shades of meaning, and by different translations of phrases and sentences in them, as by pursuing the same exercises in the ancient languages? The

more critically the point is studied the more clearly does the fact appear that any power of mind, or the mind as a unity, can be as highly developed by the study of modern languages as by that of the ancient ones. No peculiar quality has been discovered in them for exercising the mind. They are not specifics. The persons who maintain that they are have never shown wherein their superiority consists. They have never gone farther than to make general assertions.

If our conclusions be correct, we are confronted with the question, Should Latin and Greek be retained in the curriculum as means of general culture? We should employ every means to extend our culture; not the smallest trifle of intellectual or moral beauty, from whatever source, should be cast aside. But we would no longer confine our conception of general culture to the mastery of the Latin and Greek languages and literatures. Such a conception is too narrow. The man who can give you a fine description of Cybele, or any other god of Aryan mythology, but cannot give you a good account of the part that Jefferson and Adams played in American history, or of the functions of the lungs, should no longer be regarded a cultivated man. Once there was no science, and hardly any history, outside that of Greece and Rome. Since then many planets of knowledge have been added to the few which existed before. These additions have had the effect of changing the meaning of culture. Unhappily, many of our college professors do not seem to have found this out. They are still dreaming in the moonlight of the Middle Ages. They still believe that young men should get the same education as was prescribed for them when the world knew less. It is time to dispel this pernicious idea. Modern culture is infinitely broader and deeper than mediæval culture, and to get it the appropriation of all the mental and moral wealth of Greece and

Rome will not suffice. In drawing from these sources, however, an easier and more fruitful method than the present one can be employed, and we should not hesitate to employ it. What more convincing proof is wanted of the necessity for doing this than the introduction and success of the elective system?

One reason why these languages continue to enchant men is because, for many centuries, they were the best sources of culture. Refinement is associated with them as closely as a polished man with a home in which beauty is everywhere visible. Through long association of this nature, therefore, these languages possess an enchanting power. But though they were formerly the principal sources of mental culture, they are not now. The knowledge of the ancients was confined within narrow bounds, like the physical world they knew. Those who regard the Latin and Greek literatures as the principal means of general culture have no adequate conception of the vast acquisitions since those ancient springs ceased to flow. Placing before our view the entire field of knowledge and the entire history of man, can we believe that those two ancient languages, and the people who used them, possess such a potency of general culture to the present generation as some persons maintain? This can be attained only by drawing copiously from other and living fountains. The social life of the Greeks never reached the plane of more modern people; their moral ideas were less finely cut than our own; their aspirations were lower, and most of their writings are as cheerless as George Eliot's, containing not a gleam of hope for man. Since those far-off times men have come to love the truth more for the truth's sake; life has become an infinitely grander thing, is filled with nobler yearnings and possibilities, and is cheered with better revelations. In many ways there has been an immense development, to know of which will

bring a broader, higher, and better culture than can be acquired by the most assiduous study of the ways and works of the Greeks and the Romans, or by the largest infusion of their spirit.

(2.) The next aim of the four years' courses should be to teach the student how to express his thoughts in speech and writing in the best manner. Until recently the attention bestowed on this subject was very slight. It was assumed that a student understood his mother tongue when he entered college. Yet too often students knew not how to construct a strong English sentence when they entered or when they left. Perhaps they knew at the end of their college career how to write an elegant Greek one; but the persons met in the outside world did not know Greek, and Greek composition availed nothing among them. If the English language has been improved and enriched by studying Greek and Latin, on the other hand, English grammar and English composition have been debased by the admixture of too much foreign alloy. The borrowings and copyings have been too servile and frequent. This is especially noteworthy of those who strenuously maintain that Latin and Greek should retain their place in the curriculum. They have studied Latin and Greek most zealously, but forgotten or never acquired their own tongue. However well adapted the study of these languages may be for disciplinary purposes, it is not helpful to an effective mastery of English, judged by most of the utterances and writings of the defenders and teachers of the ancient classics.

Knowledge is power; so is language. The study of the method of expressing thought, however, is of supreme importance. Our colleges are awakening very slowly to the need of better instruction on the subject.

The first line of study, therefore, should be language, extending through the four years' course. We would

have three languages taught, English, French, and German. Nevertheless, if a student, when entering college, desired to study Latin and Greek instead of French and German, his desire should be respected. We would not ignore the great merits of Latin and Greek instruction, but for many reasons we maintain that French and German are entitled to a higher place. The stress of our argument, however, is that five languages, beside the other studies now prescribed, cannot be thoroughly acquired in four years. The time is too short for more than three languages; hence the student, in the beginning of his college career, should decide to study either Latin and Greek or French and German. Frequent compositions in English should be required, and there should be enough instructors to give to each student special training in the art. At present, how little attention can be given to this subject! Now and then a student gets fifteen minutes of instruction from a professor, but this is only a small fraction of the time that should be devoted to each student. Our instructors doubtless do the best they can, but they are too few to furnish the instruction required. Were adequate instruction given, perhaps a wonderful revolution would be wrought in our speech and literature. Amazing as are the conquests of science, the acquisitions in philology and in almost every department of knowledge, we believe that new and splendid glories will be reflected by voice and pen, when our college courses shall be so revised that a profound study of the capacity of the English language for speech and written composition shall be undertaken. Is there any reason for supposing that our vehicle of thought can be brought no nearer to perfection? It may appear some day that our language is now in a crude, half-developed stage, its greatest power and beauty unknown. How great is the pleasure of the Greek scholar in unlock-

ing the wonderful secrets inclosed in the Greek particles! But if he had displayed half the industry in trying to add force to these little words in English, perhaps they would excite more admiration to-day from the philosophical linguist than the particles of any other language. The old Greeks sought to make their language a powerful instrument for the expression of thought, and their success is one of the perpetual wonders of the world. We too should strive to make our language beautiful and perfect, but this can never be done simply by studying Greek, any more than a homely woman can become beautiful by studying the beauty of another. To make our language a more perfect instrument of thought, we must radically change our method of studying it. The Greeks did not improve their language by studying the languages of contemporaries. They knew Greek, and it alone. Why will not the modern worshiper of the Greek language adopt the method by which that marvelous instrument of speech was made so perfect? If this method should be adopted, the English language of the future may be as superior to ours as the Greek of the age of Pericles was to that of Hesiod or Anaximenes.

The time has fully come for our colleges to do this work. It is peculiarly their own, — to teach and develop the latent capacities of the English tongue. No longer should the might of philological teaching be devoted to Greek and Latin. Employ this power in the mastery of English, and good results will speedily appear. Erelong these results would doubtless silence all who still cling to the wreck of the ancient order of things, and lead them to confess their error in adhering too long to a course of study which consisted in admiring the past, rather than in resolutely determining to improve their own language and to make it a perfect instrument in which to set the precious gems of thought.

The colleges have played an ignoble part in maintaining that Greek and Latin were the best mental gymnastics, and worthy of all the study bestowed on them, because they are so finished. One feels that the men who say these things are hardly a part of the world, or have much at heart the permanent improvement of mankind. We have read some parts of President Porter's book on American Colleges several times, and every re-reading caused additional pain, because he showed so much admiration for the past, and so little inclination toward improvement. If our language be not so beautiful as the Greek, if our morality be inferior to theirs, if our sense of beauty be less keen, if our intellect be not so acute, if our manhood be below the Attic standard, let us resolve to advance. But let us not march by the roundabout way of Greece and Rome, as if we did not care much about improving ourselves. Let us adopt a course of instruction which shall plainly reveal to the student the ends to be attained by pursuing it. We confess our surprise that a clergyman like President Porter, whose Christian living and thinking have been consistent and of fine example, should dwell so fondly on the ancient classics as a means of moral and æsthetic culture. Instead of giving up so much of those precious four years to an admiration of the past in literature and art, the student should be more thoroughly stimulated and prepared for the work of life.

How often have men declared that when they went forth into the world at the end of their college career, instead of having been fitted for their work, they were unfitted! After a time, they acquired needful knowledge and unlearned much. The college of to-day is too unreal. Doubtless something can be said in favor of making it so, of breaking up former modes of thought and action. But the re-creation of the student is often carried too far. The

consequence is, he becomes unfitted to master the situation, while the theory of college education is that he will master it more easily. The study of Latin, Greek, and mathematics is the chief agency in putting him into this idealistic, unreal condition, — of losing him, as it were, in the world. These studies touch life so remotely, they abstract the student so far from the world, that when he gets into it he is like a babe, and much must be explained to him. After sundry mishaps and no little ridicule his eyes are opened, and he ceases to see men as trees walking. Root out the ancient languages and mathematics, substitute French, German, and English, and men will be sent into the world better equipped than they are now. They will remain near enough to the actual world in college to know how to act when they go outside. It is true that we are "as soldiers fighting in a foreign land, understanding not the plan of the campaign;" but we shall fight with more heart and energy, and with stronger hope of winning, if our preparation, though inadequate, seems fitted for the work before us, than we shall if distrustful of our preparation. Life always becomes solemn as soon as we discover what it really is: but in the former case solemnity is brightened with hope; in the other, it is darkened with despair so great that many flee from the field as soon as dangers appear.

(3.) The next line of study pertains to the cultivation of the body and mind, and to the moral and social relations.

The first three studies in this line should be anatomy, physiology, and hygiene. Through the first study we should learn how the body is constructed, through the second what are its dynamics, and through the third how to conserve the body and use it most effectively. These studies, therefore, should come first in the second line, and run parallel with the first line. They form the physical groundwork for all future

study. They properly stand at the portal through which we must enter the temple of knowledge.

Next in the same line of study should follow logic and mental philosophy. These studies are needful to teach us what are the powers of mind and how to employ them. Of course, some persons maintain that mental philosophy is dreary and useless, because no certain knowledge can be attained. They say that the whole ground is a battlefield on which men have been contending since the earliest ages, and that nothing has yet been settled. Should such a study as this, they say, be pursued in our colleges? This, however, is a shallow way of regarding the matter. Many of the questions lying in the domain of mental philosophy are asked by every thoughtful person, and whether answers shall ever be found satisfactory to all minds, many desire to know what answers have been given. But there is a considerable body of valid knowledge concerning the mind which surely should be acquired. Besides, this study has an excellent disciplinary effect. The student learns to discriminate, to analyze, and to construct. In no other study is the synthetic faculty more powerfully exercised.

The study of anatomy and physiology is a good introduction to logic and mental philosophy. There is a physical side to this study which, until recent years, has been too much ignored. Most of the teachers of mental philosophy have known nothing about anatomy and physiology, and consequently have taught a one-sided mental philosophy and psychology. While many of the anatomists and physiologists have gone to the other extreme, it must be apparent that by pursuing these four studies in the order named, more useful and satisfying results are likely to be attained than by continuing the present course of study.

After unfolding the physical and mental powers we reach the moral ones.

This is by a regular and natural gradation. Then follows the study of man in his social relations, and thus a knowledge of the state and of our duty as citizens is a proper outgrowth and completion of this line of study.

(4.) The aim of the third line of study is to acquire facts. These are to be drawn from history. History is the record of the world's experience. A high value should be put on this knowledge. It is true that prejudice may be fed in studying history, while no danger of the kind is possible in studying the binomial theorem. But the risk may be wisely taken for the sake of the knowledge. In every field containing wheat, tares abound; yet it is better to work in a wheat-field than to dig wells in a desert.

But, says the defender of Latin and Greek, if we would learn all the lessons which Greece and Rome have for us, we must master their languages. We will not deny that an accomplished Latin and Greek scholar ought to draw more wisdom from Greek and Roman history than he who has an imperfect acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages, or none whatever. But we must remember that only at rare intervals does a Latin or Greek scholar of high order blossom in our colleges. They educate far more sunflowers than century plants. Most of their graduates do not advance so far as to drink in the lessons of Greek and Roman wisdom more fully than others do by a different and an easier method. On the other hand, if the time spent in acquiring these languages were devoted to our own, and French and German, and in storing up the best experience of mankind, the college student would get a better culture than he is getting now.

Beginning with the cave and lake dwellers, and following with the geography, history, and archæology of succeeding peoples, this third line of study should be extended to the present time,

broadening out and deepening as we advanced. All sides of life should be considered,—the political, moral, religious, industrial, social, and economic.

Such knowledge shows the action of man, his influence, his victories over nature. It is one-sided, however, regarded from one point of view, because it does not show the power of nature over man. To supplement, correct, and complete this knowledge a study of man's environment is essential. But instead of studying nature in a fragmentary way, as colleges do now, by merely peeping into geology, mineralogy, astronomy, botany, physics, chemistry, and the like, it is proposed that instruction should be given in the physical history of the universe. This would comprise the different theories concerning the origin of the earth, its form and motions, the composition of the sun and planets and the probable history of the solar system, the forces of nature and their operation, an inquiry into the materials composing the earth, and the order of the vegetable and animal creation from the beginning to the present. This study would be an unveiling of the wonders of the universe, a blending of all the sciences into one, whereby their mastery would be easy and useful. The study of science would no longer be fragmentary. It may be objected that this knowledge should precede the history of man. Though it relates to the world chiefly before man appeared, yet it would be easier to study his history first, and the order of knowledge might be reversed in the mind as soon as the student had traversed the whole field. This third line of study, it is also proposed, should run through the entire course.

(5.) These three lines of study would form a broad and solid foundation for any kind of superstructure of knowledge. Considered with reference to future studies, the proposed course is preparatory only,—the vestibule to the glories which may be seen by all who

enter the inner courts of knowledge, and devote themselves to further study.

Perhaps something should be said concerning the total exclusion of mathematics from the proposed course. A thorough knowledge of the elementary mathematics should be required of the student when entering college; the higher mathematics should be regarded as technical studies, and relegated to the courses of which they form a necessary part. The superiority of such a course of study over the present, we maintain, is very great.

(1.) Far better discipline of mind and body would be acquired, assuming, of course, that the studies proposed were taught with as much thoroughness as the studies now prescribed. Under the proposed system, the student would be pursuing three lines of study at a time: one in language, another relating to the cultivation of his physical and mental powers and his moral and social duties, and a third relating primarily to the acquisition of facts. In the first two lines of study, and also in the relation which one study bears to another, mental discipline is kept in view. There is change enough to rest the mind and impart to it the elasticity needful for its best development, as well as concentration enough to prevent the mind from scattering and becoming dissipated and weakened, as often happens in pursuing the present chaotic course.

(2.) The studies would be more perfectly mastered than the larger number in the existing course. If four years were needed to master the old curriculum, surely four years are not enough for the modern. Doubtless they are right who contend that colleges graduated better disciplined men formerly than they do to-day. And the reason is very simple, namely, when fewer studies were taught they were more thoroughly acquired; and thoroughness of study is the essence of mental discipline.

(3.) The student would be better pre-

pared to contend with the world than he is after finishing the present course. He would have a true idea of life. He would have a richer fund of experience. He would have a far better knowledge of himself. He would have less to unlearn. He could make better use of all that he had been taught.

If Latin, Greek, and mathematics were eliminated from the four years' course, would they lose their standing in the court of knowledge? Certainly not. They would be fitted into other courses of which they would form a more important part. If one intended to study theology, beside studying Hebrew he should study Greek, because to the theological student it has a special value. If one intended to study law, he should also study Latin, in order to master the Roman jurisprudence, which is the admiration of all who are accomplished in the law. Medicine has well-defined courses of study concerning which nothing need be said. There are numerous scientific courses, which properly cover the entire fields of science and mathematics. No study, therefore, is put in the background; the complete curriculum of knowledge is simply rearranged so as to serve a more useful purpose.

There are courses, also, in philology for persons desirous of making a further study of language, in philosophy for the still unsatisfied, and in economic and political science. Other courses may be added, as they become needful, to cover in a systematic way the entire mental sphere.

It must be apparent to the reader that all knowledge is reduced to more perfect symmetry by the general course and by the special courses here indicated than it has been by the courses hitherto prescribed. We have not thrown away the smallest fragment. We have simply rearranged our knowledge so that it can be more easily gained, the relation of one division of it to another

be more easily seen and understood, and our power and happiness be materially increased.

The criticism may be made that such a course would be too rigid, and would not give sufficient play to the different types of mind. So far as possible, college teachers should understand these types, and adapt studies to them in order to produce the highest mental development. Surely, if a student be incapable of comprehending the calculus or metaphysics, he should not be forced to pursue those studies. Such treatment is both disheartening and demoralizing. Other studies should be substituted, but the teacher should have the controlling voice in choosing. The studies which a student intended to pursue when entering college should not be dropped when half completed, unless for reasons which are thought sufficient by his teachers. The claim is made that since the introduction of "the elective system" students choose studies that are congenial to their tastes, and which are adapted to their mental capacities; but the greater truth is, they generally choose the studies that are easiest, and for the reason that they desire to escape from work. Like electricity, they move along the lines of least resistance. If the proposed course be adapted to students generally, the substitution of one study for another in a particular case should turn on the question of the student's capacity, and not on his inclination. In no case should a student be permitted to depart from the course without the approval of his teachers, whose decision should be based, not simply on the desire of the student, but on the belief that a better result would be obtained by pursuing another study than the one prescribed in the course.

A few words may be added concerning the adoption of the course: (1.) It may be adopted as a substitute for the present course. This may be regarded as too daring an experiment. (2.) It

may be adopted as an independent course, and tried alongside the other. This would be a very interesting experiment, because the inferiority or superiority of the proposed course would more clearly appear. The experiment, however, would require another corps of instructors, and the cost of maintaining them doubtless would be too great for most institutions. (3.) A third way is to adopt parts of the proposed course at different times. Latin and Greek might be reduced by degrees, and more of English, French, and German put in their place. Mathematics might be supplanted by anatomy, physiology, and hygiene. The physical history of the universe might be substituted for the studies in physical science. Thus one study after another in the proposed course might be substituted, until the reconstruction of the course was complete. Changes so slowly made would probably excite less opposition, would involve no additional expense, and could hardly be regarded as experiments.

Is there not truth enough in the ideas herein set forth to repay their consideration by those who are studying the question of higher education? Something must be done without delay. The theory is fallacious that students who know but little about themselves, and still less about the ends of education and how they are to be attained, know best what and how to study. Let those who have meditated on the question longest and most deeply undertake the long-needed work of reconstructing the course on sound principles. The task may seem arduous, but the loss occasioned by every year's delay is very great. In the vivid knowledge of innumerable shipwrecks, caused too often by an imperfect outfit, a mighty effort should be made, if need be, to start our youth on the voyage of life better prepared to encounter the many difficulties which even the most favored voyager cannot escape.

Albert S. Bolles.

A GOOD-BY TO RIP VAN WINKLE.

WE are getting into the last days of Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle. We shall see it now and then, of course, so long as Mr. Jefferson keeps the stage; but it is not likely to be his *pièce de résistance* after this season, and, unless signs fail, it will in future be something like a wedding suit, taken out on anniversaries and admired or criticised, but not worn for every-day occasions. Besides, Mr. Jefferson will probably not play except for parts of seasons hereafter, and then for the greater portion of the time in other pieces than Rip Van Winkle.

At the close of his last engagement in Chicago, it was estimated by Mr. Jefferson that he had played the part of Rip forty-five hundred times. No modern play — we doubt if any play, ancient or modern — has ever been presented so many times by one actor. From the commercial stand-point of the business manager, the play is alluded to as worn out; but that gentleman must use the term in a comparative sense, for, although the piece has been acted in Chicago several hundred times, it drew, during the last week of its performance, houses that would have been considered large and very remunerative by the great majority of combinations.

As almost every one knows, the version of Rip Van Winkle played by Mr. Jefferson is the work of Dion Boucicault. That is, Mr. Boucicault has the credit of dramatizing the story, and his deft handiwork can be observed in its easy movement; but the character of Rip Van Winkle, as interpreted by Jefferson, is largely his own creation, in a literary as well as in a dramatic sense. Mr. Boucicault recently stated that Mr. Jefferson's idea was to make Rip much older at the opening of the story, but that he (Boucicault) finally had his way, and in the early scenes the char-

acter was represented as youthful. The memory of the dramatist is probably a little treacherous as regards this fact. The original version of Irving's story was the work of Charles Burke, a near relative of Mr. Jefferson, who played quite successfully in the part himself. Mr. Jefferson succeeded him, and the character then, as now, was made youthful at the beginning of the story. Indeed, the leggings worn by Mr. Jefferson in the play to-day are the very same worn by Burke a quarter of a century ago. It is quite probable that the idea of making the character old at the start was canvassed; but Jefferson had already been so successful in the play that it is scarcely likely that the thought was seriously entertained. Mr. Boucicault gives Mr. Burke less credit than he deserves, for the play as now performed is really an adaptation of his work, rather than a dramatization of Irving's story.

I read a paragraph in the dramatic column of a newspaper the other day to the following effect: "Mr. Jefferson has been drawing good houses during the week in Rip Van Winkle, his remarkable delineation of the title rôle giving an interest to a play that is not only worn threadbare, but which is of course dramatically worthless."

Now this is a great though very common mistake. To be sure, the play would amount to little without the chief character, but that can be said of many of the best works of the kind. The test of dramatic construction is the interest a play excites when presented by a competent company; and judged by this, Rip Van Winkle is a piece of no mean pretensions. There are humor, pathos, and philosophy in it, and the utilization of Irving's idea of the ghostly crew is a capital scenic idea.

The play moves rapidly ; there are not ten minutes altogether when the attention is not riveted, and Mr. Boucicault has most happily succeeded in the difficult task of keeping his main character on the stage almost constantly, and yet without seeming to put him forward, make him garrulous, or remind the audience that they are seeing a great deal of the star. This, as well as the acting, is certainly the art that conceals art. Indeed, I doubt very much if one person in ten thousand has ever thought of the rather singular fact that Jefferson, in the something over two hours it requires to act the play, is scarcely off the stage fifteen minutes.

In this and in many other respects, Mr. Boucicault deserves much credit ; but if the draft of the play, as prepared by him, were found (and by the way, if it is in existence, it is because it has been stenographed and stolen, for Mr. Jefferson has no copy), it would be discovered that the finest touches, humorous and pathetic, the naturalness of the language as well as of the acting at many of the most effective points, are Jefferson's, and not the playwright's. Sometimes this appears in a whole sentence ; again, in a word, or the reversal of the order of words in the original text. From first to last the part of Rip Van Winkle is a profound study in language and movement, and the part, having reached practical perfection, has been acted by Mr. Jefferson for years with scarcely a change in a gesture. He began playing this version in 1865, and the auditor who saw him come upon the stage fifteen years ago, and take a seat on the table at a certain moment and in a certain position, sees the same thing to-day, and, observing him time after time, fails to discover even a minute departure from the original "business" of the piece.

I would not care to guess at the number of times I have witnessed this play, but it was only within the last week that

I ever saw a break of any kind, and that was through the blunder of a property man, and necessitated a movement and a few words on the part of Mr. Jefferson which were not down in the play.

When Gretchen put her hand into the game bag, where she usually finds a bottle, which she pulls out and shakes in the guilty face of her spouse, the bottle was not there. The lady who was supporting Mr. Jefferson whispered the fact to him, when he immediately said, —

"You go mit the children, Gretchen, — go 'long mit you, now."

And thus speaking, he pushed her towards the side entrance, where the bottle was secured, placed in the game bag, and the play went on.

I have spoken of the fine touches, the supreme naturalness of language and acting that characterizes this presentation. At the risk of seeming to dwell on trifling points and unimportant details, I venture to particularize.

The coarser way of telling that Rip is very tired of his wife's ways, and quite disappointed in the quantity of happiness he has extracted from the matrimonial state, would be for him to say at once what he says later, and pursue the subject in that strain : that if ever Gretchen tumbles in the water she has got to help herself, — to "schwim," as he expresses it ; but Jefferson gradually approaches that point.

"Stop !" he says, taking his cup from his mouth, after being told that the liquor bought by Derrick of Nick Vedder is ten years old, "Stop ! That liker is more dan ten years old. You put it in the cellar the day I got married, you say. Well, I know it by dat. Dot is more dan ten years ago. You tink I will ever forget the day I got married ? No, indeed ! I remember that the longest day *I* live." This in a natural way introduces the subject of Rip's marital troubles. After admitting that Gretchen was a lovely girl then, and telling them how, on the day of the

wedding, "she like to got drowned," that the ferry-boat she was coming over in upset, but "she was n't in it," a very nice bit of work is brought forward.

"But surely, Rip," says Derrick, "you would not see your wife drown? You would rescue her."

Rip rocks back and forth on the table, his hands clasped over one of his knees, and a smile half reflective and half amused on his face.

"You mean I would yump in and pull Gretchen out? Would I? Humph!" (Still rocking. After a moment's pause and with a sudden thought:) "Oh, den?" (Stops rocking.) "Yes, I believe I would den. And it would be more my duty now."

Derrick. Why, how is that, Rip?

Rip. Well, when a man gets married mit his wife a long time he grows very fond of her. But now, if Gretchen was drownin,' and she say, "Rip, come and save your wife!" I say, Mrs. Van Winkle, I shust go home and I tink about dot. Oh, no, if Gretchen ever tumble in the water, she has got to swim.

Mr. Jefferson never talks to the audience. His best points are made in an ordinary tone, and the spectators seem to be overhearing by chance, and not listening to what is intended to catch their ears and tickle their fancy.

"Ah, where will we be then?" (twenty years from now), sighs Derrick, as he prepares the paper for Rip to sign.

"I don't know about myself," responds Rip, as if speaking to himself, — never to the audience; but I can guess pretty well where you'll be about dot time." This, if spoken with the appearance of trying to create a laugh, would lose half its force.

Observe the look that tells better than words that Rip's suspicions are aroused by the gift of the purse of money.

"All right now, ain't it, Rip?" queries Derrick. Rip bows in a puzzled way, tossing the purse uneasily in his

hands. "No fear of Gretchen now, eh?"

"No-o, — oh, no, no fear now," responds Rip, as he looks first at the purse and then at the retreating form of the man who has pretended to befriend him. His back is to us, but we know that he is perplexed, and is carefully considering the reasons for this unexpected kindness on the part of Derrick. Then come the words, "I don't know about dot," the uneasy tossing of the purse again, and the exclamation, "It don't chink like good money, any way."

In speaking of the finer and more delicate features of this delineation, one runs the risk of producing only the words, and failing to invest them with anything like the meaning given them by the actor. In such a case the effort must prove flat and unprofitable indeed. But so many are familiar with the part that the bare repetition of the words of the text may recall the actor's manner and expression; and this being so, the discussion may prove interesting.

When Rip passes up the stage and looks in the direction where Gretchen is supposed to be busy with her duties, a momentary feeling of admiration, and perhaps self-condemnation, comes over him.

"There she is at the wash-tub," says Rip. "What a hard-working woman that is!" Then, with a sigh, "Well, somebody has got to do it, I suppose."

The whole character of Rip is revealed in that one sentence.

When his child Meenie comes to him and throws her arms around his neck, the good-for-nothing vagabond has another qualm of conscience: —

"I don't see you for such a long time, do I?" (taking her face between his hands). My! My! I don't deserve to have such a t'ing like dot."

"You are a good papa," observes Meenie.

"No, I'm not! No good fadder would go rob his child. Dot's wot I

done, my darling. I gone an' rob you. All dese houses and lands, dey all belong to me once, and dey would been yours when you grow up. What has come of them now? I gone and drunk 'em all up, my darling, — dot's what I done. Hendrick" (to the boy), "you take warning: never you drink anything so long wot you live. It brings a man to ruin and misery and rags and — Ish dere any more dere in dot cup?"

But Rip has pride, with all his worthlessness. He must find out the real purport of the paper Derrick has given him to sign; yet he does not like to appear ignorant before the lad who has so often seen him drunk, — not an unusual thing in such cases. He calls the boy to him, and begins in a roundabout way.

"Why don't you go to school to-day, Hendrick? You go to school sometimes, don't you?"

"When my father can spare me," returns the boy.

"What you learn there now? Pretty much sometings — I mean eberytings?"

"I learn reading, writing, and arithmetic," answers Hendrick.

"Readin'?"

"Yes."

"Und what?"

"Writing."

"Writin'?"

"Yes, and arithmetic."

"Und what maticks is dot?"

"Arithmetic."

"Can you read?"

"Oh, yes."

"I don't believe it." (Taking out paper.) "If you can't read, I won't let you marry my daughter. I won't have anybody in my family who can't read." (Handing paper to Hendrick.) "Can you read dot?"

"Oh, yes; this is writing."

"I thought it was readin'."

"So it is; reading and writing both."

"Both togedder!" (taking paper and looking at it.), "Oh yes, — so-o it is. I did n't see dot."

Derrick has read this document aloud to Rip up to a certain point, but beyond that the provisions are vastly different from those represented. When the boy reads the first line, — "Know all men by these presents," — Rip notes that the words are the same that he has heard Derrick recite, and he merely remarks encouragingly, —

"You read almost as well as Derrick." The boy continues: —

"That I, Rip Van Winkle, in consideration of the sum of fifteen pounds" —

"You read just as well as Derrick," interrupts Rip. "Go on."

Here comes in a little bit of "business," that Mr. Jefferson never omits, and which is always acted in precisely the same way. It shows how every movement is studied, and how careful he is about the smallest details of his work.

He has placed his hands over his head, leaning back in the attitude of listening, and as he tells Hendrick to go on lifts his limp hat from his head, and holds it in his fingers. Hendrick proceeds: —

"Do bargain, sell, and convey all my houses, lands, and property whereof I hold possession" —

Then the hat drops, — a perfect expression of sudden surprise, — and Rip hurriedly inquires what Hendrick is reading some "rithmeticks" for, which are not down in the paper. Assured that the words are all there, he folds the document up, and for the first time assumes an earnest tone as he says, —

"Yes, my boy. You read it *better* than Derrick."

Startled at this attempt to rob him, Rip resolves to be watchful; and right here Mr. Jefferson's delineation of the well-meaning but weak and vacillating Dutchman appears in all its perfection.

"Now, Rip," he says to himself, "keep a sharp lookout. I drink no more liker, that's certain. I swore off now for good."

But alas, he has promised to stand

treat to the whole village, and here the village comes, eager for a carouse.

"Here I have just gone and invited the boys to a 'rouse,'" says Rip, as he remembers the embarrassing situation, "and I swore off." But he pays for the liquor, and tells them to go on.

"I do not yoin you; I swore off."

Swore off, and on such an occasion as this! Why, it is ridiculous, and they tell him so. It is easy to see, moreover, that Rip is a little out of patience himself at his hasty promise; but he maintains a determined front, and rebukes those who urge him to take part with ludicrous severity.

"Jacob Stine! Don't I told you I swore off? Vell, den, dot's enough. Wen I say a ting I mean it." But as he turns from Jacob Stine, there stands Nick Vedder, with the tempting cup, on the other side, and the look of comical displeasure melts away; the good resolutions are forgotten, and with a promise not to "count dis one" Rip gives himself up again to conviviality. "Here is your good healths and your families; may they live long and prosper."

In a picture so perfect as a whole, it is difficult to select points for special commendation, but the consummate acting in the scene where Rip returns to his home in the storm, still under the effect of the liquor he has taken, occurs to me as particularly worthy of mention. Gretchen is secreted behind a clothes-horse near the open window, as Rip staggers up. A glimpse of his ragged coat as he approaches the window, and then dodges back, fearing his wife, is the first intimation we have of his coming. The children see him, and when he reappears motion him to beware; but he does not understand them, and in his drunken awkwardness drops his hat inside the window. His involuntary "reach" for the hat and sudden recollection of danger and abandonment of the attempt are very ludicrous. Finding that he is not pursued, however, Rip

ventures up again, and seeing no signs of Gretchen inquires for her, bending over to recover his hat at the same time.

"Has de wild cat come home?" says Rip; but he is seized by the hair at this juncture, and immediately realizes that he is in the toils of the enemy.

"My *darlin'* — don't do that," says Rip.

"Don't, mother, don't!" cries Mee-nie.

"Don't, mother, don't!" repeats Rip. "Don't you hear the children dere talkin' to you?"

Gretchen. Now, sir, who did you call a wild cat?

Rip (reflecting and chewing the end of his necktie). Dot's the time when I come in the window there?

Gretchen. Yes, when you — come — in — the — window.

Rip. That's the time wot I said it.

Gretchen. And that's the time that I heard it. Now who did you mean?

Rip (as if trying to remember). Who *did* I mean? May be I mean my dog Snyder.

Gretchen. That's a likely story.

Rip. Ov course it is likely. He's my dog. I'll call him a wild cat as much as I like.

One more allusion to this scene.

When Gretchen gets the bottle of liquor, Rip tries very hard to induce her to give it back; and failing to do so, breaks a plate or two, and finally sets himself down on the table, with his back to Gretchen, in high dudgeon. Gretchen, warlike and determined, takes a seat in a chair at the other end, and says, —

"Now perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me where you have been for the last two days." (No answer.)

"Where have you been?" (Still no answer.) "Do you hear me?"

Rip (partly turning round). It's not my bottle, any way. I borrowed de bottle.

Gretchen (thoroughly mad, and strik-

ing the table to emphasize each word). Why — did — you — stop — out — all — night?

Rip (equally emphatic, and striking the table in the same manner). Because — I — wanted — to — get — up — early — in — de — moh(hic)ning.

"I don't want the bottle," says Rip. "I have had enough."

"I am glad you know that you have had enough," responds Gretchen.

"Dot 's the same way with me," answers Rip. "I am glad that I know when I have had enough. And I am glad when I have had enough, too."

Mollified at last, he proceeds to tell Gretchen of his adventures.

"You know that old forty-acre field of ours," says Rip.

"Ours!" exclaims Gretchen bitterly.

"Well, it used to be ours. You know well enough what I mean." (The interruption has offended Rip, and he stops his story.) "It don't belong to us now, does it?" he says rather mockingly.

"No, indeed," responds Gretchen.

"Well, den, I would n't bodder about it. Let the man wot owns it worry over it."

When Gretchen begins to cry, Rip's spirits rise.

"Doant you cry, Gretchen, my darlin'," says Rip, in a comforting tone.

"*I will* cry!" exclaims Gretchen, spitefully.

"Oh, very well; cry as much as you like!" exclaims Rip, relapsing into an ugly mood again.

But this passes off. Gretchen's head is on the table. The bottle is in her pocket. Rip sees his opportunity. He approaches, ostensibly to comfort her, really to get the bottle. Finally, after much manœuvring, he obtains it, and then, putting his arms around her shoulders, rocks back and forth as he sits on the table, gently patting her on the shoulder and keeping time to his motion.

"Oh, if you would only treat me kindly!" sobs Grêthen.

"Well, I'm going to treat you kindly," returns Rip, still patting Gretchen at regular intervals as he rocks.

"It would add ten yêars to my life," says Gretchen. Rip's hand is up, about to descend in its regular stroke on her back, but it stops short. It is the announcement of Gretchen that kindness will add ten years to her life that stops it. The hand talks, and it says this; no need of a word from Rip to indicate that he considers the inducement questionable. You know that well enough before he speaks.

I know of no other play where three whole scenes are given with but one speaking character; yet, from the entrance on the first of these scenes by Rip, where he announces that he must spend another night in the mountains, and where he talks to the trees as if they knew and understood him, to his departure down the mountain after his supposed sleep of twenty years, there is not a moment when the interest flags. His interview with the ghostly crew is unique, and though there are not twenty lines in the scene it occupies nearly twenty minutes in the playing.

Judging, from the motions of the first one of the crew he meets, that his strange visitor wants help up the mountain with the keg, Rip points to the keg, then to his own shoulders, then up the mountain, whereupon the hunchback bows in assent.

"Vell, vy don't you say so, den?" asks Rip. "You want me to help you up the mountain with the keg, eh?" (Bows.) "What have you got in the keg? Schnapps?" (More bows.) "I don't believe it." But he does believe it, and the spectator sees that he goes with much more alacrity in consequence.

Frightened at the array of unearthly-looking men on top of the mountain, Rip excuses himself by saying to the chief that he did not want to come, any way.

"Your old grandchild never told me anybody was here, did you?" (appealing to the figure he has met at the foot of the mountain, which figure signifies by a shake of the head that such was the fact). "No! Vell, you ought to told me about dot," says Rip.

I have said that much of this play is the work of Mr. Jefferson, and this scene is an illustration of the fact. No playwright, indeed, could make it as Jefferson presents it.

The ghostly captain signifies that there is liquor to be drunk, and Rip's timidity largely disappears. Here he is at home.

Rip. You want to drink mit me? (Captain bows.) Say, wot's the matter mit you? Was you deaf? (A shake of the head.) Oh, no, of course you was not deaf, or you could not hear wot I was saying. Was you dumb? (Bows.) So? Oh! (pityingly). You vas dumb! (Expression of commiseration.) Has all of your family got the same complaint? (Bows from the captain.) Yes? All dumb? (turning slowly round, and surveying the circle of figures, all of whom bow, in affirmative answer to his questions. As the last one bows, Rip nods towards the others). Yes, *dey* told me. (Raising his cup as if to drink, he suddenly stops.) Oh, have you got any girls? (Shake of the captain's head.) No? Such a big family, and all boys! Dot's a pity. If you had some girls, what wives they would make!

The appearance of Rip in the prosperous and bustling little village, after his twenty years' sleep, could very easily be made ridiculous, but the character never becomes so in the hands of Mr. Jefferson. What a weak, bewildered old man he is! The town is familiar, yet strange. The river and the hills and the mountains seem natural, but the faces have changed since yesterday, and no one looks upon him with a nod of recognition. Here where his humble house stood rises a pretentious dwelling.

"Tell me, do you live here?" he inquires of the smart young successor of Nick Vedder, who kept the village tavern twenty years before.

"Well, rather. I was born here."

Yes, he knew Nick Vedder and Jacob Stine, but both are long since dead.

"Did you know" (hesitatingly) — "did you know Rip Van Winkle?"

"What, the laziest drunken vagabond in the whole village?"

"Yes, dot was the man," says Rip sadly.

"Oh, he has been dead these twenty years."

"Rip Van Winkle is dead?"

"Why, certainly."

All this is very bewildering, but after a glass of wine Rip tries again.

"Dot gives me strength to ask these people one more question. My friend, there was a little girl — Meenie she was called. She — she is not dead?"

The holding of the breath, the convulsive fumbling of the chin and lip, — how much, they tell! How eloquently they express the painful suspense of the inquirer! But she is alive, and an appearance of relief strikes Rip's whole figure at this intelligence.

"Meenie is alive! It's all right now."

"She is not only alive, but the prettiest girl in the whole village," says the young man.

"Oh, I know that," says Rip, with the father's pride in his voice, — "I know that!"

Up to this time Rip supposes that Gretchen is dead, and the announcement that she is not gives an opportunity for humor to follow close on the heels of pathos.

"Gretchen!" he exclaims. "Why, is not Gretchen dead, then?"

"No, but married again."

"Why, how could she do a thing like that?"

It is explained to him that it was all easy enough. When Rip died, Gretchen

became a widow, and of course she was free to marry.

"Oh, yes," remarks the husband. "I forgot about Rip being dead."

Then the crowning surprise comes in the statement that she has married Derrick.

"What! Derrick Von Beekman! Has Gretchen married Derrick? Well! I never thought he would come to any good. Poor Derrick."

Finally the simple old fellow is urged to tell who and what he is.

"I don't know how it is," he says, "but my name used to be Rip Van Winkle."

"Impossible!" exclaims young Hendrick Vedder.

"Well, I would not swear to it myself," says Rip.

Seeing that none recognize him, and wondering what can be the matter and how it can all be, Rip comes to that soliloquy so full of pathos and which strikes such a chord in the hearts of his audience: —

"Why, I was born here. Even the dogs used to know me. Now dey bark at me. And the little children, dey all used to know me; now (swallowing a sob) — now dey run from me. My, my! are we so soon forgot when we are gone?"

But the summit of the pathetic is reached when Rip endeavors to make his child remember him. For a time he cannot believe that the full-grown woman before him is really his daughter; but in talking with her of her father, he soon discovers the features of his Meenie.

"See the smile! Oh! — and the eye! That is just the same."

Meenie having wished that her father were only here now, Rip tremblingly looks at her as he says, —

"But — but he is n't, eh? No."

Finally seeing the necessity of making himself known, but fearful of the consequences, Rip speaks: —

"Meenie! You don't forget your fadder's face — you could n't do that. Look at me now, and tell me, did you never see me before? Try! try!"

The girl looks, half doubtingly, and asks him to explain. He goes on.

"Yesterday — it seems to me yesterday — I had here my wife, my home, my child Meenie, and my dog Snyder; but last night — well — there was a storm — try to remember — I went away — you were a little girl — I met some queer fellows in the mountains, and I got to drinking mit 'em, and I guess I got pretty drunk — When I wake this morning — well" (putting his hands to his head and face in that effort to crush back the sobs), "my wife is gone, my home is gone, and my child looks in my face and don't know who I am."

If there is a fault in the acting of this play, it is in the hurried recognition of her father by Meenie at this point; but the audience are always eager for this *dénouement*, and do not stop to weigh the effect of a little longer pause at this crisis of the piece.

Taking this representation altogether, I think the impartial verdict must be that it exhibits the most perfect bit of acting on the stage. But it is like a rare painting, rich and deep, and needing long and earnest inspection to discover its full beauty.

Mr. Jefferson acts with his whole body, and from head to foot is charged with the part. When he overhears Gretchen saying, threateningly, "Oh, Rip, Rip, just wait till I get you home!" and he turns and walks swiftly away, the action is literally twice as expressive as words. A terrified exit or a trembling of the limbs would make the thoughtless laugh just as loud, but would destroy that striking realism which is conspicuously present in all he does. A coarser-fibred actor would play it that way, and in the shout would mark a triumph for himself, and be puzzled to account for his failure to achieve a Jeffer-

sonian success. But the fault would be simply that he failed to observe the injunction of Hamlet, and hold the mirror up to nature. That Mr. Jefferson does.

As indicated at the beginning, the public will see little more of Rip Van Winkle. Mr. Jefferson will not only play less in the future, but he will devote the greater share of the time he spends on the boards to other pieces. His recent success in reviving the part

of Caleb Plummer, in the Cricket on the Hearth, induces the belief that his triumph in this character will be second only to that of Rip Van Winkle. Revised and rearranged, this piece will be presented as the principal one of his repertory next season, being supplemented by that clever farce, *Lend Me Five Shillings*, which affords a fine contrast to the former play, and enables Mr. Jefferson to show his versatility to great advantage.

Gilbert A. Pierce.

THE SONGS THAT ARE NOT SUNG.

Do not praise: a word is payment more than meet for what is done.
Who shall paint the mote's glad raiment floating in the molten sun?
Nay, nor smile: for blind is eyesight, ears may hear not, lips are dumb;
From the silence, from the twilight, wordless, but complete, they come.

Songs were born before the singer: like white souls that wait for birth,
They abide the chosen bringer of their melody to earth.

Deep the pain of our demerit: strings so rude or rudely strung,
Dull to every pleading spirit seeking speech, but sent unsung.
Round our hearts with gentle breathing still the plaintive silence plays,
But we brush away its wreathing, filled with cares of common days.

Ever thinking of the morrow, burdened down with needs and creeds,
Once or twice, mayhap, in sorrow, we may hear the song that pleads.
Once or twice, a dreaming poet sees the beauty as it flies;
But his vision, — who shall know it? Who shall read it from his eyes?
Voiceless he: his necromancy fails to cage the wondrous bird;
Lure and snare are vain when fancy flies like echo from a word.
Only sometime he may sing it, using speech as 't were a bell, —
Not to read the song, but ring it, like the sea-tone from a shell.
Sometimes, too, it comes and lingers round the strings all still and mute,
Till some lover's wandering fingers draw it living from the lute.

Still, our best is but a vision which a lightning-flash illumines,
Just a gleam of life elysian flung across the voiceless glooms.

Why should gleams perplex and move us? Ah, the soul must upward grow
To the beauty far above us, and the songs no sense may know.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE EAST AND THE WEST IN RECENT FICTION.

SINCE we have learned to be content with something less than the continental in American fiction, we may think it a piece of good luck that the season brings us two such characteristic works from the separate shores of the continent as Mr. Howells's story of *A Woman's Reason* and Mr. Harte's novel *In the Carquinez Woods*. Both writers pay due respect to the oceans which they face. Mr. Howells imports an English lord for duty in the neighborhood of Boston, and Mr. Harte touches in a Chinaman as a slight piece of local color. In the realism of *A Woman's Reason* there is all the suggestion of a high-strung Atlantic civilization; in Mr. Harte's scene-painting one may see a sketch of that melodramatic California which he has annexed to the republic of letters. The geographical influences in the two books might easily be made, after the fashion of some physicists, to account for the variations in the heroes and heroines, but the reader who does not wish to be too learned will probably accept the characters as the work of the literary creators.

We have called *A Woman's Reason*¹ a story, in spite of the announcement of the title-page. It is the first time that Mr. Howells has allowed the story element to get the upper hand of him. Dr. Breen's Practice was not an argument against the invasion of the medical profession by women. *A Modern Instance* was not a tract upon the divorce laws, though some seem so to have regarded it. But *A Woman's Reason* is an interesting contribution to the discussion of self-help by women, in the form of a narrative of Miss Helen Harkness's experience from the time when she lost

her father, her lover, and her money until she recovered her lover and was relieved from the predicament in which she found herself. Not until she has sounded the gamut from decorating pottery to serving behind the counter in a photograph saloon is her lover allowed to come to her rescue. He is kept away by an ingenious series of disasters, but the reader awaits his final return with a calm confidence in the uprightness of the story-teller.

The play of plot upon character and of character upon plot which constitutes a novel is not wanting, but it is subordinate, and with this change of design Mr. Howells may easily gain more readers without increasing the worthiness of his art. It is entertaining to follow Miss Harkness through her perplexities, and one discovers common sense in a variety of new and piquant forms; but it may be questioned if enough light has been cast upon a social problem to compensate for the loss of a piece of higher art. Miss Harkness is rather a variation of a type than a distinct addition to the portrait gallery which Mr. Howells has been collecting. Her waywardness is relieved a little by the pretty touch which makes her a day-dreamer, and her character is redeemed by the instant response to an appeal for integrity and the one moment of constancy; but that is the way with most of Mr. Howells's young women. Caprice and a charming negation of logic are the every-day dress of their characters; they keep the purple and fine linen of high thoughts and noble enterprise for great occasions only. We own we like them, these pretty creatures who italicize their sentences and turn sharp corners in their minds, and we know that in emergencies they may be depended upon. Perhaps we ought to ask for nothing more.

¹ *A Woman's Reason*. A Novel. By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

But, with the memory of Florida and Marcia, we look wistfully for faces a little more enduring, a little more expressive of every-day capacity for greatness.

Yet how thoroughly enjoyable this story is to any one who knows the originals! We are not certain that a familiar acquaintance with Boston and Cambridgeport and the Beverly shore can be dispensed with in a satisfactory appreciation of the characters and situations. Only he who has seen and known all this in the flesh can really enjoy the felicities of the spiritual reproduction; and this is what makes us half afraid that Mr. Howells's success as an artist depends upon his realism, whereas the reverse should be true, that one reading his books might recognize the originals when he saw them. But why fret ourselves over this? We have the entertaining dialogue, which is natural and not hopelessly brilliant and epigrammatic; the gentle satire; the playful contrast of English and American habits of thought; the humorous studies of life in Kimball and Giffen and Mr. Everton; the careful, graphic, and repressed narrative of Fenton's adventures. There is more variety of situation than commonly occurs in Mr. Howells's fiction, and it would almost seem as if he had gone back temporarily to possess himself of some of the ordinary trappings of fiction, to which he had been indifferent in his previous succession of novels; so that we are justified in the confidence which we always like to feel regarding the work of contemporary writers that movement is progress.

It is like passing from playing on the violin to hoisting a mainsail when we lay down *A Woman's Reason* and take up *In the Carquinez Woods*.¹ Mr. Harte's characters, whatever their other deficiencies, never lack brawn. They are apt to change their costume with the agility of Harlequin and Columbine,

but they are equally vigorous and confident in every new disguise. We must say for this little novel at the outset that it is more consistent and less careless than any of Mr. Harte's fuller narratives, and has a more involved movement than any of his short stories. It carries forward into the region of the novel those excellencies which made his short stories famous, and while the melodramatic element remains, there is a more studied attempt to make use of the common virtues of humanity.

It is the women of a novel which determine its truthfulness. The very subtlety of the sex makes any delineation a test of the writer's truthfulness in art; for while a writer who is a law to himself will make this subtlety an excuse for drawing characters which transgress all known laws, an artist will employ the same subtlety to bring into distincter light the obedience to law which underlies subtlety. To compare for a moment the character of Helen Harkness, which we have just been considering, with that of Teresa, the central figure in this novel of Mr. Harte's: the variability of the girl who dismisses her lover in a freak, and who turns impulsively from one form of self-support to another, has a superficial quality; the reader is not left in doubt as to the real gravitation of her heart, or the inflexible honesty of her nature. On the other hand, Teresa appears before the reader as a vulgar heroine of a shooting affray, a woman of dance halls and many lovers: "The daring Teresa! the reckless Teresa! audacious as a woman, invincible as a boy; dancing, flirting, fencing, shooting, swearing, drinking, smoking, fighting Teresa!" The hero is a man of half-Indian blood, with all the best qualities of the Indian, and with a delicacy and refinement of nature which Mr. Harte insists upon at every turn. He is in love with a village coquette, a daughter of the Baptist minister, who is an offensive hypocrite. The

¹ *In the Carquinez Woods*. By BRET HARTE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

young lady throws over the half Indian, after playing with him, and he turns to Teresa, who has already become passionately in love with him, but whom he has disregarded in his preoccupation with the coquette.

There is certainly nothing impossible in a man transferring his affections under these circumstances, and Mr. Harte has paved the way for the half Indian by allowing Teresa to develop somewhat similar qualities, and to show how much more akin she is to the man than the heartless minister's daughter. The inconsistency lies deeper. The transformation of Teresa from a coarse rowdy into a gentle, delicate, suffering woman may be a miracle wrought by love, and so we suppose Mr. Harte intends it to be, but no account seems to be taken of nature; the change is wrought in obedience to the demands of the story. It is a shallow and not a profound reading of human nature which discovers the woman beneath the courtesan, and treats the courtesanship as a mask which can be dropped easily at will and leave no signs of itself behind. If one can read Mr. Harte's stories long enough he may be beguiled into belief in a world where the virtues and vices play at cross-tag, and one is puzzled to know which is "it," and then such a story as this will have the charm of an ingenious play among people who put on and off their characters with a dexterous facility. The hypocrites have the hardest time. No chance is given them, and they remain sternly consistent to the end. One of the cleverest bits in this novel is the scene where the Baptist minister, — who by the bye is made to have service and to receive the Bishop, — in talking with some of the roughs with whom he wishes to be hail fellow well met, boasts of an oath in which he had indulged. "There was something so unutterably vile in the reverend gentleman's utterance and emphasis of this oath that the two men, albeit both easy and facile blasphemers,

felt shocked; as the purest of actresses is apt to overdo the rakishness of a gay Lothario, Father Wynn's immaculate conception of an imprecation was something terrible."

The natural setting of the story is very striking. The Carquinez Woods are dealt with in a strong, imaginative way, and one enters them at different points in the narrative with a positive sense of leaving towns and houses behind. The wolves and the fire also have a vivid and lurid presentation which show Mr. Harte at his best; for there is no mistaking the strength of his hand when he is dealing with nature, physical or human, in its coarser fibre. Gentleness and serenity have a meagre representation in his pictures of life, and it is noticeable that the quality of tenderness is assigned by him to men rather than to women. His world is a world of men, where some are gentler than others. The women who play their parts are usually the disturbing element, not the healing; they are apt to be masqueraders, rather than constituent parts of society. Can it be that the Pacific slope is after all accurately portrayed in Mr. Harte's fiction? The constancy which he shows to a few types is evidence of his own faith. Still we may be permitted to believe that his California is largely his own discovery, and thus we may give him credit for a breadth of imagination which disdains the aid of a minute realism. His novel of *In the Carquinez Woods* is so remote from the customary fiction of the day that it attracts one by its very rebound. It keeps a connection with certain liberal romance of earlier days; we are not sure that it may not contain some prophecy of the fiction that is to come. At any rate, we hope the coming novelist, if he is heir to the grace and distinct naturalness of Mr. Howells, will have something of the large, vigorous, imaginative vividness which are the undeniable properties of Mr. Harte's fiction.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

MR. CURTIS has undertaken in these two goodly volumes¹ to rehabilitate James Buchanan. Such a task was probably more congenial to Mr. Curtis than it would be to most American writers; but even a large measure of sympathy could not have made the labor easy. James Buchanan has rested, and still rests, under a heavy weight of obloquy. At the crisis of his own and the nation's fate, men on both sides lost all faith in him, and the clouds of popular contempt and distrust hung darkly over his declining years. He failed to disperse these clouds himself, and the effort has now been renewed by Mr. Curtis, under more favorable auspices and with better opportunities. The only point worth considering in the limited space at our command is how far Mr. Curtis has succeeded in his attempt.

At the outset it may be said that the biography is entirely worthy of its author's well-known abilities. It is neither brilliant nor picturesque, but it is cool and clear, admirably reasoned in the argumentative portions, thorough, careful, and exact. We have noted only one error, so trifling in importance as hardly to deserve reference, but singular in the work of a writer so thoroughly well informed and so painstaking as Mr. Curtis. On page 38 (vol. i.) Mr. Curtis says, speaking of the presidential candidates, that in the year 1824, "Mr. Crawford, who had formerly been a senator from Georgia, was not in any public position." Mr. Crawford was at that time Secretary of the Treasury, an office which he had held since 1816, and which he continued to hold, despite his partial paralysis, until the inauguration of Mr. Adams in March, 1825. Indeed, it was the possession of the Treasury Depart-

ment which was Mr. Crawford's chief source of strength as a candidate for the presidency.

It may be admitted at the outset that Mr. Curtis has shown that Mr. Buchanan was a man of much more intellectual force than has been popularly supposed of late years. This in one sense gives Mr. Buchanan a better standing historically. At the same time the proof of superior ability enhances the responsibility of its possessor, and justly subjects him to a severer judgment.

James Buchanan sprang from the vigorous Scotch-Irish race which flourished so extensively in Pennsylvania, and he was a strange scion to come from such a stock. It is well known that among certain virgin tribes of Africa perfectly white children have been born. These freaks of nature are commonly known as albinos, and we cannot describe Buchanan better than by saying that he was the Albino child of his tribe. The Scotch-Irish have in their veins the blood of Scotland and of Puritan England. Transplanted to Ireland, they found themselves in the midst of a people alien in blood and religion, and intensely hostile. They lived in their new home surrounded by danger, and engaged in constantly recurring wars. By nature hard and strong, such conditions intensified all their most salient qualities. They became a hot-headed, vindictive, unreasonable, and at the same time a singularly brave, reckless, and determined people. They were essentially fighters in every nerve and fibre of their being. From such a strongly marked race, whose normal outcome and highest types in our own country were Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun, came James Bu-

¹ *Life of James Buchanan, Fifteenth President of the United States.* By GEORGE TICKNOR

CURTIS. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

chanan. His people were quick in quarrel and heavy of hand. He never quarreled with anybody, and was above all things a man of peace. They were reckless, daring, impatient. He was cool, cautious, timid, enduring. He had no characteristics of his race except a quiet tenacity of purpose, a religious temperament, and a certain austerity of life and thought, the traces of a vigorous blood lingering amid a mass of wholly alien and different qualities. Above all, James Buchanan was smooth, sleek, and plausible, — traits as foreign to his ancestry as pink eyes to that of the dwellers by the Congo.

At the same time, this Scotch-Irish Albino was admirably adapted for success in politics when everything was calm, or when there were no more than the ordinary fluctuations of party strife. An agreeable story-teller and talker, with pleasant, affable manners, Mr. Buchanan was invariably liked in society, and always obtained an easy popularity. His most attractive side was toward his family and immediate friends. He had a deep vein of real sentiment, as shown by his luckless love affair, which shadowed and darkened his whole life. This and a very kindly nature, and an amiable and even temper, made him beloved by all who were closest to him. With an unusual warmth Mr. Curtis extols Mr. Buchanan's letters to Miss Lane. He seems to us to have greatly exaggerated the merit of these productions. They are clear and sensible, but perfectly commonplace, exhibiting little humor and no great depth or acuteness of observation. Nevertheless they are thoroughly kind and affectionate, and together with his generous conduct toward his favorite niece, and indeed toward all his relatives, show a gentle and lovable nature in private life.

These same qualities which made Mr. Buchanan beloved at home made him popular abroad. He offended no one, and every one was glad to help him

forward. Moreover, Mr. Buchanan had many admirable qualifications for a public servant and practical statesman. He was very industrious and thorough. He always was master of the subject in hand. He was a clear, smooth, plausible speaker, and a close and lucid reasoner. He was a sound lawyer, and remarkably learned and able as an expounder of the constitution. He would have made an excellent judge, and it was a cruel fate which kept him from the supreme bench in 1845, to raise him to the presidency in 1857.

Starting as a Federalist and rising rapidly in politics during the era of good feeling, Mr. Buchanan, with that unerring instinct for the winning side which is characteristic of such natures as his, attached himself to the fortunes of General Jackson. Any other man would have failed in this alliance if he had had the experience which befell Buchanan. General Jackson was engaged in reiterating the proved falsehood of bargain and corruption against Mr. Clay, and finally cited Mr. Buchanan as his witness to Mr. Clay's efforts to make a trade in 1824, first with one candidate, and then with another. Buchanan, never having attempted to negotiate in Mr. Clay's behalf, utterly failed to sustain Jackson's statement. So far as pressing and repeating the charge was concerned, this offered no let or hindrance to the hero of New Orleans; but at the same time Buchanan's failure to support him was a serious offense in the eyes of Jackson. It would have been the ruin of any other man. Buchanan, however, soon effaced it from the general's memory, and such a feat shows a power for conciliation which is rarely to be met with. The way in which he had been mollified ought to have convinced Jackson that the man capable of such dexterous management had a genius for diplomacy. Whether he thought so or not, he sent Mr. Buchanan as Minister to Russia, and both there and at a later period in Lon-

don Mr. Buchanan showed the greatest aptitude for the highest diplomacy. Inoffensive and yet persistent, adroit, patient, determined, he almost always succeeded in carrying his point, and he was thoroughly informed as to all questions of our foreign relations. Above all, he was an uncompromising American in all his thoughts and feelings, and he never appears to greater advantage than in the many complicated affairs with which he dealt as Secretary of State and as Minister to Russia and England.

Gradually Mr. Buchanan rose in the political world. His industry, capacity, and even temper all helped his elevation. He was also a thorough party man. He swallowed every doctrine of his party, and was an unflinching adherent of every notion originated by Jackson, including the spoils system and the theory of rotation in office. He never hesitated at anything, and in some of the speeches quoted by Mr. Curtis there is a cheap partisanship of tone and statement unworthy of a man who had as much statesman-like ability as Mr. Buchanan. But this very partisanship was a recommendation in the right quarter. It required no great perspicacity to perceive that the South ruled the democratic party, and that whoever would rise in that party was obliged to serve the South. From this Mr. Buchanan did not shrink. He was the faithful servant of the South for years. He supported all the Southern measures. He was in favor of the annexation of Texas, and he helped on the infamy of the Mexican war, covering the progress of the slavery movement with all sorts of smooth and specious pretexts and excuses, while he kept strictly for home consumption a very mild disapproval of the system of slavery as an abstract theory.

As he prosperously advanced in his public career, the great prize of the presidency came nearer and nearer. But Mr. Buchanan was above all things patient. He knew how to wait. He

put by the crown more than once, and judiciously withdrew from struggles which appeared premature. At last, in 1852, it seemed as if his time had come, and then the master whom he had served set him aside and selected Franklin Pierce, a man in every way inferior, and therefore likely to be even more subservient than Buchanan. The rejected candidate resigned himself to his disappointment, and was consoled by the mission to England. Thence he returned to receive the nomination for which he had waited, and to be triumphantly elected to the highest office in the gift of the people.

Three years glided by. There was another election, and the Republican party was victorious. In 1856 Mr. Buchanan had preached with great zeal the duty of the North to abide by the decision of the ballot-box. In 1860 the North succeeded, but the President's beloved South, while firmly convinced that the North ought always to accept the will of the majority, now hastened to perpetrate one of the greatest crimes in history by dissolving the Union and plunging the country into the horrors of civil war, solely because they had lost an election and with it the control of the government.

There is something very pitiable — something almost tragic — in the figure of James Buchanan during those last months of his administration. The smooth, plausible, wary politician, having touched the summit of his ambition, was caught at the last moment between two great factions, bitterly excited and just ready to spring at each other's throat. The Southerners turned against Buchanan when they found that there was a point at which even he stopped, and that he would not openly aid secession. They had no reason to be indignant with the President, for they had no right to suppose for a moment that a Northern man capable of bending to them as Buchanan had always done

should also possess the daring and reckless courage needed to commit a great crime. At bottom Buchanan was weak and timeserving, but he was not a villain, and he recoiled with horror from the pit which the Southern leaders opened in his path. Mr. Curtis shows very clearly that Buchanan was opposed to secession. It is a significant commentary that argument and proof on such a point in regard to a President of the United States should be considered necessary, and at the same time it does not touch the heart of the matter at all. That Mr. Buchanan was opposed in opinion to secession is wholly secondary. The real question is, How did he meet secession when it confronted him? Mr. Curtis devotes nearly a volume to the consideration of the last few months of Mr. Buchanan's presidential term, and it is of course impossible in a brief notice to take up in detail such an elaborate defense. But the general result can be easily stated. On Mr. Curtis's own showing, presumably the best that can be made, Buchanan failed miserably at the great crisis in the nation's life. He took the ground that he would not precipitate war by applying force to prevent a State from seceding, but that he would defend the flag and property of the United States. With this seemingly vigorous and magnanimous policy upon his lips he suffered one public building after another to be seized, and never struck a blow. All that he retained were the two forts, Sumter and Pickens. Treason was rife in his cabinet, and he allowed the traitors to depart without a word. He drafted an answer to the Southern commissioners which was so weak and vacillating that his cabinet felt obliged to protest and stop it. General Dix sent his famous order, and says he did not show it to the President because he knew the latter would not have allowed it to go forth. In other words, the President of the United States would have refused

to order an officer of the government to defend the national flag. It seems hardly worth while to write a volume in defense of a man who was in such a state of cowardly panic as that. Mr. Curtis says that Buchanan had no troops, and that Congress would not do anything to help him. He had enough troops to have fought on the instant, and at the first moment the flag was touched or a public building seized. The moment a move was made by the South he should have struck hard, and whether defeated or victorious the "next breeze that swept from the North would have brought to his ears the clash of resounding arms." Congress did nothing for him for the obvious reason that they did not trust him. They knew that he was timid and timeserving, and they then thought him a traitor. Many people in the North could not believe that the South would really secede, and the leaders who saw what was coming were simply playing for time and waiting until they could get a President in whom they could confide.

The fact was that Buchanan was a very weak man, who had been a tool of stronger forces all his life. He suddenly found himself in the midst of a terrible crisis, calculated to try the nerve and courage of a man of iron mould. The South, which had owned and supported him, flung him aside and trampled on him when he had served his turn. The ruling party at the North despised and distrusted him and turned coldly away from him. The firm rock on which he had always rested had crumbled beneath him, and he found himself drifting helpless and alone on the seething waters of secession and civil war. He quivered and shook and made some constitutional arguments, and failed utterly, hopelessly, miserably. He had served slavery all his life, and when the crash came he had no courage and no convictions to fall back upon. He sank out of sight, and the great national move-

ment swept over him and all his kind. He fills a place in history, because for many years he was a faithful public servant and finally President; but no art or argument can rehabilitate him, or make him other than he was. He was not even a great failure, for he showed in his downfall that with all his ability, adroitness, and industry, the essential qualities of greatness were wholly lacking.

One word more and we have done. It has been the fashion in certain quarters for many years to openly avow or covertly suggest that if a sectional party had not been built up in the North, secession and civil war would not have come to pass. Mr. Curtis indulges in this talk a little, and it is high time that nonsense of this sort should cease or be left exclusively to such conservative gentlemen as Bob Toombs and Jeff Davis. There was a sectional party from the foundation of the government, the party of slavery. However the South might divide on other questions, on slavery it was solid. After many years the sectional party of the South

bred an opposition in the North, and then the Southerners and all their friends began to moan over Northern sectionalism, and have kept it up ever since. All sectional parties are bad things, and the blame for them rests with the South, who paid the penalty, and is nevertheless solid and sectional at this very moment. In view of these simple facts, it seems hardly worth while for anybody to continue to lay the blame for secession openly or by implication upon the North and the Republican party. That heavy burden, the burden of a gigantic and unsuccessful crime, lies upon the South and her Northern sympathizers and servants, of whom James Buchanan was a type. It belongs to them in about equal proportions, the only difference being that the South expiated her fault in defeat and ruin after a gallant fight, while her Northern allies got off scot free. There has been enough said, therefore, by the latter class about Northern sectionalism being the cause of the war, and it is time that such false and miserable cant ceased to find a place in any historical work.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE fact that the frenzied Andromaque of Georges Rochegrosse carried away the first prize of the Salon of 1883 is not calculated to diminish an unpleasant impression of contemporary French art which every observant visitor must have received from this Salon. To the praise of English art, it can be said that no such offensive impression ever results from closest acquaintance with the Royal Academy exhibitions. Although the *brio* and *bravura* of Continental technique mocks at the more limited skill, the dulcet sentimentality and conventional morality, of the British school, the cultivated public at large has

a right to insist that the art which shocks and disgusts the spiritual sensibilities of humanity is inferior to that which does not, however the former may excel in pleasing a trained but artificial sense for composition and form. A truth of which artists themselves are so often profoundly ignorant is that art is an expression of the ideal part of universal humanity, *not* an exclusive right of those who paint and carve; and he to whom is given the mere brain and hand power, which is but a simple *medium* of expression, has no more right to limit what that expression may or may not be than he who learns a language has to assert

what imaginative or spiritual impulse may or may not flow through it. As well might the poet declare that the sole purpose of his art ought to be the musical quantity and rhythm that tickle the ear, or the architect that architecture, and not human need, is the fundamental purpose of building.

To those who look upon contemporaneous French art from the stand-point of spiritual and imaginative humanity, and not from that of the sense-absorbed colorist and draughtsman, indications are not wanting that the art of which the Salon is the annual exponent is narrowing itself away from any other ideal than that of mere painting, and therefore approaching to the floridity and exuberance of expression for mere expression's sake which degraded the Italian art of the seventeenth century, and made that art as full-bodied but as soulless as the art of Pope's Song by a Person of Quality. Curiously enough, this element of decadence was introduced into both Italian and French art by the most vital and vigorous of romantic humanists; and what Michael Angelo's titanic unrestraint did for his less imaginative followers, Delacroix's passion for abrupt light and shade and twisted "romantic" attitudes may yet do for the Salon.

The success of Rochegrosse's Andromaque is a mere craftsman's triumph, *not* an artist's; for nothing can be consummately artistic while horrible and repulsive, as is this gory, ghastly scene. One need only to imagine it placed in a gallery of work of the full-blooming Florentine Renaissance, that rich, thoughtful, serene, and immortal period, to realize what fatal element of decay exists in a school which gives its highest commendation to such scientific brutality as this.

The incident of the picture is Andromaque's agonized struggle when her infant son is torn from her arms, by the order of Ulysses, to be thrown from the

ramparts. *Convulsive* is the first impression one receives from the violent foreshortenings and abrupt shadows, masterly as they are as mere craftsmanship. The action of the central figure, this raging, distorted, disheveled Andromaque, whose very hair, even, seems to rage and writhe in mortal throes, is as strained and painful as could be conceived. Death is all about, — putrid death, green and loathsome, as well as violent death, in its first hideous expression of gaping, staring surprise. Though the legend is classical, not the least faint shadow rests upon it of such antique dignity and calm as stamp even the Laocoön and group of the Farnese Bull.

All who remember this same artist's picture of last year, representing Vitellius hooted at by the mob, a canvas crowded with repulsive figures and disheveled by a raggedness of light and shade suggestive of some rending and violent explosion, will recognize that in this purely technical success the most imaginative and least mechanical element, even of mere technique, is wanting, — the element of color. Rochegrosse is no colorist, and the monochromatic dullness of his canvas of this year, beside the cheap, calico-like surface of the one of last, impresses the observer more than ever that scientific knowledge and dashing skill, rather than ideal or even sensuous beauty, are the qualities valued by those who award the prizes of the French Salon, and thus represent French art.

Bin's *Mort à la Peine*, or Death and the Woodcutter, as it has been also called, is another of the season's successes which illustrate certain tendencies. It is not a furious canvas, like the Andromaque, but one with quite as little elevation or beauty of sentiment animating its skill; even the pathos which the subject might otherwise possess being buried beneath a piling-up of more effective horrors. The woodman, just killed by a false stroke of his own

axe, lies amid a huge circumference of blood. The face is unutterably repulsive in its dingy pallor, sunken-eyed, open-mouthed, and with its last living expression of agonized terror frozen upon it. Vultures hover low over the corpse, adding such a sickening, imaginative influence to the scene as not all their scientific effectiveness in "continuing a line" or enhancing a light ought ever to atone for. The draughtsmanship is powerful, firm, and sweeping; the wooded landscape artistically subordinate and receding, dull and unassertive, behind the masterly modeling of figures; but the whole spiritual effect of the picture is to send one away with both sick and pained realization of the miserable tragedies to which hapless humanity is liable, — tragedies without dignity, all brutal horror, agony, and disgust.

The Crucifixions of this year, not less numerous than usual, mark also with pregnant emphasis this characteristic of to-day's French art. Not one of them, vital point of the religious life of millions though that scene is, would awake a single heavenward-aspiring thought, or even tender earthly emotion. A small canvas — representing a lurid, cloud-tossed midnight, and the solitary figure of a dancing-girl just from some scene of revelry, in modern stage tights, with bare breasts and arms, stretching on tiptoe, up from a donkey's back, to passionately kiss the impenitent thief, — is the only one which does not sooner stir the coarser passions of hate and revenge against the crucifiers than of love, pity, or reverence for the Crucified. In all these pictures, the showy, colorful, and color-focusing blood is always scientifically arranged, and largely *en evidence*, while the anatomical and muscular expression of the mortal leaves no place for suggestion of the divine agony.

A huge canvas by Brunet, pupil of Gérôme and Boulanger, is singular among these in representing Les Gibets

du Golgotha, with the central figure left out! The two thieves, apparently studied from long-dead and decomposed models, are tied with ropes to their crosses. Those crosses are huge, towering, massive, and richly bitumened ones, which Hercules himself could not have borne, and which in the hard realism of modern French art have no symbolical significance as representing the sins of the world. The feet and hands of the thieves are pierced with huge nails, but only Christ seems to have bled. His vacant cross stands there, horrible above all the horrors.

The subject is too repulsive to pursue longer, and the writer will only allude *en passant* to such scenes as Une Boucherie pendant le Siègè, which degraded color and drawing worthy of better use. Briefly, too, must be mentioned the climax of hideous brutality of the whole exhibition, L'Alcool of Anatole Beaulieu, one of Eugène Delacroix's pupils. The art which has given the world the Sistine Madonna has fallen as low in this canvas as the art which created Dorothea Brooke fell in the creation of Nana.

— There is a charge commonly brought against dwellers in capital cities from which, in the interest of fair judgment, I should like to defend them, — I mean the accusation of a frivolity of life far exceeding that of the inhabitants of rural towns and villages. In a loose use of language, frivolity is taken to mean the same thing as dissipation, or at least a preoccupation with the pleasures of the gay world. But frivolity is, properly speaking, but another name for trifling, and a frivolous life is one spent in trivial pursuits. There are frivolous persons to be found everywhere, and, according to my view, the life of large cities is no more favorable to the production of a trivial temper of mind and habit of existence than that of smaller districts. Even worldliness is less a matter of external activities than of interior

disposition. There are country girls with all the will to be as worldly as the gayest city belle, and who display the worldly spirit just as far as they have opportunity to do so; and city girls who are not worldly, though with every temptation to estimate social enjoyment and social success above things nobler. I have heard good people declaim against the social life of cities as if there were really something criminal in a fondness for dinner parties, receptions, and balls, and a high degree of virtue in abstaining from such pleasures by those who could not have them if they would. I have had considerable experience of life in rural towns, and so far as it informs me I am willing to maintain that life in them is no more earnest, dignified with worthy interests and aims, than life in cities, but merely a less busy and a duller thing. The frivolous city girl's day is filled with engagements from morning to night, — with shopping, paying and receiving visits, driving in the park, and theatre or ball going in the evening. Her mind is taken up with these things to the exclusion of anything like intellectual occupation, — for novel-reading does not come under that head. She is absorbed in pleasure-seeking in all its various kinds. The frivolous country girl has more time on her hands, but does she do anything better with it? She, too, seeks her pleasures, as many as are to be had, and sighs that there are no more of them. She shops and pays calls, and plays tennis in the afternoon instead of driving on the avenue; wishes there were a dance for the evening, but since there is not stays at home and does some fancy-work, finishes her novel, or chats with some intimate who "drops in" on her. What real difference in her character is made by the fact that she has had but one party to attend during the week, where the other girl has had six? Is worldliness worse because it is on a larger scale? Is scandal about the last elopement in fashionable society

more demoralizing than gossip about one's next-door neighbor's son and the attention he is paying to Miss So-and-So? The virtue of minding one's own business is not more commonly practiced in rural places than in larger ones. I know of city girls who mingle with their pleasures an active care for the poor and sick, spending as much thought and time in charitable work as those who, living in country places, have less demand upon their leisure. It is sad to see a man or woman spending life in thoughtless gayety; to me, it is equally sad to see one wasting it in simple, negatively virtuous inanity. I know certain worthy persons the mere sight of whom is depressing beyond words. The vacancy of their minds oppresses me as a suspension in a strain of music distresses the ear; the dullness of their undeveloped sensibilities, the contraction of the mental and spiritual space they are shut up in, affects me as a positive pain. If it were an external necessity that compelled to this way of existence, the case would be hard enough; but being, as I know it is, the result of choice and habit, and that, again, the outcome of sluggish temperament and minds deprived of proper stimulus, the pity of it is so much the greater. Sometimes such people do suffer from this species of self-starvation, yet without knowing it, or at least without comprehension of the true cause of their dull unrest. Perhaps it is just such a one, of all persons, whom you will hear speaking in disparagement of "fashionable" society. In the name of reason, one exclaims internally, is it not better at least to enjoy one's self than to make an absolute nothing of one's life? To be pleased with trifles is at least no crime, but you would make it a virtue to be pleased with nothing. Life, for such of us, is what we can make out of ourselves and circumstances; and some know how to make so much out of so little, others so little out of so much.

No, frivolity is no more a natural consequence of living in capitals than in country places. There is more temptation to worldliness of spirit, doubtless, but whether the actual amount of it be larger in the former than in the latter there is no very precise means of determining. As to vice (not crime), there is as much in proportion in our rural places as in any city. Ask the clergyman and the physician of the village or the township, and he will tell you if it be not so.

— In speaking of a fly-trapper rather than of a fly-trap, I do so advisedly; since the object I wish to describe acts from its own volition, possesses rational intelligence, has articulate speech, is capable of handling tools, laughs, — in short, displays all the faculties and traits characteristic of the highest order of animal life. I sometimes think that my friend the fly-trapper, in view of the singular use he serves in the economy of nature, should be set off in a genus by himself; at least, he should be accounted as *sui generis*, in the fullest acceptation of that convenient term. Your first impression regarding him would doubtless be: Here is one laboring under mania; he sees what I cannot see; he grasps in the air at impalpable nothings. You would be much relieved upon discovering that he was catching flies, — an action with him as sane and normal as any harmless idiosyncrasy in your own behavior. With the exception of this peculiar habit, the fly-trapper is very much like other rural folk with whom we are acquainted: hard-working, rheumatism-plagued, weather-forecasting, one-newspaper-reading, politics-and-theology-debating. The last-named trait is, in his case, rather more strongly developed than is usual, and I have known him, when he had a good listener, to stretch most unthriftilly the harvest noon hour, in order that he might fully define “the ground I take,” on any given question of a political or

religious nature. At such times he is more than ever expert at the practice for which he is so justly distinguished in his own neighborhood. It is indeed wonderful, — the double presence of mind by which he is enabled to carry on argumentative discourse and at the same time attend to the flies. If one of those insects alight on the wall, or the table, anywhere within arm range, it is to the grief of that insect, for the hand of its fate is relentless and unerring. The trapper is also a good marksman, and can take a fly upon the wing as well as in any other situation; apparently, he knows just how long the insect will be in moving from a given point over a given space. Often have I watched the slow, pendulum-like swing of his arm, bringing up, at length, with fingers shut upon the palm and the unlucky fly. I feel sure that this timely and triumphant gesture serves the speaker as well as would exact logic and verbal force. It is a little strange, however, that the *coup de grace* always falls at the right instant to clench the argument. I own to a feeling of fascination, while listening to his exposition of Foreknowledge and Foreordination, — the doctrines are so capitably illustrated; the flies figuring as wretched humanity, and the fly-trapper as the dread Predestinator. From the twinkle in his eye, when a successful sweep has been made, and the hapless victim crumpled between thumb and finger, I infer perfectly well the satisfaction a supreme being must take in dooming its abject creatures. I have been assured by those who have excellent opportunities for observation that a little circle of the slain is always to be found upon the floor around the chair occupied by the trapper. There can be no reasonable doubt that, like the great little tailor in the German fairy tale, our hero has killed his “seven at one stroke,” though it has never occurred to his modest spirit to vaunt itself on that

account. To compare him with Domitian, who also was an adept in this line, would be to do an injustice to a very humane character; for, when you have excepted the fly-catching propensity, you, as the representative of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, can find no stain upon our friend's record.

I cannot say how long the subject of this notice has been in practice (he is now in his sixtieth year), yet probably for more than half a century, from the time when he sat an urchin on the high seat in the district school, he has served in the humble but useful way described. I know how strong is the force of habit, and forbear to laugh when occasionally I see him at his fly-catching after the fly season is past. Is it that his deft hand cannot forget its cunning, or was its dexterity always a vain show, — no real fly in the case?

— Whence is it that so many English writers derive grammatical authority for the phrase "different to"? To us, who use the word *from* in this combination, the common English substitution of *to* sounds very strange. "My feeling is different to yours," "This is a very different matter to that," — one finds such sentences in almost any English book. I am not sure that I have ever seen the preposition "to" used with the present tense of the verb, as "This differs to that," though to be consistent Englishmen should so express themselves. Consistency, however, is hardly an English characteristic. There are writers of good English who still write "different from," — Mr. James Bryce, F. D. Maurice, Miss Yonge, to instance some at haphazard; but the majority of British writers do not. If we Americans and the few English who agree to prefer *from* are in error, it is because our conservative instinct has led us to follow the pattern of speech set in this matter by Hooker and by Fielding, who who were thought to write well in their day.

It has been pointed out before now that certain queer Americanisms, so called, are but survivals of old English which happen to have fallen out of use in the mother country.

— I have a moral perplexity which I am anxious to share. Some time ago my friend and I enjoyed the honor of an interview with an eminent philanthropist. She (the philanthropist is a woman) has given her youth, her health, and her fortune to the work in which she is engaged. She has done this not only ungrudgingly and cheerfully, but almost, it would seem, unconsciously, possessed by the purest enthusiasm for the unhappy creatures whom she has befriended. She is still on the borders of youth, very clever, and would be good-looking but for her expression of invincible determination.

She explained her work and its results — which are truly marvelous — at length.

Now here comes my perplexity. It shaped itself while I listened. The philanthropist is a noble, an admirable woman; more and more was I impressed with the conviction of her worth and our worthlessness. Surely (thus my perplexity grew into words) such a woman ought to be most attractive, but — she is nothing of the kind! My friend, who does not believe in charity, and frankly objects to "going on a high moral plane," is an eminently charming woman. She charms every one. I could see that she charmed the philanthropist with her sweet politeness. But the philanthropist is not charming. Yet I somehow felt that Nature had meant her to be winning and gracious. She has most beautiful eyes, her rare smile is delightful, her features are delicate, her figure is good; but somehow there was such an uncompromising and resistless energy about every look and movement that the timid, unphilanthropic mind quailed before her. She scorned the arts of the toilet; a severe neatness was her aim, —

nothing more. She walked with a stern determination to get over the ground with as few steps as possible. Her gestures were entirely unconventional, and chiefly noticeable for vigor. When she talked, her pleasant voice had a ring of military firmness which made it stern. Her conversation was quite in keeping with her appearance. She talked fluently, rapidly, forcibly; she was picturesque, interesting, enthusiastic. In a word, her conversation was that of a woman of wide and extraordinary experience, who had the courage of her opinions. But it was, so to speak, conversation on a straight line, disturbed by no curves of fancy, no flourishes of humor, no side branchings into appreciation of others' views of the question. It would be too much to say that my philanthropist was arrogant, but she certainly lacked sympathy for all opinions save her own.

Of course, we, being unprincipled worldlings, dissembled our own private beliefs, and agreed with her by our silence, if not by our words.

When it was all over, my friend said, "So that is a woman in earnest. Do you suppose it is her earnestness that makes her so unprepossessing?"

This is my perplexity reduced to its last equation: Was it her earnestness?

My friend held that it was. "If you have observed," said she, "women with aims are always like that. They are too superior to condescend to make themselves agreeable. Besides, they have n't time. Then they never can see but one side of a question,—the side they are on. They are always dragging their own opinions to the front, and always running full tilt against every one else's. That is where they differ most from women who have n't purposes and who have seen a good deal of the world. It is the business of a woman of the world

to be agreeable. She spares no pains to make herself just as good-looking as possible, and just as charming. And she is always tolerant. She may think you a fool for your beliefs, but she does n't tell you so brutally, or try to crush you with an avalanche of argument. She tries to look at the matter from your point of view; in short, she feigns a sympathy, if she have it not. Your women with a purpose think it wrong to feign anything. They won't pretend to be sympathetic any more than they will powder their faces, or let their dress-maker improve their figures. That's why they are so boring; they are too narrow to be sympathetic and too conscientious to be polite. It is earnestness does it; earnestness is naturally narrowing. It is earnestness, too, sets their nerves in a quiver and makes them so restless. They can never sit still; they are always twitching, don't you know? That's earnestness. It has a kind of electrical effect. Women in earnest have no repose of manner. But a woman of the world feigns that, just as she feigns sympathy, because it makes her pleasant to other people. Oh, there's no doubt of it: women with a purpose are vastly better than other women, but they are not nearly so nice!"

My own experience corroborates my friend's opinions. Women with a purpose, women in earnest, have a noticeable lack of charm. And I regret to say that the nobility of the purpose does not in the least affect the quantity of charm. Very likely their busy lives and the hard fight they have had to wage with social prejudices and moral anachronisms may have something to do with it.

But after making all deductions, I wonder if my friend's theory does not hit somewhere near the mark!

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Theology, Religion, and Philosophy. Dr. Samuel Harris, a powerful thinker who has made his mark in teaching rather than in literature, has written a treatise on *The Philosophical Basis of Theism* (Scribners), which is a distinct addition to American philosophical literature. The work is an examination of the personality of man, to ascertain his capacity to know and serve God, and the validity of the principles underlying the defense of theism. It is critical and historical in its treatment of the subject, and will attract many minds which are repelled by the apparent dogmatism of Dr. Mulford's *Republic of God*, with which Dr. Harris is partially in sympathy, though he lacks the poetic temperament which seems to be requisite in an Hegelian. — *The Scriptural Idea of Man*, by Dr. Mark Hopkins (Scribners), is a volume of six lectures given before the theological students of Princeton. The vigor, the lucidity, and the comprehensiveness of this masterly teacher are shown in a compass so brief that we may hope for a more positive recognition of Dr. Hopkins's ability than his previous books have called out. — *Christian Charity in the Ancient Church*, by Dr. Gerhard Uhorn, has been translated from the German (Scribners), and is an interesting inquiry upon historical lines into the practical operations of the great law of love in Christianity, carrying the subject from the foundations of charity in the Apostolic age to the time of the Reformation. — *The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge* (New York agents, E. & J. B. Young & Co.) are issuing in paper form *The Churchman's Family Bible*, a devout commentary adapted to ordinary intelligence. — In *Topics of the Times* series, the fifth number is devoted to *Questions of Belief*, but the writers are pretty much all of one school, those who question belief. — *Conflict in Nature and Life* is further described on the title-page as a study of antagonism in the constitution of things: for the elucidation of the problem of good and evil, and the reconciliation of optimism and pessimism (Appleton). "Life," this anonymous author says, "is but the picking of one's way through the tangled mazes of contradiction." He appears to enlarge upon the dictum, *Whatever is right, by showing that whatever is wrong is*. The book is a thoughtful one, but the notion of an unending conflict as an element in progress is somewhat depressing. — *The Foundations of Religious Belief; the Methods of Natural Theology vindicated against Modern Objections* is the Bishop Paddock Lectures for 1883. The author is Rev. W. D. Wilson, and he directs his thoughts to readers of Mill, Spencer, and Tyndall (Appleton). — In the *Early Christian Literature* primers (Appleton) the latest volume is one on the *Post-Nicene Greek Fathers*, by Rev. George A. Jackson. It is a series of notices rather than a comprehensive study.

History and Biography. History of the North-

ern Pacific Railroad, by Eugene V. Smalley (Putnam's) is a substantial and comely volume, with engravings and map, which gives not only the history of this enterprise but of the general movement into Oregon. It is a straightforward narrative of a most interesting series of transactions, and since the Northern Pacific, like any great railroad, changes the country through which it passes, one has in this work a glimpse of history in making. — *A Bird's Eye View of the Civil War*, by Theodore Ayrauld Dodge (Osgood), will be welcomed as a quick, well analyzed sketch of the military operations, with some characterization of leading men and a slight account of the political element involved. It is furnished with maps and plans, and the dates, set in as marginal notes, help one in keeping the chronology. — In *Topics of the Times* series (Putnam's) the fourth number treats of *Village Life in Norfolk Six Hundred Years Ago*, Siena, *A Few Words about the Eighteenth Century*, France and England in 1793, and General Chanzy. The selection is well made. — *Irving's Life of Washington* is issued in two double-column parts (Putnam's). The printing is clear, the few cuts are indifferent, and the price is low. — *Autobiography of Charles Biddle*, vice-president of the supreme executive council of Pennsylvania, is a work privately printed, but to be had of E. Claxton & Co., Philadelphia. The period covered by the autobiography is from 1745 to 1821. Mr. Biddle was the father of Nicholas Biddle, and his intimate connection with Philadelphia people and affairs renders the book an interesting illustration of social and political life. — *The Genealogy and Biography of the Waldos of America from 1650 to 1883*, compiled by Joseph D. Hall, Jr. (Schofield & Hamilton, Danielsonville, Conn.), is arranged under the heads of the descendants of the Children of Cornelius Waldo, Ipswich, Mass., 1654. — *Eugène Fromentin, Painter and Writer*, is a translation by Mary Caroline Robbins of a life by Louis Gonse, originally published in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, of which M. Gonse is editor (Osgood). Fromentin was both a painter who wrote and a writer who painted. The work is sketchy, not to say journalistic in its character, but its very contemporaneousness gives it a freshness of interest. — Mrs. Anne Gilchrist has done a womanly and graceful deed in giving Mary Lamb a book to herself. (Roberts.) The character is one which has always drawn readers out of all proportion to the fullness of their knowledge, and many will be grateful to Mrs. Gilchrist for bringing together into a simple, unstrained narrative all that is to be learned of Lamb's sister. Her diligence has been rewarded also by the discovery of some few facts and dates not before in the possession of the public. — *The Early History of Land-Holding among the Germans*, by Denman W. Ross (Soule & Bugbee, Boston), is a monograph which represents a careful investigation of original

materials; it is incidentally, but not polemically, a criticism of Sir Henry Maine, and it is put forth with a sincerity of purpose and a modesty of claims worthy of all praise. It is a book for historical students rather than for readers, who may miss generalizations which they can easily appropriate. Mr. Ingleby, the author of *Shakespeare, The Man and the Book*, has published through Trübner & Co., a striking argument in favor of examining Shakespeare's tomb. Mr. Ingleby holds that the poet's curse was not pronounced against such recreant admirers as would transport the sacred dust to Westminster Abbey, but against the parish sexton who periodically cleared out the graves in the church. The authenticity of the several portraits of Shakespeare might be settled, Mr. Ingleby thinks, if measurements of the poet's skull could be taken — providing the skull has not been already been removed. The author's little book is interesting in view of the fact that the question of opening the grave has recently been revived at Stratford. The authorities have decided against permitting the exhumation of any possible remains.

Art. The latest volume of *L'Art* (J. W. Bouton & Co.) holds to the high precedents which it has established for itself in its literary and artistic departments. The letter-press presents the usual variety of carefully prepared matter. If this quarterly issue differs from the best of its immediate predecessors, it is in the number and excellence of the etchings here given. The reader will find the critical papers on the Salon of 1883 particularly interesting: these articles are admirably illustrated. — The fourteenth part of Racinet's *Le Costume Historique* (J. W. Bouton & Co.) contains numerous colored illustrations of eighteenth century costumes in England, Scotland, France, Poland, Switzerland, etc. The ancient costumes represented are those of India and Egypt.

Literature and Criticism. The new edition of Emerson's complete works has been begun by the issue of *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures, and Essays*, first series. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The page is a pretty one, the binding is neat, and the whole effect is to make this author look exceedingly classic. — Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by Mrs. Oliphant, is the latest volume in the *English Men of Letters* series (Harpers). Mrs. Oliphant throws a veil of womanly charity over Sheridan, and misses some of the piquancy which the character suggests. The work is evenly done, but such a subject calls for a crisper treatment. — *A Dictionary of Quotations from English and American Poets* (Crowell) is based upon Bohn's Dictionary. Mr. R. H. Stoddard furnishes a complimentary introduction. The book is alphabetically arranged by subjects, not by authors, for it is a collection of apt, not of familiar quotations. The authors referred to are in general the popular poets, but some persons have gotten into the company apparently by virtue of having said something pat. — *Verbal Pitfalls*, by C. W. Bardeen (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.), is a manual of 1500 words commonly misused, arranged alphabetically. Mr.

Bardeen has reached his results by culling industriously from the authors like Dean Alford and others who have acted as special police in language. — In Appleton's Home Books, there is a sensible volume on *The Home Library* by Arthur Penn, which treats both of the books and the structure and furnishing of a library. — Mr. James's comedy of *Daisy Miller* has been published as a book (Osgood) and one may now see more distinctly the missing link between a story and a play.

Poetry. *Mano*, by Richard Watson Dixon (Routledge), is, as the title-page declares, a poetical history: of the time of the close of the tenth century: concerning the adventures of a Norman knight: which fell part in Normandy, part in Italy. The stop-watch punctuation of the title-page is curiously reflective of the "triple rime" which the poet has employed in his work. The measure suits the theme, — that may be said; and yet the quaintness of the style raises some suspicion whether the poem is not in the main a restoration rather than a good piece of original architecture. — *The Blind Canary*, by Hugh Farrar McDermott (Putnams), is the second and revised edition of a volume of poems, the first of which gives the title. There is a poem inspired by phrenology, which is the first gift, so far as we remember, from the muse of any degree to that latest of sciences. — *The Old Swimmin'-Hole and 'Leven more Poems*, by James W. Riley (George C. Hitt & Co.), is a collection of dialect verse so full of amiability and good sense that one condones its lack of poetry. Several of these little Hoosier lyrics have a naturalness and a pathos quite their own. — *Sibyl* is a poem by George H. Calvert. (Lee & Shepard.) — *Wild Flowers* is the title given by Joseph Daly to a volume of poems (Stanley & Usher, Boston), written by him while in his teens, and thus forestalling criticism, except that by wise friends. — *Phantoms of Life*, by Luther Dana Waterman. (Putnams.) It is hard to read farther in a book of which the first line is, —

"I would unclasp a fibre of life's pain."

Until the fibre has been unclasp'd, one is disposed to wait tranquilly. — *My Ain Countree, and Other Verses*, by Mary Lee Demarest (Randolph), is a collection of poems, mainly inspired by religion. — *The Love Poems of Louis Barnaval*, edited with an introduction by Charles DeKay (Appleton), seems to lessen Mr. DeKay's monopoly of verse of the character which has hitherto appeared in his volumes. Had Mr. Barnaval lived and published his own poetry, Mr. DeKay might have been embarrassed, and been undone by a double.

Education and Text-Books. Mr. W. J. Rolfe, who is so well known by his edition of *Shakespeare*, has prepared an edition of *Scott's Lady of the Lake* upon the same general plan and uniform in external style. (Osgood.) He shows that we have suffered from an imperfect text of the poem, and supplies the work with a profuse array of notes. A little too much annotated, it seems to us. By the way, his note on *favor*, line 686, could receive an addition from a good many boys and

girls who have danced the German. It is a pity that the cuts which were used in the pretty illustrated edition should here lose the beauty which good paper and press work gave them before. Is it possible that it was not the engraver, but the printer and paper maker, who deserved credit for the good impression which the gift-book made?

— A First Latin Book, designed as a manual of progressive exercises and systematic drill in the elements of Latin, and introductory to Caesar's Commentaries on the Gallic War (Allyn, Boston), is a school-book prepared by a master in one of our secondary schools, D. Y. Comstock, of Phillips Academy, Andover. It is a compact, carefully planned book, and in the hands of a competent teacher may be made an admirable drill manual. — A College Fetich is the Phi Beta Kappa address given at Harvard in the summer by Charles Francis Adams, Jr. (Lee & Shepard.) — Modern Spanish Readings, embracing text, notes, and an etymological vocabulary, by William I. Knapp (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is a reader drawn, as the title indicates, not from classic authors but from contemporaneous literature, which would seem to make the work of use especially to those who have commercial needs of Spanish. — The eighteenth edition of A. L. Perry's Political Economy (Scribners), has given the author an opportunity to perfect his work in the direction of simplification. Professor Perry acknowledges gracefully the service which he has received from his own class-room experience. — Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), has been cleverly arranged in seven scenes for school exhibitions and private theatricals. Nothing has been added, and the poem is made ingeniously to furnish stage directions. — The Meisterschaft System has been applied to the Spanish language, and the method presented in fifteen parts. (Estes & Lauriat.) — In the series of History Primers (Appleton), Mediæval Civilization is the subject treated by Professor George Burton Adams, of Drury College, Missouri. Why are all professors of history named Adams? — Handbook of the Earth (Lee & Shepard), is a little manual by Louisa Parsons Hopkins, in which the natural method in teaching geography is insisted on, and the teacher furnished with hints. It is a suggestive book.

Political and Social Economy. Congested Prices is the title of a little book by M. L. Scudder, Jr. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago), in which the author aims to describe the cause and cure of the prices which are made in certain unhealthy conditions of trade. He believes that we are in a period of declining prices, and he asks the commercial world to accept the fact calmly. Those who are getting ready to buy will be quite calm. The book is worth reading. — French and German Socialism in Modern Times is the title of a little volume by Richard T. Ely (Harpers), in which he aims "to give a perfectly fair, impartial presentation of modern communism and socialism in their two strongholds, France and Germany." The book is based on lectures given at Johns Hopkins

and Cornell. — What Social Classes Owe to Each Other is a series of papers published by W. G. Sumner in Harper's Weekly, and now issued in a small volume. (Harpers). — Dr. W. G. Thompson has prepared a little volume mainly descriptive on Training Schools for Nurses, with notes on twenty-two schools. (Putnams.) — Mrs. Field's little book How to Help the Poor (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is full of admirable suggestions, especially for those who with leisure and good will give much thought and time to the most effective service.

Science. Esoteric Buddhism, by A. P. Sinnett (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), makes such claims to the solution of oriental problems of the universe that one can only declare that it is important, if true; and the source from which the work comes, since Mr. Sinnett is president of the Simla Eclectic Theosophical Society, requires one to treat the work with respect. — Evolution, a summary of evidence, is a lecture delivered in Montreal by Robert C. Adams (Putnams), and is intended as a convenient statement of a subject of which the last volume has not been written. It is impossible for any but a master to teach anything of evolution within such confines, and one easily distrusts a popular lecture. — The Society for Psychical Research issues its proceedings through Trübner & Co., London, and the number for April, 1883, has reached us, with interesting papers, in which ghosts are cross-examined in a manner which must convince them how useless it is to try to vanish. — Government has issued the Annual Report of the Operations of the United States Life-Saving Service. It contains accounts of apparatus which has been invented, and it furnishes excellent material for novelists who wish to introduce shipwrecks. It is just the volume that Lieutenant Fenton ought to have had in his cocoa-nut grove. Mr. Giffen would have found a companion in it.

Fiction. A Righteous Apostate, by Clara Lanza (Putnams), is a novel which depends for its interest upon an involved plot. — The Diothas, or a Far Look Ahead, by Ismar Thiussen (Putnams), is an elaborate, and somewhat unreadable piece of prophetic fiction. The unreality of this class of literature has a blighting effect upon the story. — Among the Lakes, by William O. Stoddard (Scribners), is a lively picture of Western life as led by young people mainly. — Thicker than Water, by James Payn, has been published in neat sixteenmo form by Harpers. The Harpers issue their Franklin Square Library in duodecimo form also; Altiora Peto, by Lawrence Oliphant, and By the Gate of the Sea, by D. C. Murray, lead off the series with fairly readable type on thin paper, paper covers. In the older form appear Robert Reid, Cotton Spinner, by Alice O'Hanlon, and Disarmed, by Miss Betham-Edwards. — Up from the Cape (Estes & Lauriat) is a plea for republican simplicity, in the form of criticism upon city life by a countrywoman, but the criticism is neither very useful nor very well put.

NOVEMBER, 1883

LITERARY BULLETIN

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1883

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The many readers who have been charmed by "Deephaven," "Old Friends and New," and "Country By-Ways," will be delighted to know that Miss Jewett has collected another volume of her characteristic New England stories, which will soon appear in a volume very similar to "Country By-Ways." Many of the stories included in the new book, which she names from the initial story, "The Mate of the Daylight," have appeared in the leading magazines, but some of them have never before been printed. Those who are familiar with Miss Jewett's books need no urging to read the new

one; but, for the information of those who may never have read any of her stories, it should be said that no stories of New England life and character have appeared for a long time, if ever, more true and graphic in description, more delightfully simple in style, or more suffused with that spirit of kindness and charity which is certainly one of the best qualities either of literature or of life.

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Mr. Aldrich's "Mercedes and Later Lyrics" will, aside from its charming literary finish, be peculiarly interesting to connoisseurs in poetry for its series of brief poems which Mr. Aldrich terms Intaglios, that condense within a very few verses the outlines and suggestive characteristics which in the hands of many a writer would be expanded to great length. This kind of poem is peculiar to Mr. Aldrich among American poets. The volume is in some respects remarkably attractive, distinguished from ordinary volumes by features which will give it a special value for book fanciers.

Twenty Poems from H. W. Longfellow.

A beautiful book is this, comprising twenty of Mr. Longfellow's shorter poems, illustrated by the poet's son, Mr. Ernest W. Longfellow. It piques curiosity, yet seems ideally suitable, that the artist son should depict with pencil scenes which the father's poetic imagination has set in the gracious permanence of verse.

The Boston *Advertiser* says of this book.

This is a beautiful book. The illustrations, with two or three exceptions, are landscapes and water views, painted for this especial purpose. In "It is not always May," a view from Mr. Longfellow's house gives a personal interest to the line, "So blue yon winding river flows." Daybreak, when the wind "hailed the ships and cried 'Sail on'" is a lovely little picture, and so is the quiet scene where the "lights of the village gleam through the rain and the mist." Every one of the illustrations is good, there is no monotony in them, and they add to the value and significance of the text. A twilight scene in the desert adds to the poetic beauty of the lines:

The cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

"The leafy colonnade" at Cadenabbia, "Somariva's garden gate," the Evening Star, "Varenna with its white cascade," the stairway, "the terraced walk" and "the tideless summer seas" of Amalfi, the views of Songo river, the three illustrations to "The Lighthouse," the views at Lynn, Nahant, and on Charles and Mad rivers, make a charming collection of engravings. The frontispiece is engraved from a portrait of Mr. Longfellow, which his family think the best likeness ever made of him.

The History of Virginia.

Mr. John Esten Cooke's book on Virginia opens very brilliantly the series of volumes on "American Commonwealths." As was to be expected from a writer of so large experience and a citizen of so enthusiastic devotion to his State, the story of the "Old Dominion" is told in a very attractive style. The *Philadelphia Press* remarks of it:—

The pictures which he draws of the great events of Virginian history glow with the brightest colors, and are arranged with a wonderful keenness for their picturesque elements. The historical portraits which he introduces are worthy of Vandyke, and the judgments which he hazards, even in contradiction to most modern writers, are backed

and informed by a weight of evidence which must appeal to the candid reader. . . . Mr. Cooke is to be congratulated on his little history. It is fresh, bright, and full of the most fascinating and dramatic scenes. It is a book of which not only Virginia, but the whole country, may well be proud.

The *Boston Transcript* says:—

"Virginia" is much above the average historical treatise. It comes up to full compliance with the severe requisitions of modern philosophical method. . . . Readers who feel

that they have already had a surfeit of American colonial history will find their appetites reviving by contact with this delightfully written work.

In the Carquinez Woods.

Mr. Bret Harte's new story revives, for a host of readers, the zest and surprise with which they read his first stories of early California life, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," etc. The *New York Times* remarks:—

All of Bret Harte's old charm, and very few of his weak points, are found again in this story, whose title is in itself auspicious. If such forests as he describes do not exist in California, we do not want to know it, preferring to believe in the wonderful colors and perfumes that he brings to our eyes and

nostrils with such excellence and terseness of style. . . . It is well to remember the greatness of Mr. Harte's gift and the scarcity of writers who can construct such fresh and absorbing scenes of Western life. We all owe him a great debt.

The *Boston Traveller* pronounces it

A delightfully fresh story of Western life. It represents Bret Harte at his best, and how good that best is every reader of contem-

porary fiction ought to know. . . . It is a question if Mr. Harte is not the greatest of living American writers of fiction.

The *Boston Transcript* says: "It certainly stands somewhat higher than anything else of his prose."

Riverside Edition of Emerson's Works.

The new edition of Mr. Emerson's works is appearing very rapidly, six volumes being already published, and the remainder in so advanced a state of preparation that the edition will be completed early in December. The *New York Tribune* pronounces it "in every respect creditable," adding: "The paper is excellent, the type of attractive size and clearness, the margins are of reasonable breadth, and the bindings are neat and simple. The volumes open easily, and promise to bear long usage."

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Browne, or Burke, there is no richer or more imaginative literary strain than in Emerson, and it is not easy to see why his intellectual grasp is not as sure and permanent.

“Little Classic” Hawthorne.

In order to complete this popular edition of Hawthorne's Works, a supplementary volume has just been issued, entitled “Sketches and Studies.” It comprises the “Life of Franklin Pierce,” which has for many years been out of print, and which, although the occasion which called it forth was of a temporary nature, has still so many traces of Hawthorne's genius that many of his admirers would be unwilling to have it omitted from their edition of his works; “Alice Doane's Appeal;” an article entitled, “Chiefly about War Matters,” which originally appeared in the *Atlantic* and has not previously been included in any of Hawthorne's volumes; the fragmentary story, “The Ancestral Footstep;” and an appendix containing a list of Hawthorne's writings and an Index. The price of this edition, which has heretofore been \$1.25, will hereafter be \$1.00 a volume.

American Commonwealths.

This series, which has been so successfully introduced by Mr. Cooke's History of Virginia, is continued by the story of Oregon, written by Rev. William Barrows, D.D., who is thoroughly familiar with the history of that State, and narrates the struggle between England and the United States for its possession, and describes the settlement of the State and the elements which give it a distinctive character. The early story of the country before it became a State is told as fully as is necessary to the full understanding of the conditions of its settlement and organization.

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Handbook of English Authors.

Every one who reads books at all has more or less curiosity about the authors, their nationality, their books, and the period when they lived. It is not always convenient to consult a Biographical Dictionary or a Cyclopædia to ascertain these facts; and for the convenience of those who wish to procure this information in compact form, Mr. Oscar Fay Adams has prepared a little handbook of English authors, arranged alphabetically, which renders it perfectly easy for reference, and containing just those facts about authors which the general reader desires to know.

The English Bodley Family.

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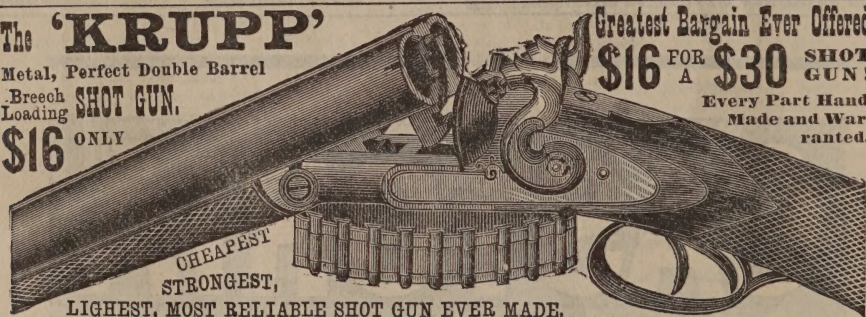
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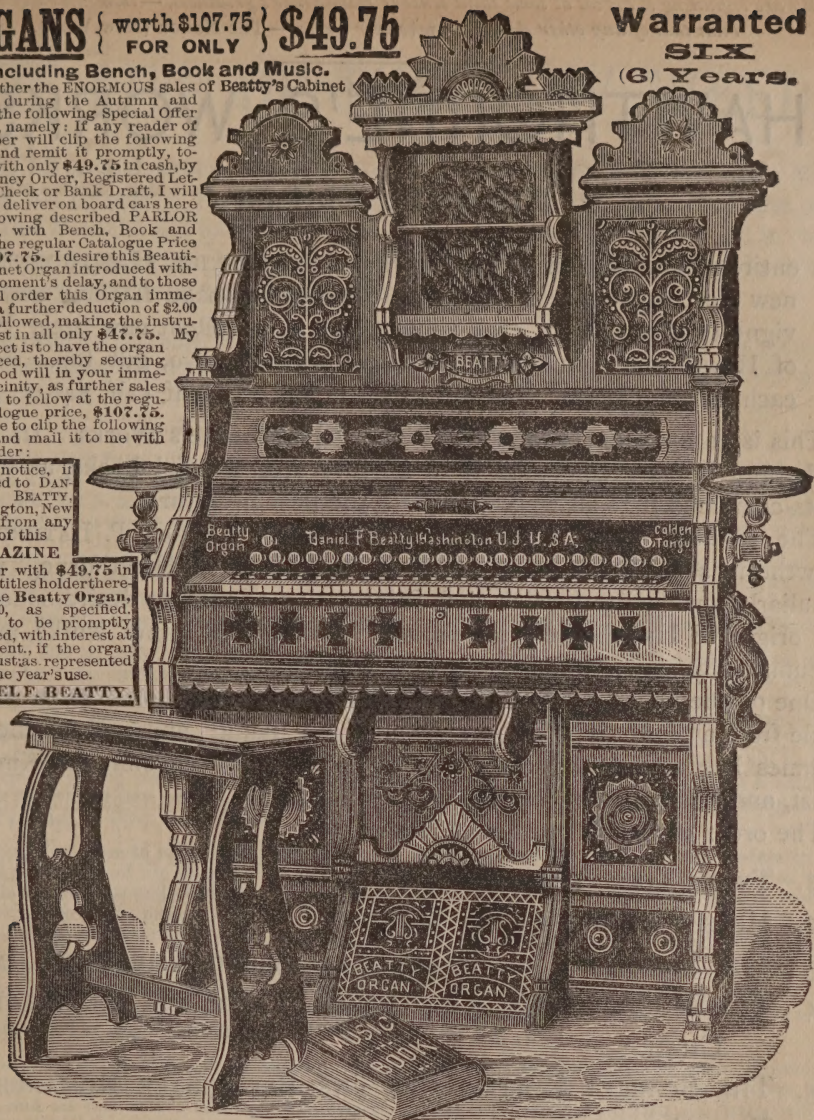
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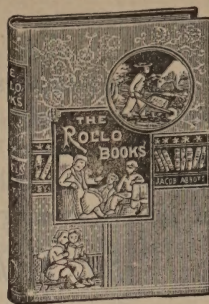
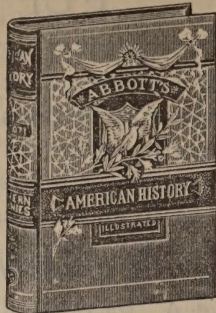
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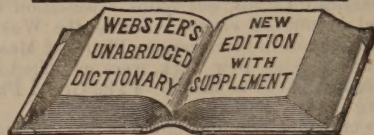
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VOL. LII. — DECEMBER, 1883. — No. CCCXIV.

A ROMAN SINGER.

XI.

EARLY in the morning after Nino's visit to Signor Benoni, De Pretis came to my house, wringing his hands and making a great trouble and noise. I had not yet seen Nino, who was sound asleep, though I could not imagine why he did not wake. But De Pretis was in such a temper that he shook the room and everything in it, as he stamped about the brick floor. It was not long before he had told me the cause of his trouble. He had just received a formal note from the Graf von Lira, inclosing the amount due to him for lessons, and dispensing with his services for the future.

Of course this was the result of the visit Nino had so rashly made; it all came out afterwards, and I will not now go through the details that De Pretis poured out, when we only half knew the truth. The count's servant who admitted Nino had pocketed the five francs as quietly as you please; and the moment the count returned he told him how Nino had come and had stayed three quarters of an hour, just as if it were an every-day affair. The count, being a proud old man, did not encourage him to make further confidences, but sent him about his business. He determined to make a prisoner of his daughter until he could remove her from

Rome. He accordingly confined her in the little suite of apartments that were her own, and set an old soldier, whom he had brought from Germany as a body-servant, to keep watch at the outer door. He did not condescend to explain even to Hedwig the cause of his conduct, and she, poor girl, was as proud as he, and would not ask why she was shut up, lest the answer should be a storm of abuse against Nino. She cared not at all how her father had found out her secret, so long as he knew it, and she guessed that submission would be the best policy.

Meanwhile, active preparations were made for an immediate departure. The count informed his friends that he was going to pass Lent in Paris, on account of his daughter's health, which was very poor, and in two days everything was ready. They would leave on the following morning. In the evening the count entered his daughter's apartments, after causing himself to be formally announced by a servant, and briefly informed her that they would start for Paris on the following morning. Her maid had been engaged in the mean time in packing her effects, not knowing whither her mistress was going. Hedwig received the announcement in silence, but her father saw that she was deadly white and her eyes heavy from weeping. I have anticipated this much

to make things clearer. It was on the first morning of Hedwig's confinement that De Pretis came to our house.

Nino was soon waked by the maestro's noise, and came to the door of his chamber, which opens into the little sitting-room, to inquire what the matter might be. Nino asked if the maestro were peddling cabbages, that he should scream so loudly.

"Cabbages, indeed! cabbage yourself, silly boy!" cried Ercole, shaking his fist at Nino's head, just visible through the crack of the door. "A pretty mess you have made, with your ridiculous love affair! Here am I!"

"I see you are," retorted Nino; "and do not call any affair of mine ridiculous, or I will throw you out of the window. Wait a moment!" With that he slammed his door in the maestro's face, and went on with his dressing. For a few minutes De Pretis raved at his ease, venting his wrath on me. Then Nino came out.

"Now, then," said he, preparing for a tussle, "what is the matter, my dear maestro?" But Ercole had expended most of his fury already.

"The matter!" he grumbled. "The matter is that I have lost an excellent pupil through you. Count Lira says he does not require my services any longer, and the man who brought the note says they are going away."

"Diavolo!" said Nino, running his fingers through his curly black hair, "it is indeed serious. Where are they going?"

"How should I know?" asked De Pretis angrily. "I care much more about losing the lesson than about where they are going. I shall not follow them, I promise you. I cannot take the basilica of St. Peter about with me in my pocket, can I?"

And so he was angry at first, and at length he was pacified, and finally he advised Nino to discover immediately where the count and his daughter were

going; and, if it were to any great capital, to endeavor to make a contract to sing there. Lent came early that year, and Nino was free at the end of Carnival, — not many days longer to wait. This was the plan that had instantly formed itself in Nino's brain. De Pretis is really a most obliging man, but one cannot wonder that he should be annoyed at the result of Nino's four months' courtship under such great difficulties, when it seemed that all their efforts had led only to the sudden departure of his lady-love. As for me, I advised Nino to let the whole matter drop then and there. I told him he would soon get over his foolish passion, and that a statue like Hedwig could never suffer anything, since she could never feel. But he glared at me, and did as he liked, just as he always has done.

The message on the handkerchief that Nino had received the night before warned him to keep away from the Palazzo Carmandola. Nino reflected that this warning was probably due to Hedwig's anxiety for his personal safety, and he resolved to risk anything rather than remain in ignorance of her destination. It must be a case of giving some signal. But this evening he had to sing at the theatre, and therefore, without more ado, he left us and went to bed again, where he stayed until twelve o'clock. Then he went to rehearsal, arriving an hour behind time, at least, a matter which he treated with the coolest indifference. After that he got a pound of small shot, and amused himself with throwing a few at a time at the kitchen window from the little court at the back of our house, where the well is. It seemed a strangely childish amusement for a great singer.

Having sung successfully through his opera that night, he had supper with us, as usual, and then went out. Of course he told me afterwards what he did. He went to his old post under the windows of the Palazzo Carmandola, and as soon

as all was dark he began to throw small shot up at Hedwig's window. He now profited by his practice in the afternoon, for he made the panes rattle with the little bits of lead, several times. At last he was rewarded. Very slowly the window opened, and Hedwig's voice spoke in a low tone :—

"Is it you?"

"Ah, dear one! Can you ask?" began Nino.

"Hush! I am still locked up. We are going away, — I cannot tell where."

"When, dearest love?"

"I cannot tell. What *shall* we do?" very tearfully.

"I will follow you immediately; only let me know when and where."

"If you do not hear by some other means, come here to-morrow night. I hear steps. Go at once."

"Good-night, dearest," he murmured; but the window was already closed, and the fresh breeze that springs up after one o'clock blew from the air the remembrance of the loving speech that had passed upon it.

On the following night he was at his post, and again threw the shot against the pane for a signal. After a long time Hedwig opened the window very cautiously.

"Quick!" she whispered down to him, "go! They are all awake," and she dropped something heavy and white. Perhaps she added some word, but Nino would not tell me, and never would read me the letter. But it contained the news that Hedwig and her father were to leave Rome for Paris on the following morning; and ever since that night Nino has worn upon his little finger a plain gold ring, — I cannot tell why, and he says he found it.

The next day he ascertained from the porter of the Palazzo Carmandola that the count and contessina, with their servants, had actually left Rome that morning for Paris. From that moment he was sad as death, and went about his

business heavily, being possessed of but one idea, namely, to sign an engagement to sing in Paris as soon as possible. In that wicked city the opera continues through Lent, and after some haggling, in which De Pretis insisted on obtaining for Nino the most advantageous terms, the contract was made out and signed.

I see very well that unless I hurry myself I shall never reach the most important part of this story, which is after all the only part worth telling. I am sure I do not know how I can ever tell it so quickly, but I will do my best, and you must have a little patience; for though I am not old, I am not young, and Nino's departure for Paris was a great shock to me, so that I do not like to remember it, and the very thought of it sickens me. If you have ever had any education, you must have seen an experiment in which a mouse is put in a glass jar, and all the air is drawn away with a pump, so that the poor little beast languishes and rolls pitifully on its side, gasping and wheezing with its tiny lungs for the least whiff of air. That is just how I felt when Nino went away. It seemed as though I could not breathe in the house or in the streets, and the little rooms at home were so quiet that one might hear a pin fall, and the cat purring through the closed doors. Nino left at the beginning of the last ten days of Carnival, when the opera closed, so that it was soon Lent; and everything is quieter then.

But before he left us there was noise enough and bustle of preparation, and I did not think I should miss him; for he always was making music, or walking about, or doing something to disturb me, just at the very moment when I was most busy with my books. Mariuccia, indeed, would ask me from time to time what I should do when Nino was gone, as if she could foretell what I was to feel. I suppose she knew I was used to him, after fourteen years of

it, and would be inclined to black humors for want of his voice. But she could not know just what Nino is to me, nor how I look on him as my own boy. These peasants are quick-witted and foolish; they guess a great many things better than I could, and then reason on them like idiots.

Nino himself was glad to go. I could see his face grow brighter as the time approached; and though he appeared to be more successful than ever in his singing, I am sure that he cared nothing for the applause he got, and thought only of singing as well as he could for the love of it. But when it came to the parting we were left alone.

"Messer Cornelio," he said, looking at me affectionately, "I have something to say to you to-night, before I go away."

"Speak, then, my dear boy," I answered, "for no one hears us."

"You have been very good to me. A father could not have loved me better, and such a father as I had could not have done a thousandth part what you have done for me. I am going out into the world for a time, but my home is here, — or rather, where my home is will always be yours. You have been my father, and I will be your son; and it is time you should give up your professorship. No, not that you are at all old; I do not mean that."

"No, indeed," said I, "I should think not."

"It would be much more proper if you retired into an elegant leisure, so that you might write as many books as you desire, without wearing yourself out in teaching those students every day. Would you not like to go back to Serveti?"

"Serveti! — ah, beautiful, lost Serveti, with its castle and good vinelands!"

"You shall have it again before long, my father," he said. He had never called me father before, the dear boy! I suppose it was because he was going away.

But Serveti again! The thing was impossible, and I said so.

"It is not impossible," he answered placidly. "Successful singers make enough money in a year to buy Serveti. A year is soon passed. But now let us go to the station, or I shall not be in time for the train."

"God bless you, Nino mio," I said as I saw him off. It seemed to me that I saw two or three Ninos. But the train rolled away and took them all from me, — the ragged little child who first came to me, the strong-limbed, dark-eyed boy with his scales and trills and enthusiasm, and the full-grown man with the face like the great emperor, mightily triumphing in his art and daring in his love. They were all gone in a moment, and I was left alone on the platform of the station, a very sorrowful and weak old man. Well, I will not think about that day.

The first I heard of Nino was by a letter he wrote me from Paris, a fortnight after he had left me. It was characteristic of him, being full of eager questions about home and De Pretis and Mariuccia and Rome. Two things struck me in his writing. In the first place, he made no mention of the count or Hedwig, which led me to suppose that he was recovering from his passion, as boys do when they travel. And secondly, he had so much to say about me that he forgot all about his engagement, and never even mentioned the theatre. On looking carefully through the letter again, I found he had written across the top the words "Rehearsals satisfactory." That was all.

It was not long after the letter came, however, that I was very much frightened by receiving a telegram, which must have cost several francs to send all that distance. By this he told me that he had no clue to the whereabouts of the Liras, and he implored me to make inquiries and discover where they had gone. He added that he had appeared

in Faust successfully. Of course he would succeed. If a singer can please the Romans, he can please anybody. But it seemed to me that if he had received a very especially flattering reception he would have said so. I went to see De Pretis, whom I found at home over his dinner. We put our heads together and debated how we might discover the Paris address of the Graf von Lira. In a great city like that it was no wonder Nino could not find them; but De Pretis hoped that some of his pupils might be in correspondence with the contessina, and would be willing to give the requisite directions for reaching her. But days passed, and a letter came from Nino written immediately after sending the telegram, and still we had accomplished nothing. The letter merely amplified the telegraphic message.

"It is no use," I said to De Pretis. "And besides, it is much better that he should forget all about it."

"You do not know that boy," said the maestro, taking snuff. And he was quite right, as it turned out.

Suddenly Nino wrote from London. He had made an arrangement, he said, by which he was allowed to sing there for three nights only. The two managers had settled it between them, being friends. He wrote very despondently, saying that although he had been far more fortunate in his appearances than he had expected, he was in despair at not having found the contessina, and had accepted the arrangement which took him to London because he had hopes of finding her there. On the day which brought me this letter I had a visitor. Nino had been gone nearly a month. It was in the afternoon, towards sunset, and I was sitting in the old green armchair watching the goldfinch in his cage, and thinking sadly of the poor dear baroness, and of my boy, and of many things. The bell rang, and Mariuccia brought me a card in

her thick fingers which were black from peeling potatoes, so that the mark of her thumb came off on the white pasteboard. The name on the card was "Baron Ahasuerus Benoni," and there was no address. I told her to show the signore into the sitting-room, and he was not long in coming. I immediately recognized the man Nino had described, with his unearthly freshness of complexion, his eagle nose, and his snow-white hair. I rose to greet him.

"Signor Grandi," he said, "I trust you will pardon my intrusion. I am much interested in your boy, the great tenor."

"Sir," I replied, "the visit of a gentleman is never an intrusion. Permit me to offer you a chair." He sat down, and crossed one thin leg over the other. He was dressed in the height of the fashion; he wore patent-leather shoes, and carried a light ebony cane with a silver head. His hat was perfectly new, and so smoothly brushed that it reflected a circular image of the objects in the room. But he had a certain dignity that saved his foppery from seeming ridiculous.

"You are very kind," he answered. "Perhaps you would like to hear some news of Signor Cardegna, — your boy, for he is nothing else."

"Indeed," I said, "I should be very glad. Has he written to you, baron?"

"Oh, no! We are not intimate enough for that. But I ran on to Paris the other day, and heard him three or four times, and had him to supper at Bignon's. He is a great genius, your boy, and has won all hearts."

"That is a compliment of weight from so distinguished a musician as yourself," I answered; for, as you know, Nino had told me all about his playing. Indeed, the description was his, which is the reason why it is so enthusiastic.

"Yes," said Benoni, "I am a great traveler, and often go to Paris for a day or two. I know every one there. Car-

degna had a perfect ovation. All the women sent him flowers, and all the men asked him to dinner."

"Pardon my curiosity," I interrupted, "but as you know every one in Paris, could you inform me whether Count von Lira and his daughter are there at present? He is a retired Prussian officer." Benoni stretched out one of his long arms and ran his fingers along the keys of the piano without striking them. He could just reach so far from where he sat. He gave no sign of intelligence, and I felt sure that Nino had not questioned him.

"I know them very well," he said presently, "but I thought they were here."

"No, they left suddenly for Paris, a month ago."

"I can very easily find out for you," said Benoni, his bright eyes turning on me with a searching look. "I can find out from Lira's banker, who is probably also mine. What is the matter with that young man? He is as sad as Don Quixote."

"Nino? He is probably in love," I said, rather indiscreetly.

"In love? Then of course he is in love with Mademoiselle de Lira, and has gone to Paris to find her, and cannot. That is why you ask me." I was so much astonished at the quickness of his guesswork that I stared, open-mouthed.

"He must have told you!" I exclaimed at last.

"Nothing of the kind. In the course of a long life I have learned to put two and two together, that is all. He is in love, he is your boy, and you are looking for a certain young lady. It is as clear as day." But in reality he had guessed the secret long before.

"Very well," said I humbly, but doubting him, all the same, "I can only admire your perspicacity. But I would be greatly obliged if you would find out where they are, those good people. You

seem to be a friend of my boy's, baron. Help him, and he will be grateful to you. It is not such a very terrible thing that a great artist should love a noble's daughter, after all, though I used to think so." Benoni laughed, that strange laugh which Nino had described, — a laugh that seemed to belong to another age.

"You amuse me with your prejudices about nobility," he said, and his brown eyes flashed and twinkled again. "The idea of talking about nobility in this age! You might as well talk of the domestic economy of the Garden of Eden."

"But you are yourself a noble — a baron," I objected.

"Oh, I am anything you please," said Benoni. "Some idiot made a baron of me, the other day, because I lent him money and he could not pay it. But I have some right to it, after all, for I am a Jew. The only real nobles are Welshmen and Jews. You cannot call anything so ridiculously recent as the European upper classes a nobility. Now I go straight back to the creation of the world, like all my countrymen. The Hibernians get a factitious reputation for antiquity by saying that Eve married an Irishman after Adam died, and that is about as much claim as your European nobles have to respectability. Bah! I know their beginnings, — very small indeed."

"You, also, seem to have strong prejudices on the subject," said I, not wishing to contradict a guest in my house.

"So strong that it amounts to having no prejudices at all. Your boy wants to marry a noble damosel. In Heaven's name, let him do it. Let us manage it amongst us. Love is a grand thing. I have loved several women all their lives. Do not look surprised. I am a very old man; they have all died, and at present I am not in love with anybody. I suppose it cannot last long, however. I loved a woman once on a

time"— Benoni paused. He seemed to be on the verge of a soliloquy, and his strange, bright face, which seemed illuminated always with a deathless vitality, became dreamy and looked older. But he recollected himself, and rose to go. His eye caught sight of the guitar that hung on the wall.

"Ah," he cried suddenly, "music is better than love, for it lasts; let us make music." He dropped his hat and stick and seized the instrument. In an instant it was tuned, and he began to perform the most extraordinary feats of agility with his fingers that I ever beheld. Some of it was very beautiful, and some of it very sad and wild, but I understood Nino's enthusiasm. I could have listened to the old guitar in his hands for hours together, — I, who care little for music; and I watched his face. He stalked about the room with the thing in his hands, in a sort of wild frenzy of execution. His features grew ashy pale, and his smooth white hair stood out wildly from his head. He looked, then, more than a hundred years old, and there was a sadness and a horror about him that would have made the stones cry aloud for pity. I could not believe he was the same man. At last he was tired, and stopped.

"You are a great artist, baron," I said. "Your music seems to affect you much."

"Ah, yes, it makes me feel like other men, for the time," said he, in a low voice. "Did you know that Paganini always practiced on the guitar? It is true. Well, I will find out about the Liras for you in a day or two, before I leave Rome again."

I thanked him, and he took his leave.

XII.

Benoni had made an impression on me that nothing could efface. His tall, thin figure and bright eyes got into my

dreams and haunted me, so that I thought my nerves were affected. For several days I could think of nothing else, and at last had myself bled, and took some cooling barley water, and gave up eating salad at night, but without any perceptible effect.

Nino wrote often, and seemed very much excited about the disappearance of the contessina, but what could I do? I asked every one I knew, and nobody had heard of them, so that at last I quite gave it over, and wrote to tell him so. A week passed, then a fortnight, and I had heard nothing from Benoni. Nino wrote again, inclosing a letter addressed to the Contessina di Lira, which he implored me to convey to her, if I loved him. He said he was certain that she had never left Italy. Some instinct seemed to tell him so, and she was evidently in neither London nor Paris, for he had made every inquiry, and had even been to the police about it. Two days after this, Benoni came. He looked exactly as he did the first time I saw him.

"I have news," he said briefly, and sat down in the armchair, striking the dust from his boot with his little cane.

"News of the Graf?" I inquired.

"Yes. I have found out something. They never left Italy at all, it seems. I am rather mystified, and I hate mystification. The old man is a fool; all old men are fools, excepting myself. Will you smoke? No? Allow me, then. It is a modern invention, but a very good one." He lit a cigarette. "I wish your Liras were in Tophet," he continued, presently. "How can people have the bad taste to hide? It only makes ingenious persons the more determined to find them." He seemed talkative, and as I was so sad and lonely I encouraged him by a little stimulus of doubt. I wish I had doubted him sooner, and differently.

"What is the use?" I asked. "We shall never find them."

"'Never' is a great word," said Benoni. "You do not know what it means. I do. But as for finding them, you shall see. In the first place, I have talked with their banker. He says the count gave the strictest orders to have his address kept a secret. But, being one of my people, he allowed himself to make an accidental allusion which gave me a clue to what I wanted. They are hidden somewhere in the mountains."

"Diavolo! among the brigands, they will not be very well treated," said I.

"The old man will be careful. He will keep clear of danger. The only thing is to find them."

"And what then?" I asked.

"That depends on the most illustrious Signor Cardegna," said Benoni, smiling. "He only asked you to find them. He probably did not anticipate that I would help you."

It did not appear to me that Benoni had helped me much, after all. You might as well look for a needle in a haystack as try to find any one who goes to the Italian mountains. The baron offered no further advice, and sat calmly smoking and looking at me. I felt uneasy, opposite him. He was a mysterious person, and I thought him disguised. It was really not possible that with his youthful manner his hair should be naturally so white, or that he should be so old as he seemed. I asked him the question we always find it interesting to ask foreigners, hoping to lead him into conversation.

"How do you like our Rome, Baron Benoni?"

"Rome? I loathe and detest it," he said, with a smile. "There is only one place in the whole world that I hate more."

"What place is that?" I asked, remembering that he had made the same remark to Nino before.

"Jerusalem," he answered, and the smile faded on his face. I thought I guessed the reason of his dislike in his

religious views. But I am very liberal about those things.

"I think I understand you," I said; "you are a Hebrew, and the prevailing form of religion is disagreeable to you."

"No, it is not exactly that, — and yet, perhaps it is." He seemed to be pondering on the reason of his dislike.

"But why do you visit these places, if they do not please you?"

"I come here because I have so many agreeable acquaintances. I never go to Jerusalem. I also come here from time to time to take a bath. The water of the Trevi has a peculiarly rejuvenating effect upon me, and something impels me to bathe in it."

"Do you mean in the fountain? Ah, foreigners say that if you drink the water by moonlight you will return to Rome."

"Foreigners are all weak-minded fools. I like that word. The human race ought to be called fools generically, as distinguished from the more intelligent animals. If you went to England, you would be as great a fool as any Englishman that comes here and drinks Trevi water by moonlight. But I assure you I do nothing so vulgar as to patronize the fountain, any more than I would patronize Mazzarino's church, hard by. I go to the source, the spring, the well where it rises."

"Ah, I know the place well," I said. "It is near to Serveti."

"Serveti? Is not that in the vicinity of Horace's villa?"

"You know the country well, I see," said I, sadly.

"I know most things," answered the Jew, with complacency. "You would find it hard to hit upon anything I do not know. Yes, I am a vain man, it is true, but I am very frank and open about it. Look at my complexion. Did you ever see anything like it? It is Trevi water that does it." I thought such excessive vanity very unbecoming in a man of his years, but I could not

help looking amused. It was so odd to hear the old fellow descanting on his attractions. He actually took a small mirror from his pocket, and looked at himself in most evident admiration.

"I really believe," he said at length, pocketing the little looking-glass, "that a woman might love me still. What do you say?"

"Doubtless," I answered politely, although I was beginning to be annoyed, "a woman might love you at first sight. But it would be more dignified for you not to love her."

"Dignity!" He laughed long and loud, a cutting laugh, like the breaking of glass. "There is another of your phrases. Excuse my amusement, Signor Grandi, but the idea of dignity always makes me smile." He called that thing a smile! "It is in everybody's mouth, — the dignity of the state, the dignity of the king, the dignity of woman, the dignity of father, mother, schoolmaster, soldier. Psh! an apoplexy, as you say, on all the dignities you can enumerate. There is more dignity in a poor, patient ass toiling along a rough road under a brutal burden than in the entire human race put together, from Adam to myself. The conception of dignity is notional, most entirely. I never see a poor wretch of a general, or king, or any such animal, adorned in his toggery of dignity without laughing at him, and his dignity again leads him to suppose that my smile is the result of the pleasurable sensations his appearance excites in me. Nature has dignity at times; some animals have it; but man, never. What man mistakes for it in himself is his vanity, — a vanity much more pernicious than mine, because it deceives its possessor, who is also wholly possessed by it, and is its slave. I have had a great many illusions in my life, Signor Grandi."

"One would say, baron, that you had parted with them."

"Yes, and that is my chief vanity, —

the vanity of vanities which I prefer to all the others. It is only a man of no imagination who has no vanity. He cannot imagine himself any better than he is. A creative genius makes for his own person a 'self' which he thinks he is, or desires other people to believe him to be. It makes little difference whether he succeeds or not, so long as he flatters himself he does. He complacently takes all his images from the other animals, or from natural objects and phenomena, depicting himself bold as an eagle, brave as a lion, strong as an ox, patient as an ass, vain as a popinjay, talkative as a parrot, wily as a serpent, gentle as a dove, cunning as a fox, as surly as a bear; his glance is lightning, his voice thunder, his heart stone, his hands are iron, his conscience a hell, his sinews of steel, and his love like fire. In short, he is like anything alive or dead, except a man, saving when he is mad. Then he is a fool. Only man can be a fool. It distinguishes him from the higher animals."

I cannot describe the unutterable scorn that blazed in his eyes as Benoni poured out the vials of his wrath on the unlucky human race. With my views, we were not likely to agree in this matter.

"Who are you?" I asked. "What right can you possibly have to abuse us all in such particularly strong terms? Do you ever make proselytes to your philosophy?"

"No," said he, answering my last question, and recovering his serenity with that strange quickness of transition I had remarked when he had made music during his previous visit. "No, they all die before I have taught them anything."

"That does not surprise me, baron," said I. He laughed a little.

"Well, perhaps it would surprise you even less if you knew me better," he replied. "But really, I came here to talk about Cardegna, and not to chatter

about that contemptible creature, man who is not worth a moment's notice. I assure you. I believe I can find these people, and I confess it would amuse me to see the old man's face, when we walk in upon him. I must be absent for a few days on business in Austria, and shall return immediately, for I have not taken my bath yet, that I spoke of. Now, if it is agreeable to you, I would propose that we go to the hills, on my return, and prosecute our search together; writing to him in the mean time to come here as soon as he has finished his engagement in Paris. If he comes quickly, may go with us; if not, he can join us. At all events, we can have a very enjoyable tour among the natives, who are charming people, quite like animals, as you ought to know."

I think I must be a very suspicious person. Circumstances have made me so, and perhaps my suspicions are very generally wrong. It may be. At all events, I did suspect the rich and dandified old baron of desiring to have a laugh by putting Nino into some absurd situation. He had such strange views, or, at least, he talked so oddly, that I did not believe half he said. It is not possible that anybody should seriously hold the opinions he professed.

When he was gone I sat alone, pondering on the situation, which was like a very difficult problem in a nightmare, that could not or would not look sensible, do what I would. It chanced that I got a letter from Nino that evening, and I confess I was reluctant to open it, fearing that he would reproach me with not having taken more pains to help him. I felt as though, before opening the envelope, I should like to go back a fortnight and put forth all my strength to find the contessina, and gain a comforting sense of duty performed. If I had only done my best, how easy it would have been to face a whole sheet of complaints! Meanwhile the letter was come, and I had done nothing worth

mentioning. I looked at the back of it, and my conscience smote me; but it had to be accomplished, and at last I tore the cover off and read.

Poor Nino! He said he was ill with anxiety, and feared it would injure his voice. He said that to break his engagement and come back to Rome would be ruin to him. He must face it out, or take the legal consequences of a breach of contract, which are overwhelming to a young artist. He detailed all the efforts he had made to find Hedwig, pursuing every little sign and clue that seemed to present itself; all to no purpose. The longer he thought of it, the more certain he was that Hedwig was not in Paris or London. She might be anywhere else in the whole world, but she was certainly not in either of those cities. Of that he was convinced. He felt like a man who had pursued a beautiful image to the foot of a precipitous cliff; the rock had opened and swallowed up his dream, leaving him standing alone in hopeless despair; and a great deal more poetic nonsense of that kind.

I do not believe I had ever realized what he so truly felt for Hedwig, until I sat at my table with his letter before me, overcome with the sense of my own weakness in not having effectually checked this mad passion at its rise; or, since it had grown so masterfully, of my wretched procrastination in not having taken my staff in my hand and gone out into the world to find the woman my boy loved and bring her to him. By this time, I thought, I should have found her. I could not bear to think of his being ill, suffering, heart-broken, — ruined, — if he lost his voice by an illness, — merely because I had not had the strength to do the best thing for him. Poor Nino, I thought, you shall never say again that Cornelio Grandi has not done what was in his power to make you happy.

"That baron! an apoplexy on him!

has illuded me with his promises of help," I said to myself. "He has no more intention of helping me or Nino than he has of carrying off the basilica of St. Peter. Courage, Cornelio! thou must gird up thy loins, and take a little money in thy scrip, and find Hedwig von Lira."

All that night I lay awake, trying to think how I might accomplish this end; wondering to which point of the compass I should turn, and above all reflecting that I must make great sacrifices. But my boy must have what he wanted, since he was consuming himself, as we say, in longing for it. It seemed to me no time for counting the cost, when every day might bring upon him a serious illness. If he could only know that I was acting, he would allow his spirits to revive and take courage.

In the watches of the night I thought over my resources, which, indeed, were meagre enough; for I am a very poor man. It was necessary to take a great deal of money, for once away from Rome no one could tell when I might return. My salary as professor is paid to me quarterly, and it was yet some weeks to the time when it was due. I had only a few francs remaining, — not more than enough to pay my rent and to feed Mariuccia and me. I had paid at Christmas the last installment due on my vineyard out of Porta Salara, and though I owed no man anything I had no money, and no prospect of any for some time. And yet I could not leave home on a long journey without at least two hundred scudi in my pocket. A scudo is a dollar, and a dollar has five francs, so that I wanted a thousand francs. You see, in spite of the baron's hint about the mountains, I thought I might have to travel all over Italy before I satisfied Nino.

A thousand francs is a great deal of money, — it is a Peru, as we say. I had not the first sou toward it. I thought a long time. I wondered if the

old piano were worth anything; whether anybody would give me money for my manuscripts, the results of patient years of labor and study; my old gold scarf-pin, my seal ring, and even my silver watch, which keeps really very good time, — what were they worth? But it would not be much, not the tenth part of what I wanted. I was in despair, and I tried to sleep. Then a thought came to me.

"I am a donkey," I said. "There is the vineyard itself, — my little vineyard beyond Porta Salara. It is mine, and is worth half as much again as I need." And I slept quietly till morning.

It is true, and I am sure it is natural, that in the daylight my resolution looked a little differently to me than it did in the quiet night. I had toiled and scraped a great deal more than you know to buy that small piece of land, and it seemed much more my own than all Serveti had ever been in my better days. Then I shut myself up in my room and read Nino's letter over again, though it pained me very much; for I needed courage. And when I had read it, I took some papers in my pocket, and put on my hat and my old cloak, which Nino will never want any more now for his midnight serenades, and I went out to sell my little vineyard.

"It is for my boy," I said, to give myself some comfort.

But it is one thing to want to buy, and it is quite another thing to want to sell. All day I went from one man to another with my papers, — all the agents who deal in those things; but they only said they thought it might be sold in time; it would take many days, and perhaps weeks.

"But I want to sell it to-day," I explained.

"We are very sorry," said they, with a shrug of the shoulders; and they showed me the door.

I was extremely down-hearted, and though I could not sell my piece of land

I spent three sous in buying two cigars to smoke, and I walked about the Piazza Colonna in the sun; I would not go home to dinner until I had decided what to do. There was only one man I had not tried, and he was the man who had sold it to me. Of course I knew people who do this business, for I had had enough trouble to learn their ways when I had to sell Serveti, years ago. But this one man I had not tried yet, because I knew that he would drive a cruel bargain with me when he saw I wanted the money. But at last I went to him, and told him just what my wishes were.

"Well," he said, "it is a very bad time for selling land. But to oblige you, because you are a customer, I will give you eight hundred francs for your little place. That is really much more than I can afford."

"Eight hundred francs!" I exclaimed in despair. "But I have paid you nearly twice as much for it in the last three years! What do you take me for? To sell such a gem of a vineyard for eight hundred francs! If you offer me thirteen hundred I will discuss the matter with you."

"I have known you a long time, Signor Grandi, and you are an honest man. I am sure you do not wish to deceive me. I will give you eight hundred and fifty."

Deceive him, indeed! The very man who had received fifteen hundred from me said I deceived him when I asked thirteen hundred for the same piece of land! But I needed it very much, and so, bargaining and wrangling, I got one thousand and seventy-five francs in bank-notes; and I took care they should all be good ones, too. It was a poor price, I know, but I could do no better, and I went home happy. But I dared not tell Mariuccia. She is only my servant, to be sure, but she would have torn me in pieces.

Then I wrote to the authorities at the

university to say that I was obliged to leave Rome suddenly, and would of course not claim my salary during my absence. But I added that I hoped they would not permanently supplant me. If they did, I knew I should be ruined. Then I told Mariuccia that I was going away for some days to the country, and I left her the money to pay the rent, and her wages, and a little more, so that she might be provided for if I were detained very long. I went out again and telegraphed to Nino, to say I was going at once in search of the Liras, and begging him to come home as soon as he should have finished his engagement.

To tell the truth, Mariuccia was very curious to know where I was going, and asked me many questions, which I had some trouble in answering. But at last it was night again, and the old woman went to bed and left me. Then I went on tiptoe to the kitchen, and found a skein of thread and two needles, and set to work.

I knew the country whither I was going very well, and it was necessary to hide the money I had in some ingenious way. So I took two waistcoats, — one of them was quite good still, — and I sewed them together, and basted the bank-notes between them. It was a clumsy piece of tailoring, though it took me so many hours to do it. But I had put the larger waistcoat outside very cunningly, so that when I had put on the two, you could not see that there was anything beneath the outer one. I think I was very clever to do this without a woman to help me. Then I looked to my boots, and chose my oldest clothes, — and you may guess, from what you know of me, how old they were, — and I made a little bundle that I could carry in my hand, with a change of linen, and the like. These things I made ready before I went to bed, and I slept with the two waistcoats and the thousand francs under my pillow, though I sup-

pose nobody would have chosen that particular night for robbing me.

All these preparations had occupied me so much that I had not found any time to grieve over my poor little vineyard that I had sold; and besides, I was thinking all the while of Nino, and how glad he would be to know that I was really searching for Hedwig. But when I thought of the vines, it hurt me; and I think it is only long after the deed that it seems more blessed to give than to receive.

But at last I slept, as tired folk will, leaving care to the morrow; and when I awoke it was daybreak, and Mariuccia was clattering angrily with the tin coffee-pot outside. It was a bright morning, and the goldfinch sang, and I could hear him scattering the millet seed about his cage while I dressed. And then the parting grew very near, and I drank my coffee silently, wondering how soon it would be over, and wishing that the old woman would go out and let me have my house alone. But she would not, and to my surprise she made very little worry or trouble, making a great show of being busy. When I was quite ready,

she insisted on putting a handful of roasted chestnuts into my pocket, and she said she would pray for me. The fact is, she thought, foolish old creature as she is, that I was old and in poor health, and she had often teased me to go into the country for a few days, so that she was not ill pleased that I should seem to take her advice. She stood looking after me as I trudged along the street, with my bundle and my good stick in my right hand, and a lighted cigar in my left.

I had made up my mind that I ought first to try the direction hinted at by the baron, since I had absolutely no other clue to the whereabouts of the Count von Lira and his daughter. I therefore got into the old stage that still runs to Palestrina and the neighboring towns, for it is almost as quick as going by rail, and much cheaper; and half an hour later we rumbled out of the Porta San Lorenzo, and I had entered upon the strange journey to find Hedwig von Lira, concerning which frivolous people have laughed so unkindly. And you may call me a foolish old man if you like. I did it for my boy.

F. Marion Crawford.

MARY MOODY EMERSON.¹

I WISH to meet the invitation with which the ladies have honored me, by offering them a portrait of real life. It is a representative life, such as could hardly have appeared out of New England; of an age now past, and of which, I think, no types survive. Perhaps I deceive myself and overestimate its interest. It has to me a value like that which many readers find in Madame Guyon, in Rahel, in Eugénie de Guérin, but it

¹ Aunt of Mr. Emerson, and a potent influence on the lives of him and his brothers. This paper was read before the Woman's Club, in Boston, several years ago, under the title *Amita*, which

is purely original and hardly admits of a duplicate. Then it is a fruit of Calvinism and New England, and marks the precise time when the power of the old Creed yielded to the influence of Modern Science and humanity. I have found that I could only bring you this portrait by selections from the diary of my heroine, premising a sketch of her time and place. I report some of the thoughts and soliloquies of a country girl, poor, was also the original superscription of the Nun's Aspiration, in his Poems; a rendering into verse of a passage in Miss Emerson's diary.

solitary, — “a goody,” as she called herself, — growing from youth to age amid slender opportunities and usually very humble company.

Mary Moody Emerson was born just before the outbreak of the Revolution. When introduced to Lafayette at Portland, she told him that she was “in arms” at the Concord fight. Her father, the minister of Concord, a warm patriot in 1775, who went as a chaplain to the American army at Ticonderoga, carried his infant daughter, before he went, to his mother in Malden, and told her to keep the child until he returned. He died, at Rutland, Vermont, of army fever, the next year, and Mary remained at Malden with her grandmother, and, after the death of this relative, with her father’s sister, in whose house she grew up, rarely seeing her brothers and sisters in Concord. This aunt and her husband lived on a farm, were getting old, and the husband a shiftless, easy man. There was plenty of work for the little niece to do day by day, and not always bread enough in the house. One of her tasks, it appears, was to watch for the approach of the deputy-sheriff, who might come to confiscate the spoons or arrest the uncle for debt. Later another aunt who had become insane, was brought hither to end her days. More and sadder work for this young girl. She had no companions, lived in entire solitude with these old people, very rarely cheered by short visits from her brothers and sisters. Her mother had married again, — married the minister who succeeded her husband in the parish at Concord (Dr. Ezra Ripley), and had now a young family growing up around her.

Her aunt became strongly attached to Mary, and persuaded the family to give her up to them as a daughter, on some terms embracing a care of her future interests. She would leave the farm to her, by will. This promise was kept; Mary came into possession of the farm many years after, and her dealings with

it gave her no small trouble, though they give much piquancy to her letters in after years. Finally it was sold, and its price invested in a share of a farm in Maine, and she lived there as a boarder, with her sister, for many years. The farm was in a picturesque country, within sight of the White Mountains, with a little lake in front, at the foot of a high hill, called Bear Mountain. Not far from the house was a brook running over a granite floor like the Franconia Flume, and noble forests around. Every word she writes about this farm (“Elm Vale,” Waterford), her dealings and vexations about it, her joys and raptures of religion and Nature, interest like a romance, and to those who may hereafter read her letters, will make its obscure acres amiable.

In Malden she lived through all her youth and early womanhood, with the habit of visiting the families of her brothers and sisters on any necessity of theirs. Her good-will to serve in time of sickness or of pressure was known to them, and promptly claimed, and her attachment to the youths and maidens growing up in those families was secure for any trait of talent or of character. Her sympathy for young people who pleased her was almost passionate, and was sure to make her arrival in each house a holiday.

Her early reading was Milton, Young, Akenside, Samuel Clarke, Jonathan Edwards, and always the Bible. Later, Plato, Plotinus, Marcus Antoninus, Stewart, Coleridge, Cousin, Herder, Locke, Madame De Staël, Channing, Mackintosh, Byron. Nobody can read in her manuscript, or recall the conversation of old-school people, without seeing that Milton and Young had a religious authority in their minds, and nowise the slight, merely entertaining quality of modern bards. And Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus, — how venerable and organic as Nature they are in her mind!

What a subject is her mind and life

for the finest novel! When I read Dante, the other day, and his paraphrases to signify with more adequateness Christ or Jehovah, whom do you think I was reminded of? Whom but Mary Emerson and her eloquent theology?

She had a deep sympathy with genius. When it was unhallowed, as in Byron, she had none the less, whilst she deplored and affected to denounce him. But she adored it when ennobled by character. She liked to notice that the greatest geniuses have died ignorant of their power and influence. She wished you to scorn to shine.

"My opinion," she writes, [is] "that a mind like Byron's would never be satisfied with modern Unitarianism, — that the fiery depths of Calvinism, its high and mysterious elections to eternal bliss, beyond angels and all its attendant wonders, would have alone been fitted to fix his imagination."

Her wit was so fertile, and only used to strike, that she never used it for display, any more than a wasp would parade his sting. It was ever the will and not the phrase that concerned her. Yet certain expressions, when they marked a memorable state of mind in her experience, recurred to her afterwards, and she would vindicate herself as having said to Dr. R., or Uncle L., so and so, at such a period of her life. But they were intensely true when first spoken. All her language was happy, but inimitable, unattainable by talent, as if caught from some dream. She calls herself "the puny pilgrim, whose sole talent is sympathy." "I like that kind of apathy that is a triumph to overset."

She writes to her nephew Charles Emerson, in 1833, "I could never have adorned the garden. If I had been in aught but dreary deserts, I should have idolized my friends, despised the world and been haughty. I never expected connections and matrimony. My taste was formed in romance, and I knew I

was not destined to please. I love God and his creation as I never else could. I scarcely feel the sympathies of this life enough to agitate the pool. This in general, one case or so excepted, and even this is a relation to God through you. 'T was so in my happiest early days, when you were at my side."

Destitution is the Muse of her genius, — Destitution and Death. I used to propose that her epitaph should be: "Here lies the angel of Death." And wonderfully as she varies and poetically repeats that image in every page and day, yet not less fondly and sublimely she returns to the other, — the grandeur of humility and privation; as thus: "The chief witness which I have had of a godlike principle of action and feeling is in the disinterested joy felt in others' superiority. For the love of superior virtue is mine own gift from God." "Where were thine own intellect if others had not lived?"

She had many acquaintances among the notables of the time, and now and then, in her migrations from town to town in Maine and Massachusetts, in search of a new boarding-place, discovered some preacher with sense or piety, or both. For on her arrival at any new home she was likely to steer first to the minister's house and pray his wife to take a boarder; and as the minister found quickly that she knew all his books and many more, and made shrewd guesses at his character and possibilities, she would easily rouse his curiosity, as a person who could read his secret and tell him his fortune.

She delighted in success, in youth, in beauty, in genius, in manners. When she met a young person who interested her, she made herself acquainted and intimate with him or her at once, by sympathy, by flattery, by raillery, by anecdotes, by wit, by rebuke, and stormed the castle. None but was attracted or piqued by her interest and wit and wide acquaintance with books and with emi-

nent names. She said she gave herself full swing in these sudden intimacies, for she knew she should disgust them soon, and resolved to have their best hours. "Society is shrewd to detect those who do not belong to her train, and seldom wastes her attentions." She surprised, attracted, chided and denounced her companion by turns, and pretty rapid turns. But no intelligent youth or maiden could have once met her without remembering her with interest, and learning something of value. Scorn trifles, lift your aims: do what you are afraid to do: sublimity of character must come from sublimity of motive. These were the lessons which were urged with vivacity, in ever new language. But if her companion was dull, her impatience knew no bounds. She tired presently of dull conversations, and asked to be read to, and so disposed of the visitor. If the voice or the reading tired her, she would ask the friend if he or she would do an errand for her, and so dismiss them. If her companions were a little ambitious, and asked her opinions on books or matters on which she did not wish rude hands laid, she did not hesitate to stop the intruder with "How's your cat, Mrs. Tenner?"

"I was disappointed," she writes, "in finding my little Calvinist no companion, a cold little thing who lives in society alone, and is looked up to as a specimen of genius. I performed a mission in secretly undermining his vanity, or trying to. Alas! never done but by mortifying affliction."

From the country she writes to her sister in town, "You cannot help saying that my epistle is a striking specimen of egotism. To which I can only answer that, in the country, we converse so much more with ourselves, that we are almost led to forget everybody else. The very sound of your bells and the rattling of the carriages have a tendency to divert selfishness." "This seems a

world rather of trying each others' dispositions than of enjoying each others' virtues."

She had the misfortune of spinning with a greater velocity than any of the other tops. She would tear into the chaise or out of it, into the house or out of it, into the conversation, into the thought, into the character of the stranger,—disdaining all the graduation by which her fellows time their steps; and though she might do very happily in a planet where others moved with the like velocity, she was offended here by the phlegm of all her fellow-creatures, and disgusted them by her impatience. She could keep step with no human being. Her nephew [R. W. E.] wrote of her: "I am glad the friendship with Aunt Mary is ripening. As by seeing a high tragedy, reading a true poem, or a novel like *Corinne*, so by society with her one's mind is electrified and purged. She is no statute-book of practical commandments, nor orderly digest of any system of philosophy, divine or human, but a Bible, miscellaneous in its parts, but one in its spirit, wherein are sentences of condemnation, promises, and covenants of love that make foolish the wisdom of the world with the power of God."

Our Delphian was fantastic enough, Heaven knows, yet could always be tamed by large and sincere conversation. Was there thought and eloquence, she would listen like a child. Her aspiration and prayer would begin, and the whim and petulance in which, by diseased habit, she had grown to indulge without suspecting it, was burned up in the glow of her pure and poetic spirit, which dearly loved the Infinite.

She writes: "August, 1847. Vale. My oddities were never designed—effect of an uncalculating constitution, at first, then through isolation; and as to dress, from duty. To be singular of choice, without singular talents and virtues, is as ridiculous as ungrateful." "It

is so universal with all classes to avoid contact with me that I blame none. The fact has generally increased piety and self-love." "As a traveler enters some fine palace, and finds all the doors closed, and he only allowed the use of some avenues and passages, so have I wandered from the cradle over the apartments of social affections, or the cabinets of natural or moral philosophy, the recesses of ancient and modern lore. All say, Forbear to enter the pales of the initiated by birth, wealth, talents, and patronage. I submit with delight, for it is the echo of a decree from above; and from the highway hedges where I get lodging, and from the rays which burst forth when the crowd are entering these noble saloons, whilst I stand in the doors, I get a pleasing vision, which is an earnest of the interminable skies where the mansions are prepared for the poor."

"To live to give pain rather than pleasure (the latter so delicious) seems the spider-like necessity of my being on earth, and I have gone on my queer way with joy, saying, 'Shall the clay interrogate?' But in every actual case 't is hard, and we lose sight of the first necessity, — here too amid works red with default, in all great and grand and infinite aims, yet with intentions disinterested, though uncontrolled by proper reverence for others."

When Mrs. Thoreau called on her, one day, wearing pink ribbons, she shut her eyes, and so conversed with her for a time. By and by she said, "Mrs. Thoreau, I don't know whether you have observed that my eyes are shut." "Yes, madam, I have observed it." "Perhaps you would like to know the reasons?" "Yes, I should." "I don't like to see a person of your age guilty of such levity in her dress."

When her cherished favorite, E. H., was at the Vale, and had gone out to walk in the forest with Hannah, her niece, Aunt Mary feared they were lost,

and found a man in the next house, and begged him to go and look for them. The man went, and returned, saying that he could not find them. "Go, and cry 'Elizabeth!'" The man rather declined this service, as he did not know Miss H. She was highly offended, and exclaimed, "God has given you a voice that you might use it in the service of your fellow-creatures. Go instantly, and call 'Elizabeth,' till you find them." The man went immediately, and did as he was bid, and having found them apologized for calling thus, by telling what Miss Emerson had said to him.

When some ladies of my acquaintance, by an unusual chance, found themselves in her neighborhood and visited her, I told them that she was no whistle that every mouth could play on, but a quite clannish instrument, a pibroch, for example, from which none but a native Highlander could draw music.

In her solitude of twenty years, with fewest books, and those only sermons, and a copy of *Paradise Lost*, without covers or title-page, so that later, when she heard much of Milton, and sought his work, she found it was her very book which she knew so well, she was driven to find Nature her companion and solace. She speaks of "her attempts in Malden to wake up the soul amid the dreary scenes of monotonous Sabbaths, when Nature looked like a pulpit."

"Malden, 1805, November 15th. What a rich day, so fully occupied in pursuing truth that I scorned to touch a novel, which for so many years I have wanted. How insipid is fiction to a mind touched with immortal views!

"November 16th. I am so small in my expectations, that a week of industry delights. Rose before light every morn; visited from necessity once, and again for books; read Butler's *Analogy*; commented on the Scriptures; read in a little book, Cicero's *Letters*, — a few; touched Shakspeare; washed, carded,

cleaned house, and baked. To-day cannot recall an error, nor scarcely a sacrifice, but more fullness of content in the labors of a day never was felt. There is a sweet pleasure in bending to circumstances while superior to them."

"Malden, 1807, September. The rapture of feeling I would part from, for days more devoted to higher discipline. But when Nature beams with such excess of beauty, when the heart thrills with hope in its Author, — feels that it is related to him more than by any ties of creation, — it exults, too fondly perhaps for a state of trial. But in dead of night, nearer morning, when the eastern stars glow, or appear to glow, with more indescribable lustre, a lustre which penetrates the spirit with wonder and curiosity, — then, however awed, who can fear? Since Sabbath, Aunt B—— [the insane aunt] was brought here. Ah! mortifying sight! instinct perhaps triumphs over reason and every dignified respect to herself, in her anxiety about recovery, and the smallest means connected. Not one wish of others detains her, not one care. But it alarms me not, I shall delight to return to God. His name my fullest confidence. His sole presence ineffable pleasure."

"I walked yesterday five or more miles, lost to mental or heart existence, through fatigue, just fit for the society I went into: all mildness and the most commonplace virtue. The lady is celebrated for her cleverness, and she was never so good to me. Met a lady in the morning walk, a foreigner, — conversed on the accomplishments of Miss T. My mind expanded with novel and innocent pleasure. Ah! were virtue and that of dear heavenly meekness attached by any necessity to a lower rank of genteel people, who would sympathize with the exalted with satisfaction? But that is not the case, I believe. A mediocrity does seem to me more distant from eminent virtue than the extremes of station:

though after all it must depend on the nature of the heart. A mediocre mind will be deranged in either extreme of wealth or poverty, praise or censure, society or solitude. The feverish lust of notice perhaps in all these cases would injure the heart of common refinement and virtue."

Later she writes of her early days in Malden, "When I get a glimpse of the revolutions of nations, — that retribution which seems forever going on in this part of creation, — I remember with great satisfaction that from all the ills suffered, in childhood and since, from others, I felt that it was rather the order of things than their individual fault. It was from being early impressed by my poor, unpractical Aunt that Providence and prayer were all in all. Poor woman! Could her own temper in childhood and age have been subdued, how happy for herself, who had a warm heart; but for me would have prevented those early lessons of fortitude which her caprices taught me to practice. Had I prospered in life, what a proud, excited being, even to feverishness, I might have been. Loving to shine, flattered and flattering, anxious, and wrapped in others, frail and feverish as myself."

She alludes to the early days of her solitude, sixty years afterwards, on her own farm in Maine, speaking sadly the thoughts suggested by the rich autumn landscape around her: "Ah! as I walked out this afternoon, so sad was wearied Nature that I felt her whisper to me, 'Even these leaves you use to think my better emblems have lost their charm on me too, and I weary of my pilgrimage, — tired that I must again be clothed in the grandeurs of winter, and anon be bedizened in flowers and cascades. Oh, if there be a power superior to me, — and that there is my own dread fetters proclaim, — when will He let my lights go out, my tides cease to an eternal ebb? Oh for transformation!

I am not infinite, nor have I power or will, but bound and imprisoned, the tool of mind, even of the beings I feed and adorn. Vital, I feel not; not active, but passive, and cannot aid the creatures which seem my progeny, — myself. But you are ingrate to tire of me, now you want to look beyond. 'Twas I who soothed your thorny childhood, though you knew me not, and you were placed in my most leafless waste. Yet I comforted thee when going on the daily errand, fed thee with my mallows on the first young day of bread failing. More, I led thee when thou knewest not a syllable of my active Cause, (any more than if it had been dead eternal matter,) to that Cause; and from the solitary heart taught thee to say, at first womanhood, Alive with God is enough, — 't is rapture.'

[1826.] "This morning rich in existence; the remembrance of past destitution in the deep poverty of my Aunt, and her most unhappy temper; of bitterer days of youth and age, when my senses and understanding seemed but means of labor, or to learn my own unpopular destiny, and that — but no more; — joy, hope and resignation unite me to Him whose mysterious Will adjusts everything, and the darkest and lightest are alike welcome. Oh could this state of mind continue, death would not be longed for." "I felt, till above twenty years old, as though Christianity were as necessary to the world as existence: — was ignorant that it was lately promulged, or partially received." Later: "Could I have those hours in which in fresh youth I said, To obey God is joy, though there were no hereafter, I should rejoice, though returning to dust."

"Folly follows me as the shadow does the form. Yet my whole life devoted to find some new truth which will link me closer to God. And the simple principle which made me say in youth and laborious poverty, that should He make me a blot on the fair face of his

creation, I should rejoice in His will, has never been equaled, though it returns in the long life of destitution like an angel. I end days of fine health and cheerfulness without getting upward now. How did I use to think them lost! If more liberal views of the Divine Government make me think nothing lost which carries me to His now hidden presence, there may be danger of losing and causing others the loss of that awe and sobriety so indispensable."

She was addressed and offered marriage by a man of talents, education, and good social position, whom she respected. The proposal gave her pause and much to think, but after consideration she refused it, I know not on what grounds: a few allusions to it in her diary suggest that it was a religious act, and it is easy to see that she could hardly promise herself sympathy in her religious abandonment with any but a rarely-found partner.

"1807, January 19, Malden [alluding to the sale of her farm]. Last night I spoke two sentences about that foolish place, which I most bitterly lament, — not because they were improper, but they arose from anger. It is difficult, when we have no kind of barrier, to command our feelings. But this shall teach me. It humbles me beyond anything I have met, to find myself for a moment affected with hope, fear, or especially anger, about interest. But I did overcome and return kindness for the repeated provocations. What is it? My uncle has been the means of lessening my property. Ridiculous to wound him for that. He was honestly seeking his own. But at last, this very night, the bargain is closed, and I am delighted with myself: my dear self has done well. Never did I so exult in a trifle. Happy beginning of my bargain, though the sale of the place appears to me of the worst things for me at this time."

"January 21. Weary at times of objects so tedious to hear and see. Oh

the power of vision, then the delicate power of the nerve which receives impressions from sounds! If ever I am blest with a social life, let the accent be grateful. Could I at times be regaled with music, it would remind me that there are *sounds*. Shut up in this severe weather with careful, infirm, afflicted age, it is wonderful, my spirits; hopes I can have none. Not a prospect but is dark on earth, as to knowledge and joy from externals; but the prospect of a dying bed reflects lustre on all the rest. The evening is fine, but I dare not enjoy it. The moon and stars reproach me, because I had to do with mean fools. Should I take so much care to save a few dollars? Never was I so much ashamed. Did I say with what rapture I might dispose of them to the poor? Pho! self-preservation, dignity, confidence in the future, contempt of trifles! Alas, I am disgraced. Took a momentary revenge on — for worrying me."

"January 30. I walked to Captain Dexter's. Sick. Promised never to put that ring on. Ended miserably the month which began so worldly.

"It was the choice of the Eternal that gave the glowing seraph his joys, and to me my vile imprisonment. I adore Him. It was His will that gives my superiors to shine in wisdom, friendship and ardent pursuits, while I pass my youth, its last traces, in the veriest shades of ignorance and complete destitution of society. I praise Him, though when my strength of body falters it is a trial not easily described." "True, I must finger the very farthing candle-ends, — the duty assigned to my pride; and indeed so poor are some of those allotted to join me on the weary, needy path, that 't is benevolence enjoins self-denial. Could I but dare it in the bread-and-water diet! Could I but live free from calculation, as in the first half of life, when my poor aunt lived. I had ten dollars a year for clothes and

charity, and I never remember to have been needy, though I never had but two or three aids in those six years of earning my home. That ten dollars my dear father earned and one hundred dollars remain, and I can't bear to take it, and don't know what to do. Yet I would not breathe to — or — my want. 'T is only now that I would not let — pay my hotel-bill. They have enough to do. Besides, it would send me packing to depend for anything. Better anything than dishonest dependence, which robs the poorer, and despoils friendship of equal connection."

In 1830, in one of her distant homes, she reproaches herself with some sudden passion she has for visiting her old home and friends in the city, where she had lived for a while with her brother [Mr. Emerson's father] and afterwards with his widow. "Do I yearn to be in Boston? 'T would fatigue, disappoint; I, who have so long despised means, who have always found it a sort of rebellion to seek them? Yet the old desire for the worm is not so greedy as [mine] to find myself in my old haunts."

"1833. The difficulty of getting places of low board for a lady is obvious, and, at moments, I am tired out. Yet how independent, how better than to hang on friends! And sometimes I fancy that I am emptied and peeled to carry some seed to the ignorant, which no idler wind can so well dispense." "Hard to contend for a health which is daily used in petition for a final close." "Am I, poor victim, swept on through the sternest ordinations of nature's laws which slay? Yet I'll trust." "There was great truth in what a pious enthusiast said, that, if God should cast him into hell, he would yet clasp his hands around Him."

"Newburyport, September, 1822. High, solemn, entrancing noon, prophetic of the approach of the Presiding Spirit of Autumn. God preserve my reason! Alone, feeling strongly, fully, that I

have deserved nothing; according to Adam Smith's idea of society, 'done nothing;' doing nothing, never expect to; yet joying in existence, perhaps striving to beautify one individual of God's creation.

"Our civilization is not always mending our poetry. It is sauced and spiced with our complexity of arts and inventions, but lacks somewhat of the grandeur that belongs to a Doric and unphilosophical age. In a religious contemplative public it would have less outward variety, but simpler and grander means; a few pulsations of created beings, a few successions of acts, a few lamps held out in the firmament, enable us to talk of Time, make epochs, write histories, — to do more, — to date the revelations of God to man. But these lamps are held to measure out some of the moments of eternity, to divide the history of God's operations in the birth and death of nations, of worlds. It is a goodly name for our notions of breathing, suffering, enjoying, acting. We personify it. We call it by every name of fleeting, dreaming, vamping imagery. Yet it is nothing. We exist in eternity. Dissolve the body and the night is gone; the stars are extinguished, and we measure duration by the number of our thoughts, by the activity of reason, the discovery of truths, the acquirement of virtue, the approach to God. And the gray-headed god throws his shadows all around, and his slaves catch, now at this, now at that one; at the halo he throws around poetry or pebbles, bugs or bubbles. Sometimes they climb, sometimes creep into the meanest holes; but they are all alike in vanishing, like the shadow of a cloud."

To her nephew Charles: "War; what do I think of it? Why, in your ear I think it so much better than oppression, that if it were ravaging the whole geography of despotism it would be an omen of high and glorious import. Channing paints its miseries, but

does he know those of a worse war, — private animosities, pinching, bitter warfare of the human heart, the cruel oppression of the poor by the rich, which corrupts old worlds? How much better, more honest, are storming and conflagration of towns! They are but letting blood which corrupts into worms and dragons. A war-trump would be harmony to the jars of theologians and statesmen such as the papers bring. It was the glory of the Chosen People; nay, it is said there was war in Heaven. War is among the means of discipline, the rough meliorators, and no worse than the strife with poverty, malice, and ignorance. War devastates the conscience of men. Yet corrupt peace does not less. And if you tell me of the miseries of the battle-field, with the sensitive Channing (of whose love of life I am ashamed), what of a few days of agony, what of a vulture being the bier, tomb, and parson of a hero, compared to the long years of sticking on a bed and wished away? For the widows and orphans — Oh, I could give facts of the long-drawn years of imprisoned minds and hearts, which uneducated orphans endure!

"O Time! thou loiterer, thou whose might has laid low the vastest and crushed the worm, retest on thy hoary throne, with like potency over thy agitations and thy graves, oh when will thy routines give way to higher and lasting institutions? When thy trophies and thy name and all its wizard forms be lost in the Genius of Eternity? In Eternity, no deceitful promises, no fantastic illusions, no riddles concealed by thy shrouds, none of thy Arachnean webs, which decoy and destroy. Hasten to finish thy motley work, on which frightful Gorgons are at play, spite of holy ghosts. 'Tis already moth-eaten, and its shuttles quaver, as the beams of the loom are shaken.

"25, Saturday. Hail, requiem of departed Time! Never was incumbent's

funeral followed by expectant heir with more satisfaction. Yet not his hope is mine. For in the weary womb are prolific numbers of the same sad hour, colored by the memory of defeats in virtue, by the prophecy of others, more dreary, blind and sickly. Yet He who formed thy web, who stretched thy warp from long ages, has graciously given man to throw his shuttle, or feel he does, and irradiate the filling woof with many a flowery rainbow, — labors, rather, evanescent efforts, which will wear like flowerets in brighter soils ; — has attuned his mind in such unison with the harp of the universe that he is never without some chord of hope's music. 'Tis not in the nature of existence, while there is a God, to be without the pale of excitement. When the dreamy pages of life seem all turned and folded down to very weariness, even this idea of those who fill the hour with crowded virtues lifts the spectator to other worlds, and he adores the eternal purposes of Him who lifteth up and casteth down, bringeth to dust and raiseth to the skies. 'Tis a strange deficiency in Brougham's title of a *System of Natural Theology*, when the moral constitution of the being for whom these contrivances were made is not recognized. The wonderful inhabitant of the building to which unknown ages were the mechanics is left out as to that part where the Creator had put his own lighted candle, placed a vicegerent. Not to complain of the poor old earth's chaotic state, brought so near in its long and gloomy transmutings by the geologist. Yet its youthful charms as decked by the hand of Moses' *Cosmogony* will linger about the heart, while Poetry succumbs to Science. Yet there is a sombre music in the whirl of times so long gone by. And the bare bones of this poor embryo earth may give the idea of the Infinite far, far better than when dignified with arts and industry : its oceans, when beating the symbols of ceaseless ages, than when covered with

cargoes of war and oppression. How grand its preparation for souls, — souls who were to feel the Divinity, before Science had dissected the emotions and applied its steely analysis to that state of being which recognizes neither psychology nor element.

"September, 1836. Vale. The mystic dream which is shed over the season. Oh to dream more deeply ; to lose external objects a little more ! Yet the hold on them is so slight that duty is lost sight of, perhaps, at times. Sadness is better than walking, talking, acting somnambulism. Yes, this entire solitude with the Being who makes the powers of life ! Even Fame, which lives in other states of Virtue, palls. Usefulness, if it requires action, seems less like existence than the desire of being absorbed in God, retaining consciousness. Number the waste places of the journey, — the secret martyrdom of youth, heavier than the stake, I thought ; the narrow limits which know no outlet, the bitter dregs of the cup, — and all are sweetened by the purpose of Him I love. The idea of being no mate for those intellectualists I've loved to admire is no pain. Hereafter the same solitary joy will go with me, were I not to live, as I expect, in the vision of the Infinite. Never do the feelings of the Infinite, and the consciousness of finite frailty and ignorance, harmonize so well as at this mystic season in the deserts of life. Contradictions, the modern German says, of the Infinite and Finite."

I sometimes fancy I detect in Miss Emerson's writings a certain — shall I say polite and courtly homage to the name and dignity of Jesus, not at all spontaneous, but growing out of her respect to the Revelation, and really veiling and betraying her organic dislike to any interference, any mediation between her and the Author of her being, assurance of whose direct dealing with her she incessantly invokes : for example, the parenthesis, "Saving thy pres-

ence, Priest and Medium of all this approach for a sinful creature!" "Were it possible that the Creator was not virtually present with the spirits and bodies which He has made, — if it were in the nature of things possible He could withdraw himself, — I would hold on to the faith that, at some moment of His existence, I was present: that, though cast from Him, my sorrows, my ignorance and meanness were a part of His plan; my death, too, — however long and tediously delayed to prayer, — was decreed, was fixed. Oh how weary in youth — more so scarcely now, not whenever I can breathe, as it seems, the atmosphere of the Omnipresence: then I ask not faith nor knowledge; honors, pleasures, labors, I always refuse, compared to this divine partaking of existence; but how rare, how dependent on the organs through which the soul operates!

"The sickness of the last week was fine medicine; pain disintegrated the spirit, or became spiritual. I rose, — I felt that I had given to God more perhaps than an angel could, had promised Him in youth that to be a blot on this fair world at His command would be acceptable. Constantly offer myself to continue the obscurest and loneliest thing ever heard of with one proviso, — His agency. Yes, love Thee, and all Thou dost, while Thou sheddest frost and darkness on every path of mine."

For years she had her bed made in the form of a coffin; and delighted herself with the discovery of the figure of a coffin made every evening on their sidewalk by the shadow of a church tower which adjoined the house.

Saladin caused his shroud to be made, and carried it to battle as his standard. She made up her shroud, and death still refusing to come, and she thinking it a pity to let it lie idle, wore it as a night-gown, or a day-gown, nay, went out to ride in it, on horseback, in her mountain roads, until it was worn out. Then

she had another made up, and as she never traveled without being provided for this dear and indispensable contingency, I believe, she wore out a great many.

"1833. I have given up, the last year or two, the hope of dying. In the lowest ebb of health nothing is ominous; diet and exercise restore. So it seems best to get that very humbling business of insurance. I enter my dear sixty the last of this month."

"1835, June 16. Tedious indisposition; — hoped, as it took a new form, it would open the cool, sweet grave. Now existence itself in any form is sweet. Away with knowledge; — God alone. He communicates this our condition and humble waiting, or I should never perceive Him. Science, Nature, — oh I've yearned to open some page; — not now, too late. Ill health and nerves. Oh dear worms, — how they will at some sure time take down this tedious tabernacle, most valuable companions, instructors in the science of mind, by gnawing away the meshes which have chained it. A very Beatrice in showing the Paradise. Yes, I irk under contact with forms of depravity, while I am resigned to being nothing, never expect a palm, a laurel, hereafter."

"1826, July. If one could choose, and without crime be gibbeted, were it not altogether better than the long drooping away by age without mentality or devotion? The vulture and crow would *caw, caw*, and, unconscious of any deformity in the mutilated body, would relish their meal, make no grimace of affected sympathy, nor suffer any real compassion. I pray to die, though happier myriads and mine own companions press nearer to the throne. His coldest beam will purify and render me forever holy. Had I the highest place of acquisition and diffusing virtue here, the principle of human sympathy would be too strong for that rapt emotion, that severe delight which I crave; nay, for that

kind of obscure virtue which is so rich to lay at the feet of the Author of morality. Those economists (Adam Smith) who say nothing is added to the wealth of a nation but what is dug out of the earth, and that, whatever disposition of virtue may exist, unless something is done for society, deserves no fame, — why, I am content with such paradoxical kind of facts; but one secret sentiment of virtue, disinterested (or perhaps not), is worthy, and will tell, in the world of spirits, of God's immediate presence, more than the blood of many a martyr who has it not." "I have heard that the greatest geniuses have died ignorant of their power and influence on the arts and sciences. I believe thus much, that their large perception consumed their egotism, or made it impossible for them to make small calculations."

"That greatest of all gifts, however small my power of receiving, the capacity, the element to love the All-perfect, without regard to personal happiness; happiness, — 't is itself."

She checks herself amid her passionate prayers for immediate communion with God: "I who never made a sacrifice to record, — I cowering in the nest of quiet for so many years; I indulge the delight of sympathizing with great virtues, blessing their Original: have I this right?"

"While I am sympathizing in the government of God over the world, perhaps I lose nearer views. Well I learned his existence *a priori*. No object of science or observation ever was pointed out to me by my poor aunt, but His Being and commands; and oh how much I trusted Him with every event till I learned the order of human events from the pressure of wants."

"What a timid, ungrateful creature! Fear the deepest pitfalls of age, when pressing on, in imagination at least, to Him with whom a day is a thousand years, — with whom all miseries and irregularities are conforming to universal

good! Shame on me who have learned within three years to sit whole days in peace and enjoyment without the least apparent benefit to any, or knowledge to myself, — resigned, too, to the memory of long years of slavery passed in labor and ignorance, to the loss of that character which I once thought and felt so sure of, without ever being conscious of acting from calculation."

Her friends used to say to her, "I wish you joy of the worm;" and when at last her release arrived, the event of her death had really such a comic tinge in the eyes of every one who knew her that her friends feared they might, at her funeral, not dare to look at each other, lest they should forget the serious proprieties of the hour.

She gave high counsels. It was the privilege of certain boys to have this immeasurably high standard indicated to their childhood; a blessing which nothing else in education could supply. It is frivolous to ask, "And was she ever a Christian in practice?" Cassandra uttered, to a frivolous, skeptical time, the arcana of the Gods, but it is easy to believe that Cassandra domesticated in a lady's house would have proved a troublesome boarder. Is it the less desirable to have the lofty abstractions because the abstractionist is nervous and irritable? Shall we not keep Flamsteed and Herschel in the observatory, though it should even be proved that they neglected to rectify their own kitchen clock? It is essential to the safety of every mackerel fisher that latitudes and longitudes should be astronomically ascertained; and so every banker, shopkeeper and wood-sawyer has a stake in the elevation of the moral code by saint and prophet. Very rightly, then, the Christian ages proceeding on a grand instinct have said: Faith alone, faith alone.

I confess that when I read these papers I do not feel that religion has

made any progress in our community. Neither do I feel that society and conversation have. But elevation must always be solitary. Plotinus, and Herbert, and Thoreau, and this woman, have no contemporaries: —

"Nor pour these visions of my Lord
Through this glad mind as erst they poured."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE INITIATE.

SLOWLY, with day's dying fall,
And with many a solemn sound,
Slowly from the Athenian wall,
The long procession wound.

Five days of the mystic nine
Clad in solemn thought were passed,
Ere the few could drink the wine
Or seek the height at last.

Then the chosen, young and old,
To Eleusis went their ways;
But no lip the tale has told
Of those mysterious days.

In the seer's seeing eye,
The maiden with a faithful soul,
In youth that did not fear to die,
Was felt that strange control.

Yet no voice the dreadful word
Through these centuries of man
Made the sacred secret heard,
Or showed the hidden plan.

All the horrors born of death
Rose within that nine days' gloom,
Chasing those forms of mortal breath
From awful room to room.

Deep through bowels of the earth
They drove the seekers of the dark,
Hearts that longed to know the worth
Hid in the living spark.

In that moment of despair
Was revealed — but who may tell
How the Omnipotent declares
His truth that all is well?

Saw they forms of their own lost?
 Heard they voices that have fled?
 We know not,—or know at most
 Their joy was no more dead.

Light of resurrection gleamed,
 But in what shape we cannot hear;
 Glory shone of the redeemed
 Beyond this world of fear.

Old books say Demeter came
 And smiled upon them, and her smile
 Burned all their sorrow in its flame,
 Yet left them here awhile.

O shadowed sphere whereon we pause
 To live our dream and suffer, thou
 Shroudest the initiate days; the cause
 Gleams on thy morning brow!

A. F.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME DURING THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

III.

IN the immediate neighborhood of the Fountain of Trevi, within sound indeed of its falling jets and cascades, was an ordinary building at the corner of the Via del Nazereno and the Angelo Custode. An alto-relievo figure of such an angel, on the walls of a house near by, gave the latter street its name. An oil-lamp burning before a shrine supplied the neighborhood, on moonless evenings, with pretty much all its light, whether for those who, coming down from the direction of the Pincian, turned to the left towards the Stamperia and the Fountain, or for those who took the right fork, the Nazereno, towards S. Andrea delle Fratte.

In the latter narrow street is the stone-arched doorway to this corner house, closed by two strong wooden doors, on one of which hangs a large

iron knocker. Two distinct blows with this are followed by a sharp click within; a large iron latch is invisibly lifted by a cord from above; and, pushing the heavy door slowly open, the visitor finds himself in a small, dark, lava-paved vestibule. Entering, the deep gurgling of unseen waters, ever flowing somewhere just beneath, is his welcome. A dark stone stairway opens on the right; and unless the stranger has learned to provide himself with a small match-box and a waxen taper, which the resident in Rome generally carries for such an exigency, he must grope his way up-stairs, with no light but his imagination or his memory. On the second landing a small red and white cord and tassel hang out from a little hole in a well barred and bolted door, with which, if needful, a second summons can be given.

At least, all this was so twenty-four years ago. And then a voice would

promptly meet the ascending visitor with its quick "*Chi è?*" (Who is it?) And if the reply were satisfactory, or if a searching glance from within, through a little grated wicket, rendered the inquiry superfluous, the door was quickly opened, and a bright little woman, unnaturally short in stature, appeared upon the threshold with an antique brass Roman lamp, to give a cheery greeting, and to show the comer into a small apartment of three rooms, which did duty for the first rectory of the American church in Rome. What the ante-room of the Palazzo Bernini and the Chancellerie of the American Legation were to St. Paul's-within-the-Walls, that this little apartment was to the rectory which is now slowly going up on the Via Napoli, near that church.

No one of these three rooms boasted either fireplace or chimney,—indeed, few Roman houses had anything of the kind save in the kitchen; but a sheet of tin replaced a pane of glass in one parlor window, and a hole in this gave egress to the outer air for a pipe from a little stove standing near; and in this stove, on a cold or rainy day, our dwarf maid, Checca, would light up a fagot or two of brush for us. Another and a less obstructed window looked out across the Angelo Custode upon the quarters of certain officials of the French Army of Occupation. Here the French colors were brought back after every great parade, escorted by a special guard of honor, and were formally saluted, before being taken into the house, by military music from a fine brass band of fifty-seven pieces. This frequent performance was a great attraction to the neighborhood.

Checca, good soul, was a devotee, and never missed her daily mass, or her devout prayer in the Fratte on every festa. Her padrone and our landlord, on the contrary, was a liberal and a republican. He had his stories of the early days of Pius IX., of the lay ministry of Count

Mamiani, of the assassination of Count Rossi, of the flight of the Pope to Gaeta, and of the siege of Rome. He had been a member of the civic guard under Garibaldi, in the defense of the city against the French, ten years before. Checca faithfully brought us all the church news. She knew when the Pope might be seen driving in the Villa Borghese or on the Pincio, when a triduo would be sung at the Gesù, who would preach the Quarantina at the Fratte, or what were likely to be blessed numbers at the pontifical lottery. From the padrone, on the other hand, we were pretty sure to hear of all the revolutionary ebullitions or half-open secrets, to get a copy of any political pamphlet which might be in clandestine circulation, or to learn the latest rumors from the world without, bearing on the prospects of the national movement. That Checca believed in the holy church and asked no questions was clear. That the padrone was concerned in every demonstration against the Pope-king, of which he so forewarned us, or afterwards gave us details, was very probable.

When the Pope and Antonelli had given up all hope from the congress and the diplomates, they turned appropriately to more ecclesiastical defenders and methods of defense. St. Joseph was the husband and protector of the Virgin: consequently, he was the natural protector of the church. To San Giuseppe, therefore, on the 19th of March, 1860, all the faithful were now exhorted to address themselves, invoking his interference to arrest the revolution. Checca of course went over to the church sometimes; but so did the padrone! At St. Peter's and everywhere the churches were thronged far beyond ecclesiastical expectation; but by no means only with devotees. For the Romans, wishing to do honor to any one, instead of observing his birthday, as with us, celebrate his name-day; that is, the festa of the saint whose name he bears. The lib-

erals now opportunely recollected that Giuseppe was the Christian name of Garibaldi, and the festa was accordingly observed in a spirit most uncalled for; and San Giuseppe (Garibaldi) was invoked in the very churches, as well as in the piazza, to come to the relief of Rome.

This, as may be imagined, was most aggravating to the authorities. A charge of cavalry could readily be launched against any liberal demonstration in the streets, — as was done, indeed, on this very St. Joseph's day, — and bad politics there corrected with sabre blows and horses' hoofs. But when the Romans conformed only too generally to the *Invito Sagro* of the cardinal vicar, and filled the very churches themselves, what could be done about it?

We were not supposed to get any political information which the authorities did not think best for the faithful to receive; but, early in April, in spite — or in consequence? — of this observance of St. Joseph's Day, disquieting rumors began to come again, this time from the south. What the Naples papers and the *Giornale di Roma* called "some unimportant disturbances" had taken place in Palermo and Messina, possibly in other parts of Sicily. These were, it seems, "readily suppressed;" but the steamers of the Marseilles line were pressed into government service, and twenty thousand troops dispatched from Naples, — a fact which raised a doubt about the "unimportance" of the uprising. Private letters, moreover, and even the Paris press soon represented the whole island as in arms, the most inland villages being in insurrection, until it was difficult to say whether the Neapolitan troops in the cities held the inhabitants of the island in a state of siege, as the *Giornale di Roma* assured us to be the case; or the insurgents had shut up the troops in the cities, which was more probable.

Under these circumstances, although the Roman journal reiterated the assur-

ance that these Sicilian troubles were "wholly without significance," yet the Pope decided to organize a small army of "Pontifical Volunteers," upon which he could rely were French protection suddenly to fail him. The cardinal vicar, also, ordered a litany procession on the 15th of April, for the defense of the Pope and "the recovery of the Romagna."

The procession came off, as ordered, but was spoken of as consisting only of "three fraternities, the last of whom were Cappuccini, bearing crucifixes and sauntering along negligently, carrying candles and chanting in a monotonous, soulless way." But the Papal army was soon made up of volunteers of almost every nationality, — notably, however, Belgian and Irish; the French General Lamoricière being authorized by the emperor to enter into the Papal service and take the command. Yet even these seemed soon to be infected with the spirit of the place. Some Irish squads were quite too ready to extemporize a fight on any occasion, even though they chanced to get on the wrong side; and "it was said" that a whole regiment, the second Cacciatori, apparently Italians, having been severely upbraided by their French commander, marched off from Viterbo, over the frontier, and tendered their services to the King of Italy.

The popular feeling about these pontifical zouaves found little opportunity of expression in Rome itself. But the Florence *Lampione* of May 17th had a cartoon representing Lamoricière marching forth to the defense of Rome, armed with a sword in one hand and a pastoral staff in the other, the cross-keys on his breast, and on his head a cardinal's hat, from which waved a military plume. A long winding train of priests and priestlings followed him, in full churchly rig, fiercely prancing onward, four abreast, chanting in full chorus, and armed with bell, book, and holy-water sprinklers.

Meanwhile that Rome was thus at once assuaging alarm and preparing for the worst, news was brought by travelers and by newspapers in their pockets that, whatever San Giuseppe might be doing, Giuseppe Garibaldi had escaped the vigilance of the Sardinian authorities at Genoa, suddenly embarked for Sicily with a thousand or more enthusiasts from North Italy (three thousand, as the story then came to Rome), well supplied with arms and ammunition, and landed at Marsala, under the virtual protection of some English vessels, which were so constantly in the way that the Neapolitan cruisers could not attack the Garibaldians.

During this month of May, the news from Sicily came bit by bit, and in such shape that no one could tell what to make of it. The Papal authorities evidently dreaded political infection. Almost daily did the *Giornale di Roma*, on the faith of official information from Naples, announce one after another a succession of actions or skirmishes, in which the royal cause was invariably victorious, — losses, defeats, routs, pursuits, for the patriots, until it was a marvel what there could be left from one of these disasters to form material for the next. Daily did the cause of the heroic adventurer, desperate at first, seem to grow worse and worse; until the climax was finally reached in the announcement that, in despair of escape, Garibaldi had committed suicide. But in the teeth of such veracious chronicling, private rumor would persist in telling a very different story. A three days' prayer to the Virgin for the King of Naples was unnecessarily, as would seem, ordered to be observed at S. Andrea delle Fratte, under the auspices of some of the cardinals. The very scenes of all these defeats and routs, as given in the *Giornale* itself, succeeded each other in an extraordinary direction, — the victors ever falling back, the defeated ever advancing, until we learned at last,

as a Munich paper put it, that Garibaldi "was so much exhausted by his repeated discomfitures that he was obliged to retreat to Palermo, and rest himself in the royal palace." Even after the Sicilian capital had actually been surrendered, the *Giornale di Roma* would not admit the fact, until the Count de Goyon threatened, if it were not at once acknowledged, to placard the intelligence in the streets over his own signature.

Remarkable as this expedition will ever be held as an episode in history, it seemed even more extraordinary at the time. Few then knew how far Garibaldi really received coöperation where the effort was apparently made to thwart and arrest him. Count Cavour was obliged to reprove the negligence of the officials who allowed arms to be left where Garibaldi could get possession of them, and to charge the naval commander at Genoa to prevent his departure from that port. But both the Italian and the English naval officers understood perfectly, in the one case, that they were not expected to be over-vigilant; and, in the other, that they would not be severely censured should Garibaldi turn to account their presence in Sicilian waters. But neither Garibaldi nor the public understood this at the time. A popular caricature of a little later day, July 8th, represented Cavour as a balancer on the tight rope of Italian unity, at one end of which Garibaldi is tugging, with great danger to the equilibrium of the other. Cavour, carrying the long pole of diplomacy, weighted with England and France at either end, calls to Garibaldi not to pull so hard upon the rope. The latter rejoins that he must do his duty; that it is Cavour who does not know how to perform his part properly. The world now knows with what great skill Cavour was, at that very time, guarding his gallant but most undiplomatic co-laborer from foreign interference, and securing for him the possibilities of success.

Few of those, moreover, who had not come within the sphere of Garibaldi's personal influence then fully realized the moral power of the man,—of his great unselfishness, of his sublime single-heartedness. He was indeed a brave and daring soldier; but he was no general. It was this moral power, not exceptional military capacity, that was the secret of his Sicilian campaign. It was this power that, at Calatafimi, gave to a thousand of his volunteers victory over six times as many regular Neapolitan troops, who cared little for either their cause or their king. This confidence in the paladin of the Italian revolution was so unquestioning that the news of the taking of Palermo actually anticipated the fact. For a week previous to the event, the record appears, in the diary on which this article largely depends, of whispered congratulations on the *piazze*, and the assurance of our padrone that “after a skirmish, in which the royal troops were repulsed, Garibaldi intrenched himself on the heights of Monreale, above Palermo; and it is now stated definitely that on the [day following] he marched into the city itself.” Palermo was actually occupied on the 6th of June, one month from the date of Garibaldi's departure from Genoa.

Here Garibaldi, without the slightest authority for so doing, save his own honest heart and loyal purpose, proclaimed himself dictator in the name of Victor Emmanuel. During the month of June, while the cession of Savoy and of his native Nice to France was quietly effected, and while he was himself engaged in organizing a provisional government for Sicily,—a work for which he was but poorly fitted, and in which contending factions of either extreme sought to make their own account,—Rome was comparatively free from rumors and disturbances.

Towards the close of June, Francis of Naples made a late and desperate attempt to save his throne. The Florence

caricaturist represented him as a gallant in the street, guitar in hand, serenading Signorina Cavour at a window above. The serenade consisted of the offer of a general amnesty, a constitution, the tri-colored flag, an almost independent vicerealty for Sicily, and an alliance with Piedmont. But the Sicilians and Neapolitans received the tardy offer in much the same amused and sarcastic temper as the fair lady at the window, and both Francis and Rome awaited the progress of the revolution, helpless either to persuade or to resist it.

Just at this time, moreover, a comet appeared over Rome, which was of course interpreted as the precursor of war and further troubles, causing no small excitement amongst the people, and thus added to the perturbation which the news from Sicily and Naples gave to Antonelli and the Pope. “Almost daily,” to quote a private letter of this date, “the troops are practiced in the fields near the city. The Pope himself went to witness the drill a few days since, praised and encouraged them, and presented each soldier with a little medal of the Virgin, for whose aid there are daily and constant prayers and special ceremonies in the churches in behalf of the Pope, and for his victory over his enemies.”

But to turn from this little flurry in the secular armory to these more appropriate “special ceremonies,” on St. Peter's day, June 29th, the function at the Vatican basilica was, or was intended to be, exceptionally solemn. It was, however, far too seriously wanting in reverence and even in common decency, on the part of the subordinate performers, to impress the northern spectator with its religious character.

The Pope was always reverent in manner, and even devout, on such occasions. Antonelli never forgot himself. But near the high altar was a sort of buffet; and during the services a continual preparing, cleansing, and arrang-

ing of the sacred vessels, — not only for the altar service, but also for washing the Pope's hands, — napkins, serving-aprons, etc., gave the whole, at times, quite as much the appearance of a domestic gathering as of a religious ceremony. There was nothing serious in the demeanor even of the officiating priests. The officials at the *side table* talked and lounged as servants would in an anteroom.

The most impressive part of the services was when, during the Pope's celebration of the mass, he elevated the host. The whole multitude in the vast church knelt, save here and there a Protestant spectator. The sabres of the noble guard rung for a moment on the pavement; then, after a solemn stillness, a breathless silence, the sound of the silver trumpets came from the dome above, the clear notes seeming to float downwards from heaven itself.

To this provision of spiritual bread succeeded, in the evening, the *circenses*, which were, the day after, thus described in a private letter from a lady:

"The celebrations of the day were finished off by the *girandola*, or display of fireworks from Monte Pincio. We — obtained a comfortable place for me, and at half past eight we set off in a little carriage. After being stopped at the corners of several streets by mounted guards, we finally reached the Ripetta, and driving for a little distance on the bank of the river (which was lighted up with bonfires, producing beautiful effects on the water) we had from this point a view of St. Peter's, which was again illuminated, looking like some temple of fairy-land. We were only permitted to go within a very short distance of the Piazza [del Popolo], so we alighted, and, mingling with the crowd, soon got to the place where our chairs were waiting for us.

"The commencement was announced by the firing of cannon. Then followed the ascent of some beautiful rockets,

which burst and descended in showers of fire; then a magnificent volcanic eruption preceded the transformation of the great architectural piece — which [on this occasion] was St. Peter's, followed by the Fountain of Trevi — into a temple of light. The various changes of form and color were magical, and at each, a signal was given by the cannon. There was not enough wind to carry off the smoke, but as it was lighted up it gave a beauty of its own, though it marred the brilliancy of the whole.

"After a while, a flame of light shot from the Pincian to the base of the obelisk, played around it, and then darted to posts standing about in the piazza, where it lighted the lamps and revealed the crowd in all directions, thus serving the double purpose of a fine finishing off and of lighting up their homeward departure. All was quiet and orderly. The immense mass, estimated at twenty thousand, had enjoyed the fireworks, and, being satisfied, passed away in groups by the three streets which terminate in the Piazza del Popolo. We gained our carriage without trouble or being in any way inconvenienced by the motley crowd about us."

Of one of the special ceremonies of the church at this period, the same correspondent writes:

"While I was at the window [in the Via Sistina, July 8th] I was attracted by a large crowd about the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. I have since learned that it was a procession to take the picture of the Virgin — a miraculous picture, highly esteemed, having stopped the cholera at one time when it was raging in Rome, — from that church to the Gesù, in order there to have prayers to the Virgin for *peace*. It was attended by the cardinal vicar of Rome and thousands of priests and frati, bearing lighted candles. The picture was brilliantly illuminated, and the people from time to time cried out, 'Ave Maria! Ora pro nobis!'"

On the second Sunday following, July 22d, there was another of these solemn processions, to which the Pope resorted for protection in his danger; in honor, however, of an entirely different madonna.

I quote now from a diary of the time: "First, after a line of guards, came two drummers, rattling away at a singular rate. Then came a long double row of candle-bearing frati; then a brass band, followed by an immense picture of the Madonna and child, swung from a large gilt rod and two upright staffs, borne by priests. The reverse of this picture represented a saint adoring and imploring the Virgin. After this were a few more priests, and then a huge cross, seemingly of logs. It was about sixteen feet high; the foot, pointed as if to go into the ground, rested in a belt socket of the bearer. It was of pasteboard, but the imitation was perfect, both of the bark and of the section, which was about twelve inches in diameter, and also of a few little ivy vines and leaves twining around it. This was followed by another double row of frati, Dominicans.

"Then came another brass band, some more priests, a mitred bishop bearing a small silver crucifix, and then, the great object of the procession, the shrine of the Madonna. It was much like a throne raised upon an altar, borne by sixteen men, and rising in heavily gilt arabesque forms, supported by cherubs, to a large crown which formed its canopy. In this shrine sat an image of the Virgin, arrayed in a dress of white satin, embroidered heavily with gold, low in the neck and with flowing sleeves. She wore also a jeweled crown. The infant Saviour in her arms was somewhat similarly dressed.

"The people had showed some reverence at the other parts of the procession; but when this shrine came by, the crowds that filled the streets knelt on all sides, more than I think I had

seen before, offering the profoundest worship to the image."

"There is to be still another procession, next Sunday" (July 29th), — quoting again the private correspondence already cited, — "to carry back the picture of the Madonna from the church of Il Gesù to that of Santa Maria Maggiore, the Pope having in the meanwhile presented the miraculous picture with a silver chalice."

On the 30th, the same writer resumes: "In the evening, about six, W—— went to the church to see the procession. The picture was loaded with votive offerings of gold and silver and precious stones. I don't know what effect has been produced upon Italian affairs, but at the appearance of the picture the crowd prostrated themselves in humble adoration. I could see from my window the illumination of the church, which presented the appearance of a pyramid of lights and was very beautiful."

This procession, it seems, was "some forty minutes in passing." The streets along the route through which it passed were gayly decked with red and yellow tapestries; and at least one private house opposite the church, as well as the campanile of the church itself, was thus illuminated.

During the period of these great July processions, to which far more than to his secular defenders the Pope had confident recourse for protection against the approaching revolution, Garibaldi was pressing his attack upon Messina, the last hold of Francis upon the island of Sicily. On the 30th, the day following this formal and solemn restoration of the miraculous picture to Santa Maria Maggiore, the news reached Rome that Messina was taken, this extraordinary three months' campaign at an end, and Trinacria redeemed for constitutional liberty and Italy. Our good Checca shook her head, and devoutly said that "we must accept the decrees of Providence;" the padrone sententially as-

sured us that Garibaldi "would take Naples also in the coming fall, and that he would be in Rome itself ere winter should set in."

There were few left in Rome then to give an unbiased judgment upon such a prophecy. The American minister

was gone. The American church was closed for the summer. The August heats now forced away to the mountains, or to cooler latitudes, the last Americans who yet lingered in Rome. Even the Italian revolution paused again in its advance.

William Chauncy Langdon.

O-BE-JOYFUL CREEK AND POVERTY GULCH.

"WHAT'S in a name?" is no idle question in a mining country. Everything is in the names; records of hope, disappointment, success, failure, exiles' homesickness, lovers' passion, desperadoes' profanity, — all are left, written often in strange syllables on the rocks, hills, and streams of the half-conquered wilderness.

When the wilderness has proved a mockery, refusing to give up its treasures, and the miners have pushed on, leaving behind them no trace except deserted cabins and mounds of tin cans, the names they gave still linger, becoming part of the country's history, and outranking in importance ordinary geographical designations. No doubt, in centuries to come, antiquaries will puzzle and delve over the nomenclatures in all those portions of America now known as "mining regions." It would not be strange, either, if the tin-can mounds ultimately became centres of archæological research. Nothing can be more certain than that, if the human race continues to advance, an age will come which will abhor and repudiate the tin can, with all its sickening contents. After a century or two of disuse and oblivion, the hideous utensil and its still more hideous foods will be relegated to their proper place as relics of a phase of barbarism; and then the exhuming of some of the huge mounds of them, now being piled up in mining

camps, will be interesting to all persons curious in such matters. The miner's frying-pan also may come in for a share of analytic attention; will perhaps take a place in museums, in the long procession headed by the Indian's stone mortar and pestle. It may even come about that there will be an age catalogued in the archæologist's lists as the tin age. Contrasted with it, what noble dignity will "the stone age" assume!

Such forerunning fancies as these, sometimes fantastic, sometimes, again, melancholy to the last degree, haunt one in journeying among mining camps, old and new. It is hard to keep separate the fantastic and the sad, in one's impressions; hard to decide which has more pathos, the camp deserted or the camp newly begun, the picture of disappointment over and past or that of enthusiastic hopes, nine out of ten of which are doomed to die. I have sometimes thought that the newest, *livest*, most sanguine camps were saddest sights of all.

The expression of a fresh mining camp, at the height of its "boom," is something which must be seen to be comprehended.

The camp is in the heart of a fir forest, perhaps, or on the stony sides of a gulch. Trees fall here, there, everywhere, day and night. Nobody draws breath till he has got a cabin, or a bough hut, or a tent over his head. As if by

magic, there grows up a sort of street, a dozen or two board shanties, with that cheapest and silliest of all shams, the battlement front, flaunting its ugly squares all along the line. Glaring signs painted on strips of cotton sheeting, bleached and unbleached, are nailed over doors. In next to no time, there will be a "mint," an "exchange," a "bank," a "Vienna bakery," a "Chinese laundry," a "hotel," and a "livery stable." Between each night and morning will blossom out crops of "real estate offices," and places where "mining properties are bought and sold," "claims located, proved, bought and sold," "surveys of mining claims made," etc.; crops also, alas, of whiskey saloons, with wicked names and lurid red curtains, danger and death signals.

The stumps are not taken out of the pretense of a road, neither are the bowlders; nobody minds driving over them, or over anything, in fact, so he gets quick to his "claim," or to the tract in which he is feverishly "prospecting." If a brook trickles through the camp, so much the better; it can do double duty as drain and well. Luckiest they who drink highest up, but they who drink lowest down do not mind. The women, if women there are, are fierce and restless, like the men. They make shifty semblances of homes out of their one-roomed cabins. It is not worth while to have things comfortable, or keep them in order, for there is no knowing whether the camp will turn out to be a good one or not; and tomorrow they may pack up their chattels and move on. At the faintest rumor of a bigger "find," in another camp, the men to whom they belong will be off, and they must follow. They stand in their doorways, idling, wondering, waiting, gossiping, and quarreling. The only placid creatures are the babies, whose simple needs of sun, dirt, and being let alone are amply supplied. They are happy, and they only, in all the camp.

It is a strange life, unnatural, unwholesome, leading to no good, comfortless to a degree which many of those who lead it would not endure a day, except for the hope of great gain, which fires their very veins. The worst of it is that the life is as fascinating as it is unwholesome. "Once a miner always a miner" is a proverb which is little less than an exact truth. The life is simply a gamester's life, with the wide earth for a hazard table, and the instances are rare in which a person who has once come under its spell ever breaks away. It is no uncommon thing, in Colorado, to meet an old gray-haired man who has been prospecting and mining all his life, and has not yet made a dollar, but is buoyantly sure that he will "strike it" soon.

During the autumn of 1880 there were frequently to be seen in the Colorado newspapers, and also in the leading ones of the Eastern States, accounts of new and wonderful discoveries of precious metals and minerals in Gunnison County, Colorado. The excitement was not so intense and sudden as that which followed upon the Leadville finds, but it was sufficient to send thousands of men swarming into the "Gunnison country," as it was called, and to bring into existence, in less than a year, scores of brisk, bustling, "bonanza" mining towns.

"On to Gunnison!" was the cry throughout the mining population of the State. It is instructive as well as interesting to read now, and on the ground, the descriptions then written and the prophecies then made of some of these towns. There was, perhaps, no exaggeration in the descriptions or the prophecies, applying them to the region at large, for it is undoubtedly one of the richest and most varied in treasures in all Colorado. But the casual observer would hardly believe this, journeying to-day through some of the districts of which, at the beginning of the

"boom," such unbounded successes were predicted. The likelihood of the first being last and the last first was never better proven and shown. There seems, on a closer view of the situations, to have been a half-fantastic analogy between the irregular and unforeseeable human conditions and successions in the country and the puzzling conditions and successions geologically recorded there: veins crossing and outcropping in inexplicable places; crevices and fissures doubling on themselves, twisting and tying knots, tendril-like; deposits and measures due, according to all known antecedents, in one spot appearing in quite another, — overlying where they should underlie, going to left where they should go to right, and setting at defiance all the horizontal and vertical conventionalities in well-regulated geological society. Evidently there were periods when something, whether misery or joy, made strange bedfellows underground in Gunnison County. Evidently, also, the law had not then been heard of that as one makes his bed so he must lie; for every mother's son of them, — primitive granite, coal-measure sediments, silica, calc-spar, porphyry, — all have shifted around as they liked, century in and out, till a state of things has resulted which puzzles the best experts in rocks and formations.

The town of Crested Butte and its vicinity afford good opportunities for observing these interesting phenomena of both the upper and the under world.

Crested Butte lies among the peaks of the Elk Mountain range, twenty-eight miles north of Gunnison City, in a beautiful basin, to the making of which go three mountains, two streams, and many gulches. The town gets its odd and rather high-sounding name at second hand, from the highest mountain in its neighborhood. Why Hayden, in his survey, should have named this sharp, pyramidal peak Crested Butte does not at all appear until one goes some dis-

tance north of the mountain. Seen from that side, part of its sky line is a curious jagged cock's-comb sort of crest, which vindicates the first half of the epithet, but leaves the last hardly less inappropriate than before: a peak twelve thousand feet high, its upper half of bare majestic stone, is surely entitled to a rank higher than "Butte."

Crested Butte, more than any other town, is centrally located in relation to the mines of Gunnison County. Every road leading out of the town to east, west, or north brings out before long in a mining camp. It is thus a natural centre of supplies, and has in that one fact alone an excellent reason for being, aside from its own resources, which are already so great that it would be a rash man who undertook to-day to set limit to them. Both south and north of the town are vast coal measures, the extent of which can as yet only be guessed at. Thousands of acres in the immediate outskirts of the village are evidently underlaid by the veins already in working; and similar measures are to be traced on the terraced fronts of the hills and mountains for many miles to the north and west. Mountains full of silver and gold, and creek beds and gulches close at hand full of fuel to smelt and refine them, — what more could the heart of money-lover ask, and what plainer indication could nature give of the chief duty of man in lands thus formed and filled? This would be the miner's creed of predestination in the Crested Butte region.

One need not, however, be either money-seeker, miner, or predestinarian to enjoy Crested Butte and its vicinity. Even to eyes that could not tell trachyte from sandstone, or a coal measure from a granite ledge, the country has treasures to offer. There are many sorts of "claims," "prospectors," and "prospecting."

There is a field of purple asters two miles west of Crested Butte that some

people would rather possess for the rest of the summers of their lives than the coal bank opposite it, — a million times rather; and if a man would secure them a perpetual "claim" to the roadway and a narrow strip of shore of O-Be-Joyful Creek, he might have all the gold and silver in the upper levels of its canyon, and welcome. There is no accounting for differences in values; no adjusting them, either, unluckily. The men who are digging, coking, selling the coal opposite the aster field, do not see the asters; the prospectors hammering away high up above the foaming, splashing, sparkling torrent of the O-Be-Joyful water do not know where it is amber and where it is white, or care for it unless they need drink. And I, before whose eyes the aster field, only once seen, will go on and on waving its purples and yellows all winter, with the laugh of the O-Be-Joyful stream still echoing and the mystery of its amber pools still lingering in my heart, — I shall never see either the radiant field or the laughing water again.

There is one comfort: the "market" in which stock in aster fields and brooks is bought is always strong. Margins are safe, and dividends sure. Ten years from now, that coal bank may not pay, but I shall have my aster field. Whoever goes in July to Crested Butte may have it also, if he will drive out of town westward, up Coal Creek Gulch, on the road leading to the White Cloud, Ruby, Irwin, and Hopewell camps. It is a toll road, built at the time when from Ruby Camp there were daily being taken out masses of ruby native and wire silver, and fortunes were supposed to be waiting to be picked up on all hands. The road lies high on the south-facing slope of the gulch's north wall; far below it, to the left, dashes the black little stream, close to the base of the gulch's south side, which is a steep and almost unbroken wall of fir and spruce forests. On the right-hand slope run

the aster fields, — not asters alone, but every other flower of the region: where the slope is steepest, the uppermost ranks and ranges of blossoms are pricked out against the sky; where the hills fall back, and the fields spread out at easier angles, their surface is a mosaic. The blue harebells, scarlet gilia, lupine of all shades of blue and purple, mariposa, golden-rod, white yarrow, purple vetch, red roses, are there in abundance wherever the purple aster leaves space; but the asters have plainly been first in the field for generations. They grow like clover, in clumps and thickets, making in many places a firm tint of shaded mauve and purple, as solid as ever meadow clover can make at its best. Next to the asters in supremacy is wild parsley, which grows here with a magnificent prodigality, spreading feathery umbrels two hand's-breadths broad. The delicate white "bedstraw" also is stippled in, in masses; and crowning, lighting up all, like the last touches of gold in the illuminated page, is spread a blazonry of yellow, — sunflowers of unusual varieties: one, deep orange, with long, pointed, drooping petals, like a greyhound's ears, — perhaps it is not a sunflower; another, pale straw color, with an old-gold button in the centre, — dusky old gold, like the color of a bumble-bee in the sun; another, small, thick-set, like a glorified dandelion; golden coreopsis, of many kinds, and a satin-surfaced, yellow-disked blossom, like the immortelle: these are a few I knew, or partly knew, and can recollect. But there were scores of others, of which I knew neither face nor name. Never, except in a certain meadow in the Ampezzo Pass, in Titian's country, have I seen such splendid and unstinted massing of flowers. Snow lies from five to twelve feet deep, in the Crested Butte region, all winter, and the winter is from five to seven months long. This is the secret — this, and the plentiful spring rains — of the short summer's

brilliant blossoming; only another of the myriad instances of the great and tender law of compensation.

There are eight miles of these flower fields and fir forests between Crested Butte and White Cloud, the first of the mining camps on the Ruby road. At the end of this eight miles the gulch suddenly widens into a basin, surrounded by high mountains, on the summits of which clouds are always resting. Hence the beautiful name of White Cloud. Of White Cloud's past I learned nothing, except by the picture of its present: a half dozen houses, all deserted; windows boarded up, and wild weeds running riot over door-sills; even the mounds of tin cans and broken bottles, sunk and softened into rounded contours, being fast draped in green and reclaimed into decency by gracious nature.

The most significant sight in White Cloud was a large building, evidently intended for smelting-works: every window and door boarded, and the whole place as it were barricaded by piles of rusty, battered iron machinery which would never again do duty, — piles of old iron wheels, cylinders, pipes, trays of pots, tanks, all the innumerable contrivances and devices for metal working; there they lay, in confused heaps, like the débris of a fire, or a wreck. And so they are, — débris of fire and wreck in which the hope and strength of many a heart have been lost forever.

At White Cloud the Ruby road turns sharply to the north and follows up another gulch, heading toward two high red mountains, named Ruby One and Ruby Two. In some lights, these peaks glow like carnelians, and it is easy to see why their baptismal name, Ruby, was numerically pieced out, and made to do double duty for them both. No other name would have answered so well for either.

Just beyond White Cloud we passed a heavy ore wagon, whose driver, at

some inconvenience, drew out to one side of the narrow stony road, to let us pass; an attention for which I expressed warm gratitude to him, and proceeded to make similar comments on it to my driver. He listened amusedly to all I had to say, and then replied, in a deliberate tone, —

"Well, p'r'aps he ain't so kind 's you think. A feller that 's teamin' on these roads 's got to be accommodatin' 'n' git out th' way, 's often 's he can. Ef he don't, there won't nobody git out th' way for him, don't you see? A feller 'd better be accommodatin', I tell you, or he 'll get paid up 'mighty quick. Any feller 's on the road 'll tell all the rest." After a short interval of reflection, he continued, "A pusson thet ain't in any hurry can make a heap o' trouble for one thet is," which bit of well-phrased philosophy gave me pleasure, and is worth recalling in many a crisis in life.

Ruby is — was (one hesitates as to tenses, in speaking of these camps) much larger than White Cloud, and had a more vigorous and developed life in its day. It is not yet quite dead. Smoke was curling from a chimney or two; one multifarious shop had its door open; also, one whisky saloon, where on the door-sill, with their elbows on their knees, sat three men, whose faces of ludicrous wonderment, as we drove by, were speaking tokens of the evenness of the tenor of the usual way in Ruby. Big-lettered signs, grotesquely out of proportion to the diminutive buildings, even in their heyday of brisk business, looked still more grotesque, now, on the fronts of shanties with doors boarded and windows either boarded or ghastly with cobwebs and broken panes. "Ruby City Bank," "Exchange," "News Company," all closed; the place that knew them knew them no more. Above some of the doorways hung fluttering shreds of cotton cloth, the remains of signs which more economical migrants (is there any other word that would

so properly designate the class?) had stripped off their deserted houses, and carried on to the next camp.

Where Ruby leaves off and Irwin begins does not appear. In fact, the camps need not have had two names, most of the Irwinites being Ruby men, who pushed on a half mile farther up the gulch, to be nearer to the Forest Queen and other seductive mining properties of high-grade ores. Irwin still lives. At least half of the houses are occupied, and businesses of various sorts seem to be — it would perhaps be exaggeration to say, going on; seem to be still extant would come nearer to giving a correct picture of the curious atmosphere of half-suspended activity which the place presents. Dumps of ore here and there on the hillsides and sounds of steam-pumping indicated that miners were at work; the faces of the people also showed it. They were going about their business, in one way or another, but the very fact of this partial activity seemed only to heighten and emphasize the desolate look of the many houses deserted. I wondered what would be the effect on a sensitive and impressionable nature of living for a year in a place where one half the houses were not only empty, but abandoned forever by the men who had builded them. Simply the continued seeing of such houses might well breed a contagion of restlessness and migratory impulse. Whither did all those men go? Was it not to a better place? Are they not glad they went? There are not such fierce suns as this, perhaps, or so cold rains, where they are. "Let us follow!" says the idle, dreaming thought, looking day after day on the deserted homes.

In the northward suburbs of Irwin were several deserted log cabins, among trees, in rude inclosures, overgrown and choked with scrambling, blossoming things. It was noticeable that there was about these no expression of dreariness

or desolation. The log cabin is, of all man-built homes, the nearest to nature. Left unoccupied, it is quickly relegated to its original affinities, slips back into much of its old tree dignity, and can never by any chance become unsightly. Coming upon such a cabin, open-doored, windowless, the grass perhaps its only floor, the traveler is never repelled, only attracted. "Not a bad place to sleep, if one need," he says, and half wishes he need. But the board shanty, and above all the battlement-fronted board shanty, has only to be left disused for a brief period to acquire abjectness, ignominy, a look of having come from base uses and being fit only for such. There is room here for analysis and reflection, if one chose; especially is there room for analytic reflection on the battlement front, its significance and insignificance. It is in pioneer ways and means and standards at once a feature and a factor; its appearance and its disappearance are alike gauges of the community's condition, a record much more exact than would be supposed. There can be few better signs in a new town than the arrival of the day when a man is ashamed to put up a battlement-fronted house, and knows that it would be against his business interests to do so.

Just beyond Irwin's last uninhabited log cabin, on the shores of a beautiful emerald-green lake, we found a United States survey party camped.

"You call these camps deserted?" said one of the engineers. "Why, these camps are lively. You have n't been to Silver Cliff, I guess. Down there, there are thousands of acres with the prospect holes not over a foot apart. The ground is nothing more than a colander, and there is n't a living person in Silver Cliff, and has n't been for a year. These Ruby camps are lively. You'd better go to Silver Cliff. It's a sight worth seeing, just to look at those acres of prospect holes."

At the head of the gulch, close at the

base of Ruby One and Ruby Two, lies the town of Hopewell, the last of the four once "booming" mining camps in Ruby Gulch. Of the half dozen houses, two were inhabited. One was the "Pink Boarding-House," a building quoted as a landmark in giving us our directions for finding the Ruby chief mine. The house was not so flagrant as its name; æsthetic art would have found some other designation for its mongrel tint, which was nearer to the crushed strawberry than to any other defined color. It stood out in amazing relief. Its two high stories, abundant in windows, its double doors and expansive sides of startling hue, — all these contrasted with the desolate loneliness of the spot, and the low cabins of logs or rough boards on either hand seemed to lift the ugly structure into a sort of magnificence; and it was not to be wondered at that it had attained an eminence of notoriety in the region.

The keeper of the Pink Boarding-House was an elderly woman, with bright, resolute hazel eyes, who had a story to tell; one of the instances, so frequently met with in Colorado journeying, of lives which would read like romances if written out in detail. She moved from Seneca Falls in New York to Denver, in 1859; "the second white woman who," as she emphatically said, "ever set foot in Denver." She lived there through the horrors of the Arapahoe and Cheyenne wars. She saw, drawn in open wagons through Denver streets, the dead bodies of men and women, killed by Indians. She also saw white men, Chivington's men, murderers of friendly and unarmed Indians, ride through the same streets, carrying at their saddle-bows unmentionable trophies of the horrible massacre they had perpetrated. After seven years of this life, she migrated back again, eastward, to Wisconsin, where they had good luck, made a comfortable home, and lived until the mining fever of 1880 seized

her husband. On the pleasant Wisconsin home, "with every comfort heart could wish," they had turned their backs, and plunged into this wilderness for gain of silver and gold. Here she had lived three years. Two winters she had spent in this home, with the snow twelve feet deep all around; no going about except on snow-shoes; no going out at all, for her, for twelve long weeks. The windows on the south side of the house were blocked by drifted snow to the eaves; on the north side one row of panes in the upper-story windows was left uncovered; long tunnel ways led to the doors, through banks of snow so high that the tunnel ways were dark. This it is to mine for precious metals in Hopewell in winter. Strange as it seems, however, the winter is the better part of the year for work. In summer, the innumerable mountain springs are so full that pumps have to be kept going continually to clear the mines of water. In winter the only danger is from snow-slides. Hearing this woman's graphic account of a slide in the winter of 1882, which "went off like a cannon," she said, "waking them right up" at midnight, and in a minute had piled its mountain of snow far down the valley, having carried with it all the buildings of the Ruby chief mine, and buried two miners, asleep in their cabins (one killed instantly; one worse off than his dead comrade, crushed, but left alive, to linger in agony for days): all this over and past in the twinkling of an eye, at dead of night, — hearing this story, it no longer seemed strange that Hopewell and Ruby and Irwin and White Cloud were so nearly deserted of men; the wonder was that any should remain. But the non-chalant indifference of miners to chances of death is proverbial. They play at the game so constantly that their sense is dulled. Later on this very day, I spoke with a Hopewell miner, who said, "I was in that slide she was a-tellin' ye about."

"In it!" I cried. "Were you hurt?"

"No. I was in the tunnel, when it went off. I'd changed round with another feller: I'd gone on the night shift in place of him. He wa'n't feelin' well, so I took his place on the night shift. My cabin was buried up: reckon I might ha' been killed if I'd happened to ha' been in it." No more trace of feeling in his tone as he said this than if he had spoken of the most every-day matters.

Sixteen miles north of Crested Butte is a new and live mining town called Schofield. It is in a basin; the centre of a knot, almost a tangle, of peaks, all supposed to be full of mineral. The drive to it from Crested Butte is a succession of beautiful and weird pictures: first, low hills, flower meadows, and slopes similar to those on the westward road; then, steep mountain spurs, dark green lakes, and dense fir forests. High up on one of these spurs, midway between Crested Butte and Schofield, is the town of Gothic, at the base of a grand trachyte pyramid fourteen thousand feet high, bearing the same name. Two years ago Gothic was larger and more flourishing than Crested Butte. To-day Gothic is dead, and Crested Butte thrives and grows. A Gothic philosopher, sitting at midday on his saw-horse smoking his pipe, nodded complacently to us as we passed.

"Where are all the people of this town?" I asked.

"Gone to the mountains," was the reply.

"Ah, the place is not really deserted, then?" I said.

"Well, not exactly," answered the philosopher, with a twinkle.

"What do you think about the place?" I continued.

"Well, it's this way: there's plenty of good properties here, but the people are too poor to work them, anything more'n just to do their assessment work and hold 'em."

"Do you mean to stay?"

"Yes, I think I'll see it through."

"When were all these houses built?"

"Two years ago, when everybody thought that mountain" — pointing to Gothic peak — "was made of solid silver; and so 'tis, pretty near, if there was only any getting at it."

A few steps farther on we met another Gothic man: rosy, hearty, accoutred in fringed buckskin, with a canopy-brimmed yellow sombrero, he galloped along as if he owned the earth and the air. To him, also, we put the same questions. He had been there two years; had no idea of going away. The region was "full of splendid properties," and Gothic would be "a first-rate camp to live in when they got things fixed up a little." It was not "just the place for the winter," but by and by it would be. Gothic was "all right."

Chance bits of talk like these, along roadsides, always bring interesting facts to surface. They are like the deep-sea soundings of naturalists; not one of the masses of sand and rubbish which dredgers bring up, is without its shell, or bone, or scale, or plant, significant in record.

"Waiting for a boom; that's what's the matter with this town," said a discontented woman, in Schofield. "I've got no patience with this boom business. It's the ruination of this country. It just spoils everything. There isn't a decent house in the town, and there won't never be."

"The camp's been pretty dull, this spring," said the landlord of the board shanty which does duty as Schofield's inn, — "the camp's been pretty dull, and so we have n't got our horses in yet. You see there was a foot of snow lyin' in the street here the 22d of June, and that's put things back. It looked for a spell as if there would n't be much doin' here this season; but they're comin' now, fast."

This was the 10th of August; in six

or eight weeks more, Schofield would be snowed in again. Before the first of November everything needed for seven months' living must be provided, and must be packed up to the mines over steep trails.

After the first deep snow, all mines high up on the mountain sides are cut off from communication with the region below. It must be a good deal like being dead, seven months of such isolation, and severance of all connection with human life outside the walls of the mine and the cabin. At the bare thought of it the imagination instantly teems with fancies of terrible possibilities: illness, death, in that icy solitude; hardly less awful, the coming down in the spring, ignorant of what the winter may have wrought of harm or loss. One pictures the mute question of the eye, which the lips would refuse to frame, on the first meeting of such an exile with his neighbor below. Though a man should gain the whole world, would he be well paid for such a life as this?

It is claimed by enthusiastic Crested Butteians that there are within an easy day's drive of their town seventy miles of good roads, all leading through wild and picturesque scenery. This seems in no wise incredible on the spot, when going only to the west and northwest one has driven out twenty miles a day, for three successive days, never repeating a mile previously seen, and finding each day's journey more and more beautiful. Our third and last day was most brilliant of all; a twelve-hour day, but if the sun could have been bribed we would have had it longer.

In the morning we climbed up through flowery meadows and cottonwood groves, among ridges and basins and gulches, over a thousand feet in a vertical line, above the Crested Butte level, to a large coal mine recently opened, and promising to be of enormous value.

To look through green vistas of waving boughs, grasses five feet high, myr-

iads of huge-leaved plants of almost tropical luxuriance, up to the glistening black coal measures and grim stone terraces, hundreds of feet above, was a strange sight. Once up at the mine's mouth the picture is stranger still. The mountain side is so steep that the Crested Butte basin sinks, and seems a low valley. Down this valley the Slate River winds in so serpentine a course that at most of the angles it is lost from sight, and the effect on the eye, looking down from above, is of an infinity of small, oval-shaped, shining tarns in the green meadows. The three majestic trachyte mountains, Crested Butte, Wheat Stone, and Gothic, rising from these meadows, are now seen to be the upper crests, monarchs as it were, of a vast system of divides, gulches, basins, mountains, and ridges, which at once suggest, even to the most superficial thought, the idea of a period of terrific throes in the whole visible frame of the earth. Down the sides of these mighty stone-walled basins spin threads of silver water, like the fosses in Norwegian fjords; the bottoms of the basins are emerald green, as if of solid moss; they seem a reproduction, on a colossal scale, of the exquisite little cup-like, moss-carpeted basins, fed by trickling springs, which are to be found along the rims of mountain brooks in rocky beds. This beauty of coloring gives to the titanic shapes a look of warm vitality, almost personality, weird in effect. There is a radiant exultance about them, a mysterious audacity of delight, which fills the very air itself with a solid warp and wood of uncanny spell.

A Scotchman called Jim Brennan, "a sort of genius," — "more what they call a genius at the East, though, than out here," our guide and legend-teller said, — had prospected in 1879, up and down, over and through, this whole kingdom, and given queer names to many of the localities, branding them by the stamp of his own good or ill luck. He

it was who, having searched along the sides of one of the dark fir-crowded gulches, and found nothing, nailed up, on one of the trees at the mouth, as he came out, a shingle on which he had scrawled the name "Poverty Gulch;" the most opprobrious epithet a miner could invent. Bad names stick to localities as to persons. The gulch is still called Poverty Gulch, spite of the fact that some of the best paying and best promising mines to-day are on its sides. Brennan was not so wise as those who came after him. He searched too low down; was perhaps a trifle lazy about climbing precipices.

"I don't never want to hear nothin' about no claims down among the slip rock," said an old miner we met drawing a load of good silver ore from his mine in this very gulch. "The higher up a claim is, the better I like it; 't least, in these mountains. Them fellers that prospected here first did n't know nothin' about the way things is tilted up endways here. That's the reason they was in such a hurry to call it Poverty Gulch. Ain't much poverty about it now."

From Poverty Gulch the Scotchman and his party pushed south, and came soon into a splendid basin, where they found rich indications of ore and a delightful stream of water leaping from summits above, and cutting a fantastic way for itself down between porphyry walls and layers of slate to the valley below. "O-Be-Joyful" basin they forthwith named it; and the darling stream,

the "O-Be-Joyful Creek." The name will commend itself forever, so long as water runs and sun shines. The basin is hard to get at; it is to be reached only by a narrow trail, difficult even to sure-footed mules. But the creek is at all men's pleasure to follow. Along its right-hand bank was the natural way for a road to go, to a nest of mining camps in some small gulches and basins a few miles out to the westward; so the road goes up, and the brook comes down, and the pair of them are as fine a sight as ever was seen out-of-doors on a summer day. The road has rims and walls of blossoms, chiefly purple asters; the brook has shelves and beds of purple slate, columns of porphyry and great tables of granite, ferns and moss in every crevice, and still green pools after every tumble. When it reaches the valley level it spreads out in many a rivulet, with winding, shaded beaches; and you ford and ford and ford it before you leave it fairly behind, and come to the straight river road in the meadow.

When Jim Brennan named these basins and gulches, nothing was farther from his mind, probably, than the idea of speaking in parables. But if he had so meant he could not have done better. Poverty Gulch and O-Be-Joyful Creek, — the two will be found always side by side, as they are in Gunnison County. Only a narrow divide separates them, and the man who spends his life seeking gold and silver is as likely to climb the wrong side as the right.

H. H.

THE WORLD WELL LOST.

THAT year? Yes, doubtless I remember still, —

Though why take count of every wind that blows!

'T was plain, men said, that Fortune used me ill

That year, — the self-same year I met with Rose.

Crops failed; wealth took a flight; house, treasure, land,
 Slipped from my hold—thus Plenty comes and goes.
 One friend I had, but he too loosed his hand
 (Or was it I?) the year I met with Rose.

There was a war, methinks; some rumor, too,
 Of famine, pestilence, fire, deluge, snows;
 Things went awry. My rivals, straight in view,
 Throve, spite of all; but I,—I met with Rose!

That year my white-faced Alma pined and died:
 Some trouble vexed her quiet heart,—who knows?
 Not I, who scarcely missed her from my side,
 Or aught else gone, the year I met with Rose.

Was there no more? Yes, that year life began:
 All life before a dream, false joys, light woes,—
 All after-life compressed within the span
 Of that one year,—the year I met with Rose!

Edmund C. Stedman.

NEWPORT.

XII.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF FATE.

THE discovery of Josephine's hidden predilection for Oliphant brought upon Octavia a rush of new excitement which she could not fathom or control. That fine sheathing of comparative indifference, which had enabled her to go on thus far without sacrificing her peace of mind, suddenly vanished, and she ceased to be merely a spectator of her relations with Oliphant. Like an actress carried away by her part, she became subject to the situation; no longer felt that she was moulding it, but rather that she was at the mercy of events.

She was willing to confess, now, that during the busy weeks of their acquaintance a strong admiration for Oliphant had grown up in her mind. She had not suspected that a character so little salient, a presence so quiet, could acquire

such sway over her; yet it had come to pass that if she missed seeing him for a single day she was conscious of a void and blankness in the day's experience. There was a silent persuasive power about him, a something calmly strong, which had caused a belief to gain upon her that his worth was sound and complete beyond that of men who might be more brilliant, or of more flexible mind. And now her belief and her admiration were confirmed by the deep impression he had made upon Josephine. Who would ever have dreamed that that self-possessed, ambitious girl could fall in love with him? For a moment, indeed, Octavia allowed herself to doubt that it could be so. "At any rate," she thought, "if she does love him, what does it amount to? Nothing but an icicle giving back a ray of the sun. She's too cold. She *can't* love him as—as *I* could." But those unspoken words brought blushes to her cheeks,

and frightened her. Was it already possible for her to come to such a climax, even in fancy?

Moreover, had she not decided that love was an illusion, a tradition, a thing no one could be sure of? If this was her conviction, surely she could not pretend to anything more than a friendly sentiment towards Oliphant; yet it irked her to suppose that she could be inferior to Josephine in the capacity for an honest and trusting affection. Besides, it was beyond all dispute that Oliphant cared for her, and not for Josephine. The knowledge gratified her; but at the next instant she was thrilled by a notion of renouncing him for herself, and making him marry Josephine. It was delightful to think how noble such a proceeding would be. Before she had time, however, to sketch it out in all its bearings, she had abandoned the scheme, and dropped helplessly back into the vortex of uncertainty from which circumstances would not permit her to escape.

Retreat might be another alternative; but what would become of her purpose, then? Had she not made an inward vow? Was there not a duty for her to perform, a revenge to take? Anger and pity and a gathering tenderness swept by turns through her heart, confusing her more and more; but one thing, she saw, was decided: there could be no retreat. In the restlessness engendered by this conflict, she had gone out upon the grounds of High Lawn, after Josephine's visit, and was walking aimlessly among the trees, when she saw a man's figure passing up the driveway to the house. She could not tell who it was, but her heart throbbed quickly; she at once thought of Eugene. Returning by a door near the silk-paneled room, she was disappointed to find that it was Raish Porter who awaited her. But he brought an invitation that promptly enlivened the coloring of her mood; for he had devised a yachting

party, to come off the next day, in which the Wares, Count Fitz-Stuart, Josephine, Oliphant, and several others would be included. Mrs. Farley Blazer was not invited, and Octavia consented with eager readiness to go.

"It's unusual to get people out on that sort of trip, here," said Raish, "and I'm as elated at my success as the sailor I've heard of, who fiddled so well that the whales all came round him to be harpooned."

Raish's jovial deportment had nothing to do with the placidity that returned to Octavia. It was the prospect of the excursion that brought back her good spirits. Her perplexities were not solved, but they had disappeared: the knowledge that she was to have Oliphant by her side, on the yacht, furnished a thread which she was content to take for her clue through the maze, at present.

It was a cool morning when Raish's small schooner-yacht, the *Amaranth*, glided out of the harbor, leaving behind the fossil part of Newport, with its tape-measure sidewalks and huddled gambrel-roofs, and quaint, cramped old Thames Street. The sky was half-clouded, like a face softened by pensive memories; but the gayety of the sailing-party was not abated, and their light talk and laughter around the deck played sympathetically into the murmur of the rippling tide. Smoothly the trim craft ran past Fort Adams and the bare hills arrayed in dull green, or, where the sun shone, in a warm, smiling brown that held a hint of rose; past the Point of Trees and Ramshead, too, with Conanicut on the right, all blended of mild grays and varying greens, except for its border of rough rock harsh with shadow. Then, as they made out into the open ocean, they saw a white strip of marguerites, like a broad chalk-streak, amid the green on the right, and far away a line of blue and purple heights. Under the changing heaven Beaver Tail Light, with its blanched tower on the long, low

point, was brought out in white-spotted clearness by wandering sunbeams, and swiftly reduced to moist dimness again, as if it had been a lantern-picture abruptly dissolving.

"Look there!" said Raish, pointing to the cliff, as the Amaranth buffeted her way gayly across the stronger waves that met them after they had passed Gooseberry Island and Spouting Rock. "Look at that row of summer palaces! Where can you show me anything to equal it? Think of all that growing out of the quiet little town behind it, dressed in Quaker gray and white."

"The wicked worldling," said Octavia, with a smile, "coming after the stern and pious parent."

"It's a great contrast," Oliphant assented. "I should like to know what is to be the result of the new development."

"I'll tell you," said Raish, addressing several of the group. "We have three epochs represented here: first, the early settlers, by the old stone mill; then the defunct American democracy, who built the older part of the town; and these villas here, standing for the present American oligarchy. After that will come—revolution."

He shrugged his shoulders, and looked quite French; that is, like a cynic suddenly disordered by a gust of prophecy.

"*Mais non.* How can you think possible?" Fitz-Stuart exclaimed, a diminutive consternation agitating his features.

"But, Mr. Porter," objected Vivian, "revolution belongs to the effete monarchies, you know. Surely, you don't think we can descend to borrowing anything of the kind from them."

"Why not?" Raish answered. "We imitate them in everything else, as far as possible; and we'll have to end by imitating them in that, too."

Josephine laughed. "I shall be safe, at any rate," said she. "When the time

comes, and you are all blown up over here at Newport, I shall be quietly eating bread and milk in Jamestown. That's the advantage of being pastoral and innocent."

As the rest broke into a general buzz of conversation, Oliphant said to her, "I should n't think Jamestown would be likely to satisfy you."

"To tell you the truth," she replied frankly, in a lower voice, "it does n't. I'd rather be in Newport and be destroyed with the rest, if it came to that."

"Oh, Raish is talking nonsense," he said.

"I'm not so sure," Josephine answered, slowly. "We're often told that society is in an unhealthy state, and I almost believe it is."

"Then why are you so fond of it?"

"Well, it's like taking arsenic, you know. If you once begin, even in small doses, you get to depending on it. But what's your taste, Mr. Oliphant? Don't you like arsenic?"

"I'm afraid I do," he said, unconsciously stealing a glance at Octavia. "I've begun to, lately. But there was a time when I used to dream of an idyllic sort of life in some sleepy little place not too far out of the world."

"Like Jamestown?"

"Possibly."

A gentle dreaminess suffused her face. "It might be a very happy life," she said, "under certain conditions." And as her eyes met his, he thought he saw burning deep within them a peculiarly tremulous flame.

"Why isn't Perry Thorburn here to-day?" he suddenly asked, glancing around as if the young man might have been hidden in the cabin and were about to emerge.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Josephine. "Does his absence trouble you?"

He saw that she was annoyed by his question, which was in fact a too significant one. Accordingly he began to

praise the absent Perry, telling her that he had grown to like him very much. "Still," he added, smiling in a gallant manner, "I can get along perfectly without him, at present."

This speech was not a success, either. It was a refinement of pain to poor Josephine, who knew how superficial the complimentary tone must be, since his heart was really with Octavia. But she concealed its effect upon her, and kept him engaged in talk, drawing him always a little deeper, and always with that strange trembling light in her eyes. Oliphant felt the fascination, and even felt that he might begin to succumb to it before long. Meanwhile Octavia was left mainly to the attentions of Stillman Ware, who remarked with great satisfaction that Fitz-Stuart was progressing admirably with Vivian: they had gone away by themselves towards the forward part of the yacht, under the shadow of the foresail, and were apparently engrossed with each other. Oliphant several times resolved to move away from Josephine, but he still remained by her. She knew the power of the spell she could exercise, and had recklessly resolved to use it. Was it not her right, by nature? Moreover, if Octavia was bent upon trifling with this man, any means were justifiable for saving him, even to winning him away from her. And Oliphant, though he did not know her motive, became conscious that she exhibited a singular interest in him. Shall we admit that the discovery excited his vanity a little? Or shall we say that he enjoyed it because it was extraneous evidence, giving him a sense of his value which made it seem less audacious for him to hope that he could gain Octavia's love?

Octavia watched them, at first with scorn for what she considered Josephine's unfairness, and then with a rankling envy of her friend's easy power: finally, the desire to bring Oliphant to her feet — whether for mere triumph, or for the

securing of a genuine happiness, she scarcely knew — began to rise to the point of fever.

The situation was broken by an announcement of lunch in the cabin, made by Raish's negro steward, Fortune.

"Is n't he a perfect specimen?" Porter asked his guests, as they assembled to go in. "You noticed the wonderful curl of his hair, I suppose. Why, it's so woolly that positively he has to put camphor in it, early in the summer, to keep the moths out!"

Porter, as usual when at table, was in the best of spirits, and soon allayed for the time being the conflict and agitation that were threatened in the minds of Octavia, Oliphant, and Josephine. Several dainty and elaborate courses were served, but the choicest dish of all consisted of broiled green plover served on plates which had been washed in champagne. "It's the only way to get the finest flavor," Raish declared; "and the only thing I know of that comes anywhere near plover served like this is the 'larks stewed in morning's roseate breath, or roasted by a sunbeam's splendor,' which Tom Moore once offered to the Marquis of Lansdowne."

He was so gay that one would have thought he had n't a care in the world; but as a matter of fact he had not at all enjoyed Josephine's proceedings toward Oliphant, since it was for his own interest that Perry's attachment for her should come to a prosperous issue. He was disappointed, too, at Perry's failure to join the party, and still more disturbed by the knowledge that that young speculator had not yet actually taken or paid for the Orbicular stock which he proposed to buy. But, as I say, he kept his company in capital humor. They suspected nothing; and if he had never been going to give another entertainment — if he and they had all been destined to fade away into the mists and be seen no more, with the *Amaranth* turning to a phantom yacht

under their feet — he could not have made a happier ending.

But they had no intention of fading. When they came out, with smiling lips and with the delicate tingle of wine in their veins, the mists had disappeared, and they turned to make the run homeward in a soft glow of sunshine. As they approached within a certain distance of the shore, a strange phenomenon saluted them. All at once the saltiness of the air seemed to cease; the wind came from off the land, and poured around them in a breath of honey the mingled scent of flowers by thousands in the rich villa-gardens of Newport, and in the fields far away. It was an intoxicating aroma; it was like the exhalation from some enchanted territory of delights. In a minute or so, with a veering of the wind, it had passed; but Oliphant, hanging over Octavia, murmured, "This is a good omen for our return to land, is n't it?"

"Yes; a much more hopeful one than the chilly mist we sailed out with."

And there was a new significance in her gaze, as she spoke with lifted face, — a significance that referred to his lingering near Josephine so long before lunch, and to the slight shadow of jealousy which she allowed to rest upon her own mind, and was willing that he should perceive.

He sat down beside her, his face radiant with something more than the sunshine, and remained there until they came into port. He had made another advance; they had entered a new phase in their friendship; and to him the understanding established between them was the next thing to a mutual confession. Still, when he landed, he felt that he had left behind him, on that little voyage, the last vestige of the independence which had been his at the beginning of the season; and this independence, albeit one of loneliness and sorrow, was something the loss of which might have to be regretted. He was

drifting, now; he was at her mercy he knew; yet the fact was sweet to him, and he rejoiced in it. One must "give all for love;" but the price was not too great.

He longed to put his fate to the test; but somehow there was difficulty in finding room for any action so momentous in the crowded round of social occupations. The very next day was to culminate in that brilliant musical drainage entertainment, the well-vouched-for benefit concert in aid of Dana Sweetser's movement, at which Justin was to make his public *début*; and during most of the interval Oliphant was busy in assisting about the final arrangements.

With the social support which had been pledged to it, the concert could not have missed being the success it was. Mrs. Farley Blazer would have done all the injury she could to the enterprise, because of Justin's participation, except for the restraint put upon her by friendly regard for Dana. This prevented her active hostility, and she compromised by sending Tilly and Lord Hawkstane, in charge of some friends, while she herself stayed at home. Mrs. Chauncey Ware, however, threw her patronage unreservedly into the scales on Dana's side; and the sibylline scrolls of gray hair that identified as hers a certain black bonnet, from under which they projected, were seen in one row of chairs with Stillman and Vivian and Count Fitz-Stuart. The mother and brother were thus gracious in respect of Justin because they believed the coolness that obviously had interposed between him and Vivian was to be permanent; and in the fullness of their gratitude to Providence for the sacred gift of this lovers' quarrel, they were able to spare a little gentle generosity for the young musician.

I am not going to describe the concert, but from the interest which Vivian Ware took in the music it must have been passably good. Several times she

bent her head and wrote comments on the programme, with the small gold pencil which the count lent her for the purpose, and then folded up the paper, as if the brief record of her pleasure were too precious to be exposed to the outer air. The count betrayed a lover-like curiosity to see what she had written, but with corresponding coquetry she kept putting him off, and he did not get a sight of it, the whole evening.

After the performance, Justin appeared for two or three minutes in the eddying drift of copious silks, light shoulder-wraps, and black coats, moving towards the exit. Octavia in her pansy bonnet and Oliphant in evening dress were there to welcome him with hearty praise; many bystanders regarded him with manifest admiration; and as he drew near Vivian, she was so eager to thank him for his playing, that she dropped her programme in turning to meet him. He caught it before it had reached the floor, and offered to return it to her.

"Never mind," she said. "It has some notes of my impressions. Keep it, and tell me by and by if I am right."

Justin bowed, and almost instantly glided away. The count at first looked mortified that the programme should have escaped him; but the expression was followed by one of serenity, as of a man who could afford so trifling a loss, in view of what he retained; and so he went out with Vivian to join Stillman, who was busy finding the carriage.

XIII.

HAWKS AND DOVES.

The episode of the programme, however, had not escaped the notice of one or two ladies who were standing near.

They belonged to a small coterie which was in the habit of meeting every day or two at the houses of the several

acquaintances who composed it. The members of this circle gathered together for self-improvement; that is, they devoted an hour to trimming and polishing their finger-nails, by means of the latest and most approved apparatus. This species of culture induced in them a liberality which extended to the improvement of other people, so far as that could be done by defining and thoroughly discussing their demerits, in order that if those persons *should* improve every one would know exactly how much they had done so.

Pious Mrs. Ballard Mole was one of this group. It had been proposed by somebody to hold concerts at the Casino on Sunday evenings, and this was enough to deter Mrs. Ballard Mole from going to any musical affair in that place, however worthy the object. None the less, though, was she willing to listen to reports of what had occurred at the Sweetser entertainment; and when Miss De Peyster (Roland's ugly sister) began to say something about the strangeness of Vivian's remark to Craig, Mrs. Mole experienced a chilly joy in thinking that if any germ of scandal had effected a lodgment in that distinguished audience, it was only a righteous judgment on the projectors of chimerical Sunday concerts that had not come to pass.

"There seems to be something between those two,—some understanding that is n't quite right, under the circumstances," said Miss De Peyster, opening her case of nail instruments, and inspecting them as if she had been a surgeon about to begin vivisection.

She was seated on the broad veranda, shaded by vines and canvas curtains, of Mrs. Mole's scriptural villa, called Petra, on the Cliff, where the conclave had been called for that morning.

"Then, do you consider Vivian engaged to the count?" asked Mary Deering, who was one of the worldly representatives in this little circle.

"Well, if she is n't, it's about time

she should be," Miss De Peyster answered, clicking her scissors sharply.

"Oh, do you know what I heard yesterday?" This question proceeded from a lady who wore a jaunty ruby-tinted turban, and enjoyed great intimacy with Mrs. Farley Blazer.

"No; what?" "Anything about the count?" Uttering responses of this sort, everybody became attentive, and there was a momentary pause in the wielding of their small steel weapons.

"Yes; the count. Dana Sweetser says he was walking, the other morning, over where the Cliff begins, you know, — that bare spot where it's so quiet, — and he noticed three Frenchmen sitting on the grass, with a basket of breakfast and some claret; and they were talking quite loud and laughing, don't you know, so they did n't notice him. And he made out that they were creditors of the count's. They're lying in wait for him, in a sort of way; at any rate, watching him. Mr. Sweetser says he believes they even have a detective keeping his eye on Hartman's, where the count stays, you know. Is n't it odd, — a man who might have been King of England, may be, having creditors after him?"

The rest agreed that it was *very* odd, and that the count's speedy engagement to Vivian, with a claim on the Ware property, ought to be wished for by every one who understood the pathos of the situation.

"Besides," Mrs. Mole declared, "he's a much more desirable person than that penniless pianist."

"But Mr. Craig plays the organ in church," Mary Deering suggested, with a spice of malice, and spoiled the effect of her shot by sending off another: "The count is penniless, too, it appears."

"Temporarily, my dear," Mrs. Ballard Mole retorted, assuming a mien of devout loyalty. "Temporarily penniless; that is all. It can't last."

"The creditors evidently think it

can't, or sha'n't," whispered Mary to Mrs. Richards, who was present.

Then they all began talking about other things and people. There were rumors of an approaching divorce, to be assorted; and the ladies next devoted themselves sadly to comment on various unfortunate traits in their associates, which ought to be corrected, as well as to the ins and outs of sundry quarrels that had begun to shatter the harmony of Newport society. Gradually an approach was made to the subject of Mrs. Blazer's confidential relations with Porter; though, in deference to Mrs. Blazer's friend, who was there, the approach was characterized by Christian tenderness.

"It's really a pity, you know," said Miss De Peyster to the friend, "when her husband is about, and they're not living together. I don't believe there's anything in it, you know; but so many *will* take that view."

Mrs. Richards burst into uncontrollable laughter. "Oh, the funniest thing yet!" she ejaculated, while the jewels on her generous bosom shook with sympathetic humor. "Sarah Loyall made a mistake yesterday, and called Mr. Porter 'Mr. Blazer,' in Mrs. Blazer's presence. But she was equal to the occasion: she said, 'Oh, Mrs. Loyall, don't make him out to be anything so disagreeable as a husband!' Was n't that rich?"

There was great amusement on the veranda, at this; even the ruby-turbaned friend of Mrs. Blazer joining in the merriment.

Snip, snip, went the scissors, as the ladies chattered on, and deftly labored to modify the lingering vestiges of a savage state at the termination of their soft, white fingers. The scissors were stumpy, curved and sharply pointed like the beaks of hawks; and as they continued their work they seemed at the same time to be tearing numerous reputations into fragments.

Mrs. Deering finished her task first,

and, being obliged to go, bade the rest good-morning. As soon as she had disappeared, the lady in the ruby turban saw an opportunity to equalize matters for Mrs. Farley Blazer by introducing a slight diversion at Mary's expense.

"I'm afraid," she observed, "our last remarks were n't entirely agreeable to Mrs. Deering."

"Oh," began Mrs. Ballard Mole, "on account of" —

"Mr. Atlee, of course," supplemented Mrs. Richards.

"It really is becoming disgraceful," said the ruby turban, "the way those two are going on. It grows worse and worse."

"Can't something be done to stop it?" queried Mrs. Mole, in a regenerating frame of mind. "I really wish there could."

"Stop it?" Miss De Peyster shrilled. "Stop an avalanche! Why, he goes with her everywhere, — driving, hunting, polo; and not satisfied with that, they take quiet walks together in the twilight. Then they are on the Cliff, Sundays. He never goes to church with her, I notice, but he spends a great deal of time at the house, and is constantly there at dinner while Mr. Deering is in New York. I should think she would have some consideration for her children's sakes, at least. What she can find in the man, either! Really and truly, I think *sometimes* people ought just to be exiled!"

An instant's silence intervened after this outburst; and then Mrs. Richards said sweetly, "My dear, you should n't use the steel. It's injurious, very." She referred merely to the fact that Miss De Peyster, in her preoccupied excitement, was rather fiercely prodding one of her finger-nails with the smooth end of a flat steel file.

They had now reached the powdering and polishing stage of their work, and the remarks interchanged gradually took on a more suave and dignified character.

The reflections which had been made upon Mary Deering were not, however, confined to the self-improving coterie whose confidences we have allowed ourselves to summarize. Oliphant had here and there come upon the traces of similar ones, which, aided by his own observation, had disturbed him excessively. He noticed the increasing imprudence of his cousin's conduct; also that Roger now came on to Newport less frequently than before, and that when he did come there was a queer kind of restraint on his part towards his wife. The ruddy-faced, short-haired broker's former air of confidence was perceptibly subdued. To Oliphant the change was pathetic, and he had resolved to speak to his cousin seriously. He fancied that he understood the case. Mary Deering had simply had her head turned by the frivolities of the place, and had been led into making an idol of this Anglicized nonentity, who to her mind represented the most important local tendency. Nevertheless, the idol or fetich was a man, and she ought not to carry her admiration too far.

Obedying his advisory impulse, he betook himself to her house, on the second day after the concert; but Mary was not at home. He decided to wait; and in a moment or two, seeing the door into the dining-room half open and some one apparently seated at the table there, he moved to the threshold, half believing that it was Atlee. With a rush of sudden anger, he determined to upbraid the dandy, and so stepped forward vigorously. But, to his astonishment, he beheld only little Clarence in a chair by the table.

The boy had a glass of claret and water before him, and was smoking a cigarette.

"What does this mean?" cried Oliphant. "Are you crazy, Clarence?"

"I'm trying to soothe my nerves," the child answered, looking up wearily at him. Oliphant was horrified at

the premature age in his unformed little countenance. He stood speechless. "It's just what papa does now," Clarence continued, calmly, "whenever he comes here. I don't know what the matter is, but" — At this point he slid from his chair, and rapidly made his way towards Oliphant. "Oh, cousin Oliphant, papa does n't seem a bit happy! Last time he came here, he took me out on the piazza, and mamma and Mr. Atlee were talking all the time, inside here, and papa said to me, he asked me, — was n't it queer? — if I did n't want to go away with him back to New York, or way out West somewhere; and I said I did n't, unless mamma and all of us were going. And then he said, 'Um,' like that," — Clarence pursed his lips up severely, — "and he said he did n't think there was any room for us here, he did. Now what did he mean, cousin Oliphant?"

His cousin took him by the hand and led him away into the other room, sickened and aghast by the dreary, unconscious revelation; but just as he was making a suitably superficial reply, Mary Deering appeared from the hall.

She dismissed Clarence with harsh peremptoriness, to his nurse, and returned to Oliphant, looking, as he conceived, rather distraught and ill at ease. It was late; the dusk was beginning to throw its soft folds of crape around the trees and the house, casting deeper shadows into the small interior. Oliphant thought Mrs. Deering must have a prescient sense of his object in calling upon her. Ah, how sadly unlike that bright, playfully mischievous face with which she met him when he first dropped down in Newport was the mobile, anxious one that he saw opposite to him now!

A crisis impended. He opened his attack weakly with some general inquiries about Roger.

Suddenly they heard steps ascending to the piazza. There was an impetuous

knock at the door. Again Oliphant thought of Atlee, and became so excited that he braced himself for a personal encounter. Mary Deering, overwrought and expectant of some painful scene, uttered a low cry. But, as they rose to meet the new-comer, their suspense relaxed; for it was Stillman Ware whom they descried in the increasing gloom.

"Is my sister here?" he inquired at once.

They both answered, "No."

"I meant," said Stillman, in a shaky and unnerved sort of way, "is Mr. Oliphant here? Ah, yes, that is Mr. Oliphant. I have just been to Mrs. Gifford's to look for my sister; and she is n't there. We can't find her. Do you know anything about young Craig's movements?"

"Nothing," returned Oliphant, "except that he told me he should be out of town this afternoon."

"Then," cried Stillman, clapping one hand to his distracted little bald forehead, "they have gone together! My God, Oliphant, she has run away with him!"

XIV.

THE FLIGHT OF A METEOR.

No one could tell how the elopement had come about, but every one was voluble in relating that the event had really taken place, and there were many wild rumors and surmises added to the fact. It was said that several persons had suspected that something of the kind was about to happen; there was also a story of a clandestine meeting effected by the two young people near the Forty Steps, the night after the concert. A servant had seen a woman's white figure in the grassy street there, which was presently joined by a dark, shadowy man, and both had disappeared over the edge of the Cliff, so that the servant had thought them to be ghosts, and kept silence,

through fear. The fashionable world was excitedly scandalized; poor little Stillman continued in great agitation; Mrs. Ware took it upon herself to be "prostrated," and her course in so doing was generally approved by her friends. A search was begun for the fugitives, and Stillman even engaged detective assistance.

But, whatever else might be in doubt, it was soon made clear that Octavia and Oliphant received a large share of blame for the occurrence. The circumstance of the two runaways having dined at High Lawn with the widow and widower, a few days before, came to light, and was construed as a proof of connivance. It was also remembered that, on the previous Sunday, Octavia and Oliphant had strolled on the Cliff Walk with Justin, and that, by turning often, they kept meeting Vivian, who was likewise sauntering in the throng there with Count Fitz-Stuart.

In reality our friends knew nothing about the scheme; but the false construction placed upon them was strengthened by Oliphant's receiving very promptly a message from Craig, dated at Tiverton, and saying that Vivian and he, having been quietly married, had taken lodging for a short time in that modest and drowsy watering-place, which gazes so meekly from the mainland towards the prouder shores of Aquidneck Island. The reason for their precipitancy was that the count, becoming urgent, and being sustained by Mrs. Chauncey Ware and Stillman, had insisted upon an ultimate decision as to his suit, and Vivian had been driven to an unexpected mode of settling the question.

Oliphant hastened by the first train to Tiverton; and finding that Justin had no capital beyond two or three hundred dollars, a large part of which he had received for his services in the Sweetser concert, he made the heartiest offers of assistance. "You know," he said, "I

was going to send you to Germany. I meant to hand you, as a first installment, a thousand dollars. Why not take it now?"

"Because I'm not going to Germany just yet," said Justin, with buoyant good fellowship and enviable serenity. "I shall go on with my work at Trinity and find people to take piano lessons."

"But if you need me you will let me know?" queried Oliphant almost plaintively, pleading with the portentous self-reliance of the new husband. "Miss Vivian, — Mrs. Craig, I mean, — I rely upon you to see to this;" and he appealed to her.

Vivian was dressed in white, as usual. Her costume was an expensive work of artifice, imported from Paris, and by a rare purity of outline, with a draping of folds from one shoulder across the waist, produced a semi-statuesque Greek effect, which gained an amusing piquancy from its utter inappropriateness to Vivian's quick, whimsical, and wholly modern attitudes and gestures. The three were standing on a plot of grass in front of the absurdly stunted and riotously ugly French-roofed cottage where the lovers had ensconced themselves. Vivian gave a little half jump, which disarranged her classic folds, and said, "You are a dear good fellow, Mr. Oliphant; and we appreciate you. But I'm sure my husband can make his own way. Can't you, Justin?"

She placed one hand for an instant on Justin's arm, in token of dependence and of possession, but quickly took it away again. Then she fronted towards Oliphant, with a shining happiness in her eyes, the like of which he had never seen.

He had come to play the part of a venerable benefactor, bestowing something of practical value on these children. He went away as the recipient of an inspiration from that spectacle of ideal love which made him poor by con-

trast, and reproached him with his poverty.

Intending to go and describe his visit to Octavia (to whom he had already sent a note saying that he had heard from the truants), he was prevented from doing so, on his return, by an occurrence so extraordinary as to merit recital.

Transcontinental Telegraph stock, under the impulse imparted to it through the private wire from Thorburn's villa, had been executing some interesting but not unnatural manœuvres. First it fell off a very little in price; then it began to rise; and as it ascended there were many purchases made on the strength of a rumor that Thorburn had gone to work in earnest to "peg" the stock quite up to par. The buyers were very confident; they wore a joyous look, as of men at last released from all harassing doubts, and kindly presented with a free pass to fortune. No one could explain precisely why the thing was so certain, but few thought of questioning. It was one of those grand spontaneous movements of the human mind which, in Wall Street, teach us that faith in the unseen and the unknowable still survives, notwithstanding the churches may bemoan its decline. Suddenly, however, Transcontinental began to go down again. It dropped below the point from which it had started, and kept on sinking, by eighths and-quarters, from one figure to another, with ominous regularity. Did this shake the sublime confidence of the multitude? Not at all. A few timid souls here and there shrank affrighted, and parted with their holdings; but there were plenty of people who had bought at the highest prices, and now not only kept increasing their margins, but also invested in more shares.

Their courage was apparently justified when the stock began to rally and went up several points in a few days. Many

now sold out and cleared handsome amounts. Those, however, who were anxious to "get in" and go on with the flood-tide were more numerous; and Thorburn accommodated them with a good deal of stock which he had acquired at a lower price. At last, after one or two more of these ups and downs, and when Thorburn had sold a sufficient quantity "short," Transcontinental took its final plunge. It had been like a kite sailing aloft and gleefully watched by school-boys, as it rose or fell with the wind; but the pulling of the string had brought it to such a point that, without warning, the kite came tilting over on its head, and made straight for the ground.

Perry ran to his father for advice. That heroic old gentleman told him that without pluck and endurance he never would make an "operator." He pointed out some of the reasons why Transcontinental never could remain for a great length of time at the bottom of the heap.

"Still," he said, "I can't advise you. You must decide everything for yourself, and make up your mind whether you are carrying too much load or not."

Reassured, Perry held on, and many of his friends and their acquaintance, knowing this, did likewise. Some actually continued to buy in afresh. Presently, however, he and they awoke to the fact that they were in a financial Bay of Fundy, where the ebb of the tide was abnormal and altogether beyond their calculations. The sinking went on immitigably. Old Thorburn professed to be unable to account for it, and seemed perplexed. Then Perry, who had assumed altogether too large a risk, and was already severely depleted by his margins, decided to take care of himself. He got rid of nearly all his Transcontinental at an enormous sacrifice, paid in full for a couple of hundred shares which he retained, and found

that his losses amounted to nearly fifty thousand dollars.

"Now, sir," he said to his father, with pardonable indignation in his tone, "I've acted without consulting you," and he explained his situation, omitting to speak of the shares he had kept; "but I should like to know what you meant by getting me into this trap. I consider that I've been treated outrageously!"

Old Thorburn displayed no anger. On the contrary, he leaned back in his chair, beneath the spider-web design of his alcove, and laughed slyly, then broadly; finishing up with a second sly chuckle. "Why, my dear boy," said he, in his heavy, spongy voice, "what are you talking about? Can't you see the point?"

"The point, eh? Is it a joke?"

"Of course it is, — for you and me. Some of the outsiders, I suppose, think it's pretty serious. I just wanted to show you how to do things."

"Well, you've shown me how to lose fifty thousand dollars."

Old Thorburn broke into a roar of laughter. "Exactly!" he cried. "And now that you know how, don't you do it again. That's *my* advice, Perry. By George, this is the neatest piece of tactics I ever carried through!"

"You call it neat, then, to swindle your own son?" Perry inquired, with intense disgust.

"'Swindle' is your word, not mine," returned his father. "Call it what you like. I call it keeping my own counsel. I've taught you not to trust anybody in business, — not even me." Thorburn's manner conveyed a sort of virtuous surprise at himself that he could not be trusted. "And at the same time, I've used you to good purpose in making the mob do just what I wanted. Damn it, Perry," — the old gentleman was beginning to exhibit heat, — "I should think you would have some kind of appreciation, instead of growling like a hurt child."

Perry's expression was far from conveying respect. "Perhaps I have *some* kind of appreciation," he said, curtly. "And now I suppose you're going to work to drive the stock up, after buying all you wanted from me and from the rest at a ruinous rate."

"We shall see," answered the elder man, crafty glee reappearing in his eyes. "I don't like to tell you anything about it, because you see — ha, ha! — you might not believe me."

At this climax, his merriment entirely overcame him, and Perry scornfully left him to enjoy it by himself. The only satisfaction he had was in the thought of the shares he owned, which would receive the benefit of his father's next move, and probably bring him back in the long run a third of what he had lost. Yet even this prospect gave him a certain horror of himself, because it reminded him that he was acting on the same instinct of deceit which struck him as so hideous in his father.

Thorburn senior proceeded to encourage the market, for the purpose of realizing the immense profits which formed the object of all his strategy; but his victims were, for the most part, too much crippled to take the field again and share in the benefit of the gradual rise which presently began. Many of them, indeed, were wrecked for life by the terrible throw their invisible antagonist had given them.

Raish Porter was a heavy sufferer; and, besides being greatly out of pocket, he had to endure the disappointment of learning that Perry, owing to the absorption of half his private property in the recent "deal," would be unable to take at present the block of Orbicular stock which had been promised him. It was a painful crisis for Raish; but he did not lose his nerve. His quiet, searching eye remained imperturbable as ever; his bluff, self-confident demeanor underwent no change; and perhaps he would have found a way out of his dilemma,

had it not been for sundry other unlucky accidents.

Mr. Hobart had become dissatisfied with the slow progress of the Orbicular Company, from which as yet he could get no return on his investment; and, what was more serious, he began to evince suspiciousness regarding the value of the company's patents. Raish suggested that he should ask Judge Malachi Hixon to confer with his (Raish's) lawyer, Strange, and investigate the subject anew. Raish was fond of extolling the judge's incorruptibility, but this was chiefly with a feeling that it might some time be peculiarly useful to have Hixon considered unimpeachable; privately, he believed that he could insinuate his own prepared statements into that gentleman's mind, and induce him to ratify them.

Accordingly it was settled that Strange should call upon the judge, at the Ocean House. He did so, and was courteously received by the learned Malachi, who was grappling at the moment with an especially huge and black cigar, the pressure of his lips upon which greatly increased the usual complexity of wrinkles in his face.

"So you think this is a good thing, Mr. Strange?" he asked.

"Oh, excelsior," said Strange, casually as it were, and softly. He was a small, dexterous, accommodating man, with a conical head, which looked as if it would make a great effort to pass through almost any required knot-hole.

"Have you got any papers with you — schedules, lists of the patents, and so forth?"

"Why, certainly; any amount," Mr. Strange replied, apparently eager to empty the contents of his satchel. But, after bustling at it, he paused, and launched into a general disquisition. He told of the marvelous growth of the corporation, and named some of the substantial men who held its stock; and he

was very ingenuous and pleasing and enthusiastic, altogether.

Judge Hixon, nevertheless, continued to mention the papers. Strange showed him one or two, and then, after feeling around a little, came to his point. "I've told you enough in a general way," he said, "to satisfy you of the excellence of the concern and its prospects. We should like very much to have you for a stockholder, judge, — very much, indeed. Now, anything you can do in the way of satisfying Mr. Hobart, or any one else who should fall into similar confusion about the details of the affair, will be of as much service to my client, of course, as to Mr. Hobart. Mr. Porter can let you have five thousand dollars' worth of the stock, just as well as not, and — and you need n't pay for it until convenient."

Mr. Strange was bland, but slightly nervous: his conical head looked as if it were preparing to dodge. Judge Malachi Hixon straightened up in his chair, and removed his right leg from its resting-place on the knee of the left. He gazed steadily at Mr. Strange, who hastily noted the judge's resemblance to a harassed and dejected specimen of the American eagle, and was in suspense as to which of the attributes of that typical bird the judge was about to offer, — the arrows or the olive-branch.

"It is a very liberal proposition," said Judge Hixon slowly. "I have n't got any too much money laid up, and this may prove profitable. Did you bring the stock with you?"

"Oh, yes," said Strange, diving into his bag with the greatest alacrity.

"Never mind it now," resumed the judge, genially, taking the cigar out of of his mouth and letting the wrinkles ameliorate themselves. Then he placed it between his teeth once more, and the wrinkles all came back. "You can wait till I send for it," he explained. "Meanwhile, leave me any papers you like, and I will look them over."

"With the greatest pleasure," said Strange, and left a few.

He reported his success to Raish. The game had always worked well before, and they had no reason to suppose that it would not do so now. But Malachi Hixon immediately set to work investigating in earnest. He started the district attorney in New York upon the case, and rapidly pumped into his own mental reservoir whatever knowledge Hobart had of the company's transactions. By means of brief research and some detective work, it was found that the enterprise had been built up from small beginnings by advertising in metropolitan journals, then copying these advertisements with laudatory notices in rural papers throughout several States, and by sustaining a showy office upon the receipts which rapidly flowed in. Apparently, all the money obtained was spent in clerk-hire and more advertising. Then Porter had flown for higher game; and, through his business and social connections, had induced a number of capitalists to put in considerable sums. The district attorney was surprised at some of the names Strange had given him, but his inquiry corroborated the list. Little by little, he ascertained that these men were convinced that the Orbicular Manufacturing Company was fraudulent, but did not dare to appear against its promoter, for fear of injuring their own credit with the banks; since a prosecution must reveal their want of judgment in making such an investment. Fortunately Hobart, being a man of irritable leisure, and vindictive as well, was not restrained by any such scruples.

It was important, however, to obtain further evidence of imposture by proving the unauthorized character of some of the manufactures contemplated by Raish. Unexpectedly, this came to hand, through the labors of the detective. A workman employed in another machine-works was brought to confess that he

had traced the patterns of appliances made by his employers, and had furnished them to Raish, who in turn had had drawings made from them, with which he shrewdly dazzled the minds of successive investors.

On the evening of Oliphant's return from Tiverton, after he had dined comfortably at the Queen Anne cottage with Raish, the latter noticed that his guest was thoughtful and looked despondent. The truth is, Eugene was overburdened with anxiety for the results of Justin's rash proceeding, with worry about Mary Deering, and with his own problem in connection with Octavia.

"Do you ever feel gloomy?" Raish asked him, blowing out a cloud of smoke which thinly veiled the cheery twinkle of his eyes.

"Yes, I do," answered Oliphant solemnly.

"Well, I don't!" Raish affirmed, with hearty satisfaction. "It does n't pay. I've seen a good many vicissitudes, and I've been through more than one Saturday night when I didn't have a red cent in my pocket, and didn't know where my Sunday's dinner was coming from. But I've always smoked the best cigars and drank the very best wines, and I never have felt gloomy."

There was such a superabundance of ease and buoyancy in Raish's tone that Oliphant began to feel decidedly better.

Ten minutes later, some one rang at the door. James returned to the parlor and announced a strange gentleman, on business. "Well, let's see him," said Raish, good-humoredly. "I have n't any appointment at this hour, but show him right in, James."

The visitor proved to be a sergeant of police, in plain clothes, with requisition papers from the Governor of Rhode Island and a warrant for Raish's arrest on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

"Never heard anything so ridiculous

in my life!" exclaimed Raish, cordially. "How do you explain it, sergeant? Who's the complainant? By the way, have a cigar?"

"Thank you, sir," said the sergeant, accepting the favor. "The complaint was entered by Mr. Hobart. You know him, I suppose."

"I have an idea that I do," Raish responded. "But I never was aware that the Hobart I know could be so silly and suicidal as to do this. Sit down, and let's see if we can't straighten the thing out, somehow."

After a brief colloquy, Raish perceived that there was no escape: he was given a letter from Hobart, informing him of the workman's confession. Nevertheless, he maintained his jauntiness, and proposed to the sergeant that he be allowed to remain in the house over night, and proceed to New York in the morning.

This the sergeant at first refused: he had two other officers waiting outside, and said it was impossible to keep them up all night. But Raish insisted on their being asked in. "We'll give 'em some supper, at any rate," he declared, with as much welcome as if they had been the most desired of companions. "Better stay over, sergeant," he continued, invitingly. "I'll give you all a fine sail on my yacht to Wickford, first thing in the morning, and we can take any train you like from Providence. It's nothing but a dyspeptic whim of old Hobart's," he added to Oliphant: "I don't see why I should be so inconvenienced by it."

The officer was really charmed by Raish's ease and hospitality, and at length fell in with the plan. His prisoner then applied himself to packing a valise, and setting his affairs in order as well as he could, though he was not allowed to handle a single object without close surveillance, nor to be for a moment out of sight. About one o'clock, Raish asked permission to walk up and

down the open piazza at one side of the house, with Oliphant. This was granted, but the sergeant took a chair out, too, and remained on guard.

Raish tramped leisurely to and fro with his friend, talking in his customary entertaining way. All at once, Oliphant was startled out of the mood of a quiet listener by seeing Raish put his fingers into his vest-pocket and then suddenly raise his arm, carrying a small object to his lips.

Without having time to reflect, Oliphant instinctively struck down the arm and clutched Raish's hand. There was a small phial in it, which Raish attempted to throw away; but his friend was too quick for him, and seized it. The sergeant came promptly to their side, and pinioned the brilliant financier.

"Yes, it's poison," Raish confessed in a species of gasp, answering Oliphant's look of amazement and reproach. "Cyanide of potassium. In two minutes I should have been a dead man. Oh, yes, it's all up, Oliphant, my boy. Too bad, too bad!" He lifted his forehead, and gazed at the sky for an instant. "You remember what I said this evening about the best cigars?" he went on, smiling sarcastically. "Well, there they are: all those stars! Those are the smouldering stumps, it strikes me." He groaned slightly. "Ah," he cried, "I was too respectable! I ought to have been like the gamblers over there, who are plying their game at this moment, and are left in peace; or else like old Thorburn, who cleaned me out, and prevented me from warding off this accident. I'll tell you what I'm reminded of: that fellow who was porter (see the pun?) on a drawing-room car, and had a wife at each end of the line. By his painstaking diligence in bigamy he attained to the ripe honors of a term in the penitentiary; but the only thing he regretted was that he could n't divide his term, as he had all his other possessions, between the two wives! I would

be willing to make that sacrifice myself, for Thorburn and the other gamblers."

Something of his wonted hilarity returned to him as he finished. "I'm more sorry than I can tell you, for all this," said Oliphant. "Is there anything I can do for you, Porter?"

"Nothing whatever, my boy." The sergeant here explained that he felt obliged to put handcuffs upon his prisoner, and Raish, having submitted to that operation, talked on without embarrassment. "I only want you," he said, "to recognize the correctness of what I have said to you about the hollowness and humbug of society here. I'm a humbug, and therefore I was able to perceive it all. I don't speak from

envy: what good would that do me now? No, I merely notice that I am a straw on the current, or a falling cigar-stump in the sky, that shows what may happen as soon as a general combustion begins."

When the first chill and distant gray light of morning came, Oliphant accompanied his quondam host and the police officers to the wharves, whence they were rowed out to the Amaranth. He watched her getting under sail, and waited until the pretty schooner was well out in the harbor. Far above her, one star glimmered wearily in the pale, whitish-blue of the sky; but that, too, faded while the yacht was growing smaller, and disappeared.

George Parsons Lathrop.

BERMUDIAN DAYS.

THREE feet of snow, the thermometer at zero, bitter March winds, and remembrances of the slow coming of the New England spring. To sit in the sun and be idle seemed best of all things, so we went to Bermuda.

The road to Paradise is rough and thorny. Beautiful Bermuda sits upon her coral reefs, guarded by waters that are not to be lightly ventured. Crossing the Gulf Stream diagonally is not conducive to ease of mind or body. Given the passage of the English Channel intensified and stretched out over four days instead of four hours, and you have the voyage from New York to Bermuda. The less said about it the better.

But beyond Purgatory lies Paradise. We left New York on a Thursday in March. On Sunday morning (Easter Sunday of 1883), those of us who were on deck saw a wonderful transformation scene, as the Orinoco passed from the dark and turbulent billows of the Atlantic into the clear blue waters of the

land-locked harbor of Bermuda. There was no gradual blending of color. On one side of a sharply defined line was the dull black of molten lead; on the other the bright azure of the June heavens. One by one the white and haggard passengers crept on deck. How they mocked at the delusion of pleasure travel at sea! How they protested that the dry land would be good enough for them, after this! Yet in three days' time these same passengers were chartering whale-boats, sail-boats, yachts, steam-tugs, anything that would take them far out among the reefs, where the ocean swell was heavies. So blessedly evanescent is the memory of seasickness!

The Bermudas are a cluster of islands, lying in the form of a fishhook, or a shepherd's crook. It is claimed that there are three hundred and sixty-five of them, one for each day in the year. But in this count, if count it is, are included many so minute that a single

tree would shade their whole circumference. The five largest are St. David's, St. George's, the Main Island, or the Continent, as it is occasionally called, Somerset, and Ireland's Island. St. George's lies at the upper end of the crook; Ireland's at the extreme point. Nature seems to have taken great care of this precious bit of her handiwork. So perfectly is it guarded by its outlying coral reefs that there is but a single channel by which large vessels can enter the harbor. Fifteen miles from shore, at the extreme northern limit of the reefs, rises a picturesque group called the North Rocks, — the highest pinnacles of a submerged Bermuda. But though according to the chronicles they may be seen, they seldom are, and the first land sighted by the New York steamer is the northeast coast of St. George's Island. By night, the fixed white light on St. David's Head alone gives evidence that land is near. The tortuous though well-buoyed channel can be entered only by daylight.

Out comes the negro pilot, and scrambles up on deck. We round St. George's, and follow the northern coast line at a respectful distance till we reach Point Ireland and her majesty's dockyard, and come to anchor in Grassy Bay. It is barely noon, but we find to our chagrin that the tide is out, and we must lie here till night and wait for it. Presently appears the little steam-tug, the Moondyne (or Moondy-nè, — meaning the messenger, — if you choose to appear wiser than other folks), which sooner or later becomes so pleasantly known to all Bermudian visitors, and demands the mail. It is but a five-mile run into Hamilton harbor, and most of the passengers avail themselves of this opportunity to leave the steamer; but the Moondyne, crowded from stem to stern, looks half under water, and the descent by the swaying stairs is not enticing to heads and feet that are still unsteady.

It is dark when we reach the dock at Hamilton, — a dark, rainy, moonless night. How long it takes to lay the planks, and make ready for our disembarkation! H—— hurries on shore to look for quarters. No rooms at the hotels for love or money, but pleasant lodgings "out," with board at the Hamilton. A carriage waits, and a not long drive through the soft, damp, odorous darkness brings us to our temporary home.

By a flight of winding stairs we reach a covered balcony, over which a tropical vine wanders at will. Double glass doors lead into a large, square chamber, with walls of snow and floor of cedar, out of which open two good-sized bedrooms. The furniture is quaint and old-fashioned, and there are brass bedsteads with lace draperies wonderful to behold.

We crept into blessed beds that would not roll, with a queer but delightful sense of isolation akin to that one feels at night on the highest peak of some lonely mountain. What was Bermuda but a speck, a dot upon the map! Surely the wind that was stirring the cedars would blow us off this atom in the illimitable waste of waters. But we slept, nevertheless.

Two or three low, sweet bugle notes, that I afterwards discovered to be the morning call of the baker's boy, and a burst of jubilant bird-song awakened me. It took but a moment to throw open the window. What a contrast to icy mountains and valleys of drifted snow! Before me were large pride-of-India trees, laden with their long, pendulous racemes of pale lavender, each separate blossom having a drop of maroon at its heart. Clumps of oleanders, just blushing into bloom, rose to the right and the left. Beneath me were glowing beds of geraniums, callas, roses, Easter lilies, and the many-hued coleus. Scarlet blossoms burned against the dark green of the pomegranate leaves.

There rose the tall shaft of a stately palm; there the spreading fans of the palmetto, or the slender spires of the swaying bamboo. As far as the eye could reach was one stretch of unbroken bloom and verdure. But stop a minute! Surely there are patches of snow set in all this greenery; snow-covered roofs glittering in the morning sun, and dazzling the eye with their brilliancy. It took more than a glance to discover that the snow was but the white coral rock, of which more anon.

It seemed a cruel waste of time to go to breakfast, but there was no help for it. As we passed from beneath our pride-of-Indias to the winding Serpentine, a very pretty girl, neatly, even daintily, dressed, and carrying a little basket lined with scarlet, tripped up to us, and with a graceful apology for detaining us, in words as well chosen as those of any lady, begged the privilege of doing our washing! The pretty face was dark, — as dark as that of a bronze Venus. We said Yes, quite shamefacedly, no doubt, and went our way, wondering what manner of land this might be, where melodious bugle notes announce the advent of the baker, and your washerwoman has the speech and carriage of a duchess.

Kind and thoughtful courtesy is the rule in Bermuda. A handful of *loquottes* were laid beside my plate that morning with the remark that they were nearly out of season, and this might be my only opportunity to taste them. The loquotte is somewhat like a yellow plum; bitter and astringent if plucked too soon, but juicy and most delicious when fully ripe.

That Easter Monday was a great day for the boys of Pembroke grammar school. There were to be athletic sports at Tucker's Field, and the victors were to receive their prizes from the fair hands of no less a personage than the Princess Louise. Such an opportunity to see Bermuda in gala-dress was not to

be despised. So to the Field we went, starting early, and taking a long drive to the Flatts on Harrington Sound on the way, in order to call at the quaint and beautiful home of the American consul. There we saw our first cocoa-nut palm, its feathery branches making a soft, rustling music as the wind swept through them. And here, too, in the basin of a fountain fed directly from the sea, were dozens of beautiful angel fish, so exquisite in their blue and gold, and with something so human in their mild, innocent faces, that they seemed half uncanny. Here, also, were the little striped "sergeant majors," or pilot-fish. These curious wee creatures seem to be the forerunners, or "pilots," of the mighty sharks, and, it is said, always precede them. Without vouching for the truth of this, I may say that whenever we saw sharks in these waters, as we often did, the pilot-fish invariably preceded them.

Tucker's Field was a gay sight. All Bermuda was there, — a throng of well-dressed, handsome grown folks and pretty children. Full one half were colored people, and it is not too much to say that some of the finest looking and finest mannered of the crowd were among them. One of the most noticeably elegant men on the grounds was a tall and stately black, with a beautiful child in his arms and his pretty wife by his side. There were soldiers in gay coats, streamers and banners flying in the soft yet not heated air, a close greensward under our feet, a wall of cedars encircling us, the blue sky over our heads, and glimpses of the blue sea in the distance. Against a background of cedar arose a white pavilion, over which floated the Bermudian flag; and in front of it was a raised platform, covered with scarlet cloth, sacred to the princess and her suite. Her royal highness had not arrived, but the boys were already at their work, running hurdle races, vaulting, and leaping.

Presently there was a little commo-

tion, a stir of expectancy. Down sank the flag of Bermuda, and the princess's own standard, gorgeous in scarlet and gold, rose in its stead, as an open carriage, with outriders, drove on to the grounds. The princess, in a pretty and simple costume of purple silk, with a bonnet to match, — a little puffed affair, guiltless of flowers or feathers, — bowed to the right and to the left, her strong, sweet, womanly face lighting up as she received the greetings of the people. In Bermuda the Princess Louise won all hearts by her gracious sweetness, her affability, and the cordial kindness and simplicity with which she met all advances.

But to go back to the boys. They raced; they jumped; they ran "three-legged races;" they rode obstinate though gayly caparisoned donkeys, amid cheers and laughter; they vaulted, the pole being raised higher and higher, until the princess put a stop to it, lest the brave lads should break their necks: and then, one by one, the blushing and victorious knights received their shining silver cups from the hands of her royal highness. The pretty pageant was over, and our first day in Bermuda as well.

I have said that courtesy is the rule in Bermuda. Here is a proof of it. At one time during these performances, the crowd surged in front of me, so that I could see only a wall of backs and shoulders. A kindly-faced and sweet-voiced negro woman, perceiving this, touched my shoulder, saying, "Take my place, lady. You cannot see." "But," I answered, "if I do, you will see nothing." "Oh, that does not matter," she said, with a bright smile. "The lady is a stranger, but I have seen the princess a good many times."

Manners in the islands, if not hearts, are exceedingly friendly. Everybody, as a rule, salutes. No man, be he white or black, passes a lady without lifting his hat. Every child makes its grave little salutation. Negro women, with

baskets on their heads, give you a word or a smile, as they go by. Little boys and girls steal shyly up with gifts of flowers or fruit. Nobody is in a hurry, nobody seems to have anything to do; yet every one is well clad, and looks happy and contented.

Perhaps there is poverty in Bermuda, but squalor and absolute want, if they exist, keep themselves strangely out of sight. The first thing, perhaps, that strikes the visitor, after the beauty of the water and the perfection of the flowers, is the appearance of ease and well-to-do comfort that pervades the islands. There is no rubbish, no dirt, no dust, no mud. Instead of the tumble-down shanties that deform and defile the rest of the world, here the humblest citizen not only dreams of marble halls, but actually dwells in them — or seems to. All the houses are built of the native snow-white stone; a coral formation that underlies every foot of soil. When first quarried, this stone is so soft that it can be cut with a knife. But it hardens on exposure to the air, and so durable is it that a house once builded is good for at least a hundred years. That it readily lends itself to architectural purposes is shown by the interior of Trinity Church, and by the handsome and massive gateways, with their arches and columns, that one meets at every turn. These, with the well-kept grounds, give an impression of affluence and elegance that is, perhaps, sometimes misleading. For we are told there are not many large incomes in Bermuda, and that the style of living in these beautiful and picturesque homes is very simple and unostentatious.

It is the very afternoon for a walk, the air being cool and bracing, though the sun is hot. It is the 3d of April, and the mercury at eight A. M. stood at 62° in the shade. "Too cold to work out-of-doors," explained a laborer whom our landlord had engaged to work in his garden; and forthwith he gathered

up his tools and departed. Think of that, ye Yankee farmers, who chop wood and "cut fodder" with the thermometer at zero!

Shall we go to the North Shore, taking Pembroke church by the way? You can see its square tower of massive stone rising above the trees yonder. The long white roof with the two towers, nearly opposite, just beyond that stately royal palm, belongs to Woodlands, one of the finest places here. Here the hard, smooth road leads us on between long avenues of cedar-trees, and there between walls of coral rock thirty feet high. We pause to rest on a low stone wall, where the oleander hedges, just bursting into bloom, pink and white and vivid crimson, reach far above our heads and fill the air with fragrance. Deadly sweet? Poisonous? May be so, like many other charming things. But we'll risk it, with this strong sea-breeze blowing.

We meet funny, sturdy little donkeys drawing loads preposterously large; carts laden with crates of onions for the outgoing steamer; negro women bearing baskets and bundles on their turbaned heads, — tall, erect, stately, oftentimes with strong, clearly cut features almost statuesque in their repose; children, white and black, just out of school, with their books and satchels.

For a wonder, the square-towered Pembroke church is closed. But the gate is open, and we turn into the quiet churchyard, where so many generations lie buried. To unaccustomed eyes the scene is a strange one, and the effect is most singular. The surface of the ground is almost hidden by gray, coffin-shaped tombs, like huge sarcophagi, solid and heavy as the eternal rocks of the island. As I understand it, the bodies are deposited, tier upon tier in many cases, in excavations, or tombs, cut in the underlying rock, and these strange structures are raised over them. But the impression one gets is that of

a multitude of great stone coffins, resting on the ground. Very few of them bear any inscription. For the most part, they are simply numbered, and the record of names and dates is kept in a parish book.

Of course there are exceptions, as in the case of Bishop Field, who lies under a polished slab of Peterhead granite, suitably inscribed. But love cares for her dead, all the same. Palms rustle softly. Pride-of-India trees, oleanders, and pomegranates wave their boughs and scatter their blossoms. Lilies and callas and roses in rich profusion make the place lovely beyond description, while wreaths and crosses lie upon tombs that are gray with age. At the head of one grave — that of Governor Laffan, who died last year — is a great tub of English violets. At its foot a sago-palm stretches its broad arms as if in benediction.

We go past the government house, Mount Langton, catching a glimpse of the avenue, where the *bourganvillier*, a tropical vine, covers a wall thirty-five feet high with a solid mass of crimson flowers. But special permission to enter must be had; so we can only take a surreptitious glance to-day, and are soon at the North Shore, looking straight out to sea.

The nearest point of land is Cape Hatteras, six hundred and fifty miles away. The strong ocean winds, free from all taint of earthly soil or sin, sweep over us with strength and healing in every breath. And the coloring! Look! Far off on the horizon, the sky, azure overhead, softens to a pale rose-color. The line that meets it is a deep indigo blue, — a blue so intense that we can hardly believe it is the sea. Thence, through infinite gradations, the color faints and fades, from indigo to dark sapphire, from sapphire to lapis-lazuli, from lapis-lazuli to the palest shade of the forget-me-not. It changes, even as we gaze, to deepest emerald, which

in turn fades to a tender apple-green, touched here and there with rose. It dies away in saffron and pale amber where it kisses the shore, with long reaches of purple where the coral reefs lie hidden.

But as we scramble down upon the rocky shore, how the huge breakers foam and fret! They toss their proud heads, and dash themselves against the frowning cliffs with the noise of booming thunder. We can scarcely hear our own voices, and will run from the spray and the tumult to a quieter spot farther on. Here we find some oddly shaped shells, and that strange creature called the Portuguese man-of-war. It looks like a pale bluish pearl, shining in the sea. But it is merely an elliptical bladder, and floats about, balanced by long, blue, hanging tentacles. Capture it with cane or parasol, if you can. But beware of touching it, for it exudes a subtle liquid that will sting you like a nettle.

To-morrow, an' you please, we will cross the island to the Sand Hills, on the South Shore; shortening the distance, if we choose, by taking the ferry across the harbor to Paget. The ferry is a row-boat, and Charon will take us over for a penny ha'penny apiece, with all the beauty and the soft sweet airs thrown in. Cheap enough, in all conscience! For here are softly undulating shores, green-clad hills, white cottages, each a pearl in a setting of emerald, the busy dock with its quaintly foreign aspect, the white-winged yachts flying hither and thither, the blue sky overhead, the bluer sea below. Is it not worth the money? Yonder lies a Norwegian ship, with her sailors climbing the shrouds like so many monkeys. Round the nearest point comes a boat from H. M. ship Tenedos. The Tenedos is lying at Grassy Bay, making herself fine to receive the princess, and her jolly tars are in high spirits. When her royal highness sails, next week, what with the flying

banners and the gayly dressed crowd, the blue and white canopy with its flower-wreathed pillars, the broad scarlet-covered steps leading down to the water, the admiral's cutter with its blue-jacketed tars, the gold-laced admiral himself with his sword and his plumed hat and all the rest of the fuss and feathers, it will be for all the world like a scene from Pinafore.

But this morning Jack is bent on getting rid of his money. He will manage to leave half a year's wages behind him in those queer, dark, uninviting little shops on Front Street. For there are more enticements hidden away in most incongruous nooks and corners than one would imagine. You step into a grocery, for instance, and find a fine display of amber jewelry. If you are in want of some choice cologne, do not fail to ask for it at the nearest shoe-shop. It is as likely to be there as in more legitimate quarters. The rule is, If you want a thing, hunt till you find it. It is pretty sure to be somewhere.

A pleasant walk from the ferry brings us to the Sand Hills, over which we tramp, only pausing to admire the exquisite oleander blooms, the largest we have yet seen. We clamber down the rocks, and reach the long, smooth, white beach, as hard and level as a floor. There is a fresh breeze, and the surf comes rolling in, driving the baby crabs far up the beach, and leaving them stranded. We laugh at their queer antics for a minute, and then leave them to chase the sea-bottles that are rolling over the sand. Can they really be alive, these little globes of iridescent glass filled with sea-water?

But we turn, ere long, from all the strange creatures of the sea to the sea itself, lured by its own resistless spell. There is not a being in sight, save one lone darkey gathering mussels in the distance. There is not a sign of human habitation. Only the long stretch of sandy beach, the rocky background, and

the wide ocean, vast, lonely, illimitable. We write dear names on the sand, and with half a smile and a whole sigh watch the tide as it blots them out. What do we care that myriads before us have played at the same childish game? Higher and still higher up we write them, but the result is always the same. The cruel, crawling, hungry sea stretches its hand over them, and they are gone.

Having done much tramping within a day or two, what if we were to take a drive to-day, a long one to St. George's? We can go by the North Road, the South Road, or the Middle Road. They are all good. But we will take the North, returning by the South. The comfortable carriage has seats for four; but we look dubiously at the one horse, until we are told that on these hard, smooth roads, hewn out of the solid rock, one horse will do the work of two. It is whispered, also, under the rose, that there are not more than four pairs of horses, or "double teams," in all Bermuda.

So off we go, in the cool, clear morning, bright with sunshine and odorous with flower scents. As we bowl swiftly along, the sea sparkles at our left, as if there were a diamond in the heart of every sapphire wave. Between us and it the slight and graceful tamarisk rises like a pale green mist. The Bermudians call it the "salt cedar." Taste it, and you get the very flavor of the brine. To the right are undulating hills and sleepy valleys, with pretty cottages nestling in their green recesses, and here and there a stately mansion perched far up on some height that commands two ocean views. We pass clumps of cedar and thickets of the fan-leaved palmetto. The curious, club-like paw-paw rises, straight as an arrow, with a tuft of leaves at the top, and fruit, looking not unlike a great green lemon, growing directly from the trunk. The aloe is in bloom, and the Spanish bayonet bristles by the wayside. The drooping purple

flower of the banana and its heavy clusters of fruit are in every garden. The banana is as omnipresent as the onion.

Often the road passes for long distances between lofty walls of solid rock, from the crevices of which all lovely growths are springing. The dainty sweet elyssum clings to the rock in great patches, and the little rice plant lays its pink cheek against it lovingly. Here and everywhere spring the life-plant and the blue stars of the Bermudiana. The orange is not now in fruit, but on many of the lemon-trees the yellow globes are hanging like golden lamps.

A long causeway—a gigantic piece of work, massive and strong enough to defy wind and water for ages—connects St. George's with the mainland. As we approach it, a fresh and exquisite picture meets us at every turn, while the views from the causeway itself are surpassingly fine. It is nearly two miles in length, and a revolving bridge gives two wide water passages for boats.

The quaint, picturesque old town, which was founded in 1612, seems to bristle with forts. Indeed, this is true of the whole island range,—the Bermudas being, with the exception of Gibraltar, England's most strongly fortified hold. One not to the manner born cannot help wondering why this infinitesimal bit of land in the midst of mighty seas should require a fort on every exposed point; why there should be batteries and martello towers at every turn, and why red-coats and marines should meet you at every corner. But it must be remembered that this is the rendezvous for the British fleet in all these waters, and here vast quantities of arms and ammunition are stored. England doubtless knows her own business; and it cannot be questioned that her strong position here would give her an immense advantage, in case—which may God forbid!—of her ever going to war with America.

Strangers are not allowed inside the

forts. But we can climb the heights, if we choose, and see the outside of the shore. Or, while we are waiting for dinner to be made ready in the old-fashioned inn facing the square, where the landlord himself will serve you at table, carving the joints with his own hand, we can wander about the narrow streets with their odd balconied and jalousied houses, and imagine ourselves in the Orient. Or we can go to the Public Garden, and sit under the shade of date-palms one hundred and fifty years old. Here, in the ivy-covered wall at the left of the lower gate, — a dark slab in a niche, — is the monument of Sir George Somers, for whom the town was named, and in honor of whom the Bermudas were once known as the Somers Islands. Only his heart is buried here. His body lies in White Church, Dorsetshire, England. In the wall above the old monument is a white marble tablet, erected by Lieutenant-General Lefroy, bearing this inscription: —

Near this spot
Was interred, in the year 1610, the Heart of the
Heroic Admiral,
SIR GEORGE SOMERS, K.T.,
Who nobly sacrificed his Life
To carry succor
To the infant and suffering Plantation,
Now
THE STATE OF VIRGINIA.
To preserve his Name to Future Ages
Near the scene of his memorable shipwreck of
1609,
The Governor and Commander-in-Chief
Of this Colony for the time being caused this
tablet to be erected.
1876.

Building's Bay, on the North Shore, is believed to be the spot where, after the shipwreck, the "heroic admiral" built his two cedar ships, the Deliverance and the Patience.

In the Public Library at Hamilton one is shown with much pride a thin booklet of perhaps a dozen pages, printed in black letter. It has lately been rebound in red morocco, thus renewing its youth. It bears the imprint "London, 1613," and purports to be Sir George's

own account of his shipwreck and deliverance.

It is but a step from the Public Garden to St. Peter's, the oldest church on the islands. In the walls are many interesting tablets, and the sexton will show you the communion service, of massive silver, presented by King William III., in 1684.

To American eyes, its narrow streets and oddly shaped houses give St. George's a charm that is quite distinctive. York Street is but ten feet wide, and, with its gardens crowded with semi-tropical vegetation, it is like an oriental picture.

On the way home there are marvelous caves it would be a sin not to visit. We leave the carriage, and pick our way for some distance through thickets of cedar and oleander, with coffee-trees, bamboos, and lemons interspersed, till we reach the desired haven. It proves by no means a haven of rest, however, for the descent into the caves is rough and precipitous. Yet, if you are fond of cavernous depths, it pays. Our guide, an intelligent colored man, who owns the place, lights a bonfire of cedar brush, and the transformation scene begins. The dark, damp, gloomy cavern stretches away through magnificent distances, and through openings in the walls we catch glimpses of other chambers, of whose splendors we are content to dream. Far above us soars the vaulted roof, hung with stalactites, and glittering as with the light of countless jewels. Below us lies a lake, clear and cold, whereon fairies might launch their airy shallops. There are many of these caves in different parts of the islands, but one description answers for all. We may, however, stop for a moment at the "Devil's Hole." No rendezvous for gods or fairies this, but a natural fish-pond, through whose rocky basin, set in a huge cavernous chamber, the ocean sends its tides continually. The fish, strange creatures called groupers, with great sluggish bodies and horribly hu-

man faces, come crowding up to be fed, and stare at us hungrily with their awful eyes.

It is Sunday morning, and all eyes are turned anxiously to the signal station at Mount Langton. As we look, a red, white, and blue pennant flies from the yard-arm, announcing that the steamer from New York is in sight. Now we can go to church in peace, sure of getting our mail some time to-morrow. It is impossible to get it to-day, and after a little natural Yankee grumbling at Bermudian slowness we accept the situation. What does it matter? What does anything matter in this lazy, lotus-eating land, where it seems always afternoon?

The Bermudians are a church-going people. The question asked is not, "*Are you going to church to-day?*" but, "*Where are you going?*" The going is taken for granted, as it used to be in New England. Yet there is no Puritanic sombreness. All is gay and bright. Flags fly in honor of the day from Mount Langton, from Admiralty House, and from the shipping in the harbor. At half past nine A. M. precisely, a pennant flies from the staff in Victoria Park, to announce that church time is near.

We Hamiltonians can go to Pembroke, beautifully set in its garden of green; or to Trinity, a handsome church, with fine memorial windows, and columns and arches of the native stone. Or we can get Charon to row us across the ferry, and stroll for a mile along a quiet, shaded country road to the beautiful Paget Church. If we do this last, we shall surely be tempted to rest a while on a low stone wall that runs parallel with the road behind the parish school, and try to fix the lovely picture in our minds forever.

We can easily find a Presbyterian kirk and a Wesleyan chapel. But here, as in England, Dissenters are in the minority, the union of church and state being very close. Wherever we

go, however, we shall find the same pleasant and cordial mingling of whites and blacks in the audience. Bermuda does not raise a partition wall between her children, setting the light on one side, the dark on the other. Their pews are side by side, in the flower-decked churches, and as a rule the colored people are as neatly dressed, as well mannered, and as devout, as their lighter brethren. One cannot look upon their tranquil, thoughtful faces, or hear their low-toned, musical voices in the responses, without thanking God for what fifty years of freedom, under favorable auspices, can do for the black race.

Bermuda belongs to the see of Newfoundland and Labrador, the bishop making a yearly visitation. What a rounding of the circle,—to live half the year in frozen Labrador, and half in soft Bermuda!

There are eight parishes, with the names of which the visitor soon grows as familiar as with the streets of his native town; if he stays long he talks of Southampton, Devonshire, and Warwick as glibly as the islanders themselves. Parliament is composed of a legislative and executive council appointed by the crown, and an assembly. The latter, formed of four members from each parish, is elected for a term of seven years. The schools are in charge of the parish authorities, who are empowered to enforce attendance. A fine is exacted from the parent if the child fails to appear. There are also several private schools, which are said to be good. At all events, the Bermudians are refined and intelligent, and by far the greater number, of course, have been educated at home. Now and then the son or daughter of a well-to-do family is sent to England to be "finished," but one meets many bright and clever men and women who have never left the islands.

A certain insular narrowness may sometimes be felt, as when a lady said to her friend, "I wonder what the world

would do without Bermuda! Just think how many potatoes and onions we export!" It is a blessed fact that one's own home is the hub of the universe. Bermuda does not seem small to its inhabitants. To them it is the world, and holds the fullness thereof. "The maps do not do us justice," said one of them to the writer. "For you see we really are not so very small."

But the truth is that in its exceeding smallness lies one of its chief charms. And to realize how small it is one must visit the lighthouse, a drive of six miles, or so, from Hamilton. Down the hill to Front Street, past Parliament House and the Public Library, past Pembroke Hall and its group of Royal Palms, — five magnificent trees, lifting their stately, granite-colored shafts like columns in some ancient temple, — round the harbor, and then on through Paget and Warwick to Gibbs's Hill in Southampton. This is one of the most delightful drives possible, the road running past fine country mansions and cozy cottages, with here and there a glimpse of the shining sea. Just where we leave the highway to go to Gibbs's Hill we pass a ruined house, weird and sombre in its desolation. It is a place to haunt one's dreams. The high stone steps are worn in great suggestive hollows. The water tank is empty, and rats have taken possession. From the broken windows ghostly faces seem peering out. But we pick a geranium that flaunts gayly in the sun by the shattered door-sill, and go on our upward and winding way to the lighthouse.

The ascent of the lofty tower is not difficult, in spite of its height. The light is, we are told, a "revolving dioptric lens with mirrors," — whatever that may be, — and is among the largest and most powerful in the world. The building is exquisitely kept, its polished floors and glittering brasses being dainty enough for my lady's boudoir. Civil service means something in Bermuda.

One of the three keepers told me he had not left his lonely eyrie for a night in seventeen years, and it was evident he considered himself settled for life. Very proud were the three of their stately and beautiful charge, touching the costly and delicate machinery as tenderly as if it were a sentient being and felt their caressing hands.

But it is the view from the gallery we came to see, and out we go, with a word of caution from the guide as to the wind. We are on the very outermost point of the southwestern coast, and from where we stand we can take in the whole island group, from St. George's to Ireland. What a little spot it is, to be sure! — a mere point in the illimitable waste of waters that stretch away to the horizon on every side. But the view is magnificent beyond description. It is worth the half of one's kingdom to stand for just half an hour, of a clear afternoon, on the lighthouse tower at Gibbs's Hill.

Yet the chief attraction of Bermuda is in her iridescent waters and what lies beneath them. At nine of the clock, one morning, Williams, a bronze Hercules, low voiced, gentle mannered, a trusty boatman, and an enthusiast in his calling, meets us at the dock, with his water glasses, nippers, and all else needed for a successful trip to the reefs. But our first objective point is Ireland Island, and to gain time we embark on the Moondyne, — a pleasant party of five, with lunch baskets and the ever-present waterproofs and umbrellas. Towing our row-boat, away we glide down the beautiful sunlit bay, winding our way in and out among the fairy islands of the Great Sound, after a fashion strikingly like the passage through the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Passing the lovely shores of Somerset and Boaz, which last was formerly the convict station, we get good views of the naval and military hospitals, with their broad balconies and shaded grounds. At Ireland Island

is her majesty's dockyard, with forts and batteries, all alive with soldiers, marines, and busy workmen. Several men-of-war, with a multitude of smaller craft, are at anchor in Grassy Bay, and the admiral's ship, the *Northampton*, is lying in the great floating dock, Bermuda, for repairs. This enormous structure, said to be the largest of its kind in the world, was towed over from England in 1868. To naval, military, and business men this is a most attractive spot, but so much red tape must be untied before one can enter the dockyard that we content ourselves with an outside view, and walk across the island to the cemetery. Here, within sound of the moaning sea and the fierce guns of the forts, all is as peaceful and serene as in any country graveyard in New England. Trees wave, flowers bloom, bright-winged birds flit from palm to cedar, and great masses of the scarlet heath burn in the soft, cool light.

But we are most impressed by the records of sudden and violent deaths; for here we find inscriptions instead of the conventional number. "Killed by a fall from the masthead of H. M. ship *Daylight*." "Drowned off *Spanish Rock*." "Died suddenly, a victim to yellow fever." "Erected by his messmates to the memory of —, who died at sea." So the inscriptions ran. Many of the epitaphs were curious; but all were to me indescribably pathetic.

Some civilians are buried here, and many little children; and I came upon a pathetic memorial to a fair young English wife, who followed her soldier husband hither only to give birth to a little child and die on these far-off shores. But for the most part the sleepers in this beautiful God's acre are strong and stalwart men, cut off in the flower of their days.

We lunch in delicious shade, with the sea at our feet and a bright-eyed, swift-footed little mulatto boy for our Ganymede. Then we row along the coast and

through the narrows to the dockyard harbor, bound for the reefs.

As we round the point there is a sudden gathering of the clans and the swell of martial music. Hundreds of soldiers and sailors swarm upon the piers and cling to every masthead. Evidently something exciting is going on. The band strikes up *Home, Sweet Home*, and the good ship *Humber* steams out, with all sails set, bound for England, and crowded from stem to stern. She takes home a regiment whose term of service has expired. A storm of cheers bursts from the comrades they are leaving behind, answered by shouts and hurrahs from the happy fellows on board. They scramble up the tall masts, and far out on the yard-arms; they cling to the shrouds, waving their caps and shouting themselves hoarse, as the band plays *The Girl I left Behind Me*. One agile fellow stands on the very top of the tallest mast, his figure in bold relief against the blue of the sky. As the ship passes the near buoys *Auld Lang Syne* floats plaintively over the deep, and the men on the dock turn soberly, perhaps sadly, to the monotonous routine of duties.

Williams picks up his oars, and we are soon far out among the reefs. It is so still and clear that a water glass is scarcely needed. Without its aid we can look far down, down, into the azure and amber depths, so translucent, so pure, that the minutest object is distinctly visible. What marvelous growths, what wonderful creations! Is this a submerged flower-garden? Great sea-fans wave their purple branches, swaying to the swell as pine-boughs sway to the breeze. Magnificent sprays of star-coral, some as fine and delicate as lace-work, and so frail that it would be impossible to remove them from their bed, and some like the strong antlers of some forest monarch, grow upon the sides of the deep sea mountains. Here the shelf-coral hangs from the rocks like an inverted mushroom, delicately wrought,

and the rose-coral unfolds like a fairy flower. There lie great brainstones, another variety of coral, with their singular convolutions, side by side with finger-sponges, tall, brown, branching sea-rods, sea-cucumbers, and many another wonder. There are star-fish, sea-urchins, and sea-anemones, — gorgeous creatures in ashes of rose and orange, or in pink and brown with dashes of yellow, and a flutter of white ruffles, that unfold as you gaze, like the opening of a flower-bud. And in and around and about them all glide the blue angel fish, with their fins just tipped with gold, yellow canary fish, the zebra-striped sergeant majors, and a ruby-colored fish that gleams in the water like a ray of light.

We gather fans and corals; we exhaust our vocabularies in expressions of delight; and then in the soft glow of sunset, while the shores are bathed in rosy mist, and each little island is an emerald or an amethyst set in silver, and the far lighthouse towers above them all like a watchful sentinel, we half row, half float, homeward with the tide, silent, tired, but happy.

It would be impossible to tell of all the pleasant excursions that gave light and color to our Bermudian days. One morning we drove to Tucker's Town — about seven miles — and there hired a whaleboat and three stout oarsmen for the day, that we might explore Castle Harbor and its surroundings.

We were soon flying over the waves, with our square sail set, bound for Castle Island; but we stopped at the extreme point of the mainland, that the gentlemen might visit a cave called the Queen's White Hall. The ladies, meanwhile, climbed the high cliffs to watch the breakers as they dashed over the rocks below us. Suddenly there was a rush, a loud whirr of wings, a burst of laughter, and a call to us; and down we went. The lighting of a bit of magnesium wire had disclosed a boatswain bird on its nest. Blinded by the sudden

glare, it had given one fearful cry ere it was caught and brought out for our inspection. The boatswain is a beautiful white creature, of the gull family, with two long feathers in its tail, by means of which it is popularly supposed to steer its flight; hence the name. When we let it go, it flew far out to sea. But we were scarcely in the boat again when we saw it circling and wheeling far above our heads, only waiting till we strange intruders should be gone before returning to its nest.

Having set sail again, we made for Castle Island. Steep stairs cut in the rocks led us to a broad plateau bordered by ruined fortifications, massive structures which were built early in the seventeenth century, when the Spanish buccaneers made constant raids upon Bermuda. In fact, the pirates once held Castle Island, and we walked over the paths their feet had worn nearly three hundred years ago. Afterwards the castle was for a time the seat of government. The massive walls of fort and castle, full ten feet thick, seem as if they might stand forever.

Climbing up into one of the deep embrasures, with the lonely sea before me and the silent court behind, I tried to imagine the scene as it was when gay with red-coats and gold-laced officers, with their powdered wigs, their queues, their queer cocked hats, and all the pomp and pageantry of glorious war. Far down on the beach below me lay a rusty cannon, half buried in the sand. Doubtless from the very spot where I stood it had belched forth its thunders at the approaching pirate fleets.

We lunched in the gray old court, sitting on a low stone seat whereon, it was easy to believe, many a brave soldier and many a fair lady had whispered sweet secrets, long ago. Names were carved in the rocks and on the walls, the numbers of many regiments — some famous in English annals — appearing over and over again. The remains of

the old ovens were still there, and chimneys blackened by the smoke of fires so long gone out.

In the old government house there is a hall, floorless and windowless now, where many a Bermuda girl danced and was made love to by the gay gallants of other days. For Bermuda has always been gay, — gayer, they say, in the past than it is now. So long ago as when our Puritan fathers were struggling with cold, with savages, and with all the hardships and privations of early New England life, Bermuda was sitting in the sun and smiling as serenely as to-day. The traditions there are not of spinning and weaving, of hard-won comforts, of serious endeavor, of Indian fights and cruel massacres, but of gay *fêtes* and brilliant masquerades, of happy competence and careless ease. The old ladies of to-day show you the fine dresses, the laces and ornaments, that their great-grandmothers wore when they, the great-grandmothers, were young.

Setting sail again, we swept through the great harbor, passing Nonsuch and Cooper islands and rounding St. David's Head, a magnificent promontory, against which the sea beat itself to foam. The wind was high; we were in the open sea, and the boat was tossed like a feather by the great waves that came rolling in from beyond the reefs. The headlands of St. David's are precipitous cliffs, with deep bays and curious indented caves. One of them is called Cupid's Oven, — a most maladroitness name, — for the little god would be frightened out of his wits by the mere sight of the dark, uncanny hole. Elsewhere a door is cut in the high ocean wall. Does it lead down to Hades?

We entered the narrows just beyond the island, and the oarsmen, the sail being lowered, pulled along the coast to St. George's. Here our carriages were in waiting and we drove home by the way of Moore's Calabash Tree, in a dark, secluded glen. The poet, it is

said, was wont to sit here and sing of the charms of Bermudian girls.

In this long and, for our men, hard trip, we did not hear from them one loud word, much less an oath. The captain, a handsome young negro, gave his orders by a look, a word, a sign, and was obeyed as quietly.

One can't get lost in Bermuda. Walk where you will, or drive, if you dare, — for Bermudians turn to the left, and Americans are apt to come to grief, — you will be sure to come out in sight of some well-known landmark. Never to be forgotten is one bright afternoon, when two of us drove all by ourselves to Knapton Hill and Spanish Rock. Sacred, too, is the memory of another, when, in the same independent fashion, we went to Spanish Point, and after picking up shells for an hour, and counting the white sails flitting like sea-gulls over the sparkling bay, we turned and drove to the North Shore. The water was so marvelously clear that from cliffs forty feet above the sea we could count the shells and pebbles lying twenty feet beneath it. By and by we turned off into a road that was new to us, leading up a hill, and lined with oleanders, pink, white, and crimson, as large as good-sized apple-trees. We did not know where it led, nor did we care. But we came out at last near the old church in Devonshire, an ivy-covered ruin. Having been warned that the roof might fall, we did not go inside, but through the broken windows we saw the crumbling walls, from which the precious tablets had been removed, the dilapidated pews, and the high pulpit with antique hangings, faded and hoary. In one of the aisles was stowed away a ghastly hearse and a tottering bier, on which, no doubt, many generations of the dead who were sleeping so soundly, hard by, had been borne to their last rest. I turned away with a shudder.

But without, how sweet and still it was! It was late afternoon. Not a

sound reached us, not even the lapsing of the waves. Only now and then a lone bird twittered softly, or the winds sighed in the palm-trees. Great gray tombs lay all around, like huge sarcophagi, and stretched far up the hill, weird and sombre in the light of dying day. Perhaps it was against the rules, — I don't know, — but with a great lump in my throat, and a tender thought of the little unknown sleeper, I picked a rose from a bush that was heaping a child's grave with its fragrant petals. If it was a sin, I here make full confession, and crave absolution from the baby's mother! Rose geraniums grew wild in great profusion, making the air sweet with their strong perfume. It is called in Bermuda the "graveyard geranium," and I was told that pillows for coffined heads are filled with the fragrant leaves. An immense but dying cedar — the oldest on the islands — stands near the church, and is used as a bell-cote. The trunk is hollow, and inside it two vigorous young trees are growing.

There are no springs in Bermuda, and the great water-tanks are conspicuous objects everywhere. Built of heavy stone, cool, dark, and entered solely by a door in the side which admits the bucket, the water they contain is limpid and delicious. Every householder is compelled by law to have a tank, and to keep it in good repair.

Another thing that attracts attention is the animals tethered here, there, and everywhere. You see donkeys, goats, cows, even cats, hens, and turkeys, — these last drooping sulkily, or swelling with outraged dignity, — confined by the inevitable tether. Noticing the strange manœuvres of a hen in an inclosure near the road, I stopped to investigate, and discovered that she was tied by a cord two yards long to another hen. Their gyrations and flutterings were attempts to walk in opposite directions, — a pair of unaccommodating Siamese twins.

But time would fail us to tell of all

that filled our Bermudian days with a satisfying, restful delight: of trips on the Moondyne; of moonlit walks to Hungry Bay, when the spray was hoar frost, and the waves were rippled silver; of Saturday mornings at Prospect, to see the fine drill of the Royal Irish Rifles; of amateur theatricals given by the officers and their wives in the rickety old theatre; of receptions and lawn tennis at the government house; of pleasant glimpses of Bermudian homes; of kindly greetings and warm hand clasps. Shall I ever forget a certain "afternoon tea," where we were served in the shaded balcony by the five fair daughters of the house, while the happy, handsome mother smiled serenely, and took her ease with the rest of us? Shall I ever cease to remember the mangroves, looking for all the world like tipsy bacchanalians, that in some way always reminded me of Saxe Holm's story of the One-Legged Dancers?

A few last words as to the climate. It is somewhat capricious, but is never really cold. Bermuda has no frosts. Yet during seven weeks, beginning in March and ending in May, we were in no need of thin summer clothing. The mercury in winter seldom falls below 60°. In the height of summer it is seldom above 85°, and there is always the breeze from the sea. When it blows from the southwest, Bermudians stay within doors, and remain quiet till it changes. Tropical plants thrive, not because it is hotter than with us in summer, but because they are never winter killed.

Bermuda is *not* the place for consumptives. But for the overworked and weary, for those who need rest and recreation and quiet amusement, for those who love the beauty of sea and sky better than noisy crowds and fashionable display, and can dispense with some accustomed conveniences for the sake of what they may gain in other ways, it is truly a paradise.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

SOME ALLEGED AMERICANISMS.

REVERTING to a subject which I have treated heretofore, in *The Atlantic* and elsewhere,¹ I have to begin by a caution which indeed may be regarded as a monition: this, — that the stigmatizing of a word, or a phrase, or even a pronunciation, as an Americanism, by any censor, however accomplished or however thoroughly English, or by any “authority” (so called), British or American, however high, is not to be regarded as of very great moment in the settlement of the question, still less as at all decisive. It is very rarely that a word or a phrase can be set down as an Americanism except upon probability and opinion; whereas the contrary is shown, if shown at all, upon fact-proof that cannot be gainsaid. The citation of a word from English literature at or before the time of Dryden shows that it cannot possibly be “American” in origin; evidence of its continued use by British writers during the last century and the present proves the impossibility of its being an Americanism in any sense of that term. Indeed, evidence and proof should hardly be mentioned in relation to this showing. Of words and phrases which have such origin and history as has just been specified, it is simply to be said that they are English. To stamp a word or a phrase as an Americanism, it is necessary to show that (1) it is of so-called “American” origin, — that is, that it first came into use in the United States of North America; or that (2) it has been adopted in those States from some language other than English, or has been kept in use there while it has wholly passed out of use in England.

Now these points are very difficult of sufficient proof; and the defeats of those

who have assumed them in various instances are almost numberless. The production of unknown and unsuspected evidence has often toppled bold assertions over, and swept into oblivion judgments long reverently accepted; and it may at any time do so again. When those who assume to speak authoritatively upon the subject declare that a word or a phrase is an Americanism, they must be prepared with a full and satisfactory answer to the question, “What do you know about it?” They may perhaps know what *is* English, but how will they prove the negative, that this or that word or phrase is *not* English? Indeed, generally the declaration that a word is an Americanism (or not English) can only be (what it almost always is) the mere expression of the declarer’s opinion that he or she does not remember having heard the word, and rather dislikes it, and therefore assumes that it is not English, but “American.” At its strongest, such a judgment is the mere opinion of a critical scholar whose reading in English literature, ancient and modern, has been both wide and observant. An opinion from such a quarter has some value; but it becomes absolutely worthless in the presence of adverse facts.

Now it is very significant of the difficulty which besets this question that British journals of the highest standing keep up the manufacture of an ever-lengthening chain of blunders in regard to it; each one, now and then, as if impelled by some blind instinct, adding its little link of welded ignorance and prejudice; and hardly less remarkable is it that studious men, not taught by study the wisdom of reserve, make assertions will, I hope, be accepted as a reply to letters addressed and otherwise to be addressed to me. I do not know where copies of the *Galaxy* may be obtained.

¹ *Galaxy*, September and November, 1877, January, 1878. *Atlantic*, April, May, July, September, and November, 1878, January, March, May, November, 1879, May, 1880, May, 1881. This note

which rival those of the journalists in rashness and in error.

An astonishing blunder, or rather series of blunders, was committed in the past summer (July 21st) by a London journal of the highest standing, the *Spectator*. There is not in England, hardly in Europe, a journal whose opinions upon politics, literature, society, and art are more worthy of consideration. This eminent British journal published a long and carefully written critical article on Walt Whitman's prose; and in summing up a well-merited condemnation remarked that "unless the reader possesses considerable familiarity with American slang he will frequently be stopped by such expressions as 'fetching up,' 'scooted,' 'derring do,' 'out of kilter,' etc. American slang! Revered shades of Edmund Spenser and of Walter Scott, refrain your ghostly vengeance while one of your devoted worshipers cites you as evidence that "derring do" is "American" and slang!

"So from immortal race he does proceede
That mortal hands may not withstand his
might,
Drad for his *derring doe* and bloudy deed;
For all in bloud and spoile is his delight."
(*Faerie Queen*, II. c. i. st. 42.)
"All mightie men and dreadful *derring doers*
(The harder it to make them well agree)."
(*Idem*, IV. c. ii. st. 38.)

"I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart of oak and bars of iron. Singular,' he again muttered to himself, 'if there be two who can do such a deed of *derring do*.'" (*Ivanhoe*, chap. xxix.)

In truth, this piece of alleged "American" slang would not be understood by one person in five hundred thousand in "America;" and my attention was called to it by inquiries as to its meaning and its origin by two intelligent friends.

The other phrases cited as Americanisms by the *Spectator* are folk phrases of such character that they would not be easily discovered in literature; but

they are so purely English that it would seem quite impossible for a competent English scholar to regard them as having any other origin. It is only necessary to turn to Halliwell's dictionary to find "*Scooter*: a syringe or squirt. To go like a scooter; that is, very quick." "*Kilters*: tools, instruments; the component parts of a thing." To scoot, therefore, means to move very quickly; and out of kilter, to have the component parts deranged. Both words are East Anglican provincialisms. They are not "classical" in England; neither are they so in the United States. They have just the same form, the same meaning, and the same status in both countries. The like is true of "derring do," as to which the facts are these: Spenser used, according to wont, an archaic phrase; Scott remembered it, and introduced it in *Ivanhoe*, a tale of the twelfth century; and Walt Whitman, remembering Scott, used it, as to sense, just as he did.

The *Spectator*, however, does not stop here. It goes on to say that Walt Whitman "is compelled to employ a large original vocabulary," and as a part of this vocabulary it quotes "jetted," "ostent," and "promulge." Now as to the originality of a large part of that self-styled "Cosmos" there will be no dispute among persons competent to form an opinion; but again this censor of things "American" is very unfortunate in his specification of what is "American." The words which he regards as original in Walt Whitman have been in use by the best English writers for centuries. For instance:—

"O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he *jets* under his advanc'd plumes!" (*Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 5, l. 26.)

"Whose men and dames so *jetted* and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by."
(*Pericles*, Act I. Sc. 4, l. 26.)

"Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad *ostent*
To please his grandam."
(*The Merchant of Venice*, Act II. Sc. 4, l. 175.)

Being free from vainness and self-grievous
pride;

Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God."

(Henry V., Act V. Chorus, l. 19.)¹

As to "promulge," it is only necessary to say that it is found in all modern English dictionaries (even the *Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, 1707, and *Miege*, 1679), in which examples of its use are cited from such writers as Prynne, South, Pearson, and Atterbury. It must be very much older; for it is of Old French origin.

What shall be said when we find a writer, to whom a journal of the grade of the *London Spectator* assigns the task of writing a critical article upon style, setting forth boldly and without qualification such words as these as Americanisms, either slang or the original inventions of an "American" writer? It shall be said merely that this is a fair example of the knowledge of what is English that is displayed by most British critics when they unfold themselves upon this subject. For to know what is English is the first and essential qualification for pronouncing judgment upon what is not English; and on this point almost all persons who have written upon this subject—not only British critics, lay and professional, but compilers of dictionaries of Americanisms—have shown themselves distinctively ignorant. Like that of the samphire gatherers, theirs is a "dreadful trade." They are likely to be cast headlong at any minute by a misstep, even when they feel most sure of their footing; and they who in such case feel much pity must have more sympathy with their business than I have. Searching for Americanisms is the pettiest subdivision of the pettiest department of literature,—verbal criticism.

A terrible example of the destructive uncertainty which attends this envious

¹ These line references are to the numeration in the text of the *Riverside Shakespeare*.

business is the phrase "enjoys poor health." If there is one phrase which more surely than any other has been regarded as an Americanism, and as such has been scoffed at by British critics, it is this. I have heretofore shown that it is well known in England, colloquially and as a provincialism, in Leicestershire and in Warwickshire; but lately, turning to the fly-leaves of a book which I had not seen for some years, I found a memorandum of its use by a writer than whom there could not be better evidence as to what is English. The Reverend Henry Venn, author of the famous book *The Complete Duty of Man*, one of the most celebrated evangelical divines and preachers of the last century, was born in Surrey in 1724. His ancestors were clergymen of the Church of England, in an uninterrupted line, from the period of the Reformation. He was a scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Fellow of Queen's, of the same university. He was vicar of Huddersfield, Yorkshire, and rector of Yelling, Huntingdonshire. His style is remarkable, even in his letters, for a union of correctness and ease, and his English for its purity. This Surrey-born man and Cambridge scholar, in whom centred generations of university-bred divines, writing to his daughter, October 19, 1784, says:—

"We expect Joseph Scott here, to take home his wife, who is something better for our air; though, at best, *she enjoys poor health*." (*Life and Letters of Rev. Henry Venn*, page 407. Third edition, London, 1835.)

His editor, who is his grandson, the Reverend Henry Venn, also Fellow of Queen's College, passes the phrase without remark; and I think that now we may as well have heard the last of it as an Americanism. It is more rarely heard, I believe, in the United States than in England. It is a strange phrase, and not admirable; and in regard to its origin, I venture the conjecture that

it is a product of the feeling in the class of religionists, of whom the author of *The Complete Duty of Man* was a shining example, that everything ought to be enjoyed, even poor health, which is bestowed by Providence; as the pious old rustic, in *The Dairyman's Daughter*, said that the weather to-morrow would surely be good, because it would be such as pleased God. (I quote from memory.) So Venn afterwards, referring to his having been struck down with palsy, writes, "I am come to the days of darkness, but not of dejection; for why should not Christians be afraid of dejection, as they are of murmuring and complaint?" To enjoy poor health seems, then, evangelical English rather than "American." Yet see in a speech in *Pericles* (Act IV. Sc. 3), out of question written by Shakespeare, this example of a corresponding confusion of thought:—

"O, go to. Well, well!
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst."

But I admit that when I see phrases branded in this way as Americanisms I have pleasure in feeling that often there is somewhere a shot in my locker that will knock the notion into splinters.

And here I am tempted to remark, as it were parenthetically, upon a very ancient prototype of what seems to be a very modern Americanism, which is noted in *Bartlett's Dictionary* as "to let slide, to let go," with the examples, "Let him slide," "Let her slide," "Let California slide." Now, in the first lines of *Henry the Minstrel's Wallace*, composed about 1470, we find this very phrase, used exactly as it is used in the slang of the present day:—

"Our antecessowris, that we suld of reide,
And hald in mind thar nobille worthi deid,
We lat ourslide, throw werray sleuthfulnes;
And ws till vthir besynes." ¹

(Book I. l. 1-4.)

¹ Here "suld of reide" = should read of; "werray" = very; "ws" = us; "vthir" = other. The rest is plain enough, antique as its form is.

It will be seen that in "*lat ourslide*" = "let slide over," there is not a shade of difference, either in sense or in sound, from our slang phrase. Needless to say that this is not evidence that the former has been preserved for four centuries, to be heard in slangish talk in the United States (although the history of language records freaks not less strange than that would be); but it is worthy of remark that these lines show that the essential thought in question and the form which it takes belong to the race and the language, and not to any particular time or country.

To return to the purpose with which I set out, which is, it should be borne in mind, less the proving that certain words and phrases are not Americanisms than the showing the incompetence of nearly all the critics, British and "American," to pass a trustworthy opinion upon this subject;—incompetence resulting from the union of a lack of acquaintance with the vocabulary of English writers and speakers, past and present, to a misapprehension of the very little that they do know of English as it is spoken in the United States, and of true Americanisms, and I will add of "American" manners and customs, as well as "American" speech. Even when such critics are soberly and judicially disposed, there seems to be some mental or moral twist in their natures which prevents them from rightly apprehending and comprehending what they do see and hear. Mr. George Augustus Sala shall furnish us with an example in point, very trifling and simple, and therefore the more significant. In *Paris Herself Again*, he mentions having "gone so far" as to ask on ship-board for "the American delicacy of [*sic*] pork and beans," ² and then this paragraph follows:—

"It's done, sir," replied the steward,

² As to this, by the way, see *England Without and Within*, chap. vii.

who was of Milesian descent. 'Yes,' I told him gently, 'I should like the pork and beans to be well done.' 'Shure [Why the *h* in this word? How does Mr. Sala pronounce *sure*? If he had used two *r*'s, the reason would be plain], — shure, it's through,' urged the steward. I was not proficient in transatlantic parlance, and bade him bring the dish through the saloon. 'I mane that it's played out,' persisted the steward, in a civil rage with my stupidity, — 'that it's finished, — that it's clane gone.' He should have said at first that the pork and beans were gone, and then my Anglo-Saxon mind [How came a man named Sala with an Anglo-Saxon mind? It is quite easy to understand how he might have an English education] would have mastered his meaning." (Chap. xxxii.)

And Mr. Sala, who is generally credited with somewhat more than the average capacity of observation, could write that passage after having been twice in the United States, for some months at least at each visit! Any "transatlantic" boy would laugh at his blunder. The steward's speech, if correctly reported, would have been quite as incomprehensible to any "American" as Mr. Sala informs us it was to him. No such use of "through" is known in the United States; but the passage shows an entire misapprehension of a use of that word at table, which is common. No "American" says that a dish is through, meaning that it is all gone; but many "Americans" do say, unfortunately, when they have breakfasted or dined, that *they* are "through;" that is, that they have got through their breakfast or their dinner. In William Black's clever little novel *A Beautiful Wretch*, — the heroine of which, by the way, is one of his charming women, — two young men are at breakfast, and one says, "But that's only her fun, don't you know; she's precious glad to get out of it, — that's my belief; and no-

body knows better than herself he wouldn't do at all. Finished? Come and have a game of billiards, then." (Chap. ii.) Now here one of the transatlantic speakers whom Mr. Sala had in mind would have said, not "Finished?" but "Through? Come and have a game," etc. This trivial instance is characteristic of a common failure of apprehension in the British critic of "American" speech and manners.

Mr. Edmund Yates has also visited the States on a lecturing tour, I believe. Exactly how long he remained here I do not know, but long enough, it would appear, to become a British authority upon things "American," and gain an experience which leads him to continue in England the lecturing of the "Americans," which seems not to have been completed in their country. Not long ago, in this vein, he stated that all that the "Americans" knew of Christmas they had learned from, or since the publication of, Dickens's Christmas stories. (I quote from memory only; and I ask his pardon if I am not literally correct.) An amazing announcement! The Maryland descendants and representatives of the old Roman Catholic colony of Lord Baltimore, and the New Orleans natives of the same faith, will learn with some surprise that they owed to the Protestant heretic Charles Dickens the birth of the feeling which made Christmas to them a great and solemn festival. But it is not necessary to go to Southern and Roman Catholic commonwealths to find a refutation of this wildly ignorant assertion. There are thousands and tens of thousands of men yet living, in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New England, who can remember that long before Dickens's first Christmas story was published Christmas was the turning-point of their childhood's year. It was *par excellence* the one great family and social festival. They can hear yet the joyful Christmas anthem chanted in churches which

were great bowers of evergreens; they remember the family gatherings, the somewhat oppressive nature of which was relieved by a dinner sweeter in the mouth than in the stomach on the next day. To all this, if I may be pardoned a personal recollection, I can testify. To this my father could testify; and he did tell me that the church, in Connecticut, in which he kept Christmas, of which my grandfather was rector, was not only decked with evergreens on Christmas Eve, but illuminated, and in so ample a style that the reliquary candles, extinguished at midnight, were an important perquisite of the sexton. This takes us back three generations in a country which, Mr. Yates informs his readers, learned Christmas-keeping from Charles Dickens! The truth is simply this: There has been in the United States, of late years, a much more nearly universal observance of this Christian festival than there was before. Of this there are two causes, Charles Dickens not being one of them: first, what has been called the "broad church movement," in consequence of which people of other denominations have gladly adopted, to a certain extent, the Christmas customs of the churches of England and of Rome; next, the conviction that we needed more of general holiday-keeping than we had in earlier days. These causes have come into their full operation necessarily since the publication of Dickens's Christmas stories, but not because of them: they were *post hoc*, but not *propter hoc*. The inference that they were so is exemplary of the nearness of approach by most British critics to truth as to things "American." Frenchmen are so ludicrously far away from it that what they say is worthy of no consideration, except in case of a patient investigator and thinker like De Tocqueville, and even he made some striking blunders.

Generally, however, it is true that the European traveler — and the more

surely if he is British and a person of any note — leaves the States quite as ignorant of them and their people on all essential points as he was before he crossed the ocean, and with his ignorance at once confused and confirmed and elevated into conceit by misapprehension of the very little of any real significance that he has been able to see. For the distinguished traveler sees, indeed, through no fault of his own, very little that reveals to him the real condition of "American" society, of which he touches only the surface at a few salient points. All the vast level range below, not to say the yet underlying strata, is hidden from his eyes. If he is a man of any fame in politics, literature, art, or society, his arrival is announced by the press; he is interviewed; he is seized upon by various people, who, with social, business, or other motives, wish to use him for their own purposes. He is entertained, fêted, taken to this, that, and the other "institution," where he is expected, and indeed almost required, to "make a few remarks." He passes over a great many miles of country shut up in a railway car, and surrounded by his "party." He sees a big waterfall and some mountains, a president and some governors, — waterfalls and mountains in their own way; and this is all. What does this teach him of the society of the people among whom he has been? Entertainments, parties, receptions, among people of wealth (the only people with whom he is likely to mix), are much the same upon the surface in the superior circles of all Western nations. And who learns anything about anybody in formal "society"? What do we ever learn of each other at such gatherings? We merely go through the parade in due form. Moreover, these more or less distinguished strangers are on such occasions here the principal guests. People are invited to "meet" them. They are on exhibition to the other guests, and the

other guests are on exhibition to them. What is the "meeting"? An introduction, a languid hand-shake of some scores or some hundreds, a few words, "delighted to meet," "charmed," "hope," "always remember," and so forth; and this repeated a dozen times in the principal places, and two or three times in the minor places. Of what significance or instructiveness is this? It is not at such entertainments, or at formal dinners, or even at less formal breakfasts, that a people is to be studied in its habits of life, its tone of thought, its morals, or even its language. To do that it is necessary to live among them, and to live among them unremarked as a notability and a watchful stranger; to see them when they are off their guard, and not when you are on parade to them, and they are, or wish to be, on parade to you. Probably the most ignorant man about anything essentially and characteristically "American," who is at present in the country, is Lord Cole-ridge; and so he will doubtless remain, except as to what may be seen almost as well in photograph as in reality. The Englishman who, according to my observation, is most capable, of all of his living countrymen, to write with understanding about the country told me that after having lived here a year and a half he was obliged to throw overboard all his theories and the opinions he had formed, and begin again from the foundation.¹

But I have been led away from my immediate subject, to which I must return, merely remarking, by the way, upon the absurdity of Mr. Henry Irving's proposition to publish his impressions of America. What will they be

worth? Absolutely nothing; because Mr. Irving's visit, unless it takes some other form than that of a professional tour, will teach him nothing.

Among our British visitors and critics Mr. Laurence Oliphant is conspicuous for common sense, for perception, and for candor. He had the advantage of seeing the country and the people as they are, and without the deceptive effect of distorting influences. He was neither a lord nor a lecturer; and he lived here, how long I do not know, but long enough to learn something, and to understand what he learned. He treated us to some very pungent satire, — well deserved. It is not generally known, I believe, that the writer of those two papers in the *North American Review* of May and July, 1877, which professed to record the political impressions of a Japanese traveler, and which attracted much attention, was Mr. Laurence Oliphant. They showed that he could see to the bottom of what he looked at. And yet Mr. Oliphant, when he comes to treat "American" character and manners concretely, and to put language into the mouths of "Americans," blunders sadly in simple matters. His Irene Macgillicuddy was correct only as to the merest surface traits, and as a human creature quite an impossibility, — in this country, at least. And so, too, at least in all their distinctive traits, were the otherwise charming "American" girls in his recent very clever novel, *Altiora Peto*.² To show this is not here pertinent; but to remark upon the failure of this unusually well-equipped observer to represent the speech of "Americans" is proper to my present subject. Of the personage meant

¹ The author of that extraordinary book, *Asmodée en New York* (Paris, 1868), which is filled from cover to cover with the products of long and patient observation, keen penetration, and reflection, but deformed and debased by some monstrous misrepresentations, says, "Pour connaître au fond le caractère du peuple américain, il ne faut pas des semaines, il ne faut pas des mois; il faut des années." (Page 498.)

² Those who need no explanation of this ingenious title will pardon me for those who do. *Altiora peto* is Latin for "I seek higher things." It is the motto of the Oliphant family. But *Peto* is an old English name, which is found in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*; and some of us remember Sir Martin Peto, who was here some years ago. *Altiora* is enough like a woman's name to be used for Mr. Oliphant's high-flying heroine.

to be most characteristic in this respect, Hannah Coffin, it is only necessary to remark, in the words of a discriminating critic in the *New York Evening Post*, that the young ladies "have with them a terrible old companion, or chaperon, named Hannah, who talks something between a Maine Yankee and Buffalo Bill." Hannah is an impossible personage, — in "America," at least; a grotesque; not even a caricature of any actual living thing; and her talk is a monstrous gabblement, made up of perverted phrases of people who live thousands of miles apart. A woman who acted and who talked as she does would be a character, a show, a laughing-stock, in the remotest rural village in New England. And it is all the worse, so far as truthfulness of representation is concerned, that, owing to the writer's clear imagination and his humor, her character is full of *verve* and life. But to consider in detail a few of Mr. Oliphant's errors in language, which must have attracted the attention of many of his readers, here is a passage which illustrates Hannah's impossible, hybrid talk: —

"'Laws!' said Hannah, who had been watching these British feminine greetings with great interest, 'that ain't the reason. It's because they laces so tight. You just try and buckle yourself across the waist and chest like them gells, and then see how it eases your breathing to stick out your elbows.' . . .

"'Still, you know, that won't account for the men doing it,' said Mattie, anxious to get back to the safer topic of the elbows.

"'Laws! yes, it does: they jest foller the gells. It's the gells that sets the fashion.'

"'Not in England, I assure you,' said Lord Sark, much amused. 'In America, I understand, the women take the lead in most things; but in England we flatter ourselves that the male sex holds its own.'

"'Bless you, they flatter themselves

just the same with us! The question is, Do they? Now, there ain't no one here as knows as much about the men of both countries as Mrs. Clymer. I'll jest ask her what she says. Which men have you found most difficult to get along with, my dear?' " (Chap. viii.)

In this passage an error which pervades all Hannah Coffin's speech occurs thrice, — "gells" for girls. This is a British provincialism. Yankees never say "gells;" but some of them, like some of their cousins in England, do say "gals." "Laws" would be more naturally "Law suz." "You just try" should be "You jess try;" the omission of the *t* being as characteristic as the *e* for *u*; and the utterance of the two contiguous *t*'s by a New England woman of Miss Coffin's quality almost impossible. "They laces" is a violation of grammar that would make the hair of a decent New England woman of far humbler condition than hers stand on end; and the like objection applies to her reply, in a later passage, to a young clergyman, who told her he was in holy orders: "Holy orders is mighty difficult to obey; don't you find 'em?" although she would say, not "Yes, it does," but "Yes, it dooz," and instead of "the same with us," "the same 'ith us." The last sentence of this passage contains a blunder which spots all this worthy, but unhappily monstrous, female's speeches: "there ain't no one here as knows," etc. This preservation of the old English use of "as" in constructions where modern English requires "that" is unheard and unknown in New England, where fairly "good grammar" is spoken even by those who have received only a few winters' district-schooling, and who will use queer, uncouth phrases, pronounce grotesquely, and speak in a sharp, nasal tone that sets one's teeth on edge. Therefore it is the more disturbing that Mr. Oliphant's really captivating, but also somewhat impossible, "American" heroine exclaims, "And how his clothes

do *sit!*" for which we cannot account, unless by supposing — dreadful thought! — that our author himself tells Poole or Smalpage that his own trousers don't sit well; in which case it is not improbable that the reply would be, in very good English, that they were not sitting trousers, and that he must not sit in them if he expected them to set well.

When Mr. Oliphant makes Hannah arrest Mr. Murkle's attention by crying out "Hyar!" he jumps at least five hundred miles. That form of "here" is Southern and Southwestern. Indeed, it is negro talk, caught by the whites in childhood from their old sable attendants: he might as well make her say "gwine" for "going," instead of "go-in'," which she would have said, like many an Englishman of the best birth and breeding. So her "disremember" is Southern, although it is sometimes heard from our Irish "Biddies." Yet he makes Miss Coffin say, carefully, "curious," when she would be very sure to say "curus," and "judge" for the invariable "jedger" of people of her sort. Strangest of all, almost, he makes her speak of a man "who's gone back to the States;" she would have been quite as likely to say "the colonies."

When, in recounting a discussion of Highland costume between Stella and Ronald MacAlpine (whose identity with a well-known æsthetic lecturer is manifest), Mr. Oliphant writes, — "'What! leaving so much more of the limb bare?' Stella had still retained too much of the prejudices of her countrywomen to say 'leg.' 'Oh, that would be what I think you gentlemen would call quite too exquisitely precious!'" — he is correct, except in the universality of his implied assertion; but when he afterwards makes Miss Coffin, as she is trying on a fashionable gown, exclaim, "My, now! if I ain't real uncomfortable about the legs!" he is not only incorrect and inconsistent, but shows that he has failed to apprehend the truth about this squeam-

ish feeling. Mr. Edward Everett, reproving a pupil who startled the propriety of the lecture room by a blast upon the nasal trumpet, confessed that he himself did blow his nose "in the privacy of his own apartment;" but even there Hannah Coffin would not have admitted to her young friends that she had legs. She could not have got further than "limbs." But Mr. Oliphant thus brings up a little point as to Americanism which has been discussed so much and for so long that it may as well now be settled.

That many Americans — even men as well as women, but not all — do say "limb," when good sense, good English, good taste, and good manners require that they should say "leg," is true. But the squeamishness is by no means distinctively "American." It may be found on the pages of many British writers. In a paragraph before me from the *Saturday Review* (date unfortunately lost), criticising a statue of Phryne, the writer shrinks from "legs," even in regard to marble, and calls them "the lower limbs." A conspicuous and amusing example of this skittishness is found in the *Shakespeare Glossary* of that distinguished scholar and critic, Alexander Dyce. There has long been a question as to the meaning of Orlando's phrase "Atalanta's better part," in *As You Like It*. Various explanations have been offered. I produced many passages to show that the intended "better part" of the beautifully formed and swiftly running Atalanta was what the *Saturday Review* called the lower limbs, but I did not use that euphemism. Whereupon, after recounting some of the explanations, although he is writing a critical note for the critical, Mr. Dyce, blushing and shrinking behind his paper, cannot bring himself even to suggest the idea by a periphrasis, but says, "Mr. Grant White's explanation of the lady's better part I had rather refer to than quote"! After that, I think that the pretense

of any peculiar Americanism upon this point may well be given up.

In connection with this allegation, and in support of it, one assertion has been made, and made so frequently, through so many years, that it may as well be disposed of now and here forever. It is that "the Americans" (the general term universally applied, as usual) are so exceedingly shamefaced that they put the very legs of their piano-fortes in trousers or pantalets. This ridiculous story was told long ago, in the Mrs. Trollope day; but I believe that it first appeared in Captain Basil Hall's book. Since that time it has pervaded British books and British newspapers. It has been one of the stock illustrations of "American" manners. I have seen it three or four times within the last few months. Now it is true that in Mrs. Trollope's and Captain Hall's day most "American" housewives who then had piano-fortes did cover the legs of them. And yet the story, as it was told and is told, is absurdly untruthful. About that time the legs of the piano-forte, which had previously been small, straight, square mahogany sticks, began to be highly ornamental, with fluting and carving. The instrument became the most elaborately made and highly prized piece of furniture in the drawing-room, or rather parlor; and in the careful housewifery of that day (which kept parlors dark, that the sun might not fade the carpet) it was protected, except on grand occasions, — "a party," or the like, — with a holland cover; and the legs, that they might not be defaced, were also covered with cylinders of holland. That is all. Tables and chairs and sideboards had legs also; but they were not covered, simply because they were not ornamental and easily injured. Moreover, at festive gatherings, when the room was filled with a mixed company, in which young women predominated, the trousers, the pantalets, — oh, horror! — were deliberately taken off the "low-

er limbs" of the instrument, which were then shamelessly exposed to the naked eye. And this is the truth of that matter, which has been left to be told at this late day. It is a characteristic and worthy exemplification of the ability of the British traveler to apprehend and to set forth the truth as to what he sees in "America."

My article will be, I fear, like a house in which the porch is larger than the main building; but time and space will not have been wasted if I have enabled the readers of *The Atlantic*, on both sides of the ocean from which it takes its name, to see with what thorough distrust and continuous doubt they should receive the assertions of European critics that this, that, or the other word, phrase, or custom is distinctively "American."

Let us now turn to our own seekers after Americanisms in language, and, looking chiefly to the well-known Dictionary of Americanisms, so called, of Bartlett, see, as we have seen before, with what industrious lack of essential knowledge — the knowledge of what is English — the search is prosecuted.

Under the letter *N* there is less occasion for criticism than we have found under its predecessors; the chief reason of which, however, is the fewness of the words which begin with that letter. For it is worthy of remark that, while the nasal sound *m* is copious in the introduction of words, its congener *n* is in all languages, at least all the Indo-European languages, much restricted in this respect.

Characteristically, the list of Americanisms under this letter is introduced by "*Nabber*: in the city of New York, a thief." The city of New York! The word has been thus used in English time out of mind, although of course it is rare in literature. The colloquial verb *nab* = seize quickly and violently, is to be found in all English dictionaries, including Johnson's. If the words were not before us, we could hardly believe

that a professed dictionary of Americanisms could include *nary* = ne'er a, *nigger*, *negro-fellow*, *negro less*, *negro-minstrels*, *negrophite*, *negro-worshiper*, *no account*, *no-how*, *nothing to nobody*, *to be nowhere*, *nobby*, — all of which are, and since their beginning ever have been, as common among British as among American writers or speakers of corresponding classes. This does not need illustration. But the introduction of *nation*, a corruption of "damnation," is an offense against common sense which is of a sort so common in this book that it goes to make up the greater part of its bulk. For not only do we find *nation* both in Pegge's dictionary and in Halliwell's, with the gloss "very, excessive," but our compiler himself remarks upon it, "used in both ways in Old and in New England." Pegge's book preceded in London Bartlett's in Boston by more than thirty years. That settled the question about this slang word, if it needed settling. But this it did not need; for see the following example of its use by one of the recognized masters of English: "And what a *nation* of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours." (Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*, chap. cxxii.)

Of like non-pertinence is the next item which I shall remark upon, which, however, adds error to superfluity: —

"*No — not*. What the Portuguese say of the Brazilians the English say of the Americans, — that they are as fond of double negatives as Homer." If any English writer or speaker ever said this, he showed by the mere saying that he was worthy of no attention. So far is the use of double negatives, like "I have n't got none," "I don't know nothing," from being an Americanism that it is far commoner in England than in the United States, where people of inferior condition are much more anxiously "grammatical" than they are in England, and are consequently, in general, less racy and idiomatic in their

speech. Double negatives were common of old, and are so now, in English literature. The reader of Shakespeare encounters them on almost every page. Their use extends back into the time when English was Anglo-Saxon. Dr. Pegge, who indeed apologizes for them, if he does not defend them, mentions as an example the inquiry of a London citizen who had mislaid his hat, "if nobody had seen nothing of never a hat nowheres." Nor can any one who has been in England have failed to hear just such speeches there nowadays from speakers of superior grade to those by whom they are very rarely uttered here.

Next we remark a short series of words, of normal form and of ordinary English use, which appear in every English dictionary, from Johnson's down, which are used in exactly the same sense in both countries, and which, when they are not of remote English origin, came to us through British channels: such are *nankeen*, *national*, *naturalized*, *nice* = fair, good, *nicely* = very well, *non-manufacturing*, *non-slaveholding*, *north and south*. It has been before remarked in these papers that a book which is known as a Dictionary of Americanisms, which is largely made up of such words as these, must produce a very erroneous and injurious impression in regard to the language of the country. The compiler has merely fallen into the weakness of specialists and of collectors. Let a man begin to collect, and he at once becomes slightly insane, and rakes into his hoard everything that for any fanciful reason he can make a part of it.

When we deduct from the list under this letter words of the sort already remarked upon, and phrases which really merit no attention, like *national democrats* and *native Americans*, *non-committal*, little is left; but that little includes a few genuine Americanisms, of which the following are worthy of special attention: —

Notify. The use of this verb in the

sense to give information or notice to a person is of "American" origin. For a long time it was used by the best English writers, both British and "American," only with the sense of to make known, to declare, as, for example, by Hooker: "There are other kinds of laws which notify the will of God." But about the end of the last century respectable writers began in this country to use the word in the sense, to give notice to; and the propriety of this has been somewhat reluctantly but finally admitted by British writers of repute, by whom the word is now so used; and in the latest English dictionary, Stormonth's, it appears with the definition "to give notice."

Nimshi: a foolish fellow. This is an example of a genuine Americanism of another sort. Its use is confined to New England, or to speakers of New England origin, among whom it is recognized religious cant. Mr. Bartlett says nothing by way of explanation, except (rightly, I believe) that the word came from Connecticut. It is from the Bible, in the Hebrew chronicles of which we find the name Nimshi; but we are told absolutely nothing of him, except that he was the grandfather of the fast-driving Jehu, who revolted against Jehoram and became king of Israel. Why the name of the grandfather of this successful rebel became a synonym for a fool is surely one of the things that cannot be found out.

Noodlejes is an example of a limited Americanism, and of another sort; a word never English, which is, or once was, domesticated by English-speaking people in one of the United States. It is Dutch, and means dough rolled thin and cut into slices for soup. But it has already almost passed away; and even in New York and Long Island, where only it was heard, it is now nearly, if not quite, unknown.

Notions, in the sense of small wares or trifles, I have already shown to be of English origin and classical use.

The most astonishing of the so-called Americanisms under N is this: "*Nose*. 'To bite one's nose off' is to foolishly inflict self-injury while striving to injure another;" and they who would be most astonished at its being written down as "American" would be the people living between John O'Groats and Land's End. It is an English saying of indeterminable antiquity, and at this time of every-day use. Indeed, it may be doubtful whether, even, it is English, and whether it does not belong to the human race, with whom it has been in use ever since man had a nose to bite and spite with which to bite it. Will Mr. Bartlett go on and annex the north pole and the equator? This item enriches only his last edition of the dictionary, or, little attention as I can give to my present subject, I should be able to put my hand upon ample evidence of ancient and modern use of this phrase in England, which, however, no person born and bred there will require.

Of the alleged Americanisms in O, we start at once by setting summarily aside the following, which are too certainly, and it should seem too notoriously, English-born to need a word of explanation or illustration: *to feel one's oats*, *obstropulous*, *odd stick* for an eccentric person, — *crooked* being sometimes used instead of *odd*, — *of* in "feel of," "doin' of," *offen* for "off from," *offish* for "distant," *old foggy*, *old man* for "father," *Old Scratch*, *onst* for "once," *ought* in "had n't oughter" for "had n't ought to," *ourn*, *outen* for "out of," *outs* and *ins* for persons out of and in office, *over the left*, *owdacious*, *overly* = excessively. The last, which is strangely ticketed Western (I have never been in the West, and have often heard the word in the rural districts of New England and New York), may admit the following illustration from an old English writer of high repute, Bishop Hall: —

"Your attire (for whither do not censures reach?) not youthfully wanton,

not, in these yeeres, affectedly ancient, but grave and comely, like the minde, like the behavior of the wearer; your gesture like your habit, neither favoring of giddy lightness nor ouerly insolence nor wantonnesse, nor dull neglect of yourself." (Epistles, Decad. V., Epist. v., p. 163, ed. 1603.)

To these are to be added, as having no peculiar character, either "American" or British, the following: *Ocelot*, *once and again* for "repeatedly," *office-holder*, *office-holding*, *office-hunter*, *office-hunting* (observe how the list is lengthened by giving four compound words, when, in any case, two only were needed), *okra*, *Old Probabilities*, *Old North State*, *oleo-margarine*, *ordinary* for "plain, not handsome," *Oregon grape*, *Osage orange*, *Oswego tea*, *over and above* for "much," "very." Some of these, it will be seen, are mere names of American things. None of them are *isms* of any sort.

A few of the words under this head may admit particular remark:—

Obligement. This obsolete old English word, which needs no definition, Pickering says was used "by old people" in New England, and these only we may be sure, when he wrote, three quarters of a century ago. But it passed away with those old people. It does not appear in literature, is now not heard, and has no proper place among Americanisms. *Obtusify*, instead of "obtuseness," is a word of the same sort.

Of. One use of this word, not set forth by Mr. Bartlett, is, I believe, distinctively an Americanism,—"a quarter of twelve," instead of "a quarter to twelve;" the latter being the phrase used in England, and by the best speakers in the United States. Yet indeed there is no peculiarity in the use of the preposition. The phrases present different thoughts. One means, it lacks a quarter of an hour of twelve; the other, it is a quarter of an hour to twelve.

On, in "I met him on the street," "He lives on Broadway," is very prop-

erly presented as an Americanism; and it is one of a very bad sort. It appears only in Mr. Bartlett's last edition, 1877; but I had remarked upon it at some length, in *Words and Their Uses* (1871). But it is not, I suspect, of "American" origin. Carlyle uses it in his translation of Wilhelm Meister. In the phrase "on yesterday" the superfluous preposition is, I believe, an unmitigated Americanism, and had its origin at the South, whence, from the Southwest particularly, come the larger number of indisputable Americanisms.

Onto. Of this compound preposition Mr. Bartlett says, "Although used here much more frequently than in England, it is not peculiar to America." I should think not. On the contrary, it is more frequent in England. It trips one up all through the novels of Anthony Trollope, who is the best guide to the current and accepted speech of the highest and most cultivated social class in England, and who works this phrase without mercy. Writers of like grade in this country use it rarely, if at all. Trollope constantly uses it, even in the following extreme and needless way, when it would seem that "upon" would naturally suggest itself:—

"It was well he was not going fast, or he would have come *on to* your head." (Last Chron. of Barsest, chap. lxiii.)

"Both the ladies sprung *on to* their legs. Even Miss Prettyman herself jumped *on to* her legs." (Ibid., chap. lxxi.)

Outsider. Many other persons besides Mr. Bartlett regard this word as an Americanism; wholly without reason. It is a sort of word which, from its construction and its application, could not have failed to come into use among all English-speaking people. It occurs in its political sense thus twice on one page of the London Examiner:—

"The successive efforts of France—efforts of much more cheap generosity than the *Outsider* seems to consider them—and the curious way in which

Russia, almost against her will, became a benefactor of the new nation are well described. . . . On the other hand, the *Outsider*, holding the 'legitimate aspiration' theory, naturally does not comprehend this, or attributes it to 'Turkophilism,' to the dislike of aristocracies for revolutionists, and to other more or less irrelevant causes." (August 9, 1879.)

Trollope uses it frequently, and even in a social sense, thus:—

"But Lord George felt it to be a

matter of offence that any *outsider* should venture to talk about his family." (Is He Popenjoy? Chap. xxix.)

Here I stay for the present our hunt for the evasive Americanism. It is not in my estimation a very sportive literary recreation; but it is not wholly profitless. For certain of the hunters may discover by it not only that there is very little in "American" speech that may safely be made game of, but also get—what they seem to need—some knowledge of the English language.

Richard Grant White.

LUTHER AND HIS WORK.¹

THE power which presides over human destiny and shapes the processes of history is wont to conceal its ulterior purpose from the agents it employs, who, while pursuing their special aims and fulfilling their appointed tasks, are, unknown to themselves, initiating a new era, founding a new world.

Such significance attaches to the name of Luther, one of that select band of providential men who stand conspicuous among their contemporaries as makers of history. For the Protestant Reformation which he inaugurated is very imperfectly apprehended if construed solely as a schism in the church, a new departure in religion. In a larger view, it was our modern world, with its social developments, its liberties, its science, its new conditions of being, evolving itself from the old.

It would be claiming too much to assume that all of good which distinguishes these latter centuries from mediæval time is wholly due to that one event; that humanity would have made no progress in science and the arts of life but for Luther and his work. Other,

contemporary agencies, independent of the rupture with Rome,—the printing-press, the revival of letters, the discovery of a new continent, and other geographical and astronomical findings,—have had their share in the regeneration of secular life.

But this we may safely assert: that the dearest goods of our estate—civil independence, spiritual emancipation, individual scope, the large room, the unbound thought, the free pen, whatever is most characteristic of this New England of our inheritance—we owe to the Saxon reformer in whose name we are here to-day.

A compatriot of Luther, the critic-poet Lessing, has made us familiar with the idea of an Education of the Human Race. Vico had previously affirmed a law of historic development, and inferred from that law a progressive improvement of man's estate. Lessing supplemented the New Science of Vico with a more distinct recognition of divine agency and an educating purpose in the method of history. But Lessing confined his view of divine education to the truths of religion. For these the school is the church. But religion is

¹ This paper was read before the Massachusetts Historical Society on the 10th of November, 1883.

only one side of human nature. Man as a denizen of this earthly world has secular interests and a secular calling, which may, in some future synthesis, be found to be the necessary complement of the spiritual, — the other pole of the same social whole, — but meanwhile require for their right development and full satisfaction another school, coördinate with but independent of the church. That school is the nation.

Now the nation, in the ages following the decline of Rome, had had no proper status in Christian history. There were peoples — Italian, French, English, German — distributed in territorial groups, but no nation, no polity conterminous with the territorial limits of each country, compacted and confined by those limits, having its own independent sovereign head. France, Germany, England, were mere geographical expressions. The peoples inhabiting these countries had a common head in the bishop of Rome, whose power might be checked by the rival German empire when the emperor was a man of force, a veritable ruler of men, and the papal incumbent an imbecile, but who, on the whole, was acknowledged supreme. Europe was ecclesiastically one, and the ecclesiastical overruled, absorbed, the civil.

But already, before the birth of Luther, from the dawn of the fourteenth century, the civil power had begun to disengage itself from the spiritual. The peoples here and there had consolidated into nations. Philip of France had defied the Pope of his day, and hurled him from his throne. The Golden Bull had made the German empire independent of papal dictation in the choice of its incumbents. Meanwhile, the Babylonish Captivity and subsequent dyarchy in the pontificate had sapped the prestige of the Roman see. As we enter the fifteenth century, we find the principle of nationality formally recognized by the church. At the Council of Con-

stance, the assembly decided to vote by nations instead of dioceses, each nation having a distinct voice. Then it appeared that the nation had become a reality and a power in Christendom.

Another century was needed to break the chain which bound in ecclesiastical dependence on Rome the nations especially charged with the conduct of mankind. And a man was needed who had known from personal experience the stress of that chain, and whose moral convictions were too exigent to allow of compliance and complicity with manifest falsehood and deadly wrong. To ecclesiastical severance succeeded political. To Martin Luther, above all men, we Anglo-Americans are indebted for national independence and mental freedom.

It is from this point of view, and not as a teacher of religious truth, that he claims our interest. As a theologian, as a thinker, he has taught us little. Men of inferior note have contributed vastly more to theological enlightenment and the science of religion. Intellectually narrow, theologically bound and seeking to bind, his work was larger than his vision, and better than his aim. The value of his thought is inconsiderable; the value of his deed as a providential liberator of thought is beyond computation.

The world has no prevision of its heroes. Nature gives no warning when a great man is born. Had any soothsayer undertaken to point out, among the children cast upon the world in electoral Saxony on the 10th of November, 1483, the one who would shake Christendom to its centre, this peasant babe, just arrived in the cottage of Hans Luther at Eisleben, might have been the last on whom his prophecy would have fallen. The great man is unpredictable; but reflection finds in the birth of Luther a peculiar fitness of place and time. Fitness of place, inasmuch as Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, his native prince and patron, was probably the

only one among the potentates of that day who, from sympathy and force of character, possessed the will and the ability to shield the reformer from prelatial wiles and the wrath of Rome. Fitness of time. A generation had scarcely gone by since the newly invented printing-press had issued its first Bible; and during the very year of this nativity, in 1483, Christopher Columbus was making his first appeals for royal aid in realizing his dream of a western hemisphere hidden from European ken behind the waves of the Atlantic, where the Protestant principle, born of Luther, was destined to find its most congenial soil and to yield its consummate fruit.

More important than fitness of time and place is the adaptation of the man to his appointed work. There is an easy, leveling theory, held by some, that men are the product of their time, great actors the necessary product of extraordinary circumstances; that Cæsar and Mohammed and Napoleon, had they not lived precisely when they did, would have plodded through life, and slipped into their graves without a record; and that, on the other hand, quite ordinary men, if thrown upon the times in which those heroes lived, would have done as they did and accomplished the same results, — would have overthrown the Roman aristocracy, abolished idolatry, and brought order out of chaotic revolution.

But man and history are not, I think, to be construed so. There is a law which adapts the man to his time. The work to be done is not laid upon a chance individual; the availing of the crisis is not left to one who happens to be on the spot; but from the foundation of the world the man was selected to stand just there, and to do just that. The opportunity does not make the man, but finds him. He is the providential man; all the past is in him, all the future is to flow from him.

What native qualifications did Luther

bring to his work? First of all, his sturdy Saxon nature. The Saxons are Germans of the Germans, and Luther was a Saxon of the Saxons: reverent, patient, laborious, with quite an exceptional power of work and capacity of endurance; simple, humble; no visionary, no dreamer of dreams, but cautious, conservative, incorruptibly honest, true to the heart's core; above all, courageous, firm, easily led when conscience seconded the leading, impossible to drive when conscience opposed, ecstatically devout, tender, loving, — a strange compound of feminine softness and adamantine inflexibility. Contemporary observers noticed in the eyes of the man, dark, flashing, an expression which they termed demonic. It is the expression of one susceptible of supernatural impulsion, — of being seized and borne on by a power which exceeds his conscious volition.

In this connection I have to speak of one property in Luther which especially distinguishes spiritual heroes, — the gift of faith. The ages which preceded his coming have been called "the ages of faith." The term is a misnomer if understood in any other sense than that of blind acquiescence in external authority, unquestioning submission to the dictum of the church. This is not faith, but the want of it, mental inaction, absence of independent vision. Faith is essentially active, a positive, aggressive force; not a granter of current propositions, but a maker of propositions, of dispensations, of new ages.

Faith is not a constitutional endowment; there is no lot or tumulus assigned to it among the hillocks of the brain; it is not a talent connate with him who has it, and growing with his growth, but a gift of the spirit, communicated to such as are charged with a providential mission to their fellow-men. It is the seal of their indenture, the test of their calling. In other words, faith is inspiration; it is the subjective side

of that incalculable force of which inspiration is the objective. So much faith, so much inspiration, so much of deity.

Inspiration is in no man a constant quantity. In Luther it appears unequal, intermittent; ebb and flood, but always, in the supreme crises of his history, answering to his need; a master force, an ecstasy of vision and of daring; lifting him clean out of himself, or rather eliciting, bringing to the surface, and forcing into action the deeper latent self of the man, against all the monitions not only of prudence, but of conscience as well. The voice of worldly prudence is soon silenced by earnest souls intent on noble enterprises of uncertain issue. What reformer of traditional wrongs has not been met by the warning, "That way danger lies"? But in Luther we have the rarer phenomenon of conscience itself overcome by faith. We have the amazing spectacle of a righteous man defying his own conscience in obedience to a higher duty than conscience knew. For conscience is the pupil of custom, the slave of tradition, bound by prescription; the safeguard of the weak, but, it may be, an offense to the strong; wanting initiative; unable of itself to lift itself to new perceptions and new requirements, whereby "enterprises of great pith and moment their currents turn awry, and lose the name of action." Conscience has to be new-born when a new dispensation is given to the world. It was only thus that Christianity through Paul could disengage itself from Judaism, which had the old conscience on its side.

In Luther faith was stronger than conscience. Had it not been so we should not be here to-day to celebrate his name. Of all his trials in those years of conflict, which issued in final separation from Rome, the struggle with conscience was the sorest. However strong his personal conviction that indulgences bought with money could not save from the penalties of sin, that the

sale of them was a grievous wrong, to declare that conviction, to act upon it, was to pit himself against the head of the church, to whom he owed unconditional allegiance. It was revolt against legitimate authority, a violation of his priestly vows. So conscience pleaded. But Luther's better moments set aside these scruples, regarding them, as he did all that contradicted his strong intent, as suggestions of the devil. "How," whispered Satan, "if your doctrine be erroneous; if all this confusion has been stirred up without just cause? How dare you preach what no one has ventured for so many centuries?"

Over all these intrusive voices admonishing, "You must not," a voice more imperative called to him, "You must;" and a valor above all martial daring responded, "I will." Here is where a higher power comes in to reinforce the human. When valor in a righteous cause rises to that pitch, it draws heaven to its side; it engages omnipotence to back it.

Our knowledge of Luther's history is derived in great part from his own reminiscences and confessions.

His boyhood was deeply shadowed by the sternness of domestic discipline. Severely and even cruelly chastised by conscientious but misjudging parents, more careful to inspire fear than to cherish filial love, he contracted a shyness and timidity which kept back for years the free development of a noble nature. At school it was still worse: the business of education was then conceived as a species of rhabdomancy, a divining by means of the rod the hidden treasures of the boyish mind. He cannot forget, in after years, that fifteen times in one day the rod, in his case, was so applied. "The teachers in those days," he says, "were tyrants and executioners; the school a prison and a hell."

At a more advanced school in Eisenach, where the sons of the poor supported themselves by singing before the

doors of wealthy citizens, who responded with the fragments of their abundance, a noble lady, Dame Ursula Cotta, impressed by the fervor and vocal skill of the lad, gave him a daily seat at her table, and with it his first introduction to polite society, — a privilege which went far to compensate the adverse influences of his earlier years.

At the age of eighteen he entered the University of Erfurt, then the foremost seminary in Germany, the resort of students from all parts of the land. The improved finances of his father sufficed to defray the cost of board and books. He elected for himself the department of philosophy, then embracing, together with logic, metaphysic, and rhetoric, the study of the classics, which the recent revival of letters had brought into vogue. The Latin classics became his familiar friends, and are not unfrequently quoted in his writings. He made good use of the golden years, and received in due order, with high distinction, the degrees of bachelor and of master of arts.

With all this rich culture and the new ideas with which it flooded his mind, it does not appear that any doubt had been awakened in him of the truth of the old religion. He was still a devout Catholic; he still prayed to the saints as the proper helpers in time of need. When accidentally wounded by the sword which according to student fashion he wore at his side, lying, as he thought, at the point of death, he invoked not God, but the Virgin, for aid. "Mary, help!" was his cry.

He was destined by his father for the legal profession. It was the readiest road to wealth and power. Accordingly, he applied himself with all diligence to the study of law, and had fitted himself for the exercise of that calling, when suddenly, in a company of friends assembled for social entertainment, he announced his intention to quit the world and embrace the monastic life. They

expressed their astonishment at this decision, and endeavored to dissuade him from such a course. In vain they urged him to reconsider his purpose. "Farewell!" he said. "We part to meet no more."

What was it that caused this change in Luther's plan of life? To account for a turn apparently so abrupt, it must be remembered that his religion hitherto, the fruit of his early training, had been a religion of fear. He had been taught to believe in an angry God and the innate, deep corruption of human nature. He was conscious of no crime; no youthful indiscretions, even, could he charge himself with; but morbid self-scrutiny presented him utterly sinful and corrupt. Only a life of good works could atone for that corruption. Such a life the monastic, with its renunciations, its prayers and fastings and self-torture, was then believed to be, — a life well pleasing in the sight of God, the surest way of escape from final perdition. Exceptional virtue tended in that direction. To be a monk was to flee from wrath and attain to holiness and heaven.

All this had lain dimly, half consciously, in Luther's mind, not ripened into purpose. The purpose was precipitated by a searching experience. Walking one day in the neighborhood of Erfurt, he was overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm. The lightning struck the ground at his feet. Falling on his knees, he invoked, in his terror, the intercession of St. Anna, and vowed, if life were spared, to become a monk. Restored to his senses, he regretted the rash vow. His riper reason in after years convinced him that a vow ejaculated in a moment of terror imposed no moral obligation; but his uninstructed conscience could not then but regard it as binding. In spite of the just and angry remonstrances of his father, who saw with dismay his cherished plan defeated, the hard-earned money spent on his boy's education expended in vain, he sought

and gained admission to the brotherhood and cloisters of St. Augustine at Erfurt.

His novitiate was burdened with cruel trials. The hardest and most repulsive offices were laid upon the new-comer, whose superiors delighted to mortify the master of arts with disgusting tasks. To the stern routine of cloister discipline he added self-imposed severities, more frequent fastings and watchings, undermining his health, endangering life. Harder to bear than all these were his inward conflicts,—fears and fightings, agonizing self-accusations, doubts of salvation, apprehensions of irrevocable doom. He sought to conquer heaven by mortification of the flesh, and despaired of the result. Finally, encouraged by Staupitz, the vicar-general of the order, and guided by his own study of the new-found Scriptures, he came to perceive that heaven is not to be won in that way. Following the lead of St. Paul and Augustine, he reached the conclusion which formed thenceforth the staple of his theology and the point of departure in his controversy with Rome,—the sufficiency of divine grace, and justification by faith.

In the second year of his monastic life he was ordained priest, and in the year following promoted to the chair of theology in the new University of Wittenberg, where he soon became famous as a preacher.

In 1511 he was sent on a mission to Rome, in company with a brother monk. When he came within sight of the city he fell upon his knees and saluted it: "Hail, holy Rome, thrice consecrated by the blood of the martyrs!" Arrived within the walls, the honest German was inexpressibly shocked by what he found in the capital of Christendom: open infidelity, audacious falsehood, mockery of sacred things, rampant licentiousness, abominations incredible. The Rome of Julius II. was the *Roma rediviva* of Caligula and Nero: pagan in spirit, pa-

gan in morals, a sink of iniquity. It was well that Luther had personal experience of all this; the remembrance of it served to lighten the struggle with conscience, when called to contend against papal authority. But then such contest never entered his mind; he was still a loyal son of the church. He might mourn her corruption, but would not question her infallibility. Like other pilgrims zealous of good works, he climbed on his knees the twenty-eight steps of the Santa Scala. While engaged in that penance there flashed on his mind, like a revelation from heaven, declaring the futility of such observances, the saying of the prophet, "The just shall live by faith."

Returned to Wittenberg, he was urged by Staupitz to study for the last and highest academic honor, that of doctor of philosophy. The already overtaken preacher shrank from this new labor. "Herr Staupitz," he said, "it will be the death of me." "All right," answered Staupitz. "Our Lord carries on extensive operations; he has need of clever men above. If you die you will be one of his councilors in heaven."

I now come to the turning point in Luther's life,—the controversy with Rome on the subject of indulgences, which ended in the schism known as the Protestant Reformation.

Leo X., in the year 1516, ostensibly in the interest of a new church of St. Peter in Rome, sent forth a bull according absolution from the penalties of sin to all who should purchase the indulgences offered for sale by his commissioners. Indulgence, according to the theory of the church, was dispensation from the penance otherwise required for priestly absolution. It was not pretended that priestly absolution secured divine forgiveness and eternal salvation. It was absolution from temporal penalties due to the church; but popular superstition identified the one with the other. Moreover, it was held

that the supererogatory merits of Christ and the saints were available for the use of sinners. They constituted a treasury confided to the church, whose saving virtue the head of the church could dispense at discretion. In this case the application of that fund was measured by pecuniary equivalents. Christ had said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of heaven." Leo said in effect, "How easily may they that have riches enter the kingdom of heaven," since they have the *quid pro quo*. For the poor it was not so easy, and this was one aspect of the case which stimulated the opposition of Luther. Penitence was nominally required of the sinner, but proofs of penitence were not exacted. Practically, the indulgence meant impunity for sin. A more complete travesty of the gospel — laughable, if not so impious — could hardly be conceived. The faithful themselves were shocked by the shameless realism which characterized the proclamations of the German commissioner, Tetzel.

Luther wrote a respectful letter to the Archbishop of Mainz, praying him to put a stop to the scandal; little dreaming that the prelate had a pecuniary interest in the business, having bargained for half the profits of the sale as the price of his sanction of the same. Other dignitaries were shocked by the shameless realism which characterized the proclamations of the German commissioner, Tetzel. As a last resource, by way of appeal to the Christian conscience. On the 31st October, 1517, he nailed his famous ninety-five theses to the door of the church of All Saints. These were not dogmatic assertions, but propositions to be debated by any so inclined. Nevertheless, the practical interpretation put upon them was the author's repudiation of indulgences, and, by implication, his arraignment of the source from which they emanated.

It is doubtful if Luther apprehended the full significance of the step he had taken. He did not then dream of se-

cession from the church. He was more astonished than gratified when he learned that his theses and other utterances of like import had, within the space of fourteen days, pervaded Germany, and that he had become the eye-mark of Christendom. More than once before the final irrevocable act he seems to have regretted his initiative, and though he would not retract he would fain have sunk out of sight.

But fortunately for the cause, Tetzel, baffled in his designs on Luther's congregation, attacked him with such abusive virulence and extravagant assertions of papal authority that Luther was provoked to rejoin with more decisive declarations. The controversy reached the ear of the Pope, who inclined at first to regard it as a local quarrel, which would soon subside, but was finally persuaded to dispatch a summons requiring Luther to appear in Rome within sixty days, to be tried for heresy. Rome might summon, but Luther knew too well the probable result of such a trial to think of obeying the summons. The spiritual power might issue its mandates, but the temporal power was needed to execute its behests. Would the temporal, in this case, coöperate with the spiritual? There had been a time when no German potentate would have hesitated to surrender a heretic. But Germany was getting tired of Roman dictation and ultramontane insolence. The German princes were getting impatient of the constant drain on their exchequer by a foreign power. Irrespective of the right or wrong of his position, theologically considered, the question of Luther's extradition was one of submission to authority long felt to be oppressive. Only personal enemies, like Eck and Emser and Tetzel, would have him sent to Rome. Miltitz, who had been deputed to deal with him, confessed that an army of twenty-five thousand men would not be sufficient to take him across the Alps, so widespread and so powerfully em-

bodied was the feeling in his favor. The Ritter class, comprising men like Franz von Sickingen and Ulrich von Hutten, were on his side; so were the humanists, apostles of the new culture, which opposed itself to the old mediæval scholasticism. The Emperor Maximilian would have the case tried on German soil. Conspicuous above all, his chief defender, was Luther's own sovereign, the Elector of Saxony, Frederick the Wise. Humanly speaking, but for him the Reformation would have been crushed at the start, and its author with it. Frederick was not at this time a convert to Luther's doctrine, but insisted that his subject should not be condemned until tried by competent judges and refuted on scriptural grounds. He occupied the foremost place among the princes of Germany. On the death of Maximilian, 1519, he was regent of the empire, and had the chief voice in the election of the new emperor. Without his consent and coöperation it was impossible for Luther's enemies to get possession of his person. For this purpose, Leo X., then Pope, wrote a flattering letter, accompanied by the coveted gift of the "golden rose," supreme token of pontifical goodwill. "This rose," wrote Leo, "steeped in a holy chrism, sprinkled with sweet-smelling musk, consecrated by apostolic blessing, symbol of a sublime mystery, — may its heavenly odor penetrate the heart of our beloved son, and dispose him to comply with our request."

The request was not complied with, but by way of alternative it was proposed that Luther should be tried by a papal commissioner in Germany. So Leo dispatched for that purpose the Cardinal de Vio, of Gaeta, his plenipotentiary, commonly known as Cajetan. A conference was held at Augsburg, which, owing to the legate's passionate insistence on unconditional retractation, served but to widen the breach. The efforts of Miltitz, another appointed mediator, met with no better success.

Meanwhile Luther had advanced with rapid and enormous strides in the line of divergence from the Catholic church. The study of the Scriptures had convinced him that the primacy of the Roman bishop had no legitimate foundation. The work of Laurentius Valla, exposing the fiction of Constantine's pretended donation of temporal sovereignty in Rome, had opened his eyes to other falsehoods. He proclaimed his conclusions, writing and publishing in Latin and German with incredible diligence. His Address to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation, concerning the Melioration of the Christian State, the most important of his publications, anticipates nearly all the points of the Protestant reform, and many which were not accomplished in Luther's day. The writing spread and sped through every province of Germany, as if borne on the wings of the wind. An edition of four thousand copies was exhausted in a few days. It was the Magna Charta of a new ecclesiastical state.

But now the thunderbolt was launched which his adversaries trusted should smite the heretic to death and scatter all his following. On the 16th June, 1520, Leo issued a bull condemning Luther's writings, commanding that they be publicly burned wherever found, and that their author, unless within the space of sixty days he recanted his errors, allowing sixty more for the tidings of his recantation to reach Rome, should be seized and delivered up for the punishment due to a refractory heretic. All magistrates and all citizens were required, on pain of ecclesiastical penalty, to aid in arresting him and his followers and sending them to Rome. The papal legates, Aleander and Caraccioli, were appointed bearers of a missive from the Pope to Duke Frederick, commanding him to have the writings of Luther burned, and either to execute judgment on the heretic himself, or else to deliver

him up to the papal tribunal. The Elector replied that he had no part in Luther's movement, but that his writings must be refuted before he would order their burning; that their author had been condemned unheard; that his case must be tried by impartial judges in some place where it should be safe for him to appear in person.

Miltitz persuaded Luther, as a last resource, to write to the Pope a conciliatory letter, disavowing all personal hostility and expressing due reverence for his Holiness. He did write. But such a letter! An audacious satire, which, under cover of personal respect and good-will, compassionates the Pope as "a sheep among wolves," and characterizes the papal court as "viler than Sodom or Gomorrah."

When the bull reached Wittenberg it was treated by Luther and his friends with all the respect which it seemed to them to deserve. On the 10th of December, 1520, a large concourse of students and citizens assembled in the open space before the Elster gate; a pile was erected and fired by a resident graduate of the university, and on it Luther with his own hands solemnly burned the bull and the papal decretals, amid applause which, like the "embattled farmers'" shot at Concord in 1775, was "heard round the world."

So the last tie was severed which bound Luther to Rome. After that contumacious act there was no retreat or possibility of pacification.

But though Luther had done with Rome, Rome had not yet done with him. When Leo found that he could not wrest the heretic from the guardianship of Frederick, he had recourse to imperial aid. The newly elected emperor, Charles V., a youth of twenty-one, in whose blood were blended three royal lines of devoted friends of the church, might be expected to render prompt obedience to its head. But Charles was unwilling to break with Frederick,

to whom he was chiefly indebted for his election. He would not, if he could, compel him to send Luther a prisoner to Rome. He chose to have him tried in his own court, and only when proved by such trial an irreclaimable heretic to surrender him as such.

An imperial Diet was about to be held at the city of Worms. Thither Charles desired the Elector to bring the refractory monk. Frederick declined the office, but Luther declared that if the emperor summoned him he would obey the summons as the call of God. To his friend Spalatin, who advised his refusal, he wrote that he would go to Worms if there were as many devils opposed to him as there were tiles on the roofs of the houses.

The summons came, accompanied by an imperial safe-conduct covering the journey to and from the place of trial. Luther complied; he had no fear that Charles would repeat the treachery of Sigismund, which had blasted that name with eternal infamy and incarnadined Bohemia with atoning blood. The journey was one triumphal progress. In every city ovations, not unmingled with cautions and regrets. He arrived in the morning of the 16th of April, 1521. The warder on the tower announced with the blast of a trumpet his approach. The citizens left their breakfasts to witness the entry. Preceded by the imperial herald and followed by a long cavalcade, the stranger was escorted to the quarters assigned him. Alighting from his carriage, he looked round upon the multitude and said, "God will be with me." It was then that Aleander, the papal legate, remarked the demonic glance of his eye. People of all classes visited him in his lodgings.

On the following day he was called to the episcopal palace, and made his first appearance before the Diet. A pile of books was placed before him. "Are these your writings?" The titles

were called for, and Luther acknowledged them to be his. Would he retract the opinions expressed in them, or did he still maintain them? He begged time for consideration; it was a question of faith, of the welfare of souls, of the word of God. A day for deliberation was allowed him and he was remanded to his lodgings. On the way the people shouted applause, and a voice exclaimed, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee!" But the impression made on the court was not favorable. He had not shown the front that was expected of him. He had seemed timid, irresolute. The emperor remarked, "That man would never make a heretic of me."

His self-communings in the interim, and his prayer, which has come down to us, show how deeply he felt the import of the crisis; how "the fire burned," as he mused of its probable issue, knowing that the time was at hand when he might be called to seal his testimony with his blood.

"Ah, God, thou my God! stand by me against the reason and the wisdom of all the world! Thou must do it; it is not my cause, but thine. For my own person, I have nothing to do with these great lords of the earth. Gladly would I have quiet days and be unperplexed. But thine is the cause; it is just and eternal. Stand by me, thou eternal God! I confide in no man. Hast thou not chosen me for this purpose. I ask thee? But I know of a surety that thou hast chosen me."

On the 18th he was summoned for the second time, and the question of the previous day was renewed. He explained at length, first in Latin, then in German, that his writings were of various import: those which treated of moral topics the papists themselves would not condemn; those which disputed papal authority and those addressed to private individuals, although the language might be more violent than was seemly, he could not in conscience revoke. Unless

he were refuted from the Scriptures, he must abide by his opinions. He was told that the court was not there to discuss his opinions; they had been already condemned by the Council of Constance. Finally, the question narrowed itself to this: Did he believe that councils could err? More specifically, Did he believe the Council of Constance had erred? Luther appreciated the import of the question. He knew that his answer would alienate some who had thus far befriended him. For, however they might doubt the infallibility of the Pope, they all believed councils to be infallible. But he did not hesitate. "I do so believe." The fatal word was spoken. The emperor said, "It is enough, the hearing is concluded."

The shades of evening had gathered over the assembly. To the friends of Luther they might seem to forebode the impending close of his earthly day. Then, suddenly, he uttered with a loud voice, in his native idiom, those words which Germany will remember while the city of Worms has one stone left upon another, or the river that laves her shall find its way to the German Ocean: "Hier steh'ich, ich kann nicht anders; Gott hilf mir! Amen!"

By the light of blazing torches the culprit was conducted from the council chamber, the Spanish courtiers hissing as he went, while among the Germans many a heart no doubt beat high in response to that brave ultimatum of their fellow-countryman.

With the consent of the emperor further negotiations were attempted in private, and Luther found it far more difficult to resist the kindly solicitations of friends and peacemakers than to brave the threats of his enemies. But he did resist; the trial was ended. The great ones of the earth had assailed a poor monk, now with menace, now with entreaty, and found him inflexible.

"The tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world"

had broken powerless against the stern resolve of a single breast.

The curtain falls ; when next it rises we are in the Wartburg, the ancestral castle of the counts of Thuringen, where St. Elizabeth, the fairest figure in the Roman calendar, dispensed the benefactions and bore the heavy burden of her tragic life. The emperor, true to his promise, had arranged for the safe return of Luther to Wittenberg, declaring, however, that, once returned, he would deal with him as a heretic. At the instigation, perhaps, of Frederick, the protecting escort was assailed on the way, and put to flight by an armed troop. Luther was taken captive, and borne in secret to the Wartburg, where, disguised as a knight, he might elude the pursuit of his enemies. While there he occupied himself with writing, and among other labors prepared his best and priceless gift to his country, his translation of the New Testament, afterward supplemented by his version of the Old.

A word here respecting the merits of Luther as a writer. His compatriots have claimed for him the inestimable service of founder of the German language. He gave by his writings to the New High German, then competing with other dialects, a currency which has made it ever since, with slight changes, the language of German literature, the language in which Kant reasoned and Goethe sang. His style is not elegant, but charged with a rugged force, a robust simplicity, which makes for itself a straight path to the soul of the reader. His words were said to be "half battles;" call them rather whole victories, for they conquered Germany. The first condition of national unity is unity of speech. In this sense Luther did more for the unification of Germany than any of her sons, from Henry the Fowler to Bismarck. "We conceded," says Gervinus, "to no metropolis, to no learned society, the honor of fixing our language, but to the man who better than any

other could hit the hearty, healthy tone of the people. No dictionary of an academy was to be the canon of our tongue, but that book by which modern humanity is schooled and formed, and which in Germany, through Luther, has become, as nowhere else, a people's book."

Returning to Wittenberg, when change of circumstance permitted him to do so with safety, he applied himself with boundless energy to the work of constructing a new, reformed church to replace the old ; preaching daily in one or another city, writing and publishing incessantly, instituting public schools, arranging a new service in German as substitute for the Latin mass, compiling a catechism, a model in its kind, a hymnal, and other appurtenances of worship. And, like the Israelites on their return from Babylon, while building the new temple with one hand, he fought with the other, contending against Münzer, Carlstadt, the mystics, the iconoclasts, the anabaptists ; often, it must be confessed, with unreasonable, intolerant wrath, spurning all that would not square with his theology, as when he rejected the fellowship of the Swiss, who denied the Real Presence in the eucharist. When the fury of the peasants' war was desolating Germany, he wielded a martial pen against both parties ; arraigning the nobles for their cruel oppressions, reproving the peasants for attempting to overcome evil with greater evil.

His reform embraced, along with other departures from the old *régime*, the abolition of enforced celibacy of the priesthood. He believed the family life to be the true life for cleric as well as lay. He advised the reformed clergy to take to themselves wives, and in 1525, in the forty-third year of his age, he encouraged the practice by his example. He married Catherine von Bora, an escaped nun, for whom he had previously endeavored to find another husband.

She was one of the many who had been placed in convents against their will, and forced to take the veil. It was no romantic attachment which induced Luther to take this step, but partly the feeling that the preacher's practice should square with his teaching, and partly an earnest desire to gratify his father, whose will he had so cruelly traversed in becoming a monk. To marry was to violate his monastic vow, but he had long since convinced himself that a vow made in ignorance, under extreme pressure, was not morally binding.

Pleasing pictures of Luther's domestic life are given us by contemporary witnesses, and the reports of his table talk. In the bosom of his family he found an asylum from the wearing labors and never-ending conflicts of his riper years. There he shows himself the tender father, the trusting and devoted husband, the open-handed, gay, and entertaining host. His *Kitchen* proved in every respect an all-sufficient helpmeet. And it needed her skillful economy and creative thrift to counterbalance his inconsiderate and boundless generosity. For never was one more indifferent to the things of this world, more sublimely careless of the morrow.

The remaining years of Luther's life were deeply involved in the fortunes of the Reformation, its struggles and its triumphs, its still advancing steps in spite of opposition from without and dissensions within. They developed no new features, while they added intensity to some of the old, notably to his old impatience of falsehood and contradiction. They exhibit him still toiling and teeming, praying, agonizing, stimulating, instructing, encouraging; often prostrate with bodily disease and intense suffering; and still, amid all disappointments, tribulations, and tortures, breathing and buffeting with high-hearted valor the adverse tide which often threatened to overwhelm him.

Thus laboring, loving, suffering, ex-

ulting, he reached his sixty-fourth year, and died on the 18th of February, 1546. The last words he uttered expressed unshaken confidence in his doctrine, triumphant faith in his cause.

By a fit coincidence death overtook him in Eisleben, the place of his birth, where he had been tarrying on a journey connected with affairs of the church.

The Count Mansfeld, who, with his noble wife, had ministered to Luther in his last illness, desired that his mortal remains should be interred in his domain; but the Elector, now John Frederick, claimed them for the city of Wittenberg, and sent a deputation to take them in charge. In Halle, on the way, memorial services were held, in which the university and the magnates of the city took part. In all the towns through which the procession passed the bells were rung, and the inhabitants thronged to pay their respects to the great deceased. In Wittenberg a military cortège accompanied the procession to the church of the electoral palace, where the obsequies were celebrated with imposing demonstrations, and a mourning city sent forth its population to escort the body to the grave.

In the year following, the Emperor Charles, having taken the Elector prisoner, stood as victor beside that grave. The Duke of Alva urged that the bones of the heretic should be exhumed and publicly burned; but Charles refused. "Let him rest; he has found his judge. I war not with the dead."

I have presented our hero in his character of reformer. I could wish, if time permitted, to exhibit him in other aspects of biographical interest. I would like to speak of him as a poet, author of hymns, into which he threw the fervor and swing of his impetuous soul; as a musical composer, rendering in that capacity effective aid to the choral service of his church. I would like to speak of him as a humorist and satirist, exhibiting the playfulness and pungency of

Erasmus without his cynicism; as a lover of nature, anticipating our own age in his admiring sympathy with the beauties of earth and sky; as the first naturalist of his day, a close observer of the habits of vegetable and animal life; as a leader in the way of tenderness for the brute creation. I would like also, in the spirit of impartial justice, to speak of his faults and infirmities, in which Lessing rejoiced, as showing him not too far removed from the level of our common humanity.

But these are points on which I am not permitted to dwell. That phase of his life which gives to the name of Luther its world-historic significance is comprised in the period extending from the year 1517 to the year 1529; from the posting of the ninety-five theses to the Diet of Spire, from whose decisions German princes, dissenting, received the name of Protestants, and which, followed by the league of Smalcald, assured the success of his cause.

And now, in brief, what was that cause? The Protestant Reformation, I have said, is not to be regarded as a mere theological or ecclesiastical movement, however Luther may have meant it as such. In a larger view, it was secular emancipation, deliverance of the nations that embraced it from an irresponsible theocracy, whose main interest was the consolidation and perpetuation of its own dominion.

A true theocracy must always be the ideal of society; that is, a social order in which God as revealed in the moral law shall be practically recognized, inspiring and shaping the polity of nations. All the Utopias from Plato down are schemes for the realization of that ideal. But the attempt to ground theocracy on sacerdotalism has always proved and must always prove a failure. The tendency of sacerdotalism is to separate sanctity from righteousness. It invests an order of men with a power irrespective of character; a power whose

strength lies in the ignorance of those on whom it is exercised; a power which may be, and often, no doubt, is, exercised for good, but which, in the nature of man and of things, is liable to such abuses as that against which Luther contended, when priestly absolution was affirmed to be indispensable to salvation, and absolution was venal, when impunity for sin was offered for sale, when the alternative of heaven or hell was a question of money.

It is not my purpose to impugn the Church of Rome as at present administered, subject to the checks of modern enlightenment and the criticism of dissenting communions. But I cannot doubt that if Rome could recover the hegemony which Luther overthrew, could once regain the entire control of the nations, the same iniquities, the same abominations, which characterized the ancient rule would reappear. The theory of the Church of Rome is fatally adverse to the best interests of humanity, light, liberty, progress. That theory makes a human individual the rightful lord of the earth, all potentates and powers beside his rightful subjects.

Infallible the latest council has declared him. Infallible! The assertion is an insult to reason. Nay, more, it is blasphemy, when we think of the attribute of Deity vested in a Boniface VIII., an Alexander VI., a John XXIII. Infallible? No! forever no! Fallible, as human nature must always be.

Honor and everlasting thanks to the man who broke for us the spell of papal autocracy; who rescued a portion, at least, of the Christian world from the paralyzing grasp of a power more to be dreaded than any temporal despotism, a power which rules by seducing the will, by capturing the conscience of its subjects, — the bondage of the soul! Luther alone, of all the men whom history names, by faith and courage, by all his endowments, — ay, and by all his limitations, — was fitted to accomplish that

saving work, — a work whose full import he could not know, whose far-reaching consequences he had not divined. They shape our life. Modern civilization, liberty, science, social progress, attest the world-wide scope of the Protestant reform, whose principles are independent thought, freedom from ecclesiastical thrall, defiance of consecrated wrong. Of him it may be said, in a truer sense than the poet claims for the architects of mediæval minsters, "He builded better than he knew." Our age still obeys the law of that movement whose van he led, and the latest age will bear its impress. Here, amid the phantasms that crowd the stage of human history, was a grave reality, a piece of solid nature,

a man whom it is impossible to imagine not to have been; to strike whose name and function from the record of his time would be to despoil the centuries following of gains that enrich the annals of mankind.

Honor to the man whose timely revolt checked the progress of triumphant wrong; who wrested the heritage of God from sacerdotal hands, defying the traditions of immemorial time! He taught us little in the way of theological lore; what we prize in him is not the teacher, but the doer, the man. His theology is outgrown, a thing of the past, but the spirit in which he wrought is immortal; that spirit is evermore the renewer and saviour of the world.

Frederic Henry Hedge.

SOCIAL WASHINGTON.

WHEN Washington was planned, — so tradition tells us, — it was intended that the city should crown what is known as Capitol Hill, stretching away toward the east, and that the White House should be in a retired spot a mile out in the country. Georgetown was not expected to grow eastward across Rock Creek, and the capital city, it was assumed, would have that proper respect for the dignified retirement of the chief magistrate which would deter it from making unseemly advances upon his residence. All the world knows that Washington has disappointed its projectors. Those worthy persons apparently failed to appreciate the social influences that would spread out from the home of the President. Perhaps General Washington and his contemporaries could not grasp the idea of social pleasures that did not involve a long ride over country roads and through virgin forests. Their festivities meant journeys to distant plantations and farms, and embraced not

only the breaking of bread at the host's board, but lodging for the men and women, and stabling for the cattle. In the new country there could be no price too great to pay for social privileges, but the demands of public business made it necessary that those engaged in it should live near each other, and not far from the place of meeting of Congress. The city was intended for the carrying on of the work of government, and there seems to have been no thought that other influences would have any agency in directing its growth. The serious labors of such a statesman as John Adams were expected to command more consideration than the frivolities of all the fashion that might ever find its way to the town. But it turns out that fashion, by which is generally meant not only the frivolous but the best social life, is stronger than the plans of sages, and its convenience has required that the people who feast and dance, who lionize and are lionized, who give and receive

the inspiration that is the best result of the meeting of clever men and women, should dwell near the White House. Thus it is that the dignified official home of the President is not out in the country, but in the thick of the city, looking out upon its most fashionable quarter.

The President and his family are expected to lead not only in the official society, but in the more intellectual and cultivated life of the capital. Some administrations have disappointed this expectation, but as a rule the influence of the head of the nation is felt in the active social life of Washington; and, generally, to be unknown to those who rule at the White House is to be at least out of the centre of the finest privileges which the capital has to give. There are those who, because of personal or political rivalry, have no relations with the executive power except of business; but if they possess that kind of merit which makes men and women sociable or companionable in the eyes of the people who stand within the reflection of the light that beats upon the throne, they are safe from utter exclusion.

The fashionable quarter of Washington has been a natural growth. First, the cabinet officers were obliged to live near the man to whom they ministered advice; then, naturally, the families of senators and of justices of the supreme court followed, while the diplomats, having nothing to do with the legislative branch of the government, and everything to do with the executive, have always dwelt under the shadow of what has come to be called the Executive Mansion. These official people and a few Georgetown aristocrats, whose descendants ceased to recognize Washington when the war of the rebellion broke out, made the beginning of the rich and picturesque life that is now to be found at the federal city.

Of all places in this country, Washington is the city of leisure. On bright winter afternoons, its thoroughfare is

full of pleasure-seeking saunterers; it is the one community in the United States whose working people are not forever filling its streets with the bustle and hurry of their private affairs. In truth, trade disturbs it very little. Commerce has no foothold where are enacted the laws intended to regulate it. Business has left all the region for a more congenial atmosphere. In one or two places on the Potomac it has grasped at the river, but its fingers have slipped off, and the days when Georgetown and Alexandria were important market towns have passed away. Decaying warehouses and ruined wharves and grass-grown streets remind one of a tradition which is to the effect that once farmers brought their produce to now departed commission houses, to be loaded in sloops that crept sleepily down the yellow waters to the Chesapeake. The broad river seems consecrated to the heroic memories of two wars, for the interest in its almost townless shores centres in the thousands of graves at Arlington and the one tomb at Mt. Vernon. The banks of the stream at Washington are almost as green with herb-age and trees as the water-side of an unpretentious village. People who are in government employ still make the majority of the more interesting classes, and work for the public is done by many hands and in a few hours. Moreover, the men who are engaged in it rarely permit it to worry them, and almost invariably shake off its cares with their office-coats. After four o'clock in the afternoon, they do with their time what seems best to them, and, if their position warrants it, they devote themselves to the performance of social duties, — a task which, more than in any other city of the country, is a pleasure. The afternoon teas, the evening receptions, — most of them very simple entertainments, — and the round of dinner-parties make constant demand upon the eligible men and women who spend their winters in

Washington; and most of the men, except those who are in political or judicial life, have time to satisfy the demand.

The question that interests the world outside seems to be, "How much is social life disturbed and coarsened by contact with the politicians?" If we were to answer this inquiry from the novels that have been written about Washington, we should be obliged to confess that those who govern us have a great capacity for demoralizing the people whom they meet when they lay aside the labors of state, and unbend. The truth is, however, that a fair picture of the social side of Washington has never been painted. There have been truthful sketches of certain features, but all attempts to portray the life led by the clever and refined people have been unfaithful. The misrepresentation of which the capital has been the victim is due largely to the great hotels and their environment. The best side of the city cannot be studied in its public places. It would be unnecessary to say this of Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia. No one would think of undertaking a study of the inner and best life of any one of our great business communities in the vestibule or smoking-room of his hotel. It is possible that Washington receives a different treatment because the public has an idea that the city is composed mainly of congressmen and treasury clerks. It suffers from superficial observation. To a stranger nothing is so distracting as the bustle of the great caravanseries that are the centres of a life redolent with surface politics, noisy, showy, and misleading, and with all the cheap pretentiousness of shoddy fashion. Into this coarse and glaring activity very often fall the honest, worthy, unsophisticated country member and his wife, — he, frequently, a man of strong head and solid accomplishments, and she a modest, trustful, sensible housewife, whose ambition is satisfied with her husband's honors.

This mingling of the vulgar and the innocent helps to maintain the deception, and does much to induce the casual observer to believe that he is seeing the true essence, when he is looking at a very bad imitation. Almost all the writers of fiction who have fluttered, moth-like, about the shining subject have been too much attracted by the glare of the public places. It takes time and opportunity to learn that the men who are most in the newspapers are not necessarily the most prominent in society. There is many a popular orator or party leader whom one will never meet outside of the Capitol, except at hotel hops and the crushes sometimes given by short-sighted people, who think to reach social eminence accompanied by the notes of a ball-room orchestra, amid the fumes of unstinted champagne, and on the wings of indiscriminate invitations.

There is a vulgar side to Washington society. Why should not this be expected? There is a vulgar side to the society of every city in the country. There are coarse and untrained people even in Boston, and strange tales come from New York. Social solecisms are due largely to provincialism. When, therefore, the various degrees of provincialism which are to be found in the United States are brought together into one heterogeneous mass, and are mixed up with the low politicians and lobbyists who infest every capital in the country, it is not to be wondered at if provincialism, looking upon these creatures as men of the world, adopts their bad manners, which give the noisome reputation that some writers of fiction, both in novels and in the newspaper press, have liberally spread over the whole city. So far as I know, only one writer — the author of *Democracy* — has shown any familiarity with the customs of the best side of Washington; and even he (or she) has misrepresented or misunderstood the people whom that most deceptive of books assumes to portray. All

the other inventors have been blinded by the glitter of politics, and by their industry in circulating their own misinformation they have given the capital of the country a bad name, both at home and abroad. Much of this reputation is due to published letters written by persons who never enter a private house, except on business with its master, and who meet no women habitually except those found at their boarding houses.

Washington has become a winter resort, and the character of its society is of interest and importance, because we ought to expect that, in its development on its intellectual and æsthetic side, it will be representative of the culture of the country. Many of the growing class of rich persons with leisure are discovering that the capital is tending toward the intellectual headship of the nation, and that the crude display that first catches the eye is no more an indication of the real life than is the brilliant disorder of a modern bar-room the symptom of discordant drawing-rooms. The turbulent revelries of adventurers drown for a time the harmonies of a life that is essentially undisturbed, and even untouched, by them.

Politics is the business of Washington, and men whose work is in the large affairs that concern the public naturally dominate. The painful effect produced by men of the lower stratum of politicians has been indicated, but their social organization, if it be an organization, is primarily for the purposes of business, and they reveal their object so openly that none but the unwary can be trapped more than once. Those who entertain for the advancement of their schemes are easily read by men who are only ordinarily shrewd. The best public men are never found at certain dinner-parties. The congressman who attends them likes terrapin and champagne more than he cares for a good reputation.

The best society of the capital is

probably the most delightful in the country. The city has cast off much of its rural character, and its fashionable quarter is as beautiful as the corresponding part of any city in the country. Of course, there are occasions when the larger cities outdo anything that can be done in Washington, but the tone of society there is continuously and uniformly good. During the last three years the town has taken marvelous strides. There has been almost an epidemic of building. The senate is becoming a club of moneyed men, and its members put up handsome houses, and pay for them by successful speculations in real estate. Judges of the supreme court follow their example. A great house in Washington, however, is not the affair that a railway king makes for himself in one of the large cities. A house costing \$25,000 is noteworthy, and when the charges of the builder reach \$50,000, the city has acquired one of its palaces. Equipages also are modest. In this wholesome restriction of outward show is illustrated one of the pleasant features of Washington. The average income of the place is comparatively small. When it is recollected that a cabinet officer receives \$8000 a year, a justice of the supreme court \$10,000, assistant secretaries, bureau chiefs, chief clerks, and other employees of the government from \$2500 to \$6000, a senator \$5000, it will be understood that social success must depend largely on cleverness and good taste, and that lavish display and extravagance must be vulgar. An impression seems to obtain elsewhere that the members of the diplomatic corps indulge in the rush and whirl of extravagant life, and that, though they are exclusive, they keep up at least with the reckless dissipations that are represented as characterizing the national hotbed of grossness and corruption. But the truth is that foreign ministers in this country live very inexpensively. They are to

be found in modest rented houses, and sometimes in boarding-houses, almost never in the large hotels. They are, as a rule, pleasant, companionable people, who take kindly to the methods of Washington. Certainly, they do not complain because the demands upon them are so light that they can live more cheaply here than at almost any other diplomatic station in the world. They do not indulge in revels; they do not throw away money in unseemly pleasures; most of them are gentlemen of moderate tastes and of fair abilities. There is a tradition that foreign ministers regard Washington as a place of exile. There was once a time when it was necessary, in order to make a diplomatic call, to flounder through mud that was hub-deep. In that day, a stream, crossed by a foot-bridge only, traversed the road over which the English minister had to make his way to the White House. All that, however, is past, and the United States has become a rather popular mission among the stations of its class. The pleasure of living at the capital has been greatly added to, without a material increase of expense. Men of small means can enjoy all its social advantages. Cleverness and presentability are now and must remain the passports to its best houses.

Politics and politicians necessarily exert much influence in a city which would probably not exist were it not the capital of the country. But it is a pleasant fact that the trade of politics is rarely talked of by the people who are met in the society which is made up of the clever and refined. To talk politics in Washington is to talk shop. As a matter of course, one hears discussions of public questions, and it is undoubtedly true that ambitious men talk to sympathizing women of their hopes and aspirations. The affairs of the government make certainly a worthy subject for conversation, and can hardly be compared with the private business interests

of which one constantly hears in the more pretentious cities. But the grosser side of politics is no more talked about in the presence of refined women than are the details of the day's bargaining at the dinner-table of a Boston merchant. One may possibly hear, at a Washington dinner-party, of a public measure, or of a public man. The subject, however, must be of immediate and universal interest and importance in order to afford entertainment to the men and women who, for the moment, are more interested in one another than in the larger concerns of the country. The man who would drag the affairs of the caucus or primary, or the transactions and *personel* of the lobby, into parlors and dining-rooms would not be tolerated. He does not exist outside the pages of Washington novels; and the writer of fiction who is familiar with the best side of life at the capital, and who nevertheless introduces such a creature into his pages, is guilty of that incomprehensible but too common vice of preaching an untruthful sermon against a sin that is never committed.

It must not be understood, by the statement that to talk politics is to talk shop, that public questions stand in Washington as haberdashery stands in commercial communities. Indeed, the conversation about matters of public interest that is heard in private houses at the capital is especially charming, for it is made up largely of the honest opinions of the leading men of the country, expressed with the frankness that is induced by the confidence which the speakers have in those who hear them, and without which intimacies and friendships could not exist. In Congress, men are limited in their speech by the fact that they are advocates; outside and among their friends, there need be no repression of the whole truth. The real meaning of political movements, the precise significance of important measures, the true character of public men, are

best learned from familiar intercourse with the actors in the events and the associates of those who are shaping the history of the country, and who cannot be constantly and satisfactorily met except at the capital.

Public affairs are, however, seldom talked about. The serious business of life is not generally the topic of conversation when people of varied accomplishments and tastes meet for pleasure. The men who are found in the finest drawing-rooms and the most delightful dining-rooms of the capital are seeking for rest and for an inspiration that is derived best from a well-ordered and highly civilized society, of which women of wit and intelligence are the important factor. They do not carry their speeches with them; they do not shoulder the burdens of their constituents with the covert purpose of distributing the load among their friends. A public man need not go into society, and if he does not like it, or if society does not like him, he is very likely to stay at home with his books or his game of cards. The difference between the society men of Washington and those of other places is that among the former less is heard of "form," and more is seen of substance. It is, of course, an axiom that no society can exist without the youth of agile heels. He is the amusing and interesting being at the capital that he is in other cities; but the percentage of him is not so large, and the percentage of the man with a head is greater.

Congressmen are not the prominent features of Washington parlors. Most of the members of the legislative branch of the government are country lawyers, many of them able and accomplished men. They go to Washington with the habits of village life. They are not only unaccustomed to take their pleasures gracefully, but most of them are too old to learn. Many of their wives are like them, in this respect, and the best and wisest lead precisely the kind

of life they have at home. The church thus becomes as much a social institution as it is in the villages of New England and Ohio. It is one of the noteworthy features of Washington that many men who live for years amid the best influences never overcome their awkwardness. They acquire a certain familiarity with the superficial usages of the people with whom they associate, but the polish remains imperfect. They have passed their early years in the society of women who, following an unwholesome rural tradition, have permitted the duties of housewife to put an end to all effort for mental growth. These men enjoy the acquaintance of women of the world, but they never completely understand them, and seldom acquire the intellectual grace which is essential to put themselves wholly at their ease. They therefore gradually slip out of sight, and seek the companionship of men who, like themselves, unbend best in the presence of their own sex. A game of whist at their rooms, with the stock stories of the country bar during the deals, has more solid enjoyment for them than all the elegance and refinements of society.

A politician is not aided by social influences at the capital. The strength which a member of Congress has with an administration depends on his standing at home. Even his own merit has not so much weight as a strong, many-headed constituency. All the allurements of beauty, all the charm of the most delightful hospitality, cannot alone advance a politician to the cabinet. Back of all the attractions that may surround a public man must stand heavy masses of voters, who can repay the administration for the favors bestowed upon their "favorite son." It is true, indeed, that army and navy officers are sometimes given desirable posts and stations, and that young men in civil life secure appointments at home and abroad because they and their friends are known

to the appointing power. These, however, are comparatively unimportant matters in the great governmental machine. The country ought not to care very much because a young man receives a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship through the friendship of the administration. He is much more likely to turn out a good and conscientious public servant than is some worker for a politician. The civil service is reforming now, but, as matters stood before the law was passed, appointments based on personal considerations were quite as good as those bestowed for party services. The little that Washington society has been guilty of in this direction has not made a ripple on its surface. Men of the world do not give dinner-parties, or balls, or receptions in order that they and their wives may intrigue for political advancement. They know well enough that, as politics go in this country, it would do them no good. To be able to give a model dinner to a President who loves gastronomy may help along an officer of the army or the navy; but the country might as well settle down comfortably to the conclusion that it will always hear of injustice to the individuals in these two services, — at least until a war shall enable the President to award honors for merit in battle. All this has very little to do with the government, and it is hardly fair to condemn a whole community because, for friendship's sake, an occasional officer is promoted or given a pleasant station. All that is done in this direction does not turn a single tea-party, much less a whole social fabric, into the whirlpool of intrigue that Washington has been represented to be. The country can rest assured that refined women do not become busy politicians and lobbyists merely by translation to the federal capital, the fictitious assurances of some novel-writers to the contrary notwithstanding. The average woman of society in Washington hates corruption and immodesty as strongly as does her sister

of the commercial cities. She is good and pure. She is not made coarse by fast companionship and excessively high living. If her husband is a public man, as he may be, and she has kept pace with him and has grown with his advancement, so that her home is worthy of his place in the world, she is likely to be much more interesting than many who read *Democracy*, or *Through one Administration*, or *A Washington Winter*, and shudder at her ignorance and her ill-breeding.

Occasionally there will be found a woman who has not grown up to her husband's position, but this is a blemish on that society which rests entirely on official rank. It makes up a small part of Washington life, however, and its duties may be made merely perfunctory. It has its stated reception days, and its people go to certain entertainments given by other persons similarly situated. It is all formal, and does not make any part of the best life of the capital. That depends wholly on congeniality. Many official people are found in it, for there are a good many agreeable persons among the employees of the government, — more perhaps than strangers imagine. People who are interesting and pleasant to one another drift together everywhere, and in Washington, as in other cities, there are all sorts of social conditions. The trouble has been that the glare of the coarser kind has obscured that in which are found the really influential people of the capital and the country; and yet it is the very best and most cultivated that make the social activity of the place.

"Does political position carry a man into this best society?" is an interesting question. It may take him just within its edge, but beyond that individual merit must be depended on. Occasionally there will appear a strong, coarse-natured, ambitious senator or cabinet officer, who bears down upon the refined life of the city with the purpose of making an im-

pression upon it; but people draw themselves together and defend themselves, for they realize that any impression that such an exotic can make must be necessarily fatal. A vigorous and influential statesman standing in the middle of a drawing-room, red with embarrassment, tugging away at his big white gloves and looking helplessly for a friendly face, is an uncommon but not a wholly unknown spectacle at the larger parties, given by persons who cannot refuse to send a card to a congressman who is bold enough to ask it.

The public men of the country do not pollute the men and women into whose houses they enter. As a rule, they are men whose training and accomplishments make them additions to any society. Congress has a bad reputation, for the newspaper press has naturally most to say of its bad deeds and its corrupt men; but its character is better than its reputation. The stock congressman of the writers of fiction does not exist. He cannot even be compiled from the vices of all the wicked men who have cajoled their constituents into voting for them. The senate, instead of being composed of corruptionists, has not a dozen members who suffer under even unsupported accusations. One writer, who is very popular in England, says that the senate chamber has a "code of bad manners and worse morals," and intimates that it matters little, in this country, whether a man is in politics or in prison. This brutal flippancy is not very uncommon, and it is usually uttered in the name of reform; but what kind of morality is it that talks of fewer than twelve men, among them some of the weakest of the body, making a code of morals for sixty-four stronger men? If our politics are to be reformed by the banishment of the wicked dozen, is the amelioration to be brought about by persons who are careless enough to state that because twelve senators are bad, therefore all the seventy-six are

bad? By an examination of the list of senators, I find at least twenty whose "manners" have been formed by association with the most polite people of the country. Fifty certainly, perhaps more, are entitled to respect for the possession of some undeniable element of strength, or for professional learning. There have been grossly corrupt men in the senate, but almost without exception exposure of their vices has driven them into private life.

There are pretenders among civil-service reformers, and office-beggars among "scholars in politics;" but such persons are surely not more dangerous than those who write books and newspaper editorials in which wholesale abuse is substituted for sober truth. There are facts about public men and public life that are grave enough, and that call sufficiently loud for change; but the reform that is demanded cannot be accomplished by false and exaggerated statements. One mischief, at least, that does not exist in Washington is the social ascendancy of men and women to whom no political advancement could give a like leadership in the life of the smallest and most unpretentious city in the land.

More and more every year, as the city grows in beauty, the society of Washington is becoming worthier of the capital of the country. The advent of people of wealth and leisure does not mar its simplicity, because those who must remain its leaders have moderate incomes; it is not broken into sets or cliques, because it is composed largely of attractive men and women who spend the winters together, and who have none of the local traditions and prejudices that do so much to breed dissension among those who live in the communities where they were born and it is safe to predict that before many years shall have passed Washington will be the social capital of the country as indisputably as it is now the capital of its government.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

MR. LONGFELLOW AND THE ARTISTS.

WHEN the history of civilization in America comes to be written, the judicious author will begin a consideration of the period which we are just now unwittingly closing somewhat as follows: There was as yet no sign of any general interest in the graphic arts. Here and there a painter of portraits found a scanty recognition among families moved more by pride of station than by love of art, and a lonely painter of landscapes had tried to awaken enthusiasm for autumn scenes, which were supposed to be the contribution of America to subjects in landscape art; but such men escaped to Europe, if fortunate, and found a more congenial home there. Popular apprehension of art was wanting; there was no public to which the painter could appeal with any confidence, nor indeed any public out of which a painter would naturally emerge. Then it was that a group of poets began to sing, having little personal connection with each other, forming no school, very diverse in aim, but all obedient to the laws of art. The effect upon the people was not confined to a development of the love of poetry; it was impossible that the form which art first took in America should be exclusive of other forms: on the contrary, poetry, the pioneer, led after it in rapid succession the graphic and constructive arts and music. Now we may trace this influence of poetry most distinctly in the case of Mr. Longfellow's work. Not only was his poetry itself instinct with artistic power, but his appropriating genius drew within the circle of his art a great variety of illustration and suggestion from the other arts. The subjects which he chose for his verse often compelled the interpretation of older examples of art. He had a catholic taste, and his rich decoration of simple themes was the most persuasive agency at work in

familiarizing Americans with the treasures of art and legend in the Old World. Even when dealing expressly with American subjects, his mind was so stored with the abundance of a maturer civilization that he was constantly, by reference and allusion, carrying the reader on a voyage to Europe. Before museums were established in the cities, and before his countrymen had begun to go in shoals to the Old World, Mr. Longfellow had, in his verse, made them sharers in the riches of art. It is not too much to say that he was the most potent individual force for culture in America, and the rapid spread of taste and enthusiasm for art which may be noted in the people near the end of his long and honorable career may be referred more distinctly to his influence than to that of any other American.

So far our judicious historian, who has, as men of his class are apt to have, a weakness for periods and sounding phrases. Still, a quotation from his forthcoming treatise does not seem wholly out of place as an introduction to an examination of the singularly abundant illustration of Mr. Longfellow's works by artists, which this season brings. If, as we believe, art in America is indebted largely to Mr. Longfellow, it is pleasant to be assured that some part of the debt is discharged in the most graceful of ways. The very nature of Mr. Longfellow's work makes it easy and natural to call in the explication and adornment which the other arts afford. Probably no living poet has been so frequently accompanied by music, and subjects from his poems may be found in American and English picture-galleries. It is, however, through the most popular form of art that this most popular poet has met with illustration, and for many years his poems have been published

with designs executed in wood and stone. Now, when the artist and engraver have come to a more reasonable relation with each other than ever before, it is satisfactory to find that some of the most praiseworthy results have been in connection with the illustration of Mr. Longfellow's verse.

Three years ago, Mr. Longfellow's publishers issued his poetical works in two illustrated quarto volumes. They have now issued a corresponding volume,¹ comprising his complete prose works and such of his poetry as had not been published at the time. The later poems thus included in this volume consist of those which were gathered in the little volume *In the Harbor*, not long after the poet's death, and of the dramatic poem *Michael Angelo*, which first saw the light in this magazine. The collection, therefore, in the three volumes of this quarto edition is complete, and by the addition of all of Mr. Longfellow's prose, treated in a similar manner, a work has been finished which will long stand as a remarkable monument to the genius and memory of an American poet.

The same general plan has been followed in this third volume which was adopted for its predecessors, but in one respect an improvement may be noted. There is greater variety and richness in the strictly decorative features. Mr. Ipsen has won an honorable recognition by the definite and carefully-studied character of his work in the previous volumes; he is supplemented here by Mr. S. L. Smith, who has taken a wider range of thought and imported into the borders and tablets a richness of fancy which makes these apparently conventional parts to have a high value. The reproduction of these decorative designs, whether by engraving or by mechanical process, is a marked feature of excel-

lence. Exception must be taken to the piece closing page 949, where the folds of the drapery are too hard and substantial; one can scarcely get it out of his head that he is looking at the trunk of an oak.

Our interest in the volume is chiefly in the interpretation of the prose. While this was capable of frequent illustration, preference has been given to large and comprehensive designs; and very properly, for in the diffusiveness of prose there is less occasion for those expansions which pictorial art so readily gives to the suggestions of poetry. Of the smaller designs there are several which keep before the eye a remembrance of the large element of travel-sketch in Mr. Longfellow's prose. The interior of Rouen cathedral nave, on page 1029, preserves appropriately the sentiment of the author: for it is more than an architectural perspective; it is, like the accompanying prose, a glimpse of the dark ages. The sentiment in the minor landscape and architectural subjects agrees well with the romantic light which touches Mr. Longfellow's prose. Thus, the allusive design on page 1039 is a continuation of the mood in which the reader is left by the text, and the poetic landscape which closes *Hyperion* has an imaginative charm which is of more value than any mere transcript of the scene of action. With so much of beauty and aptness in the smaller designs, it is a little disappointing to find the figure-subjects, which prevail among the larger pictures, of less distinct excellence. The artists who worked upon *Hyperion* have been conscientiously desirous of reproducing the dress of the period embraced by the romance, but they have scarcely been equally successful in reproducing the character of Paul Flemming, — type of romantic, dreaming youth. It is unfortunate that the same artist should not have furnished all the designs in which Flemming was to appear; con-

¹ *The Complete Prose Works and Later Poems of Henry W. Longfellow.* Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

sistency of type, at least, would thus have been secured. Mr. Smedley's Fleming is not ill-considered, though in the picture where the young man waits upon the sketching Mary Ashburton, earnestness is almost travestied; where he walks in thoughtful mood with the baron, a better success has been reached; but when he is turned over to the mercy of Mr. Share, he is made to be a subdued caricature of the traditional Yankee. Something of this is due to his contrasted relation toward the no less conventional John Bull. Mr. Parsons's Monk of St. Anthony, also, is better than Mr. Share's more realistic figure, and Mr. Gaugengigl's Sexagenarian is exceptionally good, if we are not too much influenced by our association with very hearty examples of sixty years' life.

The large landscapes are among the best work in the book. The Jungfrau, by Mr. Woodward, has almost the value of a painting; it is strong, rich, and greatly helped by the carefulness of the foreground. Mr. Ross Turner's Venice by Moonlight, again, is more than effective; it has a genuine poetic worth. Some of the smaller landscapes, also, should be noted, as that of Lake Lucerne, on page 1194, and the noble one of the amphitheatre of Vespasian, on page 1117. On the whole, if this volume has not the profuseness of the two earlier ones, it represents, to our thinking, a firmer art and more even excellence of work.

If we are right in thinking that Mr. Longfellow's poetry led the way in art, then it is a specially happy sequence which is intimated by the illustration which Mr. Ernest Longfellow has given of certain of his father's poems.¹ He has selected twenty, with no other rule, apparently, than to take such as offered free play for his brush. His choice has

been chiefly of scenes which permit the quiet, secluded, half-dreamy phases of nature and life, — the boat becalmed, the cattle standing knee-deep in the river or crossing the wet sands, twilight and moonlight, shadowed aisles, reflections; and when we name these, still more when we look at the engravings, we are reminded how large a place such scenes have filled in Mr. Longfellow's verse. There are added a few records, doubly interesting from the authenticity which one feels them to possess: thus the illustrations to *The Bells of Lynn*, *Three Friends of Mine*, and *The Tides* are like pictorial and half-biographical notes to those poems, while the sketches of foreign scenes are direct commentaries upon the lines which call up the memories of them. The fancy in the poem of *Moonlight* is given a slight enlargement, which adds to its value, and everywhere there is an unstrained rendering into line of the thought which lies so tranquilly upon the surface of the poetry. The aspects of nature most readily recalled from the poetry are simply and truthfully reflected in the art, and the result is one of harmony and grace. A portrait of the poet by his son prefaces the book, and agrees admirably with the interpretation of the poems; for the face has precisely that musing, half-remote expression which suggests a subjective study of outward nature.

In speaking of the third volume of the collected works in the illustrated quarto edition, we omitted any mention of the treatment of *Michael Angelo*, because, while that poem occurs, with many illustrations, in its proper place, it is also published in separate form² with more complete illustration, and in a style which calls for special notice. A quarto, printed on clear white paper, and bound in a novel but dignified manner, the book attracts the eye at once

¹ *Twenty Poems from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. Illustrated from paintings by his son, ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

² *Michael Angelo: A Dramatic Poem*. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

as a piece of unusual mechanical excellence. Then the printing is admirable. The generous page of pica type is rich in color; the engravings have ample space, and are printed with decision and refinement; altogether, the book has the elegance of a fine simplicity and breadth of treatment. The work of the artists who have been engaged upon it is carefully studied, and generally of a high order. The strict historical limitations, under which both poet and artists labored, have served as a protection against caprice and mere ingenuity, so that there is a stateliness about the designs and an orderliness which lift the book into dignity. Possibly one exception may be made. Mr. Shirlaw's composition of the Casting of Perseus, page 155, is in a measure true to the text which it accompanies, although it would be difficult to find the exact moment to which it refers; it is expressive also, in the principal figure, of the volatile Cellini; and yet, vigorous as the picture is, it impresses us as out of key, and producing a slight discord. The energy of the picture leans to the demoniac, and the entire conception of the poem, this particular part as well, is directly opposed to the demoniac. The serenity of Mr. Longfellow's art has rarely had a more commanding expression than in this poem, and it is a pity that the whole illustrative appurtenance should not have conspired to the same end.

The general scheme of the illustration looks to a careful commentary upon the historic and biographic facts of the poem. Mr. Longfellow, as our readers have perceived when reading Michael Angelo in this magazine, built his poem upon a chronological series of incidents in Michael Angelo's life, introduced either directly or by reference the persons with whom the great artist held close connection, and made the action of the poem to be associated with monuments of art. Consequently the graphic comment is in the reproduction of por-

traits, the definition of localities, the illustration of archæology, and in the dramatic action of figures, these last being in intention of historical accuracy.

The brief and useful notes at the close of the volume enable the reader to trace the portraits to their original sources, and remind him with how much painstaking these interesting representations of the characters in the poem have been brought together. If he be not solicitous to verify the truthfulness of the portraits, he can find an artistic pleasure in studying the great beauty of the draughtsman's and engraver's work. The noble portrait of Michael Angelo which fronts the volume, familiar enough to readers, takes on a special worth through Mr. Kruell's massive, sharply-defined engraving; quite as good in its own way is the small engraving after Buonasoni's, on page 36. So, too, the small portraits of Titian and Cardinal Ippolito show with what spirit engravers on wood can follow masterpieces of engraving on steel.

The places whose names are conspicuous in the poem are presented in a poetic rather than in a matter-of-fact way. Mr. Turner's Venice by Night, to which we have already referred, is accompanied by a smaller view of Venice, and both are not more spiritualized than his *Vesuvius*. With these two transcripts of Venice we could perhaps have spared Mr. Wendell's *City of Silence* floating in the Sea, since it is a somewhat feeble design. Mr. Gibson's *Ischia* is something of a surprise, and a pleasant one, for he has exchanged his dreamland landscapes for a clear and strong composition. Mr. Schell's *Florence* is more severe and matter of fact than the other representations of places. Compared with Mr. Gibson's *Ischia*, it seems unnecessarily hard; and the comparison is fairer with that than with Mr. Turner's views, which are so differently conceived.

The archæological and decorative features deserve especial attention. They

are to be found principally in the headings and half-titles, and are the work there of Mr. Smith. Barring a slight tendency to dwarfing the human figure, this artist seems to us to have more genius in catching the spirit of great work and reproducing it in decorative form than any other American. We say this without forgetting Mr. Vedder. Mr. Smith has not Mr. Vedder's originality, but he has, what is of infinite value in decorative work, an assimilating faculty, a capacity for renewing great art under other conditions, and a freedom of execution in which boldness never becomes rudeness. In so slight a matter as lettering this is observable, as any one may see who lights upon the dedication page. All the half-titles bear evidence of Mr. Smith's power, but the bravest illustration is the *Finis*, directly facing the last page of the poem. With what exquisite feeling has all the ornament here been conceived and executed! And when we have said this, we wish to join with the draughtsman the engraver, who is plainly wing and wing with him in the work. A better design of its class, and a more masterly piece of engraving and printing, one would search far to find. And would he find it, after all?

The dramatic action of the poem is interpreted in a series of figure pieces, which are of varying degrees of merit, and none of careless or inferior work. Mr. Hovenden's Michael Angelo in his study is the least satisfactory, for the figure is rather lumpish; but the subject was certainly a difficult one. Mr. De Thulstrup is unequal: his little figure of Cellini at the siege of Rome is an eager, spirited sketch, and his Michael Angelo and Bindo Altoviti is bright, with a narrow escape from too much consciousness; his Michael Angelo and

Urbino has awkwardness instead of animation in the figure of Urbino, and Michael Angelo's face is not so carefully studied as in other designs. Mr. Millet has given a character of his own to his work, and we think we should like it better by itself. Here it seems to us a little insistent, as if the artist were almost willful in calling attention to his solidity of style. Mr. Shirlaw's pictures are all good: they are thoughtful; they have a grace which, without being academic, shows the influence of academies. The death scene of Vittoria Colonna marks his highest reach in this volume.

So we have gone through the book, lingering over its pages, as we trust many of our readers will do. Taken all in all, it is the most satisfactory work of illustrative art which has appeared in America. Other books may have shown single designs of higher imaginative power, but none have presented a combination of merits of so high an order. It is a pleasure to consider that the occasion of the book was Mr. Longfellow's latest poem of magnitude. The reader of Michael Angelo can scarcely have missed the voice of the poet in the utterances of the hero of the poem. Michael Angelo rehearsing his art is dramatically conceived, and there is no lapse into the poet's own speech; for all that, and because of that, the reader is always aware of the presence of Longfellow, wise, calm, reflective, brooding over the large thoughts of life and art. The whole poem is a spiritual autobiography, cast in a form remote from the facts of the poet's life, but not the less indicative of his experience. Therefore, we repeat, it is a pleasure that he who was so large a prophet of art should at the end of his life have given the opportunity for so excellent a testimony to the truth of his prediction.

FOREIGN LANDS.

It is frequently remarked that a strong parallelism exists between the reduction of the ancient world to Roman rule and the colonization of distant lands, still incomplete, by the English race; and if the prime distinction be kept in mind — that in the former case the aim was to establish one government over peoples of diverse civilizations by means of arms, and in the latter it is to establish one civilization among peoples of different modes of government by means of mechanical appliances and commercial regulations — the parallel is useful in bringing out the character of the principal movement of our time, and in heightening its apparent to something like its real importance. In all the outlying lands this movement has taken the form of an actual colonization, as in our country, or of that *quasi*-colonization which consists in influencing the ideas and habits of less developed nations, as in India. Now, in the practical exhaustion of the waste lands, this latter method is becoming more and more prevalent, and must soon absorb our interest, as its consequence is better appreciated through its reactions on the English race itself. Nor is there any arrogance in claiming this extension of civilization over alien countries as really an achievement of the English race. Notwithstanding the explorations of other nationalities and their alliance with us at many points, the settlement of America and the opening of Asia were our work; the future of Africa, Mexico, and the old Spanish provinces seems likely to rest in the hands of England and this country; and certainly the retroactive effects from the lower civilizations in India and China will first be borne by our kin. Whether

the Indian and Chinese civilizations, inbred until they have obtained a certain rigidity even in the mental structure of the natives, can be permanently modified toward better ways of living and more profitable modes of manual and mental employment; whether Western ideals can win at all upon Oriental passivities; whether, without such a change, there can be equal competition between these nations and ourselves; or whether their “cheap food” will prove an offset to “the thews that throw the world,” — such questions must now take the place held fifty years ago by the survey and settlement of the great West; for on the answer to them the rate and character of further progress largely depend.

The impact of the Chinese, in particular, on our western coast, and the measures already taken against them, are significant in this connection: partly because the Chinese are now shown to be a colonizing race themselves, in spite of serious superstitious and social obstacles, and partly because our conduct in shutting our gates evinces a certain timidity. We have now, in fact, twenty years to reflect on the profit and loss of Chinese immigration, and it is to be hoped that some portion of this time may be taken to inform ourselves respecting the peculiar people of Asia, although there may be a doubt as to whether Dr. Williams' work¹ is the best for our future legislators to begin with. These two bulky volumes, in which, says the author, there is not a doubtful or superfluous sentence, comprise a complete survey of the geography, history and antiquities, arts, manufactures, games, religions, literature, education, government, customs, science, and ten thousand other things. Revised edition, with Illustrations and a new Map of the Empire. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

¹ *The Middle Kingdom.* A Survey of the Geography, Government, Literature, Social Life, Arts, and History of the Chinese Empire and its Inhabitants. By S. WELLS WILLIAMS, LL. D.

which enter into the civilization, or are among the belongings, of the Celestials. The predominant fault which makes the work unreadable (but perhaps it was not meant to be read, any more than a dictionary) is one common enough in things Chinese, — a lack of perspective. It is really an encyclopædia of China, made up of the immediate information of the author and of abstracts from the best authorities, and in it can be found anything, from a list of spiders or snails to one of dynasties that almost out-Noah Noah; for the date here regarded as the starting-point of all things mundane is the flood, 3155 B. C., with its attendant dispersion of Shem, Ham, and Japhet to the three continents. Indeed, if we were to mark a second defect in this work, it would be the coloring given to it by the peculiar propagandist pre-determinations of a missionary. The acceptance of the belief that the world was created six thousand years ago might be passed over; but the explanation of all deficiencies in the Chinese by the word idolaters, and of all excellences by the formula God's purposes, shows a mental twist which must be called perverse. In the region of facts, however, the minuteness and variety of knowledge indicate that we have here the accumulations of a long and laborious life by a man whose judgment is excellent when his prejudices have no play.

To make a selection which shall have some general interest, and which, indeed, will not be without its lesson to any who may chance to have read the remarkable *brochure* in which Mr. Zincke has so plausibly estimated the Englishry of a century hence at a thousand millions, Dr. Williams' examination of the census which gives so large a population to the empire seems especially comprehensive and just. He concludes that the numbers are in the main to be relied on; and although he notes how large a portion of the imperial domain is waste land, he supports his conclu-

sion by reminding us of the double crop, the economy of land available for agriculture, the utilization of all kinds of food, the fertility of the soil, the salubrity of the climate, the peace of nearly one hundred and fifty years (1700-1850), the custom of early marriage, and what is practically the religious duty of propagation. In addition to these considerations he brings forward two others, which emphasize the fact that the limit of population is not the land supply, but the food supply, and that these terms are not identical. In the first place, one may say that in China nothing is grown on purpose for animals, and when one reflects how much more land is necessary to support a horse or cow than a man the fact is very significant; secondly, the consumption of fish is greater than anywhere else, unless it be in Japan. The fishing fleets, the nets of the great rivers, the stocking of the irrigation tanks, the conversion of the rice fields temporarily into fish-pools, and the like illustrate the extent to which the water is made to serve equally with the land for human support, and show us how far we may be from the limit of the food supply even when the cultivable surface of the globe shall be exhausted. Whether our descendants will ever be willing to solve the food problem as the Chinese have done, by yielding up the cattle which are our inheritance from our pastoral forefathers, and by betaking themselves to the ocean to provide for the deficiencies of land tillage, is certainly very doubtful; but if Mr. Zincke's thousand millions of English-speaking people arise in the next century, they are likely to consider the suggestion respectfully.

With this race, nevertheless, which now outnumber the English three to one, we are coming into conflict or competition. They seem to us rather contemptible enemies; how should it be otherwise, when instead of playing baseball they fly kites, and are ruled by literary men versed in the classics of thou-

sands of years ago instead of French and German, physics, botany, and chemistry? They present many curious inconsistencies, as it seems to a Western mind, as if their intelligence were made up, so to speak, of opaque and transparent elements in layers. They are rationalistic, but superstitious, and the belief in Fetichism and Shahmanism survives among them; they are ruled by an absolute monarch, but are educated in democratic principles in many regards; they are one people, but composed of three distinct and unreconciled races, and many tamed or restive tributaries; they have advanced in theoretic ethics; they are frank enough to confess that no one has caught their principal metaphysical idea since Confucius, but they know nothing of science; they possess a few arts, but they have carried none of these very far toward perfection, and have thereby shown that their inventive faculty, if not slight, is astonishingly slow: and so one might go on *ad infinitum*, like Dr. Williams, to end with the conviction that their race qualities have been much overrated. They are most marked among nations by their longevity, — a result which our author ascribes to a sort of left-handed operation of the fifth commandment, on account of their worship of ancestors, but which is due, perhaps, rather to their isolation by natural barriers and the readiness with which they have acquiesced in the usurpations which occurred to break the dynastic successions; for, stable as they seem, they have still the same social levity that has always characterized Asiatic hordes, the same susceptibility to ecstasy, particularly of a superstitious kind, as was seen in the Tai-ping rebellion, so similar in all except spiritual substance to the rise of Islamism. If they are not, like savage races, physically incapacitated for our

material civilization, as seems to be proved by the ease with which they appropriate it, they may be unable to assimilate its higher portion; and in that case the struggle with them will offer many novel and curious problems to our ethical sense. The prospect is that a long, perhaps an unending, tutelage will be necessary, and will even be insisted on, as the doctrines of education, now in vogue and rising, overcome the doctrines of '89 in the popular mind.

In Mexico the question presents so different a phase as hardly to seem analogous; but the point of view taken by Mr. Bishop¹ constantly exhibits Mexico as a land being rapidly subjected to an English civilization by the introduction of railroads, the development of industries, and in general by the awakening of an "American" spirit. Mexico, indeed, if one leaves out its tropical and Old World picturesqueness, does not differ from one of our Western States in the character of the progress going on, but only in degree. The bands of prospectors, speculators in real estate, agents for the introduction of novel manufactures, venders of new methods of ore reduction, searchers for mines, civil engineers surveying or track-laying, newspaper correspondents, scientific explorers, archæologists, tourists, — this is the *personnel* of Colorado as characteristically as of Mexico. There is a novelty, however, a something that approaches romance, in this incursion of the van of new or broken men into the kingdom that the high-bred Castilians conquered in so different a way, though the aim of these invaders, too, be to save Mexico and make their fortunes; and this contrast of the old and the new, this relief of the Western border against a half-Spanish, half-Aztec background, this foray of enterprise and industry into the heart of the indolent, fête-loving, conser-

¹ *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces.* A Journey in Mexico, Southern California, and Arizona, by Way of Cuba. By WILLIAM HENRY

BISHOP. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 1883.

vative republic, has been caught by the author of these sketches, and used most effectively. He draws well the features of the landscape, the physiognomy and attitude of the natives, the quaint, serious, comfortable architecture of the Spanish, the sombre, sphinx-like ruins of the Aztec time, — draws both with pen and pencil the luxuriance of the lowlands, the savageness of the mountain peaks, and the look, human and natural, of most that lies between, — and has thus made, as readers of Harper's Magazine know, a real picture of what he saw. In connection with the larger relations of society, of which he is by no means unconscious, the most noticeable observations he reports are the jealousy of the Mexicans toward Americans, and the indifference of the pure-blooded natives toward everything except their subsistence. The fate of this race is certainly one of the most melancholy in history; they seem likely to be gradually exterminated, except such of them as may be saved by the Spanish strain. As every one knows, the crusade is being pushed very rapidly now, and there is every reason to believe that in all but name and government old Mexico must eventually be counted among the Northern lands, and so share the destiny of her "lost provinces," as Mr. Bishop styles the Southwest and California. Of these his account is among the few truthful ones we have seen; but it should be remarked that he has allowed his description of life in Arizona to be colored too crudely with the border war-paint.

From China and Mexico to Italy, the goal of all journeys, is far indeed, and to the Italy of Mr. Symonds it is an almost impassable distance. In this book¹

¹ *Italian Byways*. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1883.

he has gathered up several scattered essays, some very old, some recently published, and dealing, as a body, with many subjects. Only a small portion are really travel-sketches, — a fact which we regret, for these few describe the districts treated of in much detail, and at the same time let us into the secret of the charm of Italy for one of the Englishmen on whom her attraction has been most powerful.

So much of the impression that Italy makes on the eye is derived from the imagination, so much is due to historical and literary association reaching far back into the ancient world, that a traveler who attempts to describe that land ought to be scholar and poet as well as artist. Perhaps Mr. Symonds' qualifications come as near to such requirements as can be hoped for in an age of specialists; our only complaint is that he has not given more of his travels instead of his studies, and thus justified the natural sense of his title. His Italian Byways lead him, for example, into a long criticism of the dramatist Webster, which is easily forgiven on account of its excellence; but why should they lead him into the mazy discussion of the relative rank of the arts, the nature of music, and such dissertations, which might be as appropriately included in a book of Byways in No-Man's Land? To most of the historical essays, again, the objection holds that much of their story has been told in his more important works. We say this only to warn the unwary that, delightful as the volume is, it is not a book of travels, but a collection of travel, history, poetry, criticism, philosophy, and what not; always entertaining, often suggestive, as would be expected of the *opera minora* of a refined scholar.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

Of all men, naval officers ought to be most entertaining. In the first place, they go to sea, and it stands to reason that a great deal more of what is worth telling must happen on such an uncertain floor as the top of an ocean wave than on the fixed and stable earth. People who live in earthquake countries are the only ones who have an equal advantage. Then they have not much to do except to tell stories. The sailors do the drudgery; the officers have to pass away the time. When they get ashore, moreover, they always form a picturesque contrast to landsmen, and are sure to introduce novel situations, as in the story of an old salt who rode by General Scott's quarters, in Mexico, upon a donkey. Some officers standing by, observed that he was, as they thought, seated too far back, and called to him to shift his seat more amidships. "Gentlemen," said Jack, drawing rein, "this is the first craft I ever commanded, and it's d——d hard if I cannot ride on the quarter-deck."

The story is one that comes back to us from Captain Parker's *Recollections*,¹ a book which keeps up the traditions of the sea; for Captain Parker, besides his natural and professional aptitude for story-telling, shows himself to have been a generous lover of the best literature, so that the reader has the pleasure not only of hearing good stories, but of hearing them well told. When we say stories, we mean the word in its widest sense; for while there is a good store of anecdote and jest, the real occasion of the book is in the large, retentive memory of a man who has led a varied life, and is willing to tell frankly what he has seen and heard, a large part of which he was.

Captain Parker began his naval career by being the son of a naval officer and reading Marryatt's novels. His first public appearance, however, as an officer was in 1841, when he entered the United States navy as midshipman, at the age of fourteen. "I well recollect," he says, "my extreme surprise at being addressed as *Mr.* by the commodore, and being recalled to my senses by the sharp *William* of my father, who accompanied me to the Navy Yard." This Tom Tucker of a midshipmite was very much perplexed by seeing the hammocks swung, but not unlashed; and after speculation upon the difficulty of a straddling rest, which seemed the only possible one, entertained doubts if he had not better resign and go home, when he was relieved to find that upon being opened and spread the hammock furnished a much more reasonable bed. He innocently opened his trunk, when he was ready to turn in, and drew out a close-fitting night-cap, of which he had a stock, made of many colors, from the remnants of his sisters' dresses. It was a precaution against earache, to which the little fellow had been accustomed at home; though one wonders that a naval officer's wife should have imagined her boy wearing such a head-piece in security. "If I had put on a suit of mail," he says, "it could not have caused greater astonishment among these light-hearted reefers. They rushed to my trunk, seized the caps, put them on, and joined in a wild dance on the orlop deck, in which were mingled red caps, blue caps, white caps,—all colors of caps,—in pleasing variety. I had to take mine off before turning in, as it really did seem to be too much for their feelings; but I managed to smuggle it under my pillow, and when all was quiet I put it on again; but when the mid-

¹ *Recollections of a Naval Officer, 1841-1865.*
By Captain WILLIAM HARWAR PARKER. New
York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

shipman came down at midnight to call the relief, he spied it, and we had another scene. This was the last I ever saw of my caps. I have never had one on since, and *consequently* have never had the earache!"

Of the young midshipman's early cruises the incidents are not many, but the reminiscences of associates are entertaining. It is not so much as a traveler that the naval officer tells his story, although there are many quick characterizations of places and scenes rather, he is one of a party of youngsters, kept in discipline by their elders, but full of life, and gaining rapidly in confidence and self-reliance as they use the little authority with which they are entrusted. An officer of the navy carries the entire United States on the quarter-deck; and since he is brought into frequent intercourse with representatives of other governments, he acquires a dignity and sense of responsibility which are often beyond his years. At the same time, he has all the freedom of a man of the world, and, associating with his equals in close companionship, he keeps a *bon-homie* which makes him the envy of those who are entangled in the life of cities and the snares of competition.

When the war with Mexico came, the young midshipman, then under twenty, secured an appointment on the Potomac, which had been ordered to the Gulf, and his narrative of adventures during the war, when the navy was supporting the army, is exceedingly racy. There is an absence of any comment upon the rights or wrongs of the war; one only sees the lively young officer in for the fun of the thing, and the sailors doing their part with an indescribable drollery. The light-heartedness of the navy, its innocent bravery, its careless, happy-go-lucky style of entering upon grave situations, are all reflected in the story of the squadron. Captain Parker gives an account of the capture of Alvarado, a small town thirty-three miles southeast of Vera

Cruz, by Lieutenant Hunter, of the Scourge, in the most impudently private fashion. Commodore Perry had made up his mind to take the place, and accordingly moved gravely toward it with his squadron.

"We sailed in the Potomac, and as the signal was made to the ships to make the best of their way we, being out of trim and consequently a dull sailer, did not arrive off Alvarado until toward the last. As we approached the bar we saw that something was wrong, as the vessels were all underweigh instead of being at anchor. Very soon the Albany hailed us, and said that Alvarado was taken. 'By whom?' asked our captain. 'By Lieutenant Hunter, in the Scourge,' was the reply. And so it was. Hunter, the day before, had stood in pretty close, and observing indications of *flinching* on the part of the enemy he dashed boldly in and captured the place almost without firing a gun. Not satisfied with this, he threw a garrison, *consisting of a midshipman and two men*, on shore, and proceeded in his steamer up the river to a place called Tlacatalpan, which he also captured.

"When General Quitman arrived with his brigade, and the place was delivered over to him by Passed Midshipman William G. Temple (the present Commodore Temple), he was greatly amused, and laughed heartily over the affair. But it was far otherwise with Commodore Perry; he was furious, and as soon as he could get hold of Hunter (which was not so easy to do, as he continued his way up the river, and we could hear him firing right and left) he placed him under arrest, and preferred charges against him. This was a mistake; he should have complimented him in a general order, and let the thing pass. Lieutenant Hunter was shortly after tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be reprimanded by the commodore; the reprimand to be read on the quarter-deck of every vessel in the squadron.

This was done, and the reprimand was very bitter in tone and unnecessarily severe. The reprimand said in effect, 'Who told you to *capture* Alvarado? You were sent to *watch* Alvarado, and not to take it. You have taken Alvarado with but a single gun, and not a marine to back you!' And it wound up by saying that the squadron would soon make an attack on Tobasco, in which he should not join, but that he should be dismissed the squadron. This action on the part of the commodore was not favorably regarded by the officers of the squadron; and as to the people at home, they made a hero of Hunter. Dinners were given him, swords presented, etc., and he was known as 'Alvarado' Hunter to his dying day."

One need not need to go so far as Commodore Perry in his reprimand, which undoubtedly had much to do in causing a reactionary feeling, but it is a little curious to find an officer like Captain Parker so entirely indifferent to a clear breach of discipline. If Lieutenant Hunter had not succeeded, what would have been the judgment?

It is hard not to let Captain Parker tell over again here some of the amusing stories which make his pages a running fire of laughter, as of the captain who treated his crew by the Thompsonian method, in which all the numbers were marked from one to ten, and finding himself out of an appropriate number six dosed his victim with two threes; of the dueling at Annapolis; of the sailor who captured a Mexican and hauled him along to the captain's tent, inviting his friends to come along and see him shoot him after he had reported the capture, and the sailor's discomfiture when his captive was put in the guard-house instead, and he himself narrowly escaped the cat; and of Captain Parker's predicament when he found himself on a Fall River steamboat with empty pockets. The drollery with which his stories are told is delightful, and the

good-natured criticism of himself and comrades is always in good taste.

The really important part of the book, however, is that which follows the date of 1861, when Captain Parker, then an instructor in the Naval Academy, resigned his commission when Virginia seceded, and took his stand with the Confederacy. He indulges in a little reserved comment upon the political aspects of the rebellion, but his chief contribution to history is in his account of the engagements in which he took part. His narrative is so straightforward and so free from bluster that it carries with it conviction of its truthfulness, and must take its place as a valuable report of an eye-witness. One is struck by the change in tone. The old gayety is nearly gone, and, though cheerfulness and resolution are never wanting, there is from the outset an air of resignation, as if the narrator quietly abandoned any hope of success, but never for a moment his sense of duty to the Confederacy. The animus of the book is so fair and honorable that the most ardent Unionist can read it with respect for the captain, and it will go hard with him if he cannot applaud him for his manliness and devotion.

The most spirited narrative is undoubtedly his account of the engagement of the Merrimac with the Cumberland. He has an air of slighting the operation of the Monitor, but his picture of the uncouth monster which ran its snout into the wooden navy, and at once made a revolution in marine warfare, is very effective. So, too, is his account of the manner in which the Palmetto State, of which he was lieutenant, temporarily broke up the blockade of Charleston; and we close this running comment of a most readable book with a portion of this narrative, which gives a good example of Captain Parker's more careful manner:—

"About ten P. M., January 30th, Commodore Ingraham came on board the

Palmetto State, and at 11.30 the two vessels quietly cast off their fasts and got underweigh. There was no demonstration on shore, and I believe few of the citizens knew of the projected attack. Charleston was full of spies at this time, and everything was carried to the enemy. It was nearly calm, and a bright moonlight night, — the moon being eleven days old. We went down very slowly, wishing to reach the bar of the main ship channel, eleven miles from Charleston, about four in the morning, when it would be high water there. Commander Hartstene (an Arctic man, who rescued Kane and his companions) was to have followed us with several unarmed steamers and fifty soldiers to take possession of the prizes; but for some reason they did not cross the bar. We steamed slowly down the harbor, and, knowing we had a long night before us, I ordered the hammocks piped down. The men declined to take them, and I found they had gotten up an impromptu Ethiopian entertainment. As there was no necessity for preserving quiet at this time, the captain let them enjoy themselves in their own way. No men ever exhibited a better spirit before going into action; and the short, manly speech of our captain convinced us that we were to be well commanded, under any circumstances. We passed between Forts Sumter and Moultrie, — the former with its yellow sides looming up and reflecting the moon's rays, — and turned down the channel along Morris Island. I presume all hands were up in the forts and batteries watching us, but no word was spoken. After midnight the men began to drop off by twos and threes, and in a short time the silence of death prevailed. I was much impressed with the appearance of the ship at this time. Visiting the lower deck, forward, I found it covered with men sleeping in their pea-jackets, peacefully and calmly, on the gun-deck; a few of the more thoughtful seamen were

pacing quietly to and fro, with folded arms; in the pilot-house stood the commodore and captain, with the two pilots; the midshipmen were quiet in their quarters (for a wonder); and aft I found the lieutenants smoking their pipes, but not conversing. In the ward-room the surgeon was preparing his instruments on the large mess-table; and the paymaster was, as he told me, 'lending him a hand.'

"As we approached the bar, about four A. M., we saw the steamer *Mercedita* lying at anchor a short distance outside it. I had no fear of her seeing our hull; but we were burning soft coal, and the night being very clear, with nearly a full moon, it did seem to me that our smoke, which trailed after us like a huge black serpent, *must* be visible several miles off. We went silently to quarters, and our main-deck then presented a scene that will always live in my memory. We went to quarters an hour before crossing the bar, and the men stood silently at their guns. The port-shutters were closed, not a light could be seen from the outside, and the few battle-lanterns lit cast a pale, weird light on the gun-deck. My friend Phil. Porcher, who commanded the bow-gun, was equipped with a pair of white kid gloves, and had in his mouth an unlighted cigar. As we stood at our stations, not even whispering, the silence became more and more intense. Just at my side I noticed the little powder-boy of the broadside guns sitting on a match-tub, with his powder-pouch slung over his shoulder, fast asleep, and he was in this condition when we rammed the *Mercedita*. We crossed the bar and steered directly for the *Mercedita*. They did not see us until we were very near. Her captain then hailed us, and ordered us to keep off, or he would fire. We did not reply, and he called out, 'You will be into me.' Just then we struck him on the starboard quarter, and, dropping the forward port-shutter, fired the

bow-gun. The shell from it, according to Captain Stellwagen, who commanded her, went through her diagonally, penetrating the starboard side, through the condenser, through the steam-drum of the port boiler, and exploded against the port side of the ship, blowing a hole in its exit four or five feet square. She did not fire a gun, and in a minute her commander hailed to say he surrendered. Captain Rutledge then directed him to send a boat alongside. When I saw the boat coming I went out on the after-deck to receive it. The men in it were half dressed, and as they had neglected to put the plug in when it was lowered, it was half full of water. We gave them a boat-hook to supply the place of the plug, and helped to bail her out.

"Lieutenant T. Abbott, the executive officer of the *Mercedita*, came in the boat. I conducted him through the port to the presence of Commodore Ingraham. He must have been impressed with the novel appearance of our gun deck; but his bearing was officer-like and cool. He reported the name of the ship and her captain; said she had one hundred and twenty-eight souls on board, and that she was in a sinking condition. After some delay Commodore Ingraham required him to 'give his word of honor, for his commander, officers, and crew, that they would not serve against the Confederate States until regularly exchanged.' This he did,—it was a verbal parole. He then returned to his ship."

RECENT POETRY.

Is there a mood in which one should read poetry? Possibly, if the poetry be the expression of a mood. The wiser answer looks to a mood created by the poetry which one reads, and requires that poetry itself should issue from a state of thought and feeling which is beyond the power of caprice. A fine example of a mood passing into a state, and being thus rid of mere caprice, is in Wordsworth's *Resolution and Independence*. Certainly, the test of poetry which is to stand all weathers is in its power to recall one to that which is permanent in human experience; in its answer not to temporary, fitful gusts of feeling, but to those elemental movements of our nature which lie open to inspiration. The sifting of the older verse is after this silent fashion. Men drop the accidental and hold to the incidental, to that which belongs to poetry rather than to the poet and his times. They do not by this discard the personal, but they require

that the personal shall have the essential attributes of personality, and not the mere dress of the period.

It is here that the difficulty comes in reading the newest poetry. We who read are not quite sure that we bring to the reading minds unembarrassed by the mere fashion and show of things. Yet we have this advantage,—and it is one with the poets themselves,—that there exists a permanent body of poetry which is beyond the chances and changes of mortal life. This body of poetry may be added to: we look eagerly in each generation for such additions. It may be departed from in form; but it remains substantially intact, imperishable, new to each generation of men, because its age is the sign of its eternal youth. It furnishes a standard not only for the comparison of new poetry, but for the measure of theology and philosophy. The consensus of poets is really the final tribunal of human thought.

There is a perceptible restlessness nowadays at the absence of new and notable poetry; a half-expressed doubt if poetry has not folded its wings and flown to other spheres, perhaps remaining behind to touch secretly the heart of the novelist, but lingering in an atmosphere inapt for poetic breath. We have no fears. Poetry is not an accidental visitor in this world of ours. If we fancy that agnosticism, for example, must have a new form of expression, or that science has an expulsive power, we shall be wise to wait a bit. Poetry is to decide whether these forms of intellectual life are to abide; they are not the judges. Agnosticism is trying its hand at verse. The most cheerful gnostic could ask no better test of the permanence of the mood.

It is thus of little consequence that when one gathers the fall harvest of poetry in this country he surveys his gains with a compassionate smile. It is true that the gleaner may yet find some golden grain, unobserved by the critical reaper; but taking the field as most see it, the poetic yield is noticeably slight. To change the figure, here is but a half-penny worth of sack to an intolerable deal of bread. Yet as a thimbleful of *lachryma christi* outweighs a gallon of New England cider, one need not be wholly in despair because the quantity is so meagre.

To help us in our measure of recent poetry, we are fortunate in having a new draught of the old. For a long time to come new poetry in America will be read by those who have been bred on Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, and Lowell: it will not necessarily be written in the supposition of these poets, but whoever comes before the public will find that a standard of poetry exists which they have formed. The prolongation of notes from

the elder poets is one of the most delightful pleasures which the ear already attuned can receive; and since no imitation, however close, can have the same charm, we care less at this moment for any poet who may be a disciple of Mr. Whittier than we do for Mr. Whittier himself.

The little volume¹ which bears the name of its first poem is to the lovers of this poet a reminiscence of all that they enjoy in his verse. Here is the story in which the sea seems almost one of the actors; the harrowing tale of Puritan ferocity with the antithesis of a gentler, purer Christianity; the landscape of mountain and storm; the version of an Israelite legend; the playful, tender thought of friends; the parable; the large, patriotic, prophetic psalm of the country; the wistful, trusting look into the future; the mellow memory; and the quiet revelation of the poet's own personal aspect of life. The verse shows no new essays, but the poet has struck the notes familiar to him, and the reader has a grateful sense of the ease and firmness of the touch.

One renews his admiration for the power with which Mr. Whittier reproduces color and movement in his poems. Our readers will recall the Storm on Lake Asquam,² which is included in this volume, and if they read it again will mark the vigorous imagination which records a great moment in nature, and at once lifts it into personality: the rise of the storm, its fury and its decline to a peaceful end, are given with a definiteness of art which a painter could scarcely make more bright to the eye.

It is, however, in the history of human faith and love that this poet finds his best inspiration. He rarely surprises one, for it is not the novel but the common experience which most quickly finds him; his simple power of repeating in

¹ *The Bay of Seven Islands, and other Poems.*
By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston:
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

² *Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1882.

melodious form a sentiment which needs no singular interpretation is a rare poetic gift, accepted naturally by listeners, and only wondered at when compared with the commonplace which is its easy imitation. Thus he has turned the association of Mr. Longfellow's last birthday with the observance of it by public school children into a lovely poem. The thought was in everybody's mind; it was a poetic thought, which arose easily, and had become a commonplace, so to speak, before Mr. Whittier touched it. What has he done, then, in casting it in poetic form? He has enshrined it. He has also, unconsciously we think, imparted something of the charm of Mr. Longfellow's own manner, so that in reading it we are affected as if the dead poet were himself reciting the lines.

THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

H. W. L.

With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday;

With his books and his pleasant pictures,
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
And the cedarn woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing the songs of him:

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the Poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young;
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the Summoning Angel,
Who calls God's children home!

And to him in a holier welcome
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

It is pleasant to pass from an elder to a younger poet, and find that we are not called upon to throw away what we have cared for in poetry at the demand of a singer of later fashion. Mr. Thompson is in the succession of poets; he appears to have made no frantic effort to go off into a corner and flock all by himself, but has joined the birds whose notes are already familiar. None the less, he adds a distinct note of his own. For both these facts let us be profoundly thankful. Mr. Thompson has long been known as an ardent advocate of archery, and many of the poems in his little book¹ find their occasion in his hunting. What pleases us is that he has not felt himself bound to turn any back somersaults, in his poetry, because he shoots with a bow instead of a double-barreled gun. The genuineness of his verse ought to convince people, if they had any doubt, of the genuineness of Mr. Thompson's archery, and that he is not masquerading as the Robin Hood of Indiana. For sincerity is the finest note of this volume. One gets a little tired of the praise of outdoor verse, and inclined to charge affectation on the poets who make an imperative demand upon us to leave our books and seek a more intimate acquaintance with nature. Mr. Thompson has none of this nonsense. He has a healthy passion for the woods, and he sings at his sport. How pretty is his little poem on *The Archer*! Its hint of Robin Hood is sim-

¹ *Songs of Fair Weather*. By MAURICE THOMPSON. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

ple enough. Robin Hood is the titular saint of archers, as Izaak Walton is of fishermen. Most of the people who are enthusiastic over one or the other never read a line of the ballads, or troubled themselves as to Walton's Angler. It is the proper thing to refer to them, but Mr. Thompson impresses us as one who has read his ballads, and has made them a part of nature. There is a faint reminder in his verse of William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet. It is not necessary that Mr. Thompson should ever have read a line of Barnes's Rural Poems; it is enough that the two poets have the same unaffected love of nature in its details, and especially in its animated life, and the same simple domestic feeling, although this has a larger share in Barnes's themes. We are sure, for instance, that Mr. Barnes would enjoy

A FLIGHT SHOT.

We were twin brothers, tall and hale,
Glad wanderers over hill and dale.

We stood within the twilight shade
Of pines that rimmed a Southern glade.

He said, "Let's settle, if we can,
Which of us is the stronger man."

"We'll try a flight shot, high and good,
Across the green glade toward the wood."

And so we bent in sheer delight
Our old yew bows with all our might.

Our long, keen shafts, drawn to the head,
Were poised a moment ere they sped.

As we leaned back a breath of air
Mingled the brown locks of our hair.

We loosed. As one our bow-cords rang,
As one away our arrows sprang.

Away they sprang, 's the wind of June
Thrilled to their softly whistled tune.

We watched their flight, and saw them strike
Deep in the ground, slantwise, alike;

So far away that they might pass
For two thin straws of broom-sedge grass!

Then arm in arm we doubting went
To find whose shaft was farthest sent;

Each fearing in his loving heart
That brother's shaft had fallen short.

But who could tell by such a plan
Which of us was the stronger man?

There at the margin of the wood,
Side by side, our arrows stood:

Their red cock-feathers wing and wing,
Their amber nocks still quivering;

Their points deep-planted where they fell,
An inch apart and parallel!

We clasped each other's hands; said he,
"Twin champions of the world are we!"

Mr. Thompson employs this favorite measure very felicitously in a number of poems, like that collection named *In Haunts of Bass and Bream*, and gives one a real sense of free air and wooded depths. It is clear that he owes his inspiration largely to the joyous sharing of nature by day and by night. Possibly he is now and then a little over-conscious of this, but he is so frank in his moods that we rather look upon his more positive praises of nature as a bit of poetic proselyting, done in the fervor of an apostle of the woods and streams. Wherever he is reporting what he has seen he is strong, simple, and often finely imaginative, as in his little poem entitled *Solace*. We hesitate to follow him only when he Hellenizes. There is no reason why a dweller on the Wabash should not reproduce a Greek statue as fairly as Keats a Greek vase, and the chances are in favor of the poet who gets at his perception of Greek life through a free intercourse with nature; but we suspect that Mr. Thompson has not gone straight to Helicon from the Wabash, but has taken London in the way, for there is a color about some of his Grecian themes which seems to owe a little of its warmth to the Rossetti school. About some of them, we say, — not about all; for *Diana* is a poem fresh from an archer's heart, and *Ceres* may be found on a Western prairie.

We half grudge Englishmen the

verses *In Exile*, in which, in a half-shy, half-confidential mood, the young poet seems to mingle a longing for our Old Home with a desire for the recognition of his verse there; but we content ourselves by thinking that it is the England of our dreams from which he is in exile, and the England of song to which he would be united. It will go ill, but American readers shall welcome one of their own kind; and yet we smile furtively as we think how perplexed some foreign well-wishers will be when they try to square Mr. Thompson's light, melodious, and graceful verse with what they fancy the West ought to give them. For ourselves, we rejoice over the appearance of a genuine poet in a State which is popularly supposed to produce chiefly candidates for the presidency. We leave him after copying one more of his poems, for its quickness of life and its flashes of color:—

A MORNING SAIL.

Out of the bight at Augustine
We slowly sailed away;
We saw the lily sunrise lift
Its bloom above the bay.

Scared birds whisked past, with wings aslant
And necks outstretched before;
Some wracks hung low; I thought I heard
A growling down the shore.

The Anastasia light went out,
San Marco's tower sank low;
The long Coquina island flung
Its reef across our bow.

Far southward, where Matanzas shines,
The sea-birds wheel and scream;
A roseate spoon-bill passes like
A fancy in a dream.

We laugh and sing; the gale is on,
The white-caps madly run;
The sloop is caught, we shorten sail,
We scud across the sun!

We sport with danger all the morn;
For danger what care we?
We hear the warring of the reef,
The storm song of the sea!

Mr. Thompson, with his bow and arrows, making fresh acquaintance with nature is a peculiarly American figure,

and one that we watch with the pleasure of anticipation. It is youth gone a-hunting, we say to ourselves, and the songs of fair weather which he sings have the gladness and lightness of youth. Yet Nature has other moods, and though we come back to a more conventional acquaintance with her, through the interpretation of Mr. Story,¹ the contrast serves to heighten the effect of each poet. Mr. Story takes us into a glen, and we have our out-door poetry as he pleases; but it is poetry out of a portfolio, read and enjoyed and commented on by the poet and a friend, two people of mature taste and highly civilized instincts. The scheme of the book is a clever and attractive one. The poet, who requires no other title than *He*, "was in the habit," Mr. Story tells us, "of wandering alone, during the summer mornings, through the forest and along the mountain side, and one of his favorite haunts was a picturesque glen, where he often sat for hours alone with nature, lost in vague contemplation: now watching the busy insect life in the grass or in the air; now listening to the chirping of birds in the woods, the murmuring of bees hovering about the flowers, or the welling of the clear mountain torrent, that told forever its endless tale as it wandered by mossy bowlders and rounded stones down to the valley below; now gazing idly into the sky, against which the overhanging beeches printed their leaves in tessellated light and dark, or vaguely watching the lazy clouds that trailed across the tender blue; now noting in his portfolio some passing thought, or fancy, or feeling, that threw its gleam of light or shadow across his dreaming mind."

This is the familiar picture, which the mind recognizes, of the poet who sketches out-of-doors, and Mr. Story's ingenuity is in turning the figure into one of the

¹ *He and She; or, A Poet's Portfolio.* By W. W. STORY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

speakers of a graceful little dialogue; for while he is thus fulfilling the poetic function, She, who also needs and has no other title, comes upon him, and conversation takes place. The conversation is between a gentleman and gentlewoman. She taxes him with having a book full of verses, and demands to hear them; he pleads guilty and waves the matter aside, but after a little pressure consents to read a poem. The poem read, they fall to discussing it in an airy, half-bantering fashion; and thereupon another follows, with more comment, and another, and so on, to the end of the book, when the little scene closes with a description of the glen itself in which the two have been sitting.

The scheme is a pretty one, and is carried out daintily. The comment is close enough to criticism to echo more than once the thought which leaps to the reader's lips, and the tone is that of high breeding, delicate, not too profound, frank, courteous, and sometimes penetrating. The reader is beguiled from point to point, and the rests between the poems which the talk affords are better to him than silences. We must congratulate Mr. Story on his ingenious conceit, and on the deftness with which he elaborates it: a little more handling, and he might have tired us; a little less, and he might have failed to keep us.

There are a score and a half of poems in the little volume, and to read them in succession, as they should be read, in their setting, is to pass an agreeable evening with two charming people, one of them a poet. The moods of the verse are various, but the subjects are chiefly of persons rather than of nature. With nature, indeed, we begin, in a poem which calls for the staying of a happy day; but we pass lightly to personal thoughts, to glimpses of the outer passions, then into deeper moods, until the poetry and the talk become quieter, more serious, and more searching. This

movement of the book is artistic, and yet strikes us as half accidental, and that with a little more pains the author might have given his work a stronger effect by regarding the transition more carefully.

In the range which Mr. Story's verse takes in this volume, one may easily please himself. If he likes the *vers de société*, he will find it to his mind in the very musical waltzing song, or in this Mistake, which we copy, with the beginning of the slight conversation which follows:—

"How your sweet face revives again
The dear old time, my pearl, —
If I may use the pretty name
I called you when a girl.

"You are so young; while Time of me
Has made a cruel prey,
It has forgotten you, nor swept
One grace of youth away.

"The same sweet face, the same sweet smile,
The same lithe figure, too! —
What did you say? 'It was perchance
Your mother that I knew?'

"Ah, yes, of course, it must have been,
And yet the same you seem,
And for a moment all these years
Fled from me like a dream.

"Then what your mother would not give,
Permit me, dear, to take,
The old man's privilege — a kiss —
Just for your mother's sake."

"*She.* Ha, ha! That was a pretty mistake; but you got out of it fairly well.

"*He.* Yes; I got the old man's privilege, but I don't know that that is a great consolation. A man begins to feel old, really, when the young girls are not shy of him, and let him kiss them without making any fuss about it, but almost as a matter of course. As long as they blush and draw back, he flatters himself that he is not really so old, after all. The last, worst phase is when they don't wait for him, but come and kiss him of their own accord. Oh, that is too much. Gout is nothing to that, nor white hairs."

If one wishes for the dramatic monologue after Browning's manner, he will find it in the sleighing incident and in the poem called *A Moment*; if he would see Mr. Story at his best, let him read his *Io Victis* and his fancied translation from a lost ode of Horace. The description of the glen, with which the book closes, takes the poet in reverie into the Grecian thought of nature. In his reflective mood he partly echoes the feeling which drew from Mr. Thompson the impulsive words, after reading Theocritus, —

"Now I would give (such is my need)

All the world's store of rhythm and rhyme

To see Pan fluting on a reed,

And with his goat hoof keeping time!"

Mr. Story, in his more philosophical way, broods over the mystery of nature, and writes, —

"Here, magnetized by Nature, if the eye
Upglancing should discern in the soft shade
Some Dryad's form, or, where the waters braid
Their silvery windings, haply should descry
Some naked Naiad leaning on the rocks,
Her feet dropped in its basin, while her locks
She lifts from off her shoulders unafraid,
And gazes round, or looks into the cool
Tranced mirror of the softly-gleaming pool,
To see her polished limbs and bosom bare
And sweet, dim eyes and smile reflected there,
'T would scarce seem strange, but only as it were
A natural presence, natural as yon rose
That spreads its beauty careless to the air,
And knows not whence it came nor why it grows,
And just as simply, innocently there;
The sweet presiding spirit of some tree,
The soul indwelling in the murmuring brook,
Whose voice we hear, whose form we cannot see,
On whom, at last, 't is given us to look;
As if dear Nature for a moment's space
Lifted her veil and met us face to face.
Such Grecian thought is false to our rude sense,
That naught believes, or feels, or hears, or sees
Of what the world in happier days of Greece
Felt with a feeling gentle and intense."

No one can have missed the accompaniment of Greece to the Little Renaissance which we are now enjoying. So we are not surprised at coming upon a new volume¹ of American verse, which turns quite distinctly to Greece for its in-

spiration; for though Mr. Moore names his book *Poems Antique and Modern*, the antique themes predominate, and the modern appear to be influenced by a habit of mind formed upon a study of the antique. The most striking and significant of these poems is the first and longest, *Herakles*, in seven books. Mr. Moore reconstructs the myth, using for his material the incidents of the hero's career, but making them all tell upon a certain poetic conception of Herakles, which is more or less akin to the conception of Prometheus; that is, Herakles is taken as a figure of man conceived as a mighty physical force, un-intellectual, slow, massive, capable of hate and love, but with a very elemental constitution, just as Prometheus may be taken as a figure of man, conscious of intellectual life, yet exercising his intellect through the simplest forms.

"Audacious as the day and as august,
Naked, and like another element
New risen to control the older four,
Behind his oxen up Cithæron's slope
Rose Herakles. Like ocean waves they were,
That heave the low-hung clouds upon their backs
When the grey morn gives giants to the sea:
Emerging mist-enlarged so they came,
Tramping and tossing wild; but Herakles
Beyond his mould enormous, with the might
Of limb-erecting thought, twice terrible,
Gigantic to all grim opposing bulks,
Strode here and there amid them; lustful bulls
By their air-tossing horns he seized, and sent
Crashing unto their knees, and where he saw
The milkless-uddered, morning-eager kine,
Whose snuffing nostrils wandered o'er cold rock,
He drove them on, and the disordered herd
Kept in one track, till from the exercise
He gleamed all ruddy in a dewy bath,
Like some tall personage of autumn woods,
Some cliff enrobed with flaming leaves and vines,
Decked so and dedicated to itself
To need no adoration from the sun;
So seemed he, but unto his glory soon
The outward inspiration of the morn
Added, as ruddier at his back arose
The horizon beast, reared sudden from its sleep
To shake the sunlight from its shaggy hair."

So the poem opens. The fight with the lion follows, and is finely used by the poet to signalize the awaking by Herakles to consciousness of his strength. It is but a line which notifies the reader;

¹ *Poems Antique and Modern*. By CHARLES LEONARD MOORE. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.

thrown in almost casually, yet with real significance:—

"Waked to the proper life of his proud soul."

The incidents of the fight are splendidly imagined. Stripped of the investiture of imagery, they are found in an attack by Herakles, with the aid of a goring bull, upon the lion, which he topples over a cliff. Then the man and beast confront each other warily, moving in vast circles, until Herakles, missing his footing, falls into a deep ravine. He recovers himself in the night which follows, contrives a gigantic bow and arrows, and with these kills the lion.

"No touch of triumph to the hero came.

On its gray, faded eyes, that yet were filled
With ruined visions, like the twilight west,
He gazed, and for a moment would recall
Their savage splendor into throbbing life."

The first book is occupied with this theme, and although a careful reading is required of one or two passages, which are so rich in decoration as to confuse the mind for a moment, the story is told with great impressiveness. One feels the mist of an early antiquity about it, in the absence of other figures than that of Herakles and the brutes, while the forms of nature have scarcely yet lost their personal realism.

To follow the course of the poem would be to follow the hero through adventures which add at each stroke new characteristics of humanity. He strives with Helios, the sun god, drives him off victoriously, and receives a visit from Keiron, who recites the incident of the strangling of serpents in his cradle. "Come with us," cries the centaur king, "and be our fellow through futurity!" He accompanies the centaurs, and yet this first comradeship, in which he rises from the animal into a half-completed humanity, carries with it dim forebodings. It is the sense of a conflict yet to come between him and his companions, for at the feast given by Pirithous, when the centaurs are slain, Herakles is the one who is fated to slay

them while aiming at their enemies. Mr. Moore has, so far as we know, invented this version of the incident, and he turns it to admirable account. It is a part of the gradual humanizing of Herakles, which inevitably leads him into destruction of the tie which binds man to the beast. The strife and the burial of the centaurs leave Herakles alone, with the words of Keiron in his ears:—

"Golden youth,
Touched gloriously with some far-off doom,
Thou, thou art lineal to our energies,
And in thy statue earth is humanized!
Be thine to be a vision of sole strength,
A simple virtue of sufficiency,
Mid the mad, mist-abused, and star-nurled
Changes and doubts and dreamings of the world."

This is the prophecy of the life of Herakles, and perhaps it may be taken as the key to the conception of the character, but in the unfolding of the poem there are still fuller disclosures of the growth of the soul of man. Mr. Moore disregards the story of the labors, but takes his hero's career up again at the quarrel with Eurytus, and so brings Omphale upon the scene, binds Herakles in her chains, and through the power of womanhood lifts him to a higher plane. Then Herakles makes a descent into hell, and finally, at the end of his life, is visited by Hermes with a promise of the life of a god. He refuses, and has a vision of life, death, immortality, in which he is left alone by men and gods, returns as it were to Nature, and ends his days in her arms.

"Grown one with nature's growths, he knew
Here was his home, here was his horizon,
And for him, baring her mysterious limbs,
Nature's self saw he waiting. Suddenly
His heroic frame, fulfilled of all desire,
Crashed backward in the arms of his sole mate."

In our hurried synopsis of the contents of the poem, we have half put our own interpretation on the poem, half followed the author's lead. It is a poem so well worth studying that we have wished rather to hint at its richness than to attempt a full exposition. The thought, if we have discovered it,

is essentially pagan, but so is the theme, and we like better the dramatic paganism of Mr. Moore than the confused mingling of modern paganism with old forms which confronts one so constantly in the work of the English school of Hellenistic poets.

We have lingered so long over Herakles that we shall dismiss the rest of the volume with no other words than such as may apply to the first poem also : namely, that Mr. Moore seems at his best in the antique ; that he has a rich, powerful imagination ; that he is often reckless in his speech and careless in his measure. He does not always succeed in making his meaning clear, and he is misled by the fertility of his imagination into a prodigality which often destroys one's pleasure in the verse. That he should sometimes recall Keats or Shelley is not strange, nor is it necessarily to his discredit. The poet who has studied models carefully is not there-

fore unlikely to create models in time. His book can scarcely command popularity, but it ought to excite the liveliest interest of all who are watching for the development of poetry in America.

Thus, though we were half disposed at first to join in the self-commiseration over the paucity of poetic ventures, we are not sure but the season may be called a somewhat notable one, which brings to pass the publication of four books so individually interesting and worthy as those which we have had in review. Mr. Whittier keeps in our memory the treasures we already had ; Mr. Thompson lights the horizon with a bright flush ; Mr. Story helps us to recognize the facile grace which poetry may lend to our worldly life ; and Mr. Moore comes with his large, forcible verse to show that art and poetry have not yet taken leave of imagination and surrendered themselves to the lighter chains of fancy.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE is a curious form of semi-religious — perhaps I should say irreligion — speech whose genesis it would be interesting to trace. When you resolve upon any act or course of conduct which appears to your friends particularly venturesome and unsafe, are you not sure to be met with the intelligence that you are “tempting Providence”? If you stop to consider the phrase as an expression of piety, it strikes you that the piety is most perilously involved, and that the rôle which it assigns to Providence is far from creditable to the patronized deity. This Providence, you are persuaded, must have a close relationship with the old-fashioned Ate, who used to wander about invisible, and bring to pass all the unguarded prayers

and imprecations of mortals ; or you think of the mischievous Scandinavian god Loki, or of any other impish spirit ever held in fearful esteem, and represented as hovering or prowling, on the lookout for an opportunity to do despite to the helpless human race. Providence, the current warning seems to say, will do you a bad turn as often as possible, and is never so gratified as when occasion offers in which to “come up” with you for your unbecoming display of pride or bravery. Beware of Providence. Do not, in the thunderstorm, stand under a tall tree, lest Providence perceive you, and mow you down with a crooked lightning sharpened for that purpose. Do not walk under the precipice, for Providence is just above, wait-

ing to drop a stone to crush your fool-hardy little person. Do not pitch your tent on that low, malarious ground; for Providence, having to make some disposition of the gifts in his left hand, will quarter with you fever and ague, and megrims unnumbered. Providence may have had affairs which took him to the remotest parts of the universe; but on your offering him a pleasing chance to torment you, he returns in a trice, and has in working order his engines of torture and devastation. It would not require a very sagacious eye to see behind such Providence a "smiling face," though not the smile which devout Cowper saw, but one of sardonic malice and triumphant cruelty. Nevertheless, since this bad Providence is dependent upon our indiscretion for his opportunity, being otherwise inoperative and harmless, whom but ourselves can we reasonably blame for the ills that befall us? Indeed, some such plea might be made in his behalf as mediæval apologists offered for the arch-adversary, when they declared him to be not so culpable as the meddlesome mortals (witches, magicians, and the like) who invited him to acts of malevolence. Perhaps the phrase in question owes its origin to a strategic disposition in mankind to "get on the right side" of the prime mischief-worker, by conferring upon him the title of "Providence;" for cleverness, this ruse would compare favorably with that employed by the seaman, who addressed his prayers to the "good Lord, or good devil." Or the phrase may have originated with some scrupulous but short-sighted individual, who, fearing he might be thought atheistical if he spoke of "tempting fate," hit upon the plan of substituting for the objectionable substantive a word whose orthodoxy could not be questioned. Certain philosophers would have us believe that in every instance the idea of God is drawn in the likeness of the believer. It would be uncharitable to apply this theory in the

case of the many good people who speak of "tempting Providence." Happily, they do not resemble the sly, disingenuous deity, of whose dangerous character they are so prompt to give warning.

—Is there not some comfort to be derived from studying the etymological affinities of the word *fault*? It appears that nothing of criminal activity and stubborn evil-mindedness is implied in this word, but rather an unlucky *failing* to be or to do something prescribed, — a mere passive *falling* from the plane of ideal perfectness. Among the involuntary faults of our human nature are, weakness, the failing of strength; age, the failing of youth; and, grand fault of all, death, the failing of life. There is also, I think, a euphemistic way of treating the more voluntary faults of our nature, as to say that procrastination is a failing to be prompt; babbling, a failing to be discreet; mendacity, a failing to be truthful; and so on through the list of mortality's failings and fallings. Perhaps I put up with my own faults, if not with others', a little more easily for having indulged in the foregoing sophistries. So much in the field of etymology; if there is any comfort in analogy, I have that also. I am pleased to learn from geologists that the innocent and irresponsible old earth has her faults, namely, upheavals in the geologic column and dislocations of strata. Very like these are our faults, — unexpected juxtapositions in the column of character, more or less regrettable departures from balance and symmetry. Our very faults, it sometimes seems, might be counted to us for virtues, could they be made to take their proper place in the stratification. Could we but change foibles, now and then, with some other poor wayfaring creature, the transaction might prove to be of mutual benefit. Our fault transplanted to his soil, as his to ours, might flourish as a kindly, wholesome plant, where now

it is escaped from the garden, and become wild and poisonous. What a happy discovery in moral science, to find that a transfusion of qualities was possible! Then, one by nature rash and defiant would give the overplus of his hardihood to the shrinking and irresolute; the meek and lowly in spirit would make over to the harsh and scornful that which now tempts the oppressor to cruelty. The flush hand would bestow something upon the over-frugal hand, the over-frugal restrain the flush; a wise temperateness and a wise generosity resulting.

There are faults and faults. The whole matter of their discrimination depends upon the degree of gracefulness with which they are worn, and upon the taste or distaste of the censor. You and I, who so well perceive the various imperfections of our mutual friends, would yet never agree as to which of these imperfections is the lightest, which the most serious. The faults you find venial, and even with something of amenity in them, are, likely enough, the very ones to which I can give no quarter. Do you know what are the generous faults, the lovable, the admirable faults? They are those which come from abroad, and which, our temperament forbidding, will never be illustrated by us. Let us claim it as a strain of nobleness in ourselves that home faults are not the admirable ones, in our eyes. Such as bear this strong family likeness would better try some other tribunal, if they hope to get off with a light judgment: hereabouts, they are too well known. There is nothing piquant or engaging in that image of our little vices unconsciously thrown back by others. Yet we are invited to special sympathy with those whose imperfections have the same brand as our own, to the end that they may bear with us and we with them, — unprofitable reciprocity! This counsel tastes insipid. Better to form our closest alliance with those who will

not bear with our faults, but who will use strenuous means to bear us out of them. Lucky are we if we find one who will play Brutus to our Cassius; who stoutly persists, "I do not love your faults." Not improbably, we shall come across others who will assure us that our faults as well as our virtues can command their love. In truth, I fear it cannot be promised that, if we will pluck ourselves away from our besetting sin, we shall be rewarded with sweeter and warmer friendships. If our friendships be taken as the signature of our worth, not always will the worthiest enjoy the highest appraisal, since it is not always the choicest of spirits that gathers to itself the "friends of noble touch." History has its instances, but we need not go back of the current record for illustration of how a huge bulk of selfishness, because it happens to be traversed by a little vein of gayety, fancy, or tenderness, can manage to adorn itself with the most illustrious friendships.

Faults have their uses. If we cannot or will not part with ours, why such desperate pains to conceal them? Let them hang aloft, exposed to the wind and weather, — a warning to all the neighbors: only in this way can we requite the similar service they have rendered us. But alas, when it is our dearest friends' life and story that point a moral of the cautionary sort, showing what error of judgment or weakness of will we are to avoid! This print hurts our eyes. If we must be instructed, let it be by the faults of those to whom we are indifferent.

— If other persons share the curiosity I have always had as to the origin of many familiar old sayings, they may like to have here the explanation of some such, which I found recently in an English book. The majority of these proverbial sayings are, I suppose, of old date, and come down to us from our English or Dutch forefathers. Here is

the origin of the expression "tick," for credit, which I have always taken to be quite modern slang. It seems, on the contrary, that it is as old as the seventeenth century, and is corrupted from ticket, as a tradesman's bill was then commonly called. On tick was on ticket.

"Humble pie" refers to the days when the English forests were stocked with deer, and venison pasty was commonly seen on the tables of the wealthy. The inferior and refuse portions of the deer, termed the "umbles," were generally appropriated to the poor, who made them into a pie; hence "umble-pie" became suggestive of poverty, and afterwards was applied to degradations of other kinds.

"A wild-geese chase" was a sort of racing, resembling the flying of wild geese, in which, after one horse had gotten the lead, the other was obliged to follow after. As the second horse generally exhausted himself in vain efforts to overtake the first, this mode of racing was finally discontinued.

The expression "a feather in his cap" did not signify merely the right to decorate one's self with some token of success, but referred to an ancient custom among the people of Hungary, of which mention is made in the Lansdowne Manuscripts in the British Museum. None but he who had killed a Turk was permitted to adorn himself in this fashion, or to "shew the number of his slain enemies, by the number of feathers in his cappe." It occurs to me to question whether the similar phrase, to "plume himself," has not its source in the same tradition.

"Chouse" is a Persian word, spelt properly *kiaus* or *chiaux*, meaning intelligent, astute, and as applied to public agents an honorary title. In 1609, a certain Sir Robert Shirley sent before him to England a messenger, or *chiaux*, as his agent from the Grand Signior and the Sophy, he himself following at

his leisure. The agent choused the Persian and Turkish merchants in England of four thousand pounds, and fled before Sir Robert arrived.

These sayings I have never heard the origin of before. There are some others which I remember to have learned, and afterwards forgotten, and which I may as well give here for the benefit of those who may not have been able to trace them out.

A "baker's dozen" was originally the devil's dozen, thirteen being the number of witches supposed to sit down together at their great meetings or sabbaths. Hence the superstition about sitting thirteen at table. The baker was an unpopular character, and became substitute for the devil. (Query, Why was the baker unpopular?)

The explanation of the proverbial saying about "Hobson's choice" is given by Steele in the *Spectator*, No. 509. Hobson kept a livery stable, his stalls being ranged one behind another, counting from the door: each customer was obliged to take the horse which happened to be in the stall nearest the door, this chance fashion of serving being thought to secure perfect impartiality.

— Who can tell why the working of tapestry has gone out of fashion? It would be so much more satisfactory than the endless procession of tidies and pincushions and sofa-pillows, each with its little design, if some fair needlewoman would give her spare time and thought to a larger piece of work. It might be done in small separate squares, so that there would be no objection to the clumsy roll of canvas, which could not be moved about or looked upon as fancy-work; and it would be so picturesque and full of the spirit of romance to see a lovely lady with her colored crewels and her quaint designs, and know that she was stitch by stitch achieving a great work which would keep her memory bright for years to come. No-

body cares what becomes of the smaller pieces of needle-work after their bloom is, so to speak, worn off, but let us picture to ourselves the religious care with which we should guard the handiwork of our great-grandmothers, if it were of this sort. We venerate the needle-books and work-bags and samplers almost absurdly, and this is an index to our capacity for appreciating a more important treasure.

Besides, it is a great loss both to art and literature that our stitches tend to such petty ends. An embroidery frame is a charming addition to a portrait, and nothing could make a more delightful and suggestive background than the blurred figures and indistinct design of a tapestried wall. And in a story, what aid a writer could give his reader by his suggestions of the work the heroine's slender fingers toyed with idly, or called into existence skillfully in a busier hour! What light, indeed, the description of the design would throw upon the character of the maiden! We could make up our minds instantly to many certainties when we knew whom she had taken for her hero in a battle piece, or if it were only a quiet landscape which she deftly wove when her lover met her first.

We have long lost the fashion of commemorating historical events in this manner, and we are contented to cover our walls with gilt and shining papers instead of these splendid hangings, though I happened to find the last of the tapestry-makers some time ago, — a plain little countrywoman, whose worsted works were the admiration of her village neighbors. The fountain of inspiration as to composition and artistic excellence had nearly run dry, but her patience was superhuman, and she had covered her walls with huge pictures in cross-stitch, — portraits of illustrious men of her time, and one or two large groups, like the surrender of Cornwallis and Washington crossing the Delaware, where there had been a long and se-

vere and most monotonous season of embroidering the raging waves of the river. The likenesses, as a rule, were not satisfactory, but who could resent that unimportant defect? The colors were brave and chosen for their brightness. There was one great undertaking nearly finished, — a view of the Capitol at Washington in shaded grays and white, with a splendid blue sky and green grass. It really was most imposing. But one could not help remembering that it must be an inherited gift from some Flemish or French ancestress, who had sat among her maidens in a high stone tower, and sung the songs of the troubadours as she bent over her work. There were brave knights gone afield while she drew in her threads and plied her busy needle in their honor, as she sat at home.

— There is an effect of natural beauty which I am apt to name to myself musical. Some persons would perhaps call it poetic, and certainly music and poetry have enough affinity to make it seem proper in some connections to use the words interchangeably. Still, there is a difference between the poetic effect of certain beautiful days and that impression they make which I call musical. Any fine summer day has a variety of sounds belonging to it which with but little license of language we speak of as nature's music, the preluding strains waking at dawn from a hundred bird throats, with sweet clamor and rivalry of theme and counter-theme, short *motifs* broken off, and again resumed, while interrupting notes fill up the pauses and complete the choric harmony. When the overture ceases the singers still have their parts to sustain in the day's long *concerto*, some clear voice ever and anon making itself heard, loud and bold, in a brief, brilliant strain far up in the airy distance, or trickling down in light liquid melody from the elm bough close at hand. At midsummer the crickets, performing on their

curious little instruments, keep up a continuous *bourdonnement*, or humming accompaniment. The winds bring with them their own music: warm and caressing from the soft south, wooing to sweet do-nothingness, or freshly blowing from the west, with stir and movement of rustling leaves and waving grasses. Bird songs, insect murmurs, breezy whisperings and agitations, — it is natural to speak of them as music; and is not the play of lights and shades, that melt and pass and change position, like an exquisite modulation of sweetly subdued musical tones? The analogy between musical and color tones was remarked before Mr. Whistler began to paint nocturnes and symphonies. Mr. Haweis, in his oddly-entitled book, *Music and Morals*, prophesied a good many years ago that the science of color-harmony would ultimately be wrought out into as complete a system as that of musical intonations. However that may be, the analogy once pointed out is clear enough to any one, and I often please myself with noting these correspondences in nature. In the light-and-shadow dance of sunlit gray and silver clouds over blue hill slopes, green meadows, and golden grain fields, one finds the rhythm, the movement, as well as the blent tones of a delicate Mendelssohnian melody. Days are set in different keys. Some neutral-tinted ones start in the melancholy minor, and breathe from first to last but pensive or plaintive strains. Others strike the first chord in the bold and cheerful major. What a full and rounded music comes with certain days of glowing midsummer! From crimson sunrise to purple sunset, what a depth of color-tone! The opening movement is an all too brief and sparkling *allegro* of dewdrop glittering and floating silver cloud-fragments, which ceases as the sun takes possession of the heaven. There it hangs, a ball of golden fire, in a blue so intense as to look solid, the atmosphere a molten-golden vapor, the

whole affecting one like some over-rich, bewildering strain, charged as full of the spirit of sensuous beauty and delight as a damask rose of perfume. After such a magnificent *andante* is like enough to follow the wild-measured *scherzo* of a sudden thunder-storm, with mutterings and growlings as of deep bass-voles, a tumult of claps, rattlings and rollings of the drums and trombones, and gusty sweepings up the scale of reed instruments and violins. Then a momentary silence till the sun flashes out again like the startling of a sudden clarion. But the superbest harmonies are reserved for the triumphant finale of the sunset. Sometimes this movement is brief and rapid; the crimson ball drops down, and the horizon flames up broadly with one sustained trumpet-blast, fiery red. At other times, the instrumentation is more complex, the harmonies most subtle and intricate, golden tones passing into red and purple, barred and streaked with lines of fire, with modulations into related chords of orange and indigo, with interventions of clear green and primrose yellow; all changing, fusing, gradually sinking down into the quiet of the dusk, till after a brief recurrence of the day's opening notes of rose, pearl-gray, and faint gold, there falls at last the silence of the dark. There are days, however, composed in another manner than the sumptuous, imperious strains to which we are commonly treated during the glowing heats of July and August. To follow out our fancy, we may say that some of our fine calm days of midwinter have the austere beauty of style that we find in Glück, and Bach, and Spohr. The cool midsummer of the present year was remarkable for still another musical mode; a manner partaking largely of the admirable simplicity of the earlier masters, yet warmed with a touch of the complex modern spirit: at midday the liquid-golden sunlight streamed down from a pure, sapphire sky; the sun

towards its decline became a sphere of silver, so intensely burnished that its rays flashed through the trees with a diamond-like brilliancy, but, once dropped below the horizon, the music took on a softer strain, a slower measure, and died away in long-drawn, tranquil chords of amber and silver and pale gold. From color-symphonies like these one may gather an emotion of undefined, yet poignant delight, similar in kind and almost equal in degree to that received from fine music. One's habitation ought to be placed, if possible, where freedom of daily audience may be had to these skyey orchestral performances.

— Usually I fall in with the common error of human-kind, and look upon the so-called dumb creation as wholly free, careless, and jubilant. In some moods I would fain challenge the impertinently happy tribes of nature to change places with me for a while, to see whether they would be able to keep their good spirits and optimistic notions regarding the universe in general, and their own fortunes in particular. But it happened, the other day, that my eyes were opened to a different view of their case, and I saw, as I had not done before, the afflictions, dilemmas, and petty mortifications to which these sometimes envied creatures are subject. Starting on my morning walk with an impression that everything, and I in everything, enjoyed the good-will of the delicious hour, I had the bad luck to be contradicted at the very outset. A white butterfly had been caught in a spider's web. Its wings were torn, and its powdery plumage was half rubbed off. "Careless thing," was my comment, "to get yourself into this predicament, spoiling your own pleasure, and that of a superior being as well!" But I was unable to proceed with my walk until I had helped the butterfly out of its trouble, adding it, I hoped, to the company of the morning-glad. Before I left the garden, it

happened to a bumble-bee to be devoured by a snapdragon, into whose throat he had ventured too far. Nothing of him remained visible but his hind legs, which protruded from the mouth of the humorous flower like a couple of extra-long stamens. Deep and wrathful were his threats, and soon the dragon disgorged its unquiet morsel.

Farther on, I stopped to admire a tall milkweed, whose blossoms simulated ornaments of ivory and pink coral. But here was a moving calamity! This plant, which is very attractive to bees, has a treacherous way of detaining them for hours together, frequently to their death. While at work on the flower, the bee is liable to have its foot caught in one of the deep crevices containing the pollinia; even if it succeed in pulling its foot out of the crevice, its embarrassment is not over, for it also pulls out the two pollen masses (resembling a pair of saddle-bags), and is compelled to carry them, until some lucky chance sets it free. On this particular occasion, I found two bees and a black ant, each suspended by one of its feet from a blossom; dead, after probable hours of torturous struggle to escape. Other bees were still alive, but caught at some point, or dragging about one or more pairs of gluey saddle-bags, — much in the situation of convicts wearing the ball and chain. It appeared to me that the career of a honey-gatherer was not one of unalloyed sweetness.

Next, coming to the creek, which in the dry season takes the "footpath way," and lets the grass grow far into its bed, I observed that it had cruelly shirked its responsibilities, in leaving near its margin a helpless and panic-stricken school of minnows. These were living in a pool scarcely wider than a hoof span. Clearly, it was a question of but a few hours with them in their drop of an oasis surrounded by a burning Sahara. Here was a true distress-siege, which neither the wisdom nor the valor of the

besieged could avail to solve. From a minnow point of view, it seemed that life must look "more doubtful than certain."

I was still thinking of the minnows, when I met a venerable mud-turtle, the initials of an unknown cut in its shell. The turtle, unfortunately, was not traveling alone, but in the company of a boy, who held it suspended by a cord. I asked the boy what he would do with his capture, and received this answer: "Take him home, put him in the swill-bar'l, an' fat him up; then, eat him. There's seven kinds of meat in a turtle," — this last with an air of experience and relish. Filled with pity at thought of the degradation in store for the turtle (I doubtless overestimated its sense of refinement), I tried to bring the boy to accept a ransom and leave his prize with me. But either he disapproved my interference as a display of morbid humanity, or his sybaritic anticipation of the "seven kinds of meat" was stronger than his pecuniary craving, for he rejected all my offers.

Going home, I passed a flock of hens, which were in great consternation, caused by the movements of a hawk. So free and beautiful was its aerial geometrizing, that I found it difficult to charge the hawk with any mean or bloodthirsty motive. Yet, in a future age, when military expeditions are embarked in balloons, some Napoleonic invader in his hovering warship may terrify the inhabitants of a country much as the hawk terrified those poor fowls of the earth.

As though I had not already seen enough of the straits and misfortunes which happen to those whom Nature is supposed to have under direct protection, I must listen to the plaints of a mother that had lately been deprived of her offspring, — a young, graceful, fawn-like creature I had often admired. The mother did not tell me in so many words of the ache in her heart, of the pretty

and apt ways her darling had, or of her fears for its safety; but her large, mournful eyes (so beautiful that Juno need not have resented the comparison) expressed more of sorrow than did even the deep melancholy of her tones. She was already somewhat comforted by my sympathy and caresses, and I reflected that time and the good pasture would steal away her sense of the affliction. This, however, I did not say aloud, since to me their light forgetting of grief seems the most pathetic thing in the life of animals.

— In the June Atlantic, attention was drawn by a member of the Club to the perfidious conduct of a certain middle-aged young person, who had intruded upon the literary privacy of the Contributor, and who had subsequently served up for the columns of *The Western Reserve Bugle* all her host "did n't say upon that occasion." The Contributor very naturally appealed to the Club for a phrase that would "adequately characterize" the conduct of his reprehensible visitor. Not being gifted with the power of invective, we cannot furnish the phrase desired, but we can say with all sincerity that we are more than moderately interested in the case, more than mildly grieved at the overzeal and unprincipledness of the elderly young woman. It is possible that our being a native of that particular pin-point in Western space known as the Reserve, has something to do with the exceeding interest and chagrin felt by us. We have made diligent inquiry as to a newspaper with the inspiring name of *The Western Reserve Bugle*. We find no such paper; not even an obscure country bantling, thus christened and dying immediately afterward, has been reported. Also, we have made a study of the newspaper "correspondence" done by middle-aged young ladies in this slurred quarter of the country, and we do not find it more discommendable than work of a similar character done

elsewhere. In vain we try to recall having met with a person who answered to the description given by the Contributor. The Reserve is really a small area, and she ought to be found if residing therein. It now occurs to us that she may have gone abroad for the improvement of her mind, though to accomplish so considerable a journey she must be more happily circumstanced financially than the literary sisterhood in general.

To conclude: we are not so much pained by the fact that the offender is a resident of the Western Reserve (which is a kind of newer New England), but that, being so, she should by her unseemly conduct cast reflection upon the excellent race of which she is an unworthy descendant. Since she is only "middle-aged young," it would not be surprising to learn that she first saw the light among the Berkshire hills, or even farther eastward, at some subsequent period emigrating with her parents to the West. Perhaps the untoward influences of frontier life in the Reserve should be held to account for the blunting of her sensibilities, as well as for her lack of ethical culture.

—In speaking recently of inherited tastes and preferences, I remembered something which had been forgotten for years. When I was a child I bestowed great affection upon a small copy of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, which I chanced to find in an upper room of the house, among an uninteresting collection of old pamphlets and magazines and cast-off books which had been brought up from the shelves of my father's library. The lower part of the house was, as is not unusual, constantly being relieved of these armfuls of miscellaneous literature, and I used to please myself by hunting and searching, I did not know exactly for what, though I sometimes read eagerly a story or two in a magazine, and always was enticed by the pictures. One day, however, I lighted upon a slender little volume, bound in

boards, with pale yellow paper sides and much-frayed back, and I immediately took a great fancy to it. It was a case of love at first sight. I had no need to wait for a taste of its contents, and it seemed perfectly consistent with its instantly recognized character that I should discover, on further acquaintance, the story of the prisoner and the starling, of the happy peasants, and of poor Maria. It seemed more like a long-lost treasure brought to light than a new and unfamiliar book. It gave a certain completeness and satisfaction to my life, and from that time I always knew where this little book was. I carried it about with me, for it was not too large for even my small pocket, and no doll that ever lived and was loved could have been so great a delight to me.

One rainy afternoon I was sitting by a window with the book in my hands, and my father stood beside me, and was speaking to me laughingly and carelessly; but suddenly, as he looked down at my lap, he reached for the book with great surprise. "Where in the world did you find this?" said he, and turned its pages with affection. "I have not seen it for years, and was afraid it was lost. I have had it ever since I can remember, and when I was a child I used to insist upon taking it to bed with me and keeping it under my pillow. I suppose it was because it was small and like a plaything, at first; but when I grew old enough to read it I used to wake early in the morning and spell out the stories."

I felt only a sense of pride and of being like my father, at that moment; but since then I have thought many times of the curious incident, and my almost superstitious feeling toward the playfellow volume has interested me very much, it was so plainly an inheritance in which my will took little part. Though I have always enjoyed a *Sentimental Journey* most sincerely, yet I must confess to often finding my-

self a little astray in modern editions, and I turn the small leaves of this beloved copy with pleasantest memories and best content.

— That is an admirable as well as a venerable law which forbids the land-owner to build so close upon the boundary between himself and his neighbor that his roof shall project beyond the line. The law requires that he shall leave a space for eaves, and that the discharge from the eaves (*Anglo-Saxon yfesdrype*) shall be upon his own territory. Thus, reference is made to a right in the air as well as in the soil, and a strip of neutral ground is left between adjacent builders. If I mistake not, these strictures hold equally good in the ethics of social life. Judicious souls everywhere accept cheerfully the law of bounds; only the inexperienced and the unwise appeal. Well do we remember making the discovery (grievous enough, at first) that the book of our thoughts and feelings was by no means as intelligible as we hoped it would be to those with whom we entrusted it for sympathetic perusal. By a still later discovery, we found that, were it possible, we would not have our book luminous in all its passages, — would not that even the best-disposed reader should think he had penetrated quite to the heart of our mystery. Formerly, we, too, had taken pains to address a preface to the understander; but in all later editions the whimsical thing was left out, as being trivial, if not misleading. Were we now to meet one who assumed the airs of the understander, we should exhibit a singular unresponsiveness in place of the revealing spirit of our preface. It is true, the world's cruelty has not touched us; none has dealt with us treacherously; we are not less interested than formerly in our fellow beings: then, why so self-retiring, why so exacting of our neighbors that they shall align their walls, and have a care that their eaves shall not encroach? We

may reply. We are thus self-retired, respecting also the self-retirement of others, because the things of our spiritual nature become more and more ours, and yet less ours to divulge freely and unconditionally. The heart knoweth not only its own bitterness, deep and incommunicable, but also a sweetness of joy, which it neither wishes nor is able to reveal. As delightful as sympathy may be, it must come to us only in such remittances as our conscious need demands; we know not how to dispose of any excess. We have with ourselves alone certain confidences, the revelation of which, though to the *alter ego*, would be nothing less than an act of bad faith. The *alter ego*, we expect, will guard as jealously the neutral precinct, as promptly warn off the trespasser, though the trespasser be our dear self. I was neither hurt, nor in the least surprised, at reading the Orphic verse which my nearest and oldest neighbor had posted above his door, though I knew at once to whom alone it was addressed: —

Crowd not too close upon the line;
Give space for eavesdrip, neighbor mine,
As I upon my side must give;
Then, we in amity shall live.
I love thee dearly, yet I would
At some remove our dwellings stood;
Not wall to wall should we two build,
But so the statute be fulfilled:
The rain that courseth from the roof
The bounding-line shall put to proof.
If thou the common weal would serve,
The law of dripping eaves observe;
Crowd not too close, O neighbor mine;
The air-drawn limit is divine.

— I believe it was Mr. Higginson who said that it has taken a hundred years to eliminate the lark from American literature; but there are several other lingering delusions which we have unlawfully inherited from our English ancestry. I have lately found myself much dissatisfied with Italy and the Mediterranean Sea, because the skies of one and the waters of the other failed to keep up their time-honored reputation for unequalled blueness. I do not need to explain that English writers

have commented from century to century upon the contrast between the Italian atmosphere and their own, and have celebrated the glories of the former. The color of the waves that beat against the shores of Great Britain is apt to be a dull brown; in many places it seems as if the London fogs were the fountains from which the sea is replenished. But we Americans go on placidly making our copy-books say over and over again that the sky is blue in Italy, as if there were not a bluer and a more brilliant one over our own heads. Soft and tender the heavens may be in Venice and above Lake Como, but there is a tenderness and a softness of clear light and of shadowed light in New England of which we should do well to sing the beauty and the glory.

Just in the same fashion we mourn over the gloominess of autumn, as if ours were the autumn of Thomson, or of Cowper, or of any poet who wrote of fogs, and darkness, and shortness of days, and general death, and soddenness, and chill despair. Here there is little dull weather until winter is fairly come, but through the long, bright months of September and October, and sometimes the whole of the condemned and dreaded November, the days — not nearly such short days as in England — are bright and invigorating. But we are brought up on English books, and our delusions of this sort are, after all, rare disadvantages, that never can counterbalance the greater mercies and delights of our inherited literature.

But I laugh when I think of some mistakes I made in my youth, as I tried to order my life in conformity to the precepts of my little books. These stories were crammed with the English traditional ideas of our duty to our poor neighbor, and I remember that I diligently sought through the thrifty New England village where I was brought up for some suffering person with whom I might share the bounty which I did my best to enjoy. There seemed to be no leaky-roofed cottages, and I myself came usually as near to the description of a ragged child as any roving young person I could meet, since my clothing was always more or less tattered and damaged by the last fence or brier-bush. But one day I happened to hear some elder member of my family speak of a neighbor compassionately, and I lay in wait for her, so to speak. That afternoon, when I chanced to be overtaken by hunger, and had brought my piece of bread and butter out-of-doors, the neighbor came by, and to her great astonishment, and not without a great struggle on my own part, I offered her the square slice, from one side of which I had taken a little round bite. She treated me very kindly, but appeared somewhat surprised; and I felt that there was something not quite right about the whole occasion, as she walked away up the street. She had a child in her arms, to whom she gave my bread and butter. He seemed to enjoy it; but it was not the way poor persons behaved in my English story-books.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Travel and Description. The second volume of *The Wheelman* (The Wheelman Co., Boston) has the dash and noiselessness of this narrowest-gauged vehicle. It is extraordinary how the enthusiasm of the wheel makes even literature a servant. Baseball occupies more space in the newspaper, but the bicycle takes a higher flight, and spins triumphantly through the monthly magazine. It is a pleasure to find so clean and spirited a literature attached to this cheerful sport.—Seven Spanish Cities and the Way to Them, by Edward E. Hale (Roberts), is a contribution to the accumulating literature of Spanish travel; for Mr. Hale carried with him the wealth of the Indies, and while he writes in the lively, almost breathless manner which we know so well, he is full of interesting suggestion in historical matters, and the best of traveling companions always.

Literature and Criticism. The new Riverside edition of Emerson's Works (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) includes now the second series of Essays, Representative Men, Society and Solitude, and English Traits, four volumes. The clearness of the page seems to strike into the thought.—Mr. W. J. Linton and Mr. R. H. Stoddard have prepared a collection of poetry under the general title of *English Verse*, two volumes of which, one Chaucer to Burns, the other Lyrics of the XIX. Century (Scribners), have already appeared. The external finish of the work is extremely attractive in its elegant simplicity; the head lines alone mar the effect of the page, by introducing a needless eccentricity. The editorial work shows good taste, scholarship, and patient care. Mr. Stoddard has written a spirited introduction to each volume, and the editors have furnished useful notes at the end. The stream of verse is clear, and one will not find worthless work as he will miss—who will not?—many of his favorites; but the scheme intends compactness. In the latter volume American and English authors appear in a general chronological order.—The Book-Lover's Enchiridion is the catch-title of a little book which is further explained on the title-page as *Thoughts on the Solace and Companionship of Books*, selected and chronologically arranged by Philobiblos. (Lippincott.) This edition is an American reprint, revised and enlarged. We do not think it was a courteous proceeding to revise and enlarge without stating specifically what is the share of the American editor. The selections are good and full of fine suggestion.—*Pen Pictures of Modern Authors*, edited by William Shepard (Putnams), is a larger-paged and illustrated edition of a book published a year or two ago. It is a mosaic of personal descriptions of familiar authors.—Mr. Frederick Saunders's *Salad for the Solitary and the Social*, a book which is a medley of the curiosities of life and literature, has been reissued by T. Whittaker, New York.—The *Wisdom of Goethe*, by the veteran John Stuart Blackie (Scribners), is

an anthology, prefaced by an essay on Goethe. Professor Blackie is an old friend of Goethe, for it was he who introduced Eckermann to the English public.

Biblical Study and Theology. The *Doctrine of Sacred Scripture*, a critical, historical, and dogmatic inquiry into the origin and nature of the Old and New Testaments, by George T. Ladd. (Scribners.) This is a work in two octavo volumes, thoughtful, learned, reasonable, and in general agreement with the sense of Christendom. The author's conclusion states the result reached: "The race is in need of redemption, and man dimly or more clearly recognizes his need. The Bible is the book which presents the facts and ideas of redemption, as God has brought the process of redemption to its culmination in the personal appearance and work of Christ and in the founding of the Christian church." The book is thoroughly indexed, and is a thesaurus for the student of the subject.—*Biblical Study*, its Principles, Methods, and History, together with a catalogue of books of reference, is the work of C. A. Briggs, professor of Hebrew and the cognate languages in Union Theological Seminary. (Scribners.) He has collected and rewritten in a consecutive form a number of his special articles upon the subject of his book, which is in effect a hand-book for students of the Bible and of Biblical criticism. It is somewhat piecemeal in character.—A *Companion to the Greek Testament and the English Version* (Harpers) is a manual of textual criticism, by Dr. Philip Schaff, and includes also a historical sketch of the work of the revision committee. The book will interest the curious, also, by its many facsimile illustrations of MSS. and standard editions of the New Testament.—In the *International Revision Commentary on the New Testament*, also edited by Dr. Schaff, a volume has been published on the Gospel according to John. (Scribners.) The editors are W. Milligan and W. F. Moulton, who were members of the English committee. There is a whole meadow of commentary to a trickling rill of text. It is a pity, we think, to publish commentaries which, like this, smother a reader's mind.—The *Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief*, by Professor Geo. P. Fisher (Scribners), is a discussion of the evidences of both natural and revealed religion, with special reference to modern theories and difficulties. Professor Fisher always claims attention by his eminent fairness in argument.

Fiction. *Fortune's Fool* is Mr. Julian Hawthorne's latest novel. (Osgood.)—A *Woman of Honor*, by H. C. Bunner (Osgood), is the author's novelization of his drama; it has the brusqueness of style which seems the contribution of the stage to modern manners, and is clever, but its cleverness is wasted upon a trifle. What would a *Scrap of Paper* be, made into a volume of three hundred pages?—A *Great Treason*, by Mary A. M. Hop-

pus, is a story of the war of independence. (Macmillan.) The independence is of these United States, and the story centres upon Arnold and André. It is a somewhat galvanized work, but apparently the historic facts are studied with care. The liveliness of the book is not made less wiry by the use of the historic present. — Godfrey Morgan, a Californian Mystery, by Jules Verne (Scribners), is the story of — But why should we tell the story, since there is then nothing left for the reader of the book? By the way, is the general appearance of Verne's books an intimation of the publishers' estimate of their value? — Ruby is the second of Col. Geo. E. Waring's spirited horse stories. (Osgood.) — The Recollections of a Drummer Boy, by Harry M. Kiefer (Osgood), comes under the head of fiction, from the form in which it is cast, but it purports to be the author's personal recollections of three years of army life in actual service in the field. It has the air of honesty. — A new and complete edition of the works of Donald G. Mitchell (Scribner's Sons) shows that they have not lost the charm which won them multitudes of readers twenty years ago. The *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Seven Stories* constitute the first two volumes of the reissue, the typography and external of which are exceedingly neat.

History and Biography. The third volume of Mr. Bancroft's last revision of his *History of the United States of America* (Appletons) covers what the author makes the second epoch, when Britain estranges America, 1763-1774. — *Comprehensive Dictionary of Biography*, by Edward A. Thomas (Porter & Coates), is a double-columned crown octavo volume of six hundred pages, containing from five to ten titles on a page. The editor has made his selection without any apparent law, his articles have not the conciseness which a book of reference requires, his information is not always of the latest, and the book shows little evidence of thoroughness and care. — *Mrs. Julia Ward Howe* has written *Margaret Fuller for the Famous Women series*. (Roberts.) — *John Keese, Wit and Littérateur*, is a biographical memoir, by William L. Keese (Appletons), of a New York book auctioneer who was a well-known figure in New York when trade sales formed the only literary congress, and by his tastes was a friend of the authors as well as of their books. — *Albert Gallatin*, by John Austin Stevens, is the latest volume in the series of *American Statesmen*. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Books for Young People. Our *Young Folks'* *Plutarch*, edited by Rosalie Kaufman (Lippincott), is a reproduction of some of the *Lives* in a form for young people. While we are heartily glad that young people should read *Plutarch* in any form, we question whether the limp English of Clough's *Dryden* or the more picturesque rendering of North is not good enough for boys. — *Young Folks' Whys and Wherefores*, a story by Uncle Lawrence (Lippincott), is an adaptation from the French, in which the pictures and ideas are retained and the story is rendered by American persons. It contains a familiar explanation of an assortment of phenomena. — *The Hoosier School-Boy*, by Edward Eggleston (Scribners), is a pen-

dant to the same author's *Hoosier School-Master*, and like that reproduces with a blunt pencil characteristic scenes of Indiana life. Mr. Eggleston has, however, sharpened his pencil somewhat in this little book, and uses a finer taste in his choice of material. — *The Story of Roland*, by James Baldwin (Scribners), is another of the valuable adaptations of mediæval romance to a youthful audience. The more boys and girls cut their romantic teeth on these books, the better men and women they will make. — *The American Girl's Home Book of Work and Play*, by Helen Campbell (Putnam's), is an admirable hand-book for the family, full of good hints for sport and occupation. Mrs. Campbell refers to Mrs. Child's *Girl's Own Book* as if it had been in some sort the basis of this, but we think the acknowledgment is due to the *American Girl's Book*, by Miss Leslie, and not to the *Girl's Book* of the former writer. — *The London S. P. C. K. through E. & J. B. Young & Co.*, their New York agents, send us two toy books, *Blue-Red* and *From Do-Nothing Hall to Happy-Day House*. The former relates in verse the history of the discontented lobster, in which the changes are run ingeniously on the colors blue and red; the pictures are fairly good and printed in colors. The second is a simple little parable with modest pictures. — *The Bodley Library* — it is almost as if one were to say the *Bodleian Library* — has a notable addition this year in a volume in which the American Bodleys are brought into personal relations with the English branch of the family. This capital idea affords Mr. Scudder the chance to give his readers a great variety of happy letter-press and fitting illustrations. The book, which forms the seventh volume of the series, is entitled the *English Bodley Family*. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Poetry. *Patrice, her Love and Work*, by E. F. Hayward (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a story in verse, in which great injustice is done to the first wife. — *Whispering Pines* is a volume of poems, by John Henry Boner. (Brentano Bros., New York.) It is of Southern origin, and from the excessive attention paid to memory in it we should surmise it to be the work of a young man. — *Sol, an Epic Poem*, by Rev. Henry Howizi, Minneapolis, is a commemoration of a faithful Israelite in Africa, and incidentally a plea for more justice to the Israelitish faith. — *Hymns and a few Metrical Psalms*, by Thomas MacKellar (Porter & Coates), is intended for devotional use. — *The Early Poetical Works of Franklin E. Denton* (Cleveland, Ohio, W. W. Williams) is introduced by A. G. R., who states that Mr. Denton is but twenty-three. The title of the book is thus all ready for future use, but we trust Mr. Denton will get over this feverish attack.

Philosophy and Science. *Man a Creative First Cause*, by Rowland G. Hazard (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a little volume of two discourses given before the Concord School of Philosophy. It is in effect a vindication of metaphysics from the charge of fruitlessness. — *Instinct, its office in the animal kingdom and its relations to the higher powers in man*, is a reissue of the Lowell Lectures of the late President P. A. Chadbourne. (Put-

names.) Dr. Chadbourne was a most intelligible lecturer, and a good observer in science. — *The Law of Heredity, a Study of the Cause of Variation and the Origin of Living Organisms* (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore), is by W. K. Brooks, associate in biology, Johns Hopkins University, and is modestly put forward as a contribution to speculation on the subject. It is dedicated to Mr. Darwin, from whose works the facts have largely been drawn, although the author is no mere compiler, but is himself an investigator.

Education and Text-Books. The *Iliad* of Homer, Books I.-VI., with an introduction and notes by Robert P. Keep (Allyn), is an admirable school-book, both from the thoroughness with which the text is annotated in the interest of school-boys and from the number of practical suggestions which Dr. Keep offers to teachers. It is a book which has grown, and was not made. — Dr. A. P. Peabody's translation of *Cicero de Officiis* (Little, Brown & Co.), though a contribution to the literature of ethics, is excellently adapted for educational uses by those who would naturally study the original if they had the appliances. —

Anti-Tobacco, by A. A. Livermore, R. L. Carpenter, and G. F. Witter (Roberts), is a little book which is plainly of most use to school-boys, or rather their teachers. Yet we question whether a more guarded presentation of the evil would not in the long run be worth more than this, which, while in the main good, runs into extravagance. — In *Mrs. Gilpin's Frugalities*, by Susan Ann Brown (Scribner's Sons), the wise housewife will be glad to find directions for using the remnants of food usually wasted or unappetizingly reproduced. The author shows how these fragments may be served in two hundred different ways.

Politics and Society. *The People and Politics, or the Structure of States and the Significance and Relation of Political Forms*, by G. W. Hosmer (Osgood), is an octavo volume, which intends a critical and historical view of the subject. It seems to fail in establishing any definite conclusions. — In *Putnam's Handy Book Series of Things Worth Knowing* is a treatise on *Work for Women*, by George J. Manson, in which practical suggestions are made by a hopeful man.

HOLIDAY BULLETIN

CHRISTMAS, 1883

LITERARY BULLETIN

OF

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BEYOND THE GATES.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," etc. 16mo, \$1.25.

The publication of "The Gates Ajar," some years ago, called forth an amount of public interest, second only to the enthusiasm elicited by the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and scores of thousands of copies of this book found their way into homes and libraries in every part of the country. Miss Phelps's new book pictures the better life "beyond the gates," and is a wonderfully strong and touching presentation of existence in the unseen world, and of its possible activities, illumination, and experiences, as foreseen by a devout imagination. It possesses in common with "A Little Pilgrim," a delicacy of touch, an unaffected pathos, and a nameless charm, which appeal to all who have lost dear friends and who try to picture to themselves the new life upon which these have entered.

It is probably safe to predict that it will be the best read book of the season. For ourselves we must confess to finishing it at one reading. . . . The glimpses of the occupations, joys, and reunions of the heavenly existence — all this is conveyed with a tenderness, a reverence, and a vivid power, which make a profound impression upon the reader's mind. . . . The effect of the book is to make this life better worth living, and the next life better worth desiring. The author's conceptions of heaven are wholly pure and lofty, yet warm with human love and interest. They touch the deepest yearnings of the soul, and serve to strengthen faith and quicken aspiration. — *Boston Journal*.

Imagination carries Miss Phelps, as the title indicates, on a bolder flight than when, some years ago, she only looked through "The Gates Ajar," and she tries to answer more fully than before the unformulated questions of curious believers; but apart from all this, the story is a beautiful piece of art, rising at times almost to the domain of poetry. . . . Few will deny that it is inspired by a pure, delicate, and wholesome feeling, and that its general tendency is elevating and religious. — *New York Tribune*.

It is a literary product of a high order. The supposed experiences of a soul in the other world are related with Miss Phelps's accustomed skill. Refinement and delicacy of feeling, and beauty and purity of style mark every page. From a literary point of view, the description of the departure of the soul from the body to the spirit world is quite perfect. The scene is fascinating,

the language vivid, and the feeling wrought up to a high pitch without shock by an inappropriate word or inartistic sight. — *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

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There is in every heart at times a longing almost insupportable to pierce into the mysteries of the unseen world; and to gain some idea of the state of those who have passed before us into it. Miss Phelps has bid the wings of imagination bear her where no word of revelation has ever opened the way and pictured things unutterable and unknowable. — *Pittsburgh Telegraph*.

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IN accordance with Mr. Longfellow's wish, this noble and beautiful dramatic poem is brought out in an illustrated volume. The career of Michael Angelo always had a profound attraction for Mr. Longfellow, and the most fascinating part of it was that which related to his love for Vittoria Colonna. This is the central idea of the poem, which is remarkable for its portrayal of both Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna, and also of other persons more or less closely associated with them.

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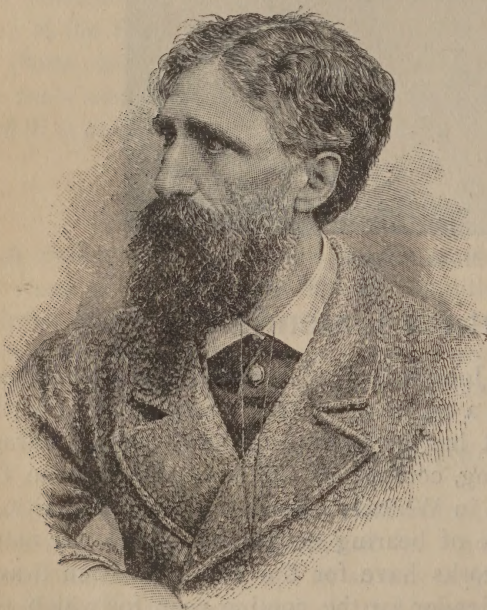
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And by every fireside are those whose thoughts, yearnings, and questionings go out to the one who has filled the vacant chair. To these Miss Phelps's book will seem almost a message from the vanished one, a description or descriptive hint of the scenes and companions and activities of the infinite life in which the loved one now lives and moves and has a vastly enlarged being. It cannot be read without deep interest, and to multitudes it will bring a greater patience and trust in the present, and a stronger hope for the future.

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For a Booke and a shadie
nooke,
eyther in-a-doore or out;
With the grene leaues
whisp'ring overhede
or the Streete cryes all
about.



Where I maie Reade all
at my ease,
both of the Newe and
Olde;
For a iollie goode Booke
whereon to looke,
is better to me than Golde.

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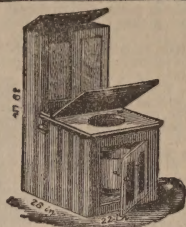
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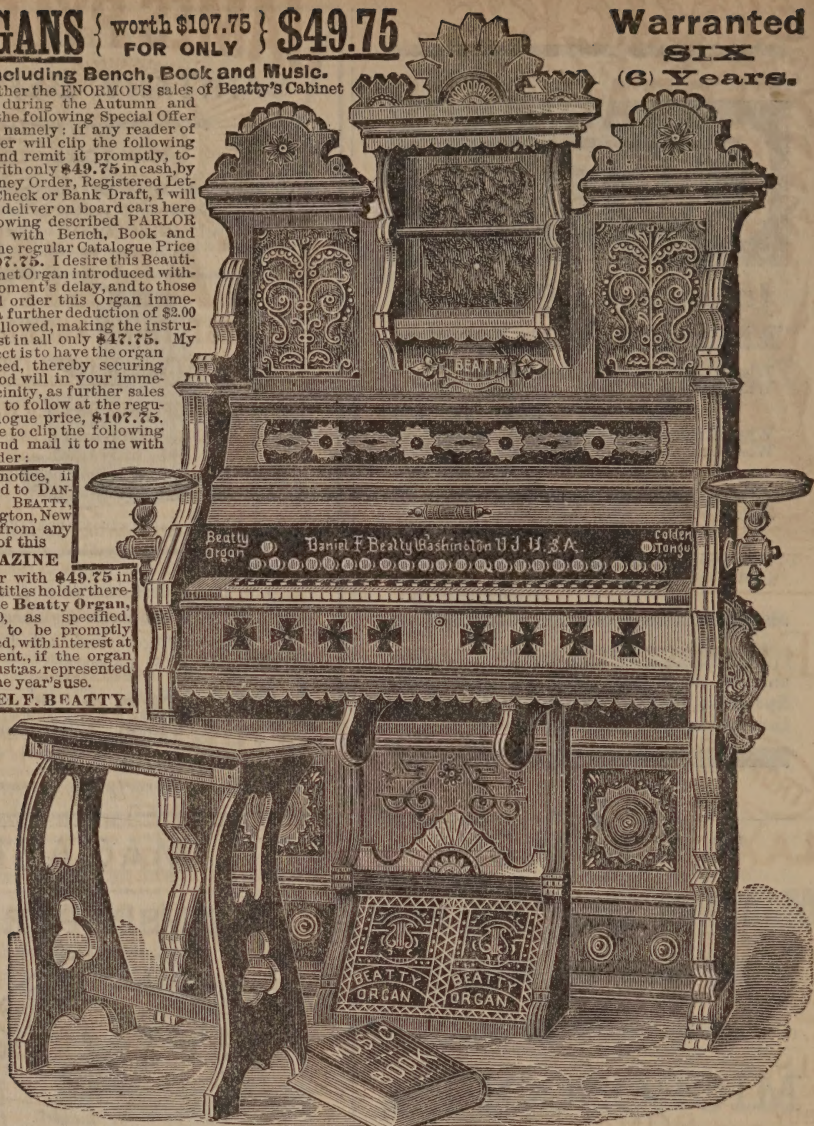
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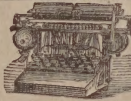


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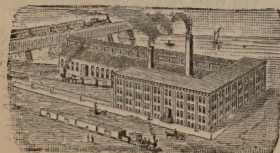
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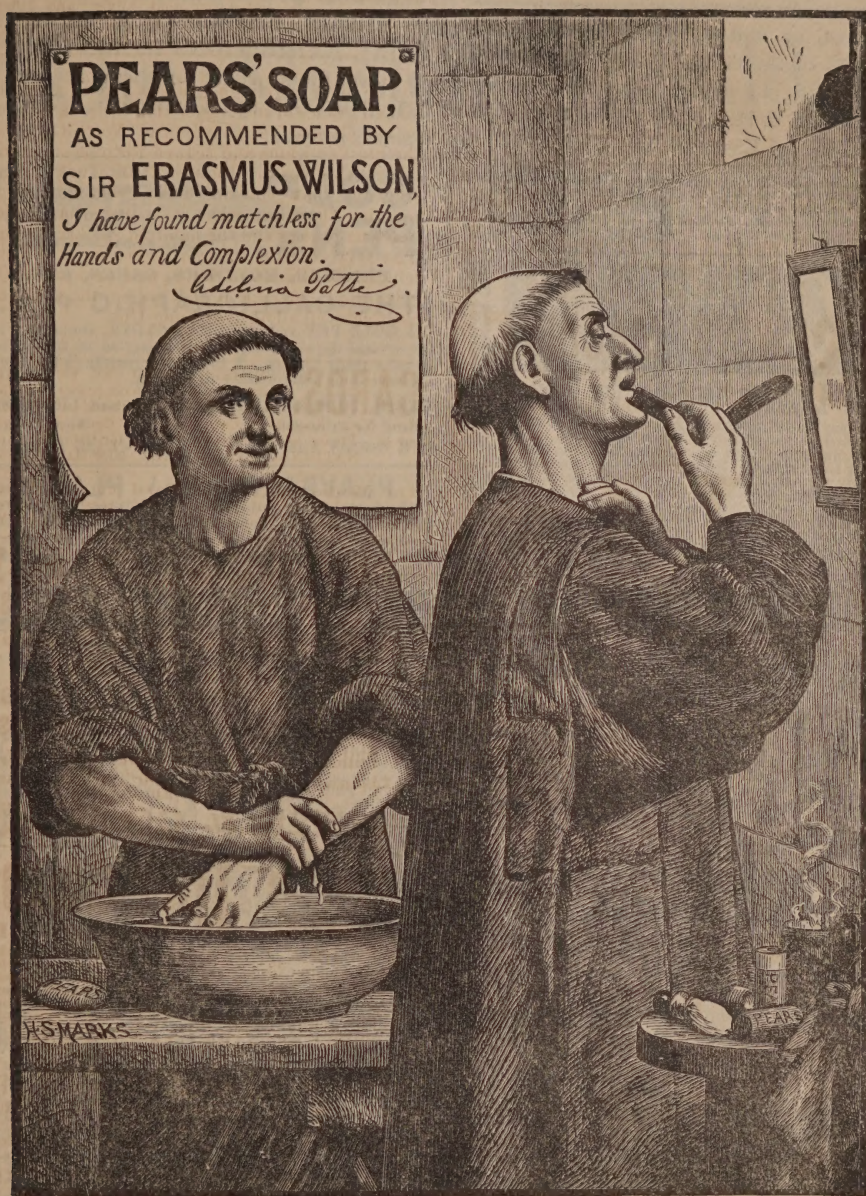
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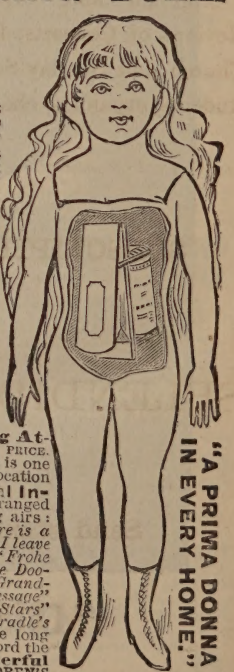
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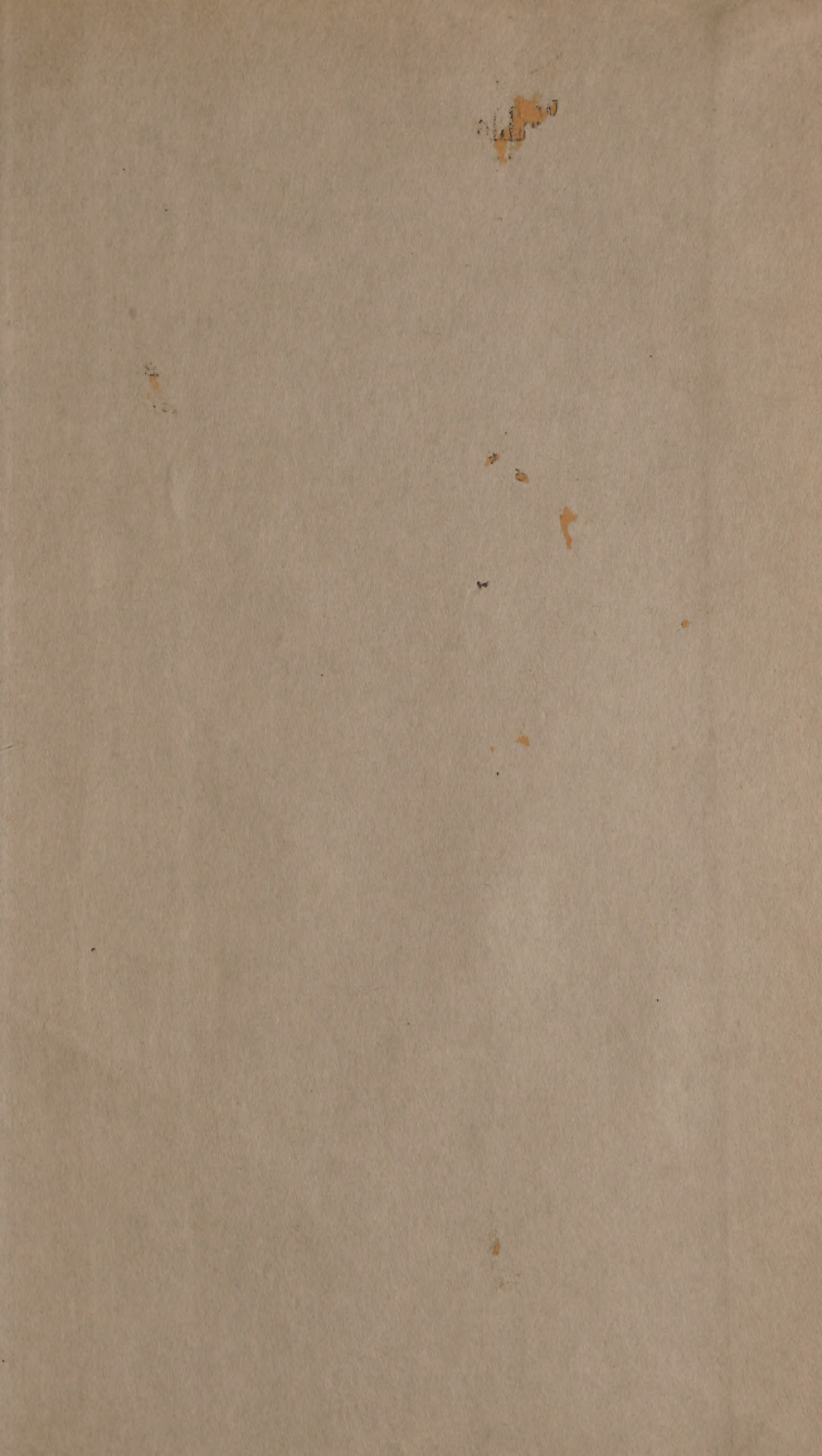
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